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POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME VIII.

| | | | |
|--|-----------------|---|------------|
| Adventure (An) in the Blue Ridge—<i>Marvin Hall Marsh</i> | 412 | Is it Education or Tact that Wins?—<i>Horace Plato Spencer</i> | 429 |
| Age (The Approach of)—<i>John H. Bryant</i> | 280 | "It will all be Right in the Morning"—<i>Selected</i> | 377 |
| Angling for a Prize—<i>Lottie Elliott</i> | 426 | Lavender—<i>Selected</i> | 175 |
| Architectural Progress, as seen in the Religious Edifices of the World—<i>Rev. William Blackwood, D.D., LL.D.</i> | | Legend (Historic) of the Cedar of Lebanon—<i>T. D. S.</i> | 439 |
| I. Introductory—Pyramids and Temples of Egypt | 104 | Lesson (A Bible) | 243 |
| II. Greek Architecture | 176 | Life with a Kiss: A Historical Incident—<i>Mrs. E. F. Ellet</i> | 382 |
| III. Roman Architecture | 256 | Light (In the)—<i>Mrs. L. S. McPherson</i> | 360 |
| IV. Early Christian, Roman, and Byzantine Architecture | 336 | Literature and Art 75, 154, 232, 313, 393, 473 | |
| V. Norman Ecclesiastical Architecture | 416 | Memoranda (Current) 70, 149, 229, 310, 389, 469 | |
| Barracks (Up at the)—<i>Mrs. Alice V. Collier</i> | 29 | Mission Accomplished (The Pony-Rider's) | 102 |
| Bedford, Jr. (Gunning)—<i>James Grant Wilson</i> | 255 | Moravians (The) in the Revolution—<i>Charles H. Woodman</i> | 401 |
| Box (The Mysterious)—<i>T. M. S.</i> | 353 | Musings—<i>Thos. George La Moille</i> | 464 |
| Centuries (During Forty)—<i>Auber Forestier</i> | 244 | Notes and Queries 64, 145, 225, 306, 385, 465 | |
| Chat (A) About the Doctor—<i>Mrs. B. F. Baer</i> | 302, 378 | Obituary—<i>Dr. Wm. Augustus Muhlenberg</i> | 477 |
| Cheriot, Esq. (Bob); or, the Tragedy at Chelmsford—<i>Warren Walters</i> | 186 | "Oh, Say Not Life is Dark"—<i>Selected</i> | 335 |
| Chinese (The Ancient); Their Peculiar Characteristics and Religion—<i>Albert L. A. Tobolac, M.D.</i> | 199 | Out in the Snow—<i>Sylvia Hess</i> | 197 |
| Church (St. Paul's Episcopal), Norfolk, Virginia—<i>Joseph B. North</i> | 195 | Paine (Thomas)—<i>Samuel Yorke At Lee</i> | 97 |
| City (The Monumental), Baltimore, Old and New—<i>William H. Thorne</i> | 321 | Patriot (The Fair) of the Revolution—<i>David Murdoch</i> 41, 121, 201, 281, 361, 441 | |
| Dancing—<i>Louis T. Harduin</i> | 253 | Peril and Escape (My)—<i>Selected</i> | 93 |
| "Don't Take it to Heart"—<i>Georgiana C. Clarke</i> | 103 | Portrait (A Gentleman's), and How it Worked Mischievous—<i>Agatha Chandler</i> | 251 |
| Drama (The American): Its Successes and Failures—<i>Albert E. Lancaster</i> 23, 115, 266, 346 | | Races (The Native) of the Pacific States—<i>Benson J. Lossing, LL.D.</i> | 36 |
| Effigies in Brass and Stone—<i>Nellie Hess Morris</i> | 32 | Rose (John)—<i>William L. Stone</i> | 276 |
| Empire (The Moorish) in Spain—<i>Edward Thompson</i> | 8 | Science and Mechanics 79, 156, 235, 317, 397, 476 | |
| Excursions (Mental)—<i>S. H. S.</i> | 358 | Sea Drift—<i>Thomas L. Collier</i> | 432 |
| Explorers (Some Forgotten Arctic)—<i>Thomas A. Janvier</i> | 169 | Signals and Signalling—<i>Captain S. B. Luce, U.S.N.</i> | 297 |
| Faces (Phantom)—<i>Gussa de Bubna</i> | 194 | Spinning (Cotton)—<i>Emma L. Plimpton</i> 270, 351 | |
| Father and Child (The)—<i>Richard Wilton, M.A.</i> | 103 | "Strength (The Shadow of)"—<i>Will Willis</i> | 348 |
| "Footstep at the Door"—<i>Mrs. E. M. Conklin</i> | 384 | Then and Now; The Origin of the American Flag; The Battle of Mud Island—<i>John C. Conybeare</i> | 89 |
| Forrest (Edwin), the Tragedian—<i>A. E. Lancaster</i> | 151 | Upward!—<i>H. W.</i> | 63 |
| Glass (Stained)—<i>Charles Stokes Wayne</i> | 331 | Vase (An Aztec)—<i>Elizabeth Oakes Smith</i> | 22 |
| Gossip and Note Book 158, 238, 318, 399, 478 | | Virtues (Some Savage)—<i>H. M. Robinson</i> | 272 |
| Humblestead (Legend of a West Chester), New York—<i>Charles Pryer</i> | 415 | Visit to America (Lafayette's List)—<i>Rev. Wm. Hall</i> | 193 |
| House (The Old Coeyman), Somerville, New Jersey—<i>Rev. William Hall</i> | 241 | Warren's (Miss) Mistake—<i>Miss M. C. Holmes</i> | 433 |
| How Things Move—<i>Mary Granger Chase</i> | 333 | Washington (General) at Trenton and Princeton, a Hundred Years Ago—<i>Ambrose B. Carlyle</i> | 1 |
| "If We Would"—<i>Selected</i> | 280 | Watch (The Long). A True Story—<i>Sheelah</i> | 18 |
| "I See the Point"—<i>J. P. McCord</i> | 464 | Wilmington, Past and Present—<i>William H. Thorne</i> | 81 |
| | | Wooded and Married—<i>Rosa Nouchette Carey</i> 49, 131, 421 | |
| | | Woman (The Little Business)—<i>Anna Morris</i> 290, 370, 452 | 140 |

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

| | | | |
|--|------------|---|------------|
| Abbey (Waltham)—Interior of | 416 | Arches (The Great) of Delhi | 345 |
| Academy (Harkness's), Wilmington | 83 | Arches (Intersecting)—From the Cathedral of Lincoln, England | 419 |
| Acanthus (The Roman and Greek) | 260 | Arches (Intersecting) | 424 |
| Amphitheatre at Verona | 308 | Architecture (Norman)—Showing Zig-zag Ornament | 423 |
| Angel (Ministering)—From a Painting | 387 | Architrave in the Forum | 261 |
| Arcade (North Transept of Norwich Cathedral) | 419 | "Arco della Pace," Milan | 66 |
| Arch of Trajan, Benevento | 264 | Association (Young Men's Christian), Baltimore | 327 |
| Arch (Roman) forming Newport Gate, Lincoln, England | 308 | Athens (The Acropolis of) | 177 |
| Arch (Lombardic)—Two Styles | 340 | Athelstane (Bishop) | |

| | | | |
|--|-----|--|----------|
| Attitudes (Devotional) | 13 | Goddess (The) of Wisdom (Bust of Minerva) | 395 |
| Baltimore (The New City Hall at) | 321 | Grotese (Bi-hop) | 33 |
| Baltimore (The Old City Hall at) | 322 | Hall (Interior of Faneuil) Twenty-five Years Ago | 225 |
| Baltimore (The Old Congress Hall at) | 323 | Hall of Abencerrages, Alhambra, Spain | 9 |
| Barracks (The Old) at Lancaster, Pa. | 1:8 | Hall of the Fountain | 10 |
| Bath (Ancient Roman), Strand Lane, London | 308 | Hall (Moorish) | 15 |
| Bereng ri | 35 | Hall (Masonic) and Opera House, Wilmington, Del. | 85 |
| Bohon (Eleanor) | 32 | Headquarters (Washington's), Trenton | 4 |
| Building (A Historical): The Sun Inn, Bethlehem, Pa. | 402 | Headquarters (St. Clair's), "Douglass House" | 5 |
| Building (The Sun) of Baltimore | 329 | Henry II — Eleanor | 35 |
| Capital (A Doric) | 178 | Hotel (The Eagle), Bethlehem, Pennsylvania | 403 |
| Capital (Norman) of Norwich Cathedral | 425 | House (The Clayton), Wilmington, Delaware | 87 |
| Capital (An Earlier Corinthian) | 178 | House (The Old Coeyman), Somerville, New Jersey | 241 |
| Capital (A Florid Corinthian) | 179 | Island (Mud) Before the Attack | 90, 91 |
| Capitals (Halves of Ionic) | 178 | Island (Mud) After the Surrender | 90, 91 |
| Capitals Compared (Roman and Greek Corinthian) | 260 | Joseph Meeting with his Father | 319 |
| Capitals Compared (The Corinthian and Composite) | 261 | Key (Safe) of the Bastille, Paris | 145 |
| Caryatides (The) | 184 | Key (Safe) of the Vessel Augusta | 145 |
| Castle (Norwich)—Southwest View | 424 | "La Maison Carree," at Nismes | 265 |
| Cathedral (Front of Rochester), England | 422 | Lament of the Jewish Maidens | 233 |
| Cathedral (The) of Seville | 16 | "L' Arc de Triomphe de L' Etoile," Paris | 65 |
| Cathedral (The) of Cordova | 17 | Lesson (A Bible) | 243 |
| Cathedral (Recess of West Front of the Rochester) | 424 | Locke (John) | 395 |
| Cathedral (Recess of East Front of the Rochester) | 425 | Maji ("The Visit of the) | 234 |
| Chamber (Mohammedan Guest) | 12 | Mansion (The Forrest) | 165 |
| Chapel (White) in the Tower, London—Interior | 417 | Marshall (Bishop) | 33 |
| Cheyne (Margaret) | 32 | Masonry (Ancient Greek) | 176 |
| Church (Old Swede's), Wilmington, Delaware | 81 | Masonry (Later, though Ancient), Greek | 176 |
| Church (Grace Methodist Episcopal), Wilmington, Delaware | 82 | Medal (The Charles Carroll) | 64 |
| Church (Mount Vernon Place, Methodist Episcopal) Baltimore | 325 | Minaret (Royal Bed Canopy) | 14 |
| Church (Basilica) of St. Maria Maggiore, Rome | 336 | Milton (John) | 395 |
| Church (Basilica) of St. John Lateran, Rome | 339 | Minstrel (Lament of the Hebrew) | 232 |
| Church (Basilica) of St. Paul, Rome | 341 | Monument (Soldiers'), Wilmington, Delaware | 81 |
| Church (Basilica) of St. Agnese, Rome | 342 | Monument to G. W. P. Custis | 225 |
| Church (Russo Greek), at Bucharest, Wallachia | 338 | Moses (The Finding of) | 313 |
| Church (The Russian Patriarchal), at Moscow | 344 | Mountains (Distant View of the Lebanon) | 440 |
| Church (Stewkley), Buckinghamshire, England | 423 | Oglethorpe (General); The Leader of the First Moravians who Settled in America | 408 |
| Church (Christ), Hampshire, England | 420 | "Orders" (Specimens of the Five) in Roman Architecture | 248, 259 |
| Church (Ifley), Oxford, England | 421 | Ornamentation (Corinthian) | 185 |
| Church (Round), Cambridge | 421 | Pantheon at Rome (Interior of the) | 257 |
| Church (St. Peter's), Northampton | 422 | Parthenon (The) at Athens | 183 |
| Colosseum (The), Rome | 262 | Pavilion (Chinese) | 104 |
| Colosseum (The) at Rome—(Longitudinal Elevation of) | 262 | Pierce (Dr. Lovick), the Oldest Methodist Minister in the United States | 140 |
| Colosseum (The) at Rome—(Longitudinal Section of) | 262 | Pillar in the Temple of Denderah | 111 |
| Columns (Corinthian) still standing at Ephesus | 179 | Pericles | 182 |
| Crypt (The) of St. Peter's, Oxford, England | 418 | Plan of the Erechtheum at Athens | 184 |
| Cuthbert (St.) | 34 | Portrait of Edwin Forrest | 161 |
| David's Charge | 315 | Portrait of Lord Baltimore | 328 |
| Dinner (A State) | 13 | Portrait of Michael Angelo | 155 |
| Doorway of Barfreston Church, Kent, England | 419 | Portrait of General Mercer | 6-7 |
| Doorway (Moorish) | 15 | Portrait of Thomas Paine | 97 |
| Dwelling (A Moorish) | 11 | Pyramid (Construction of a) | 108 |
| Erechtheum (The Restored), at Athens | 185 | Pyramids (Galleries of) | 108 |
| Factory (Piano)—William M. Knabe & Company's, Baltimore | 324 | Reception at Trenton in 1789 (President Washington's) | 1 |
| Family (An Arab) on a Journey | 386 | Remains of an Ancient Roman Hypocaust, at Lincoln, England | 307 |
| Families (Arab) Halting on a Journey | 385 | Rizpah | 154 |
| Faulkland; Oliver Evans' Old Mill | 84 | Rose (The) of Sharon | 399 |
| Fountain of Lions | 11 | Rose (The) of Jericho | 399 |
| Fountain of Wilmington | 80 | Ruins of Karnak | 113 |
| Frescoes (Michael Angelo's) in the Sistine Chapel, Rome | 475 | Ruins of the Temple of Fortune, in the Forum at Rome | 337 |
| Gap (The Lehigh), Blue Mountains | 407 | Saloon (Grand) of the Thermae; or, the Warm Baths of Garacalla | 265 |
| Gate (Moorish) and Building | 8 | Seal (The Washington) | 91 |
| Gateway of a Chinese Town | 104 | Settlement (The Moravian), Bethlehem, Pennsylvania | 401 |
| Gate of Justice, Alhambra | 10 | School (Bishophorpe), Bethlehem, Pennsylvania | 409 |
| Goddess (The) of Youth | 393 | | |
| Goddess (The) of Light | 394 | | |
| Goddess (The) of Fortune | 394 | | |

CONTENTS.

v

| | | | |
|--|---------|---|-----|
| School (The Wilmington High) | 83 | Temple of the Circular of Baalbec | 263 |
| Solomon and the Queen of Sheba | 316 | Temple (Portal of an Egyptian) | 104 |
| Springs (Lechauweki), Bethlehem, Pennsylvania | 411 | Temple (Interior of the) of Denderah | 110 |
| Sphinxes (Avenue of), Thebes | 114 | Temple (The Larger Rock-Cut) of Ipsamboul | 112 |
| St. Augustine of Canterbury | 34 | Temple (The Smaller Rock-Cut) of Ipsamboul | 113 |
| Statuette (Marble) of Athena or Minerva | 386 | Temples (Plan of Greek) | 180 |
| Swift (Dean) | 395 | Theatre (Ancient Roman) Restored | 306 |
| Taj (The Famous); on the West Bank of the Jumna, India | 343 | Thermæ at Pompeii (Interior of) | 307 |
| Temple of Edfou | 105-107 | Tomb (Mohammedan) | 14 |
| Temple of Thebes | 105 | Tomb of Queen Elizabeth | 33 |
| Temple of Dandour | 111 | Tower (The) of Earl Barton's Church | 425 |
| Temple of Jupiter Restored at Ægina | 181 | Valley (The Lehigh) at Freemansburg, Pennsylvania | 405 |
| Temple of Minerva, at Corinth | 181 | Wall and Buildings at Pekin, China | 106 |
| Temple of Neptune, Poestum | 182 | Washington at Trenton, January, 1777 | 3 |
| Temple of Agrippa, at Rome | 256 | Waynflete (Bishop) | 35 |
| Temple of the Sibyl, Tivoli, Rome | 263 | Well (Jacob's) | 474 |
| | | Works (Iron Ship-Building), Wilmington, Delaware | 88 |

CONTRIBUTORS TO VOLUME VIII.

[The figures indicate where the contributions are to be found.]

| | | |
|---|---|------------------------------------|
| At Lee (Samuel Yorke), 97. | Forestier (Auber), 244. | North (Joseph B.), 195. |
| Baer (Mrs. B. F.), 302, 378. | Hall (Rev. William), 241, 193. | Plimpton (Emma S.), 270, 351. |
| Blackwood (Rev. William), D.D., LL.D., 104, 176, 256, 336, 416. | Harduin (Louis T.), 253. | Pryer (Charles), 415. |
| Bryant (John H.), 280. | Hess (Sylva), 197. | Robinson (H. M.), 272. |
| Bubna (Gussa de), 194. | H. W., 63. | Sheelah, 18. |
| Carey (Rosa Nouchette), 49, 131, 214, 290, 370, 450. | Holmes (Miss M. C.), 433. | Smith (Elizabeth Oakes), 22. |
| Carlisle, (Ambrose B.), 1. | Janvier (Thomas A.), 169. | Spencer (Horace Plato), 429. |
| Chandler (Agatha), 251. | Lancaster (A. E.), 23, 115, 161, 266, 346. | Stone (William L.), 276. |
| Chase (Mary Granger), 333. | LaMoille (Thomas George), 464. | Toboldt (Albert L. A.), M.D., 199. |
| Clarke (Georgiana C.), 103. | Lassing (Benson J.), LL.D., 36. | Thompson (Edward), 8. |
| Collier (Thomas S.), 432. | Luce (Captain S. B.), U.S.N., 297. | Thorne (William Henry), 81, 321. |
| Collier (Mrs. Alice V.), 29. | Marsh (Marvin Hall), 412. | T. M. S., 353. |
| Conklin (Mrs. E. M.), 384. | McCord (J. P.), 464. | Walters (Warren), 186. |
| Conybeare (John C.), 89. | McPherson (Mrs. L. S.), 360. | Wayne (Charles Stokes), 331. |
| Ellet (Mrs. E. F.), 382. | Morris (Nellie Hess), 32. | Willis (Will), 348. |
| Elliott (Lottie), 426. | Morris (Anna), 142. | Wilson (James Grant), 255. |
| | Murdoch (David), 41, 121, 201, 281, 361, 441. | Wilton (Richard), M.A., 103. |
| | | Woodman (Charles H.), 401. |

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME IX.

| | | | |
|---|-----------------------------|---|-----------------------------|
| Amazons (The) of Mexico. [From the Pen of a Toltec Historian]— <i>Translated by Elisabeth Oakes Smith</i> : | | Minnesota, or the Land of Lakes: <i>Martha Cornell Woodward</i> : | |
| Part I. | 109 | Part I. | 132 |
| Part II. | 186 | Part II. | 425 |
| Part III. | 265 | Monogram (The Mysterious)— <i>Warren Walters</i> | 27 |
| Antoinette (Maria) of Austria, Queen of France— <i>Elizabeth G. Halsey</i> | 114 | My Martins' Matinee— <i>S. McManus</i> | 95 |
| Architectural Progress as seen in the Religious Edifices of the World: <i>Rev. William Blackwood, D.D., I.L.D.</i> : | | Mystery (A Classic)— <i>Egbert L. Bangs</i> | 280 |
| VI. Early English Decorated and Perpendicular Ecclesiastical Architecture | 16 | New England (Civic and Scenic)— <i>Oramel S. Senter</i> : | |
| VII. European and Continental Churches—Pointed and Renaissance | 96 | I. Newport, 1877 | 1 |
| VIII. Ecclesiastical Architecture in the United States Beguiled—A Strange History—In Two Parts: <i>Warren Walters</i> : | 176 | II. The Cape Region and Martha's Vineyard | 81 |
| Part I. | 347 | III. Portland, The White Mountains, and Lake Winnipiseogee | 161 |
| Part II. | 457 | IV. Springfield as it Was and Is | 241 |
| Characters (Historic)—Souvenirs of the Revolution: Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKnight— <i>S. D. Nevets</i> | 33 | Notes and Queries | 65, 145, 225, 311, 391, 466 |
| Characters (Two Celebrated)— <i>Wallace R. Struble</i> | 352 | Obituary—Fletcher Harper—Mrs. Elizabeth Fries Ellet | 77 |
| Chips under the Snow— <i>J. P. McCord</i> | 438 | Out of Work: <i>Mrs. Harriet M. Smith</i> : | |
| Church (The Ancient Sleepy Hollow, Tarrytown, on the Hudson— <i>Rev. William Hall</i> | 257 | Part I. | 420 |
| Civilization (The Dawn and Growth of)— <i>C. W. R.</i> | 118 | Patriot (The Fair) of the Revolution— <i>David Murdoch</i> | 41, 121, 201, 281, 361, 441 |
| Coincidences (Some)—After One Hundred Years: <i>James Hungerford</i> : | | Presentiment— <i>Mrs. L. M. B. Piatt</i> | 303 |
| Part I. | 61 | Princess (A Gifted and Beautiful)— <i>Elizabeth G. Halsey</i> | 38 |
| Part II. | 137 | Portrait (My Rival's)— <i>Emilie Tolman</i> | 143 |
| Creed (My)— <i>J. W. H.</i> | 144 | Power and Progress of Cultivated Mind— <i>Robert Winthrop Marsh</i> | 401 |
| Crowns and Crowne!— <i>W. C.</i> | 351 | Promise (The Mysterious)— <i>P. P. C.</i> | 304 |
| Day (A Court) in the Morlach Country— <i>W. H. Crane</i> | 195 | Puzzle (The Philosopher's)— <i>W. C. C.</i> | 197 |
| Da Vinci (Leonardo)— <i>Margaret Field</i> | 309 | Quitz w. The Story of a Hermit— <i>F. B. Stanford</i> | 220 |
| Deerfield—Old and New— <i>Elmer Lynnde</i> | 199 | Ripples from the Rhone. In Two Parts— <i>Fred. Myron Colby</i> : | |
| Dedication (A)— <i>Algernon C. Swinburne</i> | 310 | Part I. | 385 |
| Diamonds (The Etchin)— <i>F. E. R.</i> | 375 | Part II. | 435 |
| Diary (Glances at Penys's)— <i>Henry C. Michener</i> | 301 | Reminiscences of Chester, Pennsylvania— <i>H. K. W. Wilcox</i> | 439 |
| Dyes (Ancient)— <i>Josie Keen</i> | 356 | Science and Mechanics | 75, 158, 237, 318, 399, 475 |
| Errors in Science— <i>T. Nevets</i> | 223 | Science and Revelation— <i>Robert Sears</i> | 279 |
| Fascination (The) of a Fashionable Man— <i>Leonidas</i> | 463 | Searching for Diamonds— <i>S. D. Nevets</i> | 142 |
| Ghost (The Morristown)— <i>J. M. Beach</i> | 270 | Ship (The Missing)— <i>E. C. A.</i> | 465 |
| Gossip and Note-Book | 78, 159, 239, 319, 400, 478 | Sierra Nevada. Triangular Station, No. IV., Freely's Peak— <i>A Topographer</i> | 215 |
| Hope (Winter's)— <i>V. O. H.</i> | 465 | Sonnet. Written in Grace Aguilar's "Days of Bruce"— <i>T. H. G. La Moille</i> | 300 |
| Jewels (The Language of)— <i>A. B. Street</i> | 363 | Spectre (The) of Seneca Lake— <i>Dr. La Moille</i> | 193 |
| Joy's Return— <i>George Newell Lovejoy</i> | 214 | Through Storms, the Homes— <i>Cousin Constance</i> | 374 |
| King (The) of the Pianoforte— <i>Mary Granger Chase</i> | 417 | Waiting | 200 |
| Life (Bird)— <i>S. D. Nevets</i> | 275 | Wilkinson (Jemima)— <i>James A. Rose</i> | 377 |
| Life (Domestic) in Russia— <i>S. T. Evans</i> | 341 | Wife (To a)— <i>H. W. V.</i> | 410 |
| Literature and Art | 73, 154, 233, 316, 395, 472 | Wooed and Married— <i>Rosa Nouchette Carey</i> | 47, 130, 203, 289 |
| Meditation— <i>H. J. Walters</i> | 369 | Word History— <i>H. M. Du Bois</i> | 59 |
| Memoranda (Current) | 70, 149, 229, 313, 393, 499 | Writings (The) of George Eliot. Their Merit and Influence— <i>J. R. Haskins</i> : | |
| | | Part I. | 260 |
| | | Part II. | 334 |

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

| | | | |
|--|-----|---|-----|
| Abbey (Romsey). Transition from Norman and Early Pointed | 16 | College (Amherst), in 1821 | 404 |
| Architecture (Examples of the Three Styles) | 20 | College (Amherst)—Williston Hall | 406 |
| Architecture (Examples of Perpendicular Window) | 24 | College (Amherst)—College Church | 428 |
| Banquet (An Oriental) | 226 | College (Amherst)—Walker Hall | 409 |
| Bear (The Black) | 433 | College (Amherst)—Library, President's House, and College Hall | 411 |
| Bee (The) Eater of Palestine | 272 | College (Massachusetts Agricultural)—View from the Northeast | 415 |
| Bristol (Steamer) | 3 | College (Massachusetts Agricultural)—Front View | 413 |
| Bristol (Interior of Steamer) | 5 | Cottages (Camp Ground), Martha's Vineyard | 91 |
| Bridge Between New York and Brooklyn | 7 | Cuckoo (The) | 271 |
| Boat House Landing, Newport | 13 | Da Vinci (Leonardo) | 309 |
| Butlers to the Banquet | 227 | Distaffs (Women With) | 156 |
| Building ("Daily Union"), Springfield, Massachusetts | 254 | Dining (Oriental Style of) | 225 |
| Bust (A Greek) | 397 | Dove (The) | 271 |
| Bust (An Ancient) | 397 | Driving on the Boulevard, Martha's Vineyard | 87 |
| Car (Observation), Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, White Mountains | 161 | Ducks (Teal) | 426 |
| Cathedral of Burgos | 98 | Fox (The Red) | 431 |
| Cathedral (Choir of Lincoln) | 22 | Falls (Livermore), Plymouth, New Hampshire | 173 |
| Cathedral (Gable of Cologne) | 96 | Flume (The), Franconia Notch, White Mountains | 169 |
| Cathedral (Octagon of Ely), England | 22 | Garden (A) in Palestine | 155 |
| Cathedral of Regensburg | 97 | "Good Night" (The), after a Moonlight Ramble | 330 |
| Cathedral (West End of Salisbury) | 17 | Hare (The Common) | 431 |
| Cathedral (West End of Lincoln) | 21 | Harvesting | 325 |
| Cathedral (West End of York Minster) | 23 | Hall (Masonic), Springfield, Massachusetts | 251 |
| Cathedral (The) of Notre Dame—Principal Front—Paris | 99 | Hawk (The) | 272 |
| Cathedral at Amiens | 100 | Hawk (The Prairie) | 426 |
| Cathedral at Rheims | 101 | Head and Moose Hillock (Owl's), Warren, N. H. | 172 |
| Cathedral at Freiberg, in Breisgau, Germany | 102 | Home (Webster's) at Marshfield | 81 |
| Cathedral (Freiburg)—Golden Porch | 103 | Home (A Rural) in Minnesota | 321 |
| Cathedral (The) of Auxere | 104 | Hoopoe (The) | 274 |
| Cathedral (The) of Coutances, France | 105 | House (Hamden), Springfield, Massachusetts | 247 |
| Cathedral of Notre Dame, Chartres | 108 | House (The Pawnee), Oak Bluffs | 85 |
| Cathedral (St. Patrick's), New York | 180 | House (Sea-View), Martha's Vineyard | 88 |
| Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, Philadelphia | 181 | House (Falmouth), Portland, Maine | 162 |
| Chapel (Henry the Seventh's)—Interior—Westminster Abbey | 25 | House (Profile) and Echo Lake, Franconia Notch, White Mountains | 171 |
| Chapel (King's College), Cambridge | 26 | House (The New Court), Springfield, Massachusetts | 241 |
| Chatterer (The Japanese) | 275 | Hotel (Haynes), Springfield, Massachusetts | 244 |
| Church (Temple), London, South Side | 18 | Hunting (Night) on the Lake | 331 |
| Church (Temple), Interior View from the Entrance | 19 | Institute (Springfield Collegiate) | 416 |
| Church (Old Dutch Reformed), Albany, New York | 178 | Institution for Savings, Springfield, Massachusetts | 249 |
| Church (Columbus Avenue Congregational), Boston | 177 | Joseph Dreaming | 65 |
| Church (Christ), Sackett's Harbor, New York | 179 | Joseph Relating his Dream | 66 |
| Church (Dutch Reformed), at New Utrecht, N. Y. | 179 | Ladder (Jacol's) and Mount Washington Summit | 173 |
| Church (Arch Street M. Episcopal), Philadelphia | 183 | Lake (Sebaco), Bridgeton, Maine | 163 |
| Church (St. Francis Baptist), Mobile, Alabama | 182 | Landing (Weirs), Lake Winnepiseogee, N. H. | 174 |
| Church (Shawmut Congregational), Boston | 183 | Library (Redwood), Newport, Rhode Island | 1 |
| Church (St. Ann's Episcopal), Brooklyn, New York | 185 | Library (Free City), Springfield, Massachusetts | 245 |
| Church (The First Baptist), Springfield, Massachusetts | 242 | Life (Western)—Prairie on Fire | 327 |
| Church (Trinity M. E.), Springfield, Massachusetts | 253 | Life (Western) and Adventure | 428 |
| Church (State Street Baptist), Springfield, Mass. | 255 | Luther (Statue of Martin), the Reformer | 233 |
| Church (Sleepy Hollow), Front View, Tarrytown, N. Y. | 258 | Luther Proclaiming the Reformation | 234 |
| Church (Sleepy Hollow), Rear View, Tarrytown, N. Y. | 259 | Meeting House (The Old Congregational), Hingham, Massachusetts | 176 |
| Church (A Russian Patriarchal) | 341 | Meeting House (Friends), at Matinecock, New York | 177 |
| Church of the Holy Trinity, New York City | 184 | Meeting House (Friends), Flushing, Long Island, N. Y. | 178 |
| Coining and Finishing Money | 145 | McKnight (Mrs. Mary) Portrait of | 34 |
| Coin of Corinth: Shekel of Copper.—Demi-Shekel of Copper.—Shekel of Silver | 146 | McKnight (Dr. Charles) Portrait of | 35 |
| Coin of Archelaua: Coin of Cleopatra, Soter, B.C. 162 | 147 | Mice (Field) | 324 |
| Coin (Ancient), Mould and Die.—Augustus Caesar, B.C. 27 | 147 | Mino (The Java) | 275 |
| Coin (Ancient Ring Money), Julius Caesar | 147 | Mill (Old Stone), Newport | 15 |
| College (Amherst)—View from the Common | 401 | Monument (Plymouth's) to Liberty | 84 |
| College (Amherst)—View from the Northeast | 403 | Newport, from the Bay | 11 |
| College (Amherst)—View from the Southwest | 405 | Niobe | 397 |
| College (Amherst)—View from Mount Pleasant | 407 | Niobe and her Children | 396 |
| | | Notch (Crawford), Looking North, White Mountains | 161 |
| | | Notch (Crawford), Looking South, White Mountains | 168 |

| | | | |
|---|-----|---|-----|
| Obelisk in the County of Elgin, Scotland | 148 | Scene (A Lake) by Moonlight | 323 |
| Old Man (The) of the Mountains, Franconia Notch, White Mountains | 170 | School (High), Springfield, Massachusetts | 251 |
| Out on the Prairie | 427 | Sparrow (The American) | 273 |
| Peasant (A) Mother and Child | 345 | Sparrow (The) of Egypt | 274 |
| Peasant (Russian) Girls | 344 | Sports (Rural) | 325 |
| Peasant (A Russian) or Serf | 343 | Springfield, Mass.—From Long Hill, Looking North | 243 |
| Peninsula (Cape Cod) and its Connections | 83 | St. Peter's, Rome | 106 |
| Pelican (The) | 433 | St. Peter's (Interior of), Rome | 107 |
| Phasant (Prairie) | 326 | Station (Bemis), White Mountains | 166 |
| Pigeon (The) of Palestine | 270 | Station (Railroad), Bethlehem, New Hampshire | 173 |
| Pigeon (The) of Syria | 270 | Statue of a Female, found in Rome | 395 |
| Pigeon (Wild) of the West | 326 | Statue of Thalia, from the Baths of Claudius | 396 |
| Prairie on Fire | 327 | Supply (The Reaper's) | 324 |
| Prize (The Hunter's) | 425 | Swallow (The American) | 274 |
| Raven (The) | 273 | Trestle (Frankenstein), Looking South, White Moun- tains | 166 |
| Scene near Lake Pepin | 429 | Wharf (Nantucket)—Arrival of Steamboat | 93 |
| Scene (A River) in Southern Minnesota | 322 | Wheat (Smooth-Headed) | 325 |
| Scene (A Camp) | 329 | Wheat (Bearded) | 325 |
| Scene on the River Saco, Maine | 163 | Wolf (The) | 433 |

CONTRIBUTORS TO VOLUME IX.

[The figures indicate where the contributions are to be found.]

| | | |
|--|--|---|
| Bangs (Egbert L.), 280. | Hungerford (James), 61, 137. | Sears (Robert), 279. |
| Beach (J. M.), 276. | H. W. V., 440. | Senter (Or mel S.), 1, 81, 161, 241. |
| Blackwood (Rev. William), D.D., LL.D., 16, 96, 176. | J. W. H., 144. | Smith (Elizabeth Oakes), 109, 186, 265. |
| Carey (R. Nouchette), 47, 130, 208, 289. | Keene (Josie), 356. | Smith (Mrs. Harriet M.), 420. |
| Chase (Mary Granger), 417. | La Moille (Dr. T. H. G.), 193, 300. | Snevets (S. D.), 270. |
| Cousin Constance, 374. | Leonidas, 463. | Stanford (F. B.), 220. |
| Colby (Fred. Myron), 385, 435. | Lovejoy (George Newell), 214. | Street (Alfred B.), 360. |
| Crane (W. W.), 195. | Marsh (Robert Winthrop), 401. | Struble (Wallace R.), 352. |
| C. W. R., 118. | McCord (J. P.), 438. | Swinburne (Algernon C.), 310. |
| Du Bois (H. M.), 59. | McManus (S.), 95. | Tolman (Emilie), 143. |
| Evens (S. T.), 341. | Michener (Henry C.), 301. | Topographer (A), 215. |
| E. C. A., 465. | Murdoch (David), 41, 121, 201, 281, 361, 441. | Walters (H. J.), 360. |
| F. E. R., 375. | Nevets (S. D.), 33, 142. | Walters (Warren), 27, 347, 457. |
| Field (Margaret), 309. | Nevits (T.), 223. | Wilcox (H. K. W.), 39. |
| Hill (Rev. William), 257. | Platt (Mrs. L. M. B.), 303. | Woodward (Martha Cornell), 321, 425. |
| Halsey (Elizabeth G.), 38, 114. | P. P. C., 304. | W. C., 381. |
| Haskins (J. R.), 260, 334. | Rose (James A.), 377. | W. C. C., 197. |
| | | Y. O. H., 465. |

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GENERAL WASHINGTON AT TRENTON AND PRINCETON.

DECEMBER AND JANUARY—A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY AMBROSE B. CARLYLE.



PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION AT TRENTON IN 1789.

"FIRST in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of his Countrymen!" Such is the language we are wont to apply to but one man—our immortal Washington. "First in the Hearts of his Countrymen" he unquestionably and most deservedly was, but who does not love him the more and revere his memory the more sincerely because his greatness, his grand glory, his title to the undying homage of Americans rests not in any considerable degree upon preëminence as a military man. He was neither a Caesar, nor an Alexander, nor a Charlemagne, nor a Napoleon,

VOL. VIII.—1

nor a *military genius* in any ordinary acceptation of the term. Great he was in war—ininitely greater than any of the renowned warriors history tells of and the world honors simply as great soldiers—his greatness was that of the pure, positively unselfish patriot, not that of the mere soldier. A late writer, in an eloquent paper, not without strength and force in general correctness, alludes to Washington as "the brave, brilliant soldier and astute statesman of the first chapter of the American Nation's history." This sounds well to uncritical American ears, but it fails utterly to

picture justly our noble Washington. "Astute Statesman"—well, let that stand, for he was a *statesman*, so good, so wise, so pure that he won the designation "First in Peace" and none will dispute its fitness; if "astute" be not the best qualifying adjective, it is not altogether the worst. "Brave Soldier"—he was *brave* in the very best sense of the term, possessing the highest type of moral courage; but "brilliant soldier" no right-feeling American can regret that he was not. But the writer cited fails to note the one quality that above all others placed George Washington "First in the Hearts of his Countrymen," and at the same time assigned him a special niche in the gallery of the world's heroes, with no rival to divide his glory—that one quality was the singular patriotism which never thought of self but to offer that noble self a free, unreserved sacrifice on the altar of his country. Some there have been, in our own and in other lands, of equally pure patriotism, but he stands without a peer because there has never been one with equal opportunities, equal inducements for self-assertion, self-aggrandizement, self-advancement, whose every act has been so unquestionably actuated by a patriotism combining nobleness of soul, the loftiest rectitude, and the sublimest purity of purpose!

I have said that our hero was not a "brilliant soldier"—not a "military genius"—and yet the series of military operations which form my present theme, planned and matured and executed by him, would seem to disprove my assertion. But, even if we grant that the movements of December 25th to January 5th were brilliant and worthy of a military genius, their exceptional character would prove my position rather than disprove it. I do not, however, grant that these splendid movements and actions were brilliant in conception; their grand results were rather due to Providential overruling and directing than to the planning of a military genius, excellent as those plans were in the main. I think it will be seen that if those plans had not failed in one point at least, the results would have been far different.

Within the first half-year of its existence the young Republic was called to endure trials and vicissitudes which threatened its very life. Commencing with the defeat of the American army, August 27th, at Long Island, and the fall of Fort Mifflin on the ensuing day, there was a continuous chapter of disasters for four long months,

less three days. The Congress was in sore perplexity over the ever-important question of whence and how to provide money to meet the necessary expenditures for the civil and military service; the army, small in number, miserably equipped, almost naked, quite foot-bare, often hungry, and dispirited by successive reverses, was fleeing across New Jersey before a foe, overwhelming in numbers, splendidly equipped, completely clothed, well fed, and flushed with success after success.

At last, the momentous crisis had come, and so dark was the prospect for America that even the brave Washington became anxious. The handful of patriot soldiers had reached and safely crossed the Delaware; the British had reached the eastern shore, and had there been checked by the foresight of the American chief in removing every possible means of crossing the stream, and they were compelled to await the forming of nature's bridge of ice, ere they could cross and possess the Republic's capital.

The Congress had become alarmed at the proximity of the enemy, and had sought safety in flight. The Tories were jubilant and defiant; the false-hearted were deserting their country's cause and seeking its enemy's amnesty and care; timid patriots were crushed with consternation and alarm; even braver patriots were heartsick with anxious fears for their country and appalled with dire apprehensions for the cause of liberty and independence; but few brave souls were there left whose hearts refused to quail, or their purpose to falter; of this brave few, God be praised, was the noble chief of the army. His courage and steadfastness were the more notable because he, better than any other man, knew the whole sad truth—others could suspect and surmise, while he *knew* the terrible peril of these dark months, weeks and days; yet while many, good and true as he, were affrighted by their suspicions and surmises, he went bravely forward with unblanching cheek and unflinching step to meet and conquer the dread peril. Within a few days his small, weak force would melt away, the men retiring from the service upon the expiration of their terms of enlistment, and whatever was to be done must be done quickly—at once. Fortunately, the apparently hopeless condition of American affairs inspired the British commander-in-chief with over-confident anticipations of an easy and speedy triumph in the coming spring, and he made arrangements for a

quiet inactive winter, disposing his troops accordingly. Anything like an aggressive movement on the part of the Americans seemed so preposterous that Howe did not give a thought to such a possibility. He would remain in New York, eat, drink and be merry, through the winter; he would permit his ablest lieutenant, Cornwallis, to go to England, and would distribute his men with

a view mainly to their comfort, and the greatest ease of feeding and sheltering them. These arrangements had been put into execution so far that he was safe in New York, where Cornwallis also was on the eve of sailing for home, and the troops were partly in that city, with detachments disposed through New Jersey, Grant being in command of those in New Jersey in the room of Cornwallis. A considerable force of Hessians was in and about Trenton, which, according to General Washington's letter to the Congress, under date of 27th December, 1776, reporting his success at

Trenton, comprised about 1,500 men in three regiments, those of Anspach, Knyphausen and Rall, with a troop of British light-horse, the last named being the ranking officer and in command. It is, of course, needless for me to give in detail the movements of Washington and his army; as every American reader knows, our chief, well knowing the character of the Hessians, judged wisely that on Christmas night and the early

morning following, the officers and men would be in good condition for an effective surprise, and chose that time for commencing his grand movements. The events sustained his judgment; the Hessians had made "a night of it," and the morning found them just sufficiently under the influence of the night's orgies to become an easy prey to Washington's little band of "wide-awakes." The move-

ments of the Americans were carefully executed, and were fully successful; the Hessians were surprised, their feeble attempts at defence defeated, their commander, Rall, mortally wounded, a small number of their men killed and wounded, and Lieutenant-Colonel Scheffer, with nearly nine hundred men, surrendered to General Lord Stirling. Then, having accomplished his purpose and knowing that the enemy were at Mount Holly, Burlington, Princeton and elsewhere, all around within a radius of a few miles, in sufficient numbers to form an overwhelming

force when concentrated, the prudent Washington hastened again to place the Delaware between his little army and the enemy, safely landing his captives and captures on the Pennsylvania shore.

Just here let me note two events which, I believe, contributed materially to the aggregate success—one being a movement independent of Washington's plans and the other the failure of one of the proposed movements. Colonel Rall



WASHINGTON AT TRENTON, JANUARY, 1777.

had been informed that an aggressive movement was designed by the Americans, and would doubtless have been less off his guard but for a slight diversion in the vicinity of Mount Holly, made by Colonel Griffin, under orders from General Putnam who, after a slight skirmish, had at once withdrawn—this diversion, slight as it was, the Hessian commander doubtless mistook for the proposed movement, and its very insignificance, no doubt, induced the greater inattention to his duty in guarding against American movements. The

escape of some of those who got away by the outlet he was to have guarded. But I cannot conceive how he could have concealed his men until the opportune moment.

The "popular" histories tell us with full details of the wounded Rall's surrender to Washington, and there is a print showing the supposed event. The fact is, upon Rall's fall he was borne to his former headquarters, Lieutenant-Colonel Scheffer succeeding to the command; and upon the utter defeat of his force, the latter surrendered not to Washington, who was engaged in another part of the town, but to General Lord Stirling.

While General Washington was winning the important victory at Trenton, the Congress in session at Baltimore was taking action not less important in its direct bearing upon the future conduct of the war. Hitherto, Washington had been commander-in-chief in name rather than in fact. Not only had his every movement, nay, his every projected movement, been subject to revision and criticism, and even to modification, on the part of the Congress, but his having men to command had been subject to the will or caprice of the several local or State legislatures; while in the highly important matter of selecting officers to lead the men, to execute his plans and fulfil his orders, he had little or no voice. After waiting long and patiently for the Congress to remedy these evils, he had at last suggested to that body the necessity for providing and developing a military system for the Nation—a national system with an actual head having sufficient authority to be justly responsible for successes and failures. But the States were jealous of any apparent concentration of power, while the Congress was timid and fearful of augmenting that jealousy by applying the only possible cure for the evils under which the civil, no less than the military, affairs of the Nation were suffering. At last, the time had come when the military administration at least must be crystallized into national unity or divided counsels, divided authority and divided responsibilities would convert the disasters they had produced into utter ruin. The timid policy was not abandoned for some years in civil affairs, the finances of the Nation were still left at the mercy of the States until the Nation had neither money nor credit, and had to be saved from final and irretrievable death by the credit of one of its citizens. But, while General Washington was



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS IN TRENTON.

second event I have alluded to was the failure of Colonel Ewing to cross from Morrisville to Trenton, as planned by Washington. Had he crossed, he must have landed at about daydawn at about where the State-house now stands; within shot of his landing place stood the "White House," which was at the time occupied by Knyphausen's regiment; Ewing could not well have concealed his men from this regiment, and their discovery would have endangered, if not insured the defeat of, the entire plan. True, if Ewing could have avoided discovery until the successful advance of the two main divisions of the Americans, his command could have fulfilled the work designed for it, and might have made the success more complete by preventing the

winning the Christmas victory at Trenton, the Congress at last yielded to the dictates of common sense by adopting his repeated counsels in reducing the military affairs of the Nation to a national, as well as a rational, system; it made Washington commander-in-chief in fact, at least in a measure, by giving him some of the authority and power involved in that high position. Some foolish people misunderstood the action of the Congress, and imagined that it was creating a dictator; but the noble Washington did not so misunderstand the scope of the action of the National Legislature, and his lofty patriotism and subtle wisdom and perfect discretion soon allayed the popular anxiety and doubts, and in their stead there was soon evident a new confidence among the patriots throughout the land, a high spirit, too, of resolve, of self-consecration, was everywhere evinced by the patriots of all classes—the timid, doubting, fearful ones became bolder, the brave braver, and the wisdom of the too-long deferred unification of military authority and responsibility was seen and felt at home and abroad. The successes at Trenton and subsequently at Princeton of course had their influence in bringing about the marvelous improvement in temper and spirit among the patriots at home and their friends abroad; but the mighty, potential influence was the vigor Washington imparted to military operations under the national and rational policy which made him truly the head of military affairs. Reverses and sore trials were still experienced by the American Nation, but the people never again fell into the dark, gloomy, despondent mood which prevailed from August 27th to December 25th, 1776.

Under the new authority vested in him, General Washington immediately set in train measures for creating a *national* army, and energetically pushed forward these measures to their fruition. But it was a vast work to create such an army, and meanwhile the little army which had achieved the Trenton glory was melting away; the 31st of the swiftly-passing December would mark the close of the terms of enlistment of a large proportion of the men, and the new year's dawn would find him without a sufficient force to constitute the merest semblance of an army, or to maintain even a shadow of defensive war. Something must be done, at once, to save the country until his new national army could be brought into the field—besides, the Trenton triumph was but the com-

mencement of a grand project he had formed, and farther momentous operations must be effected, victories won, to make what had been done of true, enduring value. The men whose terms of service were expiring must be induced to reenlist or at least to remain for a few weeks—but how? They must be offered a bounty—but where was the means? The Congress had neither money nor credit; it had not fulfilled its promises to the soldiers in the past, and its farther promises would not avail. The men had unlimited confidence in their chief, and his word was sufficient for all he could personally promise, but was not so for what he might promise for the Congress or the Nation. He, nobly seconded by Stark and others of his officers, gave personal pledges freely—but cash must be had and at once; patriotism could not



"DOUGLASS HOUSE," TRENTON, ST. CLAIR'S HEADQUARTERS.

blind the eyes of the brave soldiers to the fact that those dear to them were destitute and suffering from want of necessities of life, and they would not reenlist even for a short term without some cash in hand. In his extremity of need, Washington turned to the only human source from which he could anticipate relief. He appealed to Robert Morris, the cash was at once obtained, the men secured, the victory of Princeton gained, and a happy people raised pæans of grateful praise to the victorious chief and his gallant army.

Having placed his prisoners and the other trophies of his victory in safety, General Washington once more crossed the river, December 30th and 31st, and took up quarters in a house

close to the Assanpink bridge, while General St. Clair's were at the house of Captain Douglass, on Broad street. The former was burned down some years since, and the latter has been removed to a new site, its old site being occupied by a Lutheran Church.¹ The respective headquarters of the other officers do not specially demand notice or illustration. The army was encamped upon the rising ground to the south of the Assanpink. Scarcely was Washington fairly established in Trenton, when the British commenced operations to dislodge him. On the 2d of January, a British force of about 5,000 men marched into Trenton; they approached the Assanpink on its north side, the narrow stream separating them from the Americans, with but one small bridge spanning it—this they made three vigorous attempts to cross, but were at each assault repulsed with heavy loss. Cornwallis had been compelled to relinquish his visit to England, and was now again in command. The three repulses satisfied him for the day, and he determined to defer his expected victory until the next morning. Upon the cessation of fighting Washington convened a council of war at St. Clair's headquarters, the Douglass House, noticed above, his own headquarters being too near the bridge for the purpose. That Cornwallis expected to renew the attack in the morning was certain, and the result could not be doubted; hence the council could but conclude at once

¹ We have made accurate engravings of these two edifices; that of Washington's headquarters is from a heliotype kindly loaned us by Robert Coulton Davis, Ph.G., of this city, and that of the Douglass House is from a drawing made by General William S. Stryker, Adjutant-General of the State of New Jersey, and loaned us by him.

that the only wise course was to steal away in the night; it is said that a retreat down the Delaware was proposed and that it was the chief who suggested "the bold and judicious design of abandoning the Delaware and marching silently in the night, by a circuitous route along the left flank of the British army into their rear at Princeton, where he knew they could not be strong. After beating them there, he proposed to make a rapid movement to New Brunswick," where were their baggage and magazines. This plan was promptly adopted by the council, and a little after midnight the Americans left the Assanpink, so silently that their foe, though scarcely a hundred yards away, heard nothing nor thought of the Americans' escape until daybreak exposed the vacant camp; according to Wilkinson, besides the usual *ruse* on such occasions of leaving camp-fires brightly burning, Washington took the additional precautions of doubling the guards and setting a strong fatigue party to work at building



HUGH MERCER.

From a Pencil Drawing by Colonel Trumbull.

entrenchments within hearing of the enemy. At dawn, Cornwallis was no doubt extremely mortified to discover that the bridge could be crossed without a battle, as his foe had fled—but that was not the worst; he could not conceive or ascertain whither the "rebels" had gone, until the sound of distant cannon showed him that, as Sir William Erskine is said to have expressed it, "Washington has *outgeneraled* us," and that "the fox" (as he is said once to have called Washington) was working mischief at Princeton. But greater must have been his chagrin when, after a forced march of unusual speed,¹ he arrived at Princeton to

¹ The speed must have been unusual, if the story be true that, while yet at Trenton, he heard the firing of the cannon

find the mischief done and "the fox" again escaped.

The story of the victory of Princeton has been often told and well told, and I need not here recount it. The battle was not a great one in the numbers engaged or in the time of its continuance; but short as it was, it was most severe—the British losing about one hundred killed, and about three hundred wounded and prisoners, and the Americans losing about one hundred killed and wounded, including several estimable officers. The saddest loss of the patriots at Princeton was the brave Scot, Hugh Mercer. A native of Scotland, Dr. Mercer had served at Culloden as an assistant surgeon; coming to this country in 1747, he settled in Franklin County, Pennsylvania; he served with Washington in the Indian Wars of 1755 and 1756; subsequently removing to Fredericksburg, in Virginia, where he resided at the commencement of the Revolution, when he was among the first and boldest of those who took up arms for his adopted country, which he loved with all the fervor of a native, and which he served faithfully and fearlessly until his death at Princeton. In the *American Historical Record* of November, 1874, Dr. Lossing gives a capital sketch of General Mercer.¹

As we have seen, part of the plan devised at Trenton was to go to New Brunswick from Prince-

at Princeton, and yet "arrived near Stony Brook just after the first and decisive battle had been fought," especially when the same writer tells us "the action continued only about fifteen minutes."

¹ The two portraits of General Mercer are both apparently well authenticated, dissimilar as they are, and we cannot decide as to their respective merits, except that the first appears to show a much younger man than the General was when killed.

ton; but, with an overwhelming army of foes all around and his own men well-nigh worn out with fatigue, Washington wisely concluded not to hazard the grand advantages he had gained by the successes of Trenton and Princeton, and quietly went into winter-quarters at Morristown, where he arrived on the 5th of January, 1777.

I have already alluded to the wonderful results of this brief campaign of twelve days. The American Republic emerged from the dark clouds of fear, dread, apprehension and despondency, into the bright light of hope, faith and confidence. The British officers in America were baffled, the authorities in England amazed, the friends of America in England and other countries enheartened, the world electrified. During the whole Revolutionary struggle the movements of these twelve days had no parallel, and the good effected was felt through adversity and prosperity throughout the war.

I have also spoken of the wise act of the Congress in making General Washington actual commander-in-chief, and one of the best consequences of the successes at Trenton and Princeton was that they strengthened the Congress in pursuing this new common-sense policy, revived popular confidence in him, and aided him in recruiting and organizing a national army.

The winter at Morristown was not spent in idleness: recruiting for the new army was prosecuted with zeal, and before the opening of the spring Washington found himself in command of ten thousand men, largely regulars of his national army, officered under his own direct control, and well provided and equipped as compared with former American troops. Meanwhile, constant incursions by scouting and foraging parties had compelled the British to keep within the lines of New Brunswick and Amboy.



GENERAL MERCER.

From a Photograph in possession of Dr. Lossing.

THE MOORISH EMPIRE IN SPAIN.

BY EDWARD THOMPSON.

MOHAMMED lived between 570 and 652. His creed, at first despised and insignificant, gained followers rapidly during the closing years of his life, and still more rapidly after his death, when rival sects, claiming sole orthodoxy, rivaled each other in proselytism east, north, south and west. Like a circle in water, the progress was consistent on every side; and while some planted the green banner in Ispahan and India, and carried it forward so effectually against China that its influence has to be reckoned in all later history of the empires; while growing in Northern Turkey to the grand conquest of Constantinople and the overthrow of the Byzantine Empire in 1300, that we have already sketched, and dispossessing Thoth and Sesostris in Egypt by Amru, lieutenant of Caliph Omar in 640, it flashed across the whole Mediterranean littoral of Africa and penetrated above the Cataracts and beyond the Sahara, and remains in the ascendant there to this day.

The most brilliant chapter of the new creed was written in Spain. There it conquered a sturdier if not a finer civilization than the one it overthrew in Turkey; the Gothic Empire contrasting with the later Greek as unadorned strength with effete beauty and languor. The successive stages

by which the Moslem creed won its way through Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers and Morocco to the Atlantic are hardly worth describing, and indeed present few salient features.

The people had no common creed or political polity; had no culture or zeal or energy. They comprised races that united and dissipated according to caprice; and though fierce and warlike, and as determined to resist invasion as in the times of Scipio and Hannibal, had no bond of union and no great resources. Their hot blood was fired by the sensuous incitements and enthusiasm which overrun Arabia, and Mohammed's creed rather flashed along their way than fought for its victory. The Fatimito Caliphs of Northern



MOORISH GATE AND BUILDING.

Africa were strong enough to vaunt their superiority over the Caliphs of Bagdad, by whom, when the Shiite and Sunnite controversy arose, precedence was claimed over the central authority, recognized by most of the Moslem world, at Damascus. The root of the Fatimito power was purely Saracenic. It included the blood of the best races of Northern Africa—men fiery in love and war, but patient to study and capable of sustained efforts. They were learned beyond the nations of Europe, then plunged in the intellectual night of the Middle Ages, and preserved law,

medicine, and the arts and sciences from grave loss. Having no vital creed, these races accepted that of Islam so soon as they were convinced that it was propagated by strong swords as well as by

by the Count's daughter. The story is apocryphal, perhaps; but there is no doubt that when the Caliph Walid had authorized Muza to agree with the Count in 710, Muza despatched a force across



HALL OF ABENCERRAGES, ALHAMBRA, GREECE.

perceptible allurements, and carried the crusade successfully onward to the Spanish province of Mauritania. Muza, the Arab commander, was then approached by the emissaries of Count Julian with proposals to enter Spain and dethrone Roderic the Goth, on account of indignities suffered

the Strait of Gibraltar under his lieutenant Taric, and began the great epopee that lasted, with continuous and brilliant acts, to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The government of Spain at that time was Gothic and divided. There was little concentra-

tion of authority, little knowledge of any kind, and little industry or patriotism or faith to atone for general decay from the period of Cæsar's rule. Taric found almost no resistance when he landed and was able to recruit and organize his men unopposed. He won his first great victory after three days of hard fighting, near Cadiz, somewhere between 711 and 714. As soon as a secure lodgement was made, Muza himself arrived with reinforcements, and overrun the country with a poor show of resistance. The

Goths had weakened in an alien climate, and the Spaniards were so degenerate or careless that they refused to make the effort necessary; and when Muza's son, Abdelaziz, married Roderic's widow,



GATE OF JUSTICE, ALHAMBRA.

Egilona, he was enabled to draw many of the Goths and Spaniards under his banner. Two of the new rulers, brothers, ruled in Africa when he and Taric were both summoned to Damascus by Caliph Walid. But their removal had no lasting effect on their government. There were dissensions in the Saracenic ranks which helped the Gothic hero, Pelago, to gain renown. These sprang from unwillingness to recognize the authority of Damascus, rather than from intestine controversies or fear; and

the work of subjugation went forward until Abderahman, the eleventh Emir, was defeated by Charles Martel at Tours in 732. Then some successes won by Alphonso, a Spanish ruler, occurring



HALL OF THE FOUNTAIN.

at the instant when Adbul Abbas, the Abasside, overthrew the Ommeyade dynasty at Damascus, and when a rebellion in Barbary threatened Moorish power there, in its immediate fountain, the Cordovan Walids made Abderrahman, son of an Ommeyade caliph, the head of an independent government that grew into the brilliant Moorish dominion in Spain. Adbul rallied an army of twenty thousand men, defeated the Abasside faction, became real Caliph of Cordova, and made the King of Asturias and Galacia tributary to him. Charlemagne interfered to protect Gothic power, and took the territory called the Spanish March in 778, but was signally defeated in the memorable battle of Roncesvalles, and all his conquests were regained. Thereafter Abderrahman conciliated the Christians, built grand mosques, consolidated his power, and began the agricultural, commercial, scientific and literary power afterwards attained.

Following Abderrahman's death, Al-Hakem put down an insurrection in Fezzan, that wished to be independent of Spanish rule; defeated the Goth Alfonso, and waged war with France along the Marches. The war began with the Christians,



FOUNTAIN OF LIONS.



A MOORISH DWELLING.

that if it had ever paused after Tarric's arrival, was never more to rest; and each side was hampered by intestine wars. The Moors, however, through all this period, encouraged learning, the arts and sciences, and even the ladies of their harems were conspicuous for knowledge. Al-Hakem warred with Cordova and Leon to 976, and Almanzor, having defeated Sancho, would have consolidated power but for rebellion in Africa that was unappeased for

years. He, however, conquered the independent states of Barcelona, Navarre and Leon, before hostile, and thereby did much for his race. The Ommeyades caliphate closed with the deposition of Hixem in 1031, after two hundred and eighty years of government over most of Spain; and this close left a number of petty kings, wrangling with one another and with Christians: the King of Badajoz, who ruled most of Portugal, being chief in a confederation of Moorish princes. Ferdinand I. of Castile, who had Roderigo the Cid for his

general, warred thirty years and to his death, in 1072, with all the Moorish power. The kings of Seville, Leon, Cordova and other provinces, however, took courage from Spanish dissensions, and when Al-

fonso VI. of Leon, consolidated the Spanish power in New Castile, Mohammed summoned the Almo-

to save Cordova and Seville, and they were forced to surrender to the Almoravides in 1094, when

Jusuf became unquestioned Emperor of all Moslem Spain and Portugal. His son, Ali, crushed Alphonso at Ucles in a reign and campaign of fourteen years. But Christian dissensions were healed under these losses, while the hatred of the polished Moors of Spain for their rude African co-religionists increased, and Raymond took Saragossa and conquered at Davoca. Ali himself was called to put down the rebellious Almohades in Africa, in 1133; but his lieutenants withstood Alphonso of Aragon and Navarre successfully until 1139, when they were terribly defeated at Ourique in Portugal, by Alphonso Henriques.

The immediate results of this battle were great. The Spanish Moors at once expelled the Almoravides they had summoned from all Spain, when Ali was suffering defeat in Africa. The African Almohade caliph seized the opportunity, and arrived in person to rule the more tempting land. He conquered the insurgent feudatories in 1157; revived science and letters, and patronized the famous Averrhoes, and enabled his successor, Yusuf, to restore the perfect empire before his death in 1184. Spanish strength was at this period greatly sapped by the enmity of the Jews, who had been and were mercilessly oppressed; and when, at the close of the century, a fresh



MOHAMMEDAN GUEST CHAMBER.

ravive Arabs from Morocco. Jusuf came with an army, and the Moslems won another great victory at Badajoz. No aid could be gained from France

host from Africa threatened Castile, Yacub conquered Alfonso in the great battle of Alarcos and gained all New Castile. Mohammed Abu levied



A STATE DINNER.

a vigorous war and was met by equal, having French aid. The opposing forces met at Tolosa in the summer of 1212, and, if history is true where it presumably lies, one hundred thousand Moors were killed and sixty thousand were captured by Alfonso, and the great Almohade dynasty fell.

While the last of this brilliant and illustrious dynasty were struggling with the kings of Saragossa, Ferdinand III. induced the King of Portugal to aid the kings of Castile, Leon and Aragon, and their combined forces drove all the Moslem power save that of minor and discontented kings of Estremadura, Murcia, Valencia and Algarve, to their last stronghold in Granada. This city fell in 1252; and before 1275 Alfonso the Wise, and Leon, had put down and extinguished the Moslem

power in Granada that had encouraged agriculture, introduced sericulture, founded manufactures and created a great system of irrigation; erected and supported schools and hospitals, patronized letters, and made a very brilliant age in the heat of war and prevalent and continued disorder. The son of Mohammed, the deposed ruler of Granada, brought a scion of the Almohade dynasty from Africa, to war with the common Christian foe, and gained great victories at a heavy price, in Aragon as well as in Granada. At the close of the thirteenth century Granada was overrun by Castile; then torn by Nasar's revolt and by petty dissensions, so

that in 1331 Castile vainly attempted to wrest the great stronghold of Gibraltar from the Moorish government of Granada. The endeavor drew another Moorish army from Africa, and then Portugal united with Castile and Navarre, and won a desperate victory at the battle of Rio Salado and



DEVOTIONAL ATTITUDES.

took Algeciras. Not twenty years later, a conspiracy under Abu Said depleted the weakening power

of Granada. Abu was crowned, killed, and succeeded by Mohammed; he by his son Jusuf, who invaded Murcia, recovered the throne in 1407 and reigned brilliantly to 1430.

Then the savage rule of Mohammed VII. lost power to Castile and made Granada the last foothold of Moorish power tributary to the conqueror. Civil wars helped Ferdinand and Isabella to the victory they achieved

over King Muza, last ruler of his race, in 1491, at the hands of Gonsalvo. The terms made were honorable to Spanish as to Moorish valor. The latter revolted on account of the infraction of some religious stipulations in the treaty and because they were baptized, unwillingly, wholesale; but after subjugation the survivors were allowed to return to Africa. And so after a rule of eight hundred illustrious years—years made great by the greatest attainments and culture and effects that still survive there and over the world—the sons of Tarik and Muza returned, as poor as their fathers left, to the kingdom they always retained and still hold.

Such is the political and military history, briefly outlined, of that brilliant dream of Oriental romance in Southern Europe, that has

created as much esteem since its overthrow as it did alarm during its existence. Seen chiefly through romance, it is softened and mellowed to our observation. In reality it de-



MINARET.



ROYAL BED CANOPY.



MOHAMMEDAN TOMB.

serves great regard. The administration, though under the code of the Koran, was singularly efficient and pure, and was the immediate cause that popularized the "Thousand and One Nights" tales of Eastern origin. The laws of Bagdad and Damascus were carried with the arms of that authority; but as years elapsed they were accommodated to new conditions and became gracious to Jews and Christians, liberal and kindly. The tenure of property was as safe as in England. Crime was promptly repressed. The mosques were the universal and sufficient asylums for want as well as early seats of those institutions of learning that conserved the unsurpassed medical, architectural, chemical, mineralogical, historical, musical, textile, poetic, and other skill and knowledge of a race whose Alhambra is today unsurpassed by any structure for durability, lightness and grace; whose bridges stand now as they were created; whose irrigation only needs renewal to enrich the land;



MOORISH HALL.



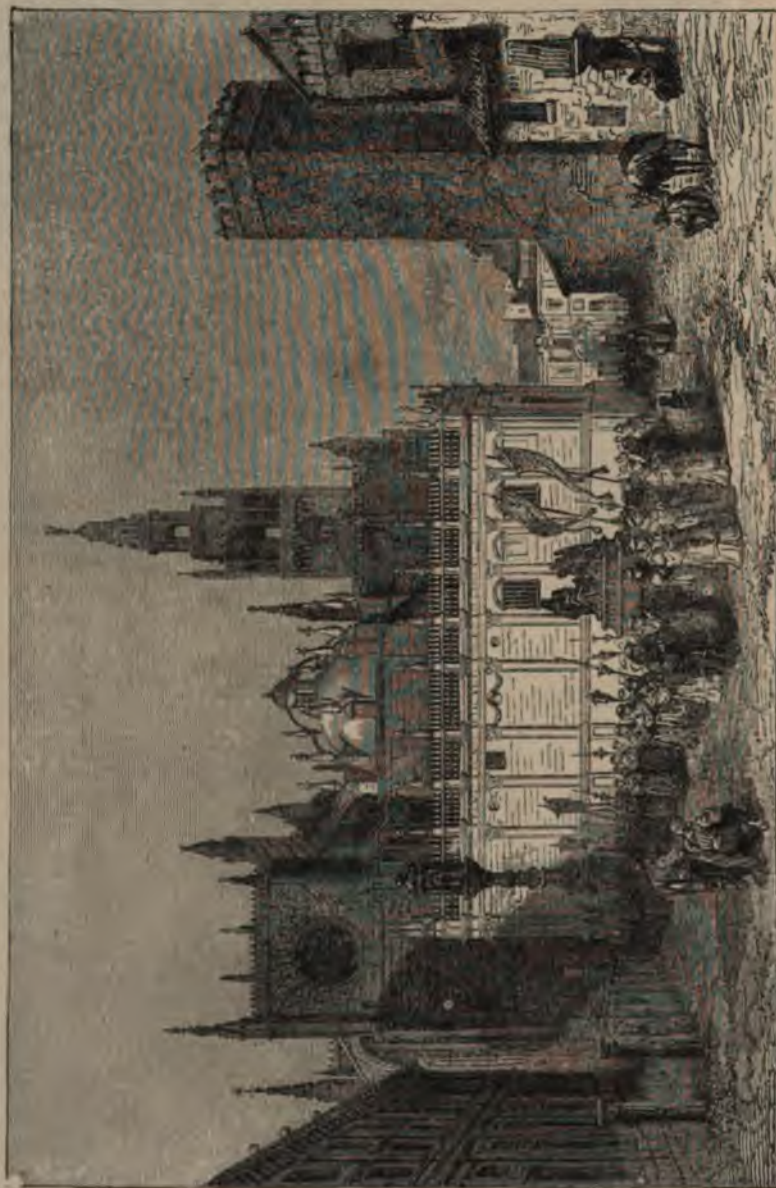
لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ مُحَمَّدٌ رَسُولُ اللَّهِ

whose majolica-ware founded the most admirable exhibit of its class in our Centennial; whose swords, copying the Damascene and preceding the Tolosan, had a temper our best miss; who made Cordovan leather the unapproached superior of every land; whose glass united the strength of French plate with the limpid excellence of Venetian and Japanese; whose silk and worsted and woolen fabrications might be profitably copied now; whose vineyards were unexcelled—who were as great and efficient contributors to modern culture as any, and carried the mathematics to as high a pitch as song and dance.

The Alhambra of Granada was one of the most famous Moorish structures. It was begun in 1248 and finished in 1314. It is outside of the city, fortified, prepared to accommodate forty thousand men, and contains a palace surrounded by forests and gardens. The Hall of the Abencerrages was laid with marble, stuccoed and ornamented with fine designs in brilliant colors on

the walls, and these designs and colors are as clear and brilliant to-day as they were five centuries since. The ceiling of cedar, inlaid with mother-of-pearls, silver and ivory, has no northern equal. The Hall of Lions is a more grand apartment

plash of waters and motion of leaves are heard everywhere, and no vivid fancy is required to recall the brilliancy of the time when heroes whose scimitars surpassed Spanish swords, listened to the lute in company of ladies versed in all



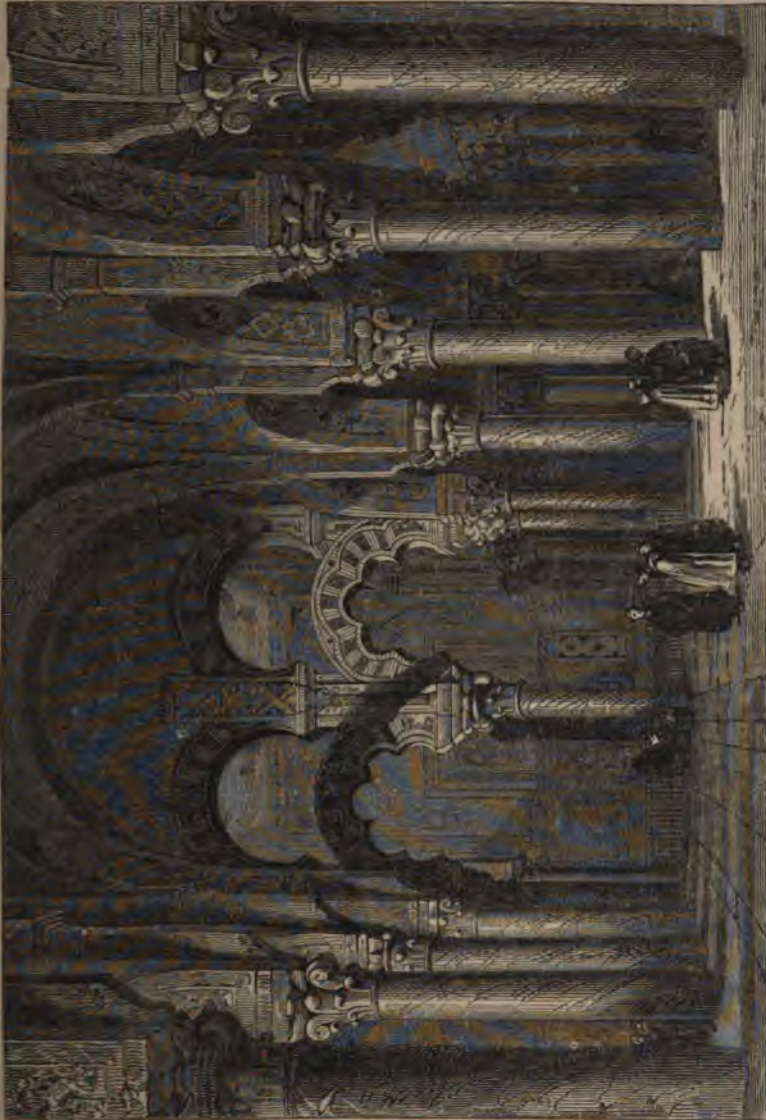
THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE (ORIGINALLY A MOSQUE).

in the same palace, and receives its name from a marble and alabaster fountain supported by marble lions, that stands in the centre. All portions are carved with infinite detail and rare skill; broad passages border the interior; the

Avicenna's lore, and as beautiful as beauty itself. The entrances to the great buildings combined Norman strength with Saracenic skill, and thousands of Christian slaves taken in war were employed in carving the endless details that half

revealed the strength which was the chief thought. The engraving we furnish of a Moorish Gate will compare favorably in proportions and beauty with the Arc de Triomphe that was Napoleon III.'s great legacy to Paris; and the Moorish Gate was simply an appropriate entrance to greater attractions,

wards occupied by a Mosque. The Giralda, or chief muezzin tower, was erected in 1196, and was carried to the present height of 350 feet in 1568. The Alcuzar of the same city is as old, and is in some particulars comparable with the Granadan Alhambra. The Cathedral of Cordova



CATHEDRAL OF CORDOVA (ORIGINALLY A MOSQUE).

while the French stands solitary. The Tower is one form of a minaret, and was used for summoning the faithful to arms or to prayer, and as a watch-tower.

The Cathedral of Seville, that forms one of our illustrations, stands on the site of an old temple sacred to Astarte, in the days of Phœnician supremacy, and then to Salambo, and that was after-

is simply the mosque founded by Abderrahman in 786, and enlarged in later years. Originally, the building was supported by twelve hundred pillars, of which a third have been removed. Spanish power in its greatest day has never equalled the architecture, the culture, the music or the freedom of that it suppressed—which the world still recalls and mourns.

THE LONG WATCH.—A TRUE STORY.

BY SHEELAH.

"MEDICAL students are not the only disturbers of graves," said the old man, in a meditative tone, while his eyes were fixed as though memory had brought up some far-off scene to his mental view. "Hungry wolves will soon scent a dead body," he continued, "no matter where it is buried, and make short work in dissecting it." Then added, after a pause, and speaking slowly, "I remember witnessing a watch once which convinced me that wherever true affection exists the dead receive as much attention as the living."

I expressed my curiosity to hear the case to which he alluded; and the old man related the following tale:

"The early settlers of Minnesota led a wild life. Society was a mixture of all classes and many nations, though the largest proportion was French, Indian and half-breeds. The business chiefly carried on in St. Paul was in lumber and furs, in both of which I was pretty extensively engaged.

In that delightful climate the air is so pure and exhilarating that only to breathe it is a constant joy. It keeps the spirit always buoyant and the heart young, and gives a zest to out-door sports such as none but the experienced can understand. I had joined many a hunting party, and bear, deer and buffalo I had brought down in scores with my own hand. I knew all the pleasures of the sport, from the excitement of the chase to the gay, rollicking supper and song at the camp-fire at close of day. Even when winter came, and the immense logs that blazed in the fireplace were scarcely sufficient to temper the frosty air within doors, I wanted to be out on the free plains, under the clear vault of heaven. So one bright December I joined a party of half-breeds on a trapping expedition.

Our way lay westward, but we crossed the Mississippi in a few minutes on a bridge built by the strong hand of winter. Then, over the firm, crisp snow our sleds shot smoothly; and soon the shingled roofs of St. Paul and the smoke above them were out of sight. How bracing the keen air! How our nostrils expanded to take it in, and our chests heaved with the pleasurable sensation of the elastic element dancing through our

lungs! Nowhere, I believe, can you feel the current of life with such actuating force through every part of your system as when bathing in the full enjoyment of Minnesota's atmosphere!

On we sped, by stream and lake and hill and forest, all sparkling in the sun's rays with the gorgeous adornings bestowed on them by the frost king. I had galloped over the same region on horseback amid summer's bloom, when the trees and soil were clothed with verdure, and flowers perfumed the balmy breeze, and waters gaily danced, and birds and insects filled the air with life and harmony; yet never had my eye feasted on scenes of richer beauty than those which surrounded me now in their glittering winter robes.

But you will think me enthusiastic about the charms of my favorite State; and that was not the subject upon which I started."

Here the old man paused, running his fingers through his thin hair, in search of scattered thoughts.

"O, yes," he said, "I was going out on that trapping party. Well, a few hours brought us to the trapping ground, on the banks of the Minnesota—that beautiful river from which the State received its name, and which means sky-tinted water, in the poetic language of the Dakota. We set our traps and then encamped for the night. The next day we proceeded ten miles farther, and again set our traps. So we went on for five days, and then the weather showed indications of coming snow.

We were now on a beautiful prairie, in the centre of which was a log cabin built especially for the accommodation of hunters. I therefore proposed to remain here and attend to the traps in this vicinity in case of a deep snow, while the trappers should divide into parties, according to the number of the sleds, and hasten to the different trapping grounds, to secure the game already caught, returning for me on the way home.

This plan being approved, I was soon left alone, when I immediately proceeded to the cabin, where I left my gun and package of provisions; and, taking a hatchet, went out to cut as much wood

as I should require to burn through the night. When I had procured a good supply and piled it in the hut the day was quite advanced, and the chilly northeast wind warned me that the snow was not far off. So I hastened around to visit the traps, and was surprised to find how many were already sprung. I returned with a good harvest to the hut, intending to take off the skins and cure them at my leisure. I then made a good fire, prepared a comfortable supper, shook up the long prairie grass that had been piled there in the fall, and spreading my rug and blanket, had a bed fit for a king.

But while I slept the snow fell thick and fast, and when I awoke in the morning I found that my cabin was buried up to the very roof; and only through the chimney could the daylight reach me. My fire had burned low, so I hastened to pile wood upon it until I had plenty of light and warmth. I then prepared a good breakfast, after partaking of which I took my hatchet and began to cut a passage through the snow, from the door. I worked hard for a couple of hours, and by that time reached the surface, through a slanting tunnel just wide enough to admit my body. How beautiful the country appeared, covered with a pure, white soil, in which the trees were sunk to their branches, and these all dressed with feathers of the same glittering purity, while above was a clear, blue sky, and the sun shining with dazzling splendor upon the holy scene!

I returned to my hut and employed the rest of the day in taking off the skins of my game and curing them. The carcasses I took out and buried at some distance in the snow. I then cut some branches for burning, and dragging them to the mouth of the tunnel, I entered the hut and made myself comfortable for the night. The door had been but frail, and the weight of the snow had burst it in; so I now just propped it up to keep the cold air out. I had my supper of deer steak, pemmican, hard bread and coffee, and then having put plenty of wood on the fire, I went to bed.

But I did not drop asleep. I lay looking at the wood blazing merrily on the hearth, and the sparks flying up the chimney until my attention was attracted to the sound of crashing among the branches at the mouth of the tunnel. It is a wolf I said, who scents food, and springing up I seized my gun, and the moment the door was thrown in I fired.

When the noise and smoke from my gun had subsided, I saw that the approach of my dreaded visitor had stopped; and anxious to see if he was killed or only stunned, I snatched a brand from the fire and went to the door, when—Oh, horror! a stream of blood was trickling over the white snow from a man's head in the aperture.

The agony I felt at the thought of having killed a fellow-creature was terrible. A cold sweat broke over me, and my hair stood on end. But a groan from my poor victim showed me he was not dead, and gave me hope that I was not a murderer. And now, with more strength than I had supposed I possessed, I tore away the snow to widen the passage, and taking the wounded man by the shoulders, I drew him forward, resting his head upon my knees until I could get my arms around him, and then I lifted him to my bed and laid him on it. With another burning brand, I now examined him closely and found that the ball had entered his head and lodged there. I also discovered, with a shudder, through a swarthy, weather-stained skin, the features of one of my own race.

But, though life was not extinct, I saw that it was fast ebbing. He was quite insensible, only giving signs of life by his deep breathing and an occasional moan. How I wished that I had some knowledge of surgery, though I felt that it was not in the power of mortal skill to save him. I took my handkerchief and bound it around his head as gently as I could; and, that done, I thought I would get a little snow and moisten his lips and wipe the blood from his face. I turned towards the door with this intent when I started to see a crouched figure at the foot of the bed. I stepped into the shade, to let the fire-light fall upon it; and then I saw the dusky face of a young squaw, on every line of which suppressed anguish was legible, while her large eyes were fixed in intense anxiety on the still form before her.

If I was pained before, at the consequences of my hasty shot, how much more now, when I saw that there was a second sufferer? And my heart was heavier than it had ever felt before, as I scooped out a handful of snow, and, returning to the wounded man, pressed a small crumb between the dry lips, and then sponged clean the quiet face. I could do no more, and overcome by my feelings I sunk on my knees beside the bed and prayed earnestly that I might be spared the lifelong misery of blood guiltiness.

Until now the poor Indian girl had neither spoken nor stirred; but when she saw me in the act of prayer she pressed closer to me, and I heard her whisper softly the name of the Dakota's god—Heyoka. With the sound a fresh pang pierced my heart, for it told me that her friend, or husband, who lay dying by my hand had been a worshipper at no Christian shrine, or she would have learned something of his fate. He was evidently a bushranger; one of those renegades of civilization who cast themselves loose from every tie of home and kindred, and adopt the vagrant life of the wilderness. Having thrown aside the habits and restraints of society, the religion of his fathers was forgotten or despised; and now he lay on the verge of eternity, and the wife of his choice knew no power to invoke in his behalf save Heyoka, the false object of Dakota worship. Poor fellow! Oh, how my heart ached over him! I would willingly have given my rash right hand to have saved him. But he never spoke. The burden of guilt, however, was removed from my spirit; and as I wiped the death damp from his brow I felt the calm assurance that I was not condemned as a murderer.

The poor widow uttered no cry and shed no tears when the eyes of her protector closed in his last sleep; but, gathering herself into a heap at his feet, she lay perfectly still, as though her spirit also had gone to seek the happy hunting-grounds beyond the dark lake of death. A couple of hours passed and I became alarmed. Was she, too, dead? I went to her and raised her head; and, to my relief, found she was breathing. It then occurred to me that perhaps she was stupefied by hunger as well as sorrow. No knowing how many hours she may have wandered through the bleak wind and snow after the footsteps of her lord before they reached the hoped-for shelter of the cabin. With this thought I immediately prepared some coffee and broiled a venison steak. I then roused her, drew her towards the fire, and insisted on her partaking of some. She eagerly swallowed a few mouthfuls, and then crept back to her post at the feet of the dead.

It was the longest night I ever spent; but at last morning appeared, and I arose to make preparation for the disposal of the body, already stiffening. The first thing I saw as I turned to the door was the heap of blood-stained snow, and I sickened at the sight. It must not remain another

minute. The poor mourner who had dragged her skirts over it must never see it. Thanks to the intense cold it had congealed almost as soon as spilt, and now lay in black clots amongst the fragments of snow that I had broken away when taking the wounded man from the aperture. I gathered it up into one of the skins, and taking it out, buried it in the snow, though I knew it would soon be found by the wolves, as the hole in which I had deposited the game the day before was torn open and left empty.

I now returned to the cabin, and once more arousing the downcast squaw, asked her, by signs, how she wished the remains buried. She quickly comprehended me, and rising to her feet imperatively indicated her intention of taking sole charge of the dead herself. I had no right to persist in offering obtrusive attentions. If the bereaved creature desired to be left alone with her great grief, and if it would be any consolation to her to perform the last duties to the dead by her unaided self, there was no reason why she should not be permitted to do so. I therefore instantly decided to leave her in possession of the hut. So I packed my skins and slung them over my shoulder, took up the fatal gun, and, leaving the remainder of my provisions, I departed.

Once outside under the clear vault of heaven, away from the presence of that cold, still face, I strapped on my snow-shoes and started, determined to keep warm by rapid motion until the teams should come along. The pure, elastic air and bright sunshine, with the glistening beauty that met my eye on every side, had restored my spirits to their usual glow by the time the trappers joined me. They had had fine luck, and were in high glee, which I did not damp by the story of my adventure. I merely told them that there was an Indian party in the cabin, with whom I should like to leave some provisions; and as they had plenty of game this was easily done. So I packed a good supply on a sled, and left the men preparing the noon meal, while I sped back to the dreary house of death with food for the living. I found the fire burnt down, and the lone watcher again crouched on the ground beside the still body. I quietly placed the provisions I had brought on the rough table; and after replenishing the fire again retreated.

Our homeward trip over the glistening snow had nothing worth recounting. I was again in

the city, occupied with the dull routine of business; but my mind was ever travelling back to that snow-buried hut on the distant prairie, and that sad watcher kneeling by her silent dead, while the hungry wolf prowled around, and perhaps broke into the unguarded retreat. This last horrible picture made such an impression on my mind that I could scarcely rest, and at length concluded that I must go out and see how matters stood in the prairie cabin.

It was about a month since the memorable trapping excursion, when I harnessed a single horse-sled, and started alone on the painful visit. The inspiring ride through the rarefied atmosphere had not its usual charm for me, so anxious had I become about the fate of the devoted squaw; and when at last I reached the lonely cabin, I dreaded to enter lest I should find only the bones of the ill-fated pair.

As I came near I noticed that the mouth of my tunnel was much wider and well tramped around, while wolf-tracks were numerous. Again, I noticed for some distance, black, half-burnt sticks, indicating that fiery brands had been flung at the hungry brutes by the lone tenant of the hut. Finally I summoned courage to creep through the tunnel, which was now quite wide enough to render entrance easy. But the door I found firmly fastened against me. As this showed signs of life within, I knocked and talked to prove that I was a human visitor, and to my joy the young squaw stood before me. I asked her, by signs, if she had lived alone there since we parted. She nodded assent; and I saw by a few skins that hung in a corner how she had fed herself in her solitary home. And as I glanced around, I also saw what had kept her there. At the end of the hut farthest from the fire was a long bench of snow; and, as it gleamed and glistened in the light of the flickering blaze, a sensation of dread solemnity came over me, for I knew it was a coffin which the loving widow had formed with her own hands around the body of her lord. I need not now ask why she had not returned to her tribe, and taken shelter in the wigwam of her father. The fond duty of protecting the remains of him she loved from desecration by the beasts of the wild, nerved her to bury herself with him amid the deep snows of winter. I regretted much that I had not brought a stock of provisions and other comforts with me, which I should have done if I

had hoped to find the desolate creature still here. I, however, gave her what food I had and a buffalo robe, though I should suffer both cold and hunger for want of them.

That night I made my lodging by a good fire in a clump of woods, and returned next day to St. Paul. But I still could think of nothing but the dreary life of the poor devoted creature, who had been widowed by my instrumentality, and in a few weeks I again contrived to leave my business and visit her. This time I packed my sled with a good supply of plain comforts, such as I knew a child of the wilderness would appreciate. I found her exactly as I had left her; but she seemed to regard me a little friendly now, and accepted my presents with an expression of satisfaction.

Nor after that did I forget the poor, lone thing. When the spring thaw had begun, and I knew the frozen tomb must give way, and other disposal must be made of the precious remains, I again visited the prairie cabin. As I expected, the scene was quite changed. The snow had sunk from around the hut to within about a foot of the ground, and a few yards from the door was a scaffold at which the squaw was busy working. She had dug holes in the ground in which she had planted poles securely, and on them had placed cross poles and a platform of bark, which she was now tying with thongs made of dried skins. I knew the melancholy purpose for which this scaffold was intended, and was glad I was in time to assist with the final arrangements. The widow seemed pleased when I examined the strength and soundness of her structure and pronounced it perfect. She then led the way into the hut, where I saw that the snow-tomb was melting. Some large sheets of bark lay ready beside it; and taking the hatchet I proceeded to remove the snow. In a short time I had the body uncovered, which had been so well preserved by the frost that it looked as if death had but just taken place. There were neither tears or groans as the faithful squaw helped to re coffin the form she so well loved; and when the bark was firmly closed, her steady arms assisted to bear it out and raise it upon the platform her affection had erected. The solemn duty over, I took my leave and, full of grave thought, departed.

Thenceforth that scaffold was faithfully watched, that neither bird or beast should touch its occupants, until one summer day I turned aside from a bear hunt, and once more approached the cabin.

On the beautiful prairie grass, near the open door, sat the widow, but no longer alone, for across her lap lay a little papoose of two or three weeks old. Rejoiced to see that this comfort had been sent to the desolate heart, I bowed kindly and returned to my party.

At a subsequent hunt that spot was again reached, but the cabin was empty; and where the

scaffold had stood was a grave, fenced around with strong stakes. The poor widow had faithfully watched the body until sure that the flesh had all dried away, when she laid it reverently in the ground without fear of its being molested. Then her long watch was ended; and, lifting her papoose to her shoulder, she travelled away to the wigwams of her tribe."

AN AZTEC VASE.¹

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

A SIMPLE vase, three inches high,
Shaped like a gourd half cut in twain,
Pinched at the neck, and painted o'er
With flowering grape in blackened dye;
A quaint, small vessel, with the grain
Of the old palm, which at the door

Of the rude cottage, years ago
Amid his dark-browed children, brought
Its shape from out the golden sand.
For countless years bright suns have shone
Since thou wert part of Aztec thought,
And deftly grew beneath his hand.

Yet thou, small, unregarded thing,
A potsherd in the golden gate,
Thou dost survive the wrecks of time—
Thou dost survive the deadly wing
Of dark Oblivion, and the fate
Of buried Empires—in their prime

When thou wast fashioned. Stately trees
Have grown above thee, and far down
Their old entangled roots have spread—
Dark worshippers with bended knees—
Great Kings, and Priests—mitre and Crown—
Gone with the unremembered dead:

Old cities with their ceaseless crowd
Have felt the lapsing of a pall
That hushed for aye their mighty tread,
And laid them silent neath the shroud,
And left thee only here from all
The long-forgotten, countless dead.

What were thy uses in the yore?
Did slender fingers in their need
Clasp thy deft shape, filled to the brim
With milk of cocoa-nut, or store

Of festal honey?—savory seed?
Or aromatic herb? or dim,

Rich, purple grape? or golden rind
Of citron? Did the mother yield
Thy pretty bulk, to take the spleen
Of fretful child, while she may bind
The palm-leaf cradle? or a-field
Drive the soft lama's silky sheen?

Amid the embers wast thou seen
Brimmed with some fine, concocted drink,
And stirred about with yellow reed?
Or by the doorsill flecked with green,
Did pette¹ Congar kitten drink,
And lap from out thy depths his feed?

Did dusky widow, days of yore,
Keep thee, remembrancer of grief,
On bracket high, her sign of woe,
And thou the ashes held in store
Of her old feather-mounted Chief,
Cremated in the long-ago:

Brown-handed maidens, bright and young
Filled thee with berries—rude with fun
Tossed at each other lily bells—
Or piled thee up with red beans, strung
On cactus thread. All, all are gone,
And Time through thee their requiem knells.

Sweet idyls look from out thy face—
Loves of the long-ago smile here—
Songs by the Aztec lover sung
To listening maid with blushing grace—
The lullaby, the mother's tear,
Over thy disk have shadows flung.

A thousand years look out from thee
Thou silent Sphinx, foredoomed to bear
The burden of a Poet's theme—
Thanks, brave young friend, whose thought of me
Has sent this wondrous relic here
To be my inspiration's dream.

¹ Lines upon an Aztec Vase, from the ruins of an ancient city of Central America, sent the author by Captain A. W. Corliss, Camp McDowell, Arizona Territory.

THE AMERICAN DRAMA—ITS SUCCESSES AND FAILURES.

BY ALBERT E. LANCASTER.

THE FIRST PAPER.

A WRITER thirty years ago spoke in the following manner of the American Drama; his words are still so full of significance that we cannot do better than reproduce them here: "It is a subject of deep regret that exertions have not been made to revive dramatic taste in this country, and to place before the people those strong claims it has to their notice, their protection, and their patriotism. . . . Our literary men, and we have many amongst us, have written volumes upon every other subject except that of the drama; their silence has given it a wound, which will take years of incessant study and labor to heal; and, when healed, all their care and attention to preserve. This silence is the more to be reprobated and censured, because in England dramatic history is a part and portion of its literature, identified with its interests, linked to its destiny, and associated with the proudest names in the most exalted walks of learning, science, and piety, and who deemed it a worthy effort not only to indite plays, but make the productions of others the subject of learned criticism; in fact, all their writings show a decided partiality for the welfare of the drama. . . . Whatever opinion our readers may have formed in relation to the dramatic character of our land, it is to be hoped (they may learn) that we are not destitute of plays and play-writers, even if we should add the cruel words, 'such as they are.'"

The history of American dramatic literature is yet to be written, and we predict for it in advance a reward which it has well earned during these long years of neglect. In the following articles on the drama and dramatists of our country, we will undertake to raise the veil which has so long hidden from our sight the beauties of our dramatic literature, and in so doing we feel assured that we shall merit the goodwill of our readers and of the general community.

We cannot stop to give an account of the establishment of the theatre in America, as this would carry us beyond our limits. From a consultation

with the best records, we find that the first American play written and produced before the Revolution, and, in fact, the first American drama mentioned in history, is the "Prince of Parthia." The author of this play, which is sufficiently remarkable to entitle it to notice without regard to its possible merits, was Thomas Godfrey, son of the inventor of the quadrant. It was printed in 1765, when Godfrey was only twenty-two years of age. The next dramatic writer to whom our attention is called is Royal Tyler, who was born in Boston and educated at Harvard College. He received a degree in 1779. When the rebellion of Shay broke out, he was aid-de-camp to General Lincoln, who commanded the troops that marched against him. He was an Assistant Judge to the Supreme Court for six years, and Chief Judge of the Court for six years longer. He died at Brattleboro, Vermont, August 10th, 1825. As a writer for the stage he was the possessor of respectable talent. His first play was "The Contrast," which was acted in New York in 1787. During the course of the same year he produced a farce entitled, "May Day." In 1799 he wrote another farce, "Georgia Spec;" this was meant to ridicule the prevalent rage of the day for speculations in Georgia lands. On the whole, Royal Tyler is to be praised for his attempts to establish a native drama, unfit though he may have been in genuine ability.

The first American dramatist who can be said to have engaged much attention was William Dunlap. In the *American Quarterly Review* for June, 1827, we find the following notice of this writer: "The earliest dramatic writer of New York, and we think the best, was William Dunlap, since better known as a painter than dramatist. This gentleman is the author and translator of many excellent plays; many of the former, written on the spur of the occasion to celebrate anniversaries, are of course hardly amenable to criticism. We regret that we are not able to procure copies of the whole, which are said to amount to upwards of forty in number. Among those we do possess

is a comedy called 'The Father of an Only Child,' which the author in his preface states was written as early as 1788, and to have been at the time of its publication the first and only American play that had come from the press. Setting this question aside, the play of Mr. Dunlap was, we believe, the first American play represented on the stage, and if it had possessed no other claim, would be entitled to particular notice on that account. It is, however, in our opinion, one of the best in our collection." This is high praise from an eminent authority which we cannot pass by without consideration. In the paragraph just quoted, however, the reader will have noticed a few errors, which may be corrected by reference to our previous observations. Not to dwell upon these, we think Dunlap's right to the title "Father of the American Stage" is perfectly just. His position in literature is well assured. He was the intimate friend of the heroes of '76, who made New York their place of abode; he dramatized numerous events of the Revolution, and had them produced at his own theatre; he was the intimate friend of Cooke, Fennel, Cooper, Hodgkinson, Charles Brockden Browne, and other celebrities of the day. As a writer he was plain, though correct, always showing perfect knowledge of his subject, and very particular regarding the data and localities of his plays. Like all men of talent who at that period looked to their pen for means of sustenance, he was poor. Yet he was a very successful dramatist, and some of his dramas netted him large financial rewards. Of these the principal are: "The Father of an Only Child," "The Miser's Wedding," "Lord Leicester," "William Tell," "André," "The Stranger" (adaptation), "False Shame," "Fraternal Discord," "The Wife of Two Husbands," "The Soldier of '76," "Battle of New Orleans," "The Life of a Gambler," and "Robespierre."

About the year 1791 an article appeared in the *American Quarterly*, written by the celebrated James Kirke Paulding, which elicited considerable attention from aspiring dramatists. In this article he declared that by a National Drama we mean, not merely a class of productions written by Americans, but one appealing directly to the national feeling, founded upon domestic incidents, illustrating or satirizing domestic manners, and above all, displaying a generous chivalry in the maintenance and vindication of those great and

illustrious peculiarities of situation and character by which we are distinguished from all other nations. He also spoke of the drama as being worthy the highest exercise of the highest attribute of the mind. Such words could not fail to produce a good effect, and it is even probable that their ultimate effect was greater than we can hope to appreciate. Let us remember to the honor of James Kirke Paulding that he spoke when speech was most needed.

In 1795 a dramatic society was started in New York under the name of the Friendly Club. Two of the principal members were Charles Brockden Browne and Elihu H. Smith. The former had been destined for the bar, but disappointed his friends by ultimately refusing to accept the profession of law. The latter was a practicing physician. Browne afterwards became widely known as a novelist. Smith partly turned his attention to the stage, and wrote a drama called "Edwin and Angelina," which was performed during the year 1796.

A very successful American dramatist of the early period was John Burk, whose tragedy of "Bunker Hill," notwithstanding that it was totally lacking in literary merit, proved almost a gold-mine for the author. This play was printed in 1817, and is described by a cotemporary as a most execrable tragedy of the Grub-street kind. Yet Burk was, in many respects, a man of talent and genuine dramatic instincts. There is considerable merit in some of his other plays, the chief of which are, "Death of Montgomery," "Fortunes of Nigel," "Innkeeper of Abbeville," and "Female Patriotism."

The dramatist who principally calls for attention after Dunlap, is Charles Jared Ingersoll, whose talents were of a superior order. This gentleman was at one time a noted member of the Philadelphia Bar, and his rank in the field of general politics was very high. In his nineteenth year he produced a tragedy in five acts, entitled "Edwy and Elgiva," founded upon incidents in the history of England. This work was very promising, when we take into consideration the youth of the writer, and was acted with great success in one of the chief theatres of Philadelphia. Mr. Ingersoll is likewise the author of "Inchiquin's Letters," a work of considerable merit, at one time very popular; his other dramatic production is a tragedy called "Julian the Apostate," printed in 1834.

In this last-named work are many fine passages, one of which, taken at random, may afford some idea of Mr. Ingersoll's power:

"Terrorer of mankind, my country's plague,
Ambition's toy, and Superstition's fool,
Fit archetype of overreached Rome,
With fame inebriate and begrimed with gore,
Commenting the vain-glorious pyramid
Which lifts thy iron sceptre high above
The prostrate nations trodden down by thee—
Here, to thy beard, I vow that bloody hate,
That national and everlasting hate
Which Persians with their mother's milk imbibe—
Which in my bones and marrow thrill against thee!"

Both Dunlap and Ingersoll made their appearance as dramatists before the year 1800. Between this date and 1809, there was an absolute dearth of dramatic writing. But the last year mentioned was not destined to pass without bringing forth some good fruit. In the month of May a youth by the name of John Howard Payne appeared in New York as an actor, and obtained great success in his new calling. He played in succession, Young Norval, Hastings, Octavian, Frederic Fribourg, Rolla, Edgar, and Hamlet. In a publication dated 1815, Payne is styled the "American Roscius." But it is not as an actor that we wish to view him here, but as a dramatist; he is, without doubt, one of the best known dramatic authors that our country has produced. John Howard Payne was born in New York, on the 9th of June, 1794. He made his first appearance on the stage in the city of his birth, as Young Norval. His was not the *début* of choice, nor of a momentary fit of youthful ambition; stern necessity alone forced him into the rank of actors. No other resource seemed open to him; and disaster wrung from his father and friends a reluctant permission that he should try his fortune on the stage. The conduct of his patron on this occasion was very creditable. This gentlemen approved the young man's course as an absolute necessity, and stood behind the scenes in company with Payne's father during the entire evening of the twenty-fourth of February, 1809, when the future dramatist confronted a public audience for the first time at the Park Theatre. When only thirteen he had been placed in a counting-house in New York, but his love for literature and the drama had quickly led him astray, and he had soon forsaken the paths of business for the more congenial pursuit of journalism. William Coleman, one of the first

editors of the *Evening Post*, relates the manner in which he became acquainted with Master Payne, and his surprise at finding in a boy of thirteen such strength and maturity of intellect. "I conversed with him for an hour," wrote Coleman; "inquired into his history, the time since he came to reside in this city, and his object in setting on foot the publication in question.¹ His answers were such as to dispel all doubts as to any imposition, and I found that it required an effort on my part to keep up the conversation in as choice a style as his own." Mr. Coleman's idea of Payne may be summed up in a single word: a prodigy.

Payne's success as a *débutant* was complete, and his later career justified popular judgment. On the 4th of June, 1813, he made his appearance in London, and was shortly afterwards offered a permanent position. This proposition, however, he rejected, for of late he had made up his mind to become a playwright; he was not satisfied to remain an interpreter, he wanted to be a creator. At last literary pursuits, particularly those connected with the drama, withdrew him altogether from his original profession. Little by little his name grew to be suggestive no longer of the actor, but of the dramatist. We must not forget to remark, by the way, that his departure from the United States and his sojourn in Europe gave rise to many rumors of his change of sentiment regarding the principles of our government. His associating with lords and dukes was not looked upon favorably; and it was said that upon a certain occasion he offered a toast reflecting upon his countrymen. These reports, founded on malicious rumors, rapidly gained ground; the name of Payne was at last only mentioned in this country as a successful *English* playwright. Slander, however, was gradually forced to give way to truth, and we are now proud to acknowledge that John Howard Payne was indeed, in act and in spirit, a true American. As a poet he is known the world over by a single song, and this song is imperishable—"Home, sweet home."

Payne became, some time after his return to this country, Minister to Tunis. He travelled considerably over the continent, and, as a consequence of his relations with the people of France, he contributed to the English and American stage

¹ Mr. Coleman alludes to the *Theatrical Mirror*, a weekly which was greatly admired as the enterprise of an uncommon youth.

several successful translations from French dramas. One of his best original productions is a tragedy entitled "Brutus," which long retained its popularity. The number of plays now ascribed to him is forty-five. The principal of these are, "Oswali of Athens," "Married and Single," "All for the Best," "Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin," "Virginia," "Spanish Husband," "Therese," "Adeline," "Paoli," "The Guilty Mother," "Madame de Berri," "Mazeppa," "The Italian Bride," "Romulus," and several operas and farces. Many of these plays were popular in their day, and contain much that is worthy of recognition. Payne was a true dramatist, and fully understood the resources of his art. To his experience he was able to add an excellent judgment and naturally good taste. If his productions do not always bear the mark of literary superiority, this fact is perhaps due less to himself than to the period in which he lived. He was not sufficiently strong to rise above his age; but no one can deny that he possessed great and varied talents. The year of his death was 1852.

The next American dramatist who calls for attention here is James N. Barker. This gentleman was a Philadelphian by birth; he was a captain in the artillery, and served on the frontier during the last war with Great Britain; he held during his life several important governmental offices, in which he always distinguished himself by his consistent conduct and honorable bearing. He is best known by his dramatic compositions, which are of more than ordinary merit. As early as 1807 he produced a comedy at the Philadelphia Theatre, entitled "Tears and Smiles," and a melodrama called "The Indian Princess," founded on the story of Pocahontas. Both of these plays were successfully represented. The "Princess" was an excellent piece of work, remarkable for its smoothness and melody. The characters of Rolfe and Percy in this piece, are very skillfully drawn, and their antithetic natures are brought out in strong contrast. The following extract will give an idea of the style of the play:

Rolfe. Now my sad friend, cannot e'en this arouse you?
Still bending with the weight of shoulder'd Cupid?
Fie! throw away that bauble, love, my friend:
That glistening toy of listless laziness,
Fit only for green girls and growing boys
T' amuse themselves withal. Can an inconstant,
A fickle changeling, move a man like Percy?

Percy. Cold youth, how can you speak of that you feel not,
You never loved.

Rolfe. Humph! yes, in mine own way;
Marry, 'twas not with sighs and folded arms;
For mirth I sought in it, not misery.
Sir, I have ambled through all love's gradations
Most jollily, and seriously the whilst
I have sworn oaths of love on my knees, yet laugh'd not;
Complaints and chidings heard, but heeded not;
Kissed the cheek clear from tear-drops, and yet wept not;
Listened to vows of truth which I believed not;
And after have been jilted!—
Percy. Well!
Rolfe. And cared not.
Percy. Call you this loving?

There is much charm and sprightliness in this dialogue, which is not unworthy of George Colman. It is certain that Barker was a talented dramatist, who, like most of his brethren, was influenced by the prevailing tastes of his day. Besides the two plays above mentioned, he is author of "Attila," a tragedy; "The Embargo, or, What News?" "Marmion, or the Battle of Flodden Field," "The Travellers," and "The Armorer's Escape." In 1823 he produced a tragedy entitled "Superstition," the scene of which is laid in New England, one of the principal characters being Goff the Regicide. It has frequently been acted, and is usually considered Barker's worthiest play. Before closing our notice of this author, we must allude to a story that is told of his dramatized version of Scott's "Marmion," a story that is replete with significance. This play was first produced at the Park Theatre, New York, and had an astonishing run. Those concerned, chief among whom was William Dunlap, apprehending a prejudice to exist in the public mind against native productions, announced "Marmion" as a great London success. In order that the actors themselves might remain deceived as to the real state of the case, the managers had the drama packed up like all foreign pieces they were in the habit of receiving, and made it arrive in the midst of rehearsal, when it was gravely opened and shown around as an English production. By this stratagem, the piece obtained an impartial trial; and thousands lavished applause, who, if they had known the American origin of the play, would have been unanimous in condemning it. After the success of "Marmion" had become assured, its rightful author was announced; from this moment it ceased to attract. The moral of this story is evident.

An American dramatist of merit and reputation is M. M. Noah, author of "The Fortress of Sor-

rento," "The Grecian Captive," "The Grand Canal," "Marion," "Oh, Yes!" "She would be a Soldier," "The Siege of Yorktown," "Paul and Alexis," "Yeseef Caramatti," and a comedy entitled, "Seven Years in the Life of a Politician." All of these plays were acted with great success. A drama from the pen of Noah always created a sensation in the green-room. A clever writer relates of the first night of the performance of "The Grecian Captive," that each of the audience, on entering the theatre, was presented with a printed copy of the play. This was a sad annoyance to the poor actors, very few of whom knew their parts; and, when the curtain arose, and they perceived that each auditor had a book before him, they were scarcely able to articulate what little they had committed to memory. The embarrassment was universal; but when the audience wet their thumbs and all turned over the pages together, the effect was ludicrous in the extreme.

In fact, Noah was one of the literary lions of his day; according to a cotemporary, he told the best story, rounded the best sentences, and wrote the best play of all the writers of the period. While holding a political office, he wrote several of the pieces mentioned above, every one of which met with eminent success. When a boy, he was a regular attendant of the Chestnut Street Theatre, seldom missing a night. A love of the drama was with him an absorbing passion. According to his own statement, he always retired to bed, after witnessing a play gratified and improved. His first regular attempt at dramatic composition was "The Fortress of Sorrento," a not very cleverly constructed melodrama. During the year 1812 he was requested by Mr. Young to write a play for his wife's benefit, and, acceding to this petition, he produced a little piece called "Paul and Alexis," which proved to be a genuine success. "She Would be a Soldier" was written in three days for Mrs. Hackett, who made her *début* in this play, which secured her an excellent house. His next attempts at dramatic writing were "Marion," and "The Grecian Captive," both of which greatly added to the author's reputation. The remainder of Noah's productions were always seized with avidity by theatrical managers. His last work was "The Siege of Tripoli," which was brought out for his own benefit. The single night of this representation is a memorable

one. The piece was elegantly mounted, the house crowded with beauty and fashion; everything went off in the best possible manner; but a short time after the audience had retired, the Park Theatre was discovered to be on fire, and in a few hours was a heap of ruins. This conflagration seemed to destroy all Noah's energy, for since that occasion he was peaceably employed in settling affairs of State. We may add, to his honor as a man, that he always showed a most magnanimous spirit, never allowing his own misfortunes to interfere with the possible happiness of others. As a dramatist, he was strong and rapid at effects, overflowing with wit, and pleasing in his style. Some of his plays might be advantageously revived.

From about the year 1815 the number of our American dramatists increased considerably. Among the accessions was Lucius Junius Booth, whose tragedy of "Ugolino" was first played at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the benefit of Mr. H. Wallack. This play possesses much poetic merit, and its author was certainly a ripe scholar and a man of good taste and mental acquirements. David Paul Brown was the writer of two tragedies, namely, "Sertorius" and "The Prophet of St. Paul's." The first of these was acted by the elder Booth in his palmy days with great success. Concerning its merits we need only say that it has bravely stood the test of severe criticism. The latter of the two plays was performed several times, but never with the same degree of success as its companion piece. "The Prophet of St. Paul's," like the dramatic productions of Hillhouse and Longfellow, is better adapted for the reader than for the stage. A critic of the period under consideration speaks of Mr. Brown's style as being smooth and harmonious. Besides a familiar acquaintance with the best models, he possessed a delicate ear, quickly alive to discord. In "Sertorius" it would be difficult to find a single jarring line. The subjoined extract from "The Prophet" is a good specimen of Mr. Brown's manner:

"Thus to emerge

From the dark, struggling, adverse clouds of fate,
Like the bright sun from a tempestuous sky
Or the dark bosom of the stormy main,
All radiant and majestic in his glory,—
How much more god-like than when rosy hours
And gentle fanning zephyrs cling around
His golden chariot, and enamored shed
Their golden incense o'er his burnished track!"

Two rather clever playwrights were Mrs. Carr, author of "The Fair American," "Benevolent Lawyers," etc., and Charles Breck, author of two pieces, "The Trust" and "The Chase." Samuel Chapman was both an actor and a dramatist, and displayed genuine talents in each capacity. Some of his plays were very successful at the time of their production; from among these we select for mention, "Dr. Foster," "Gasparoni," "The Red Rover," and "The Mail Robbers." Chapman was very highly thought of, both as a man and as a writer, by his contemporaries; yet he was strangely unfortunate in most of his affairs—money affairs above all. Upon one occasion, when he was playing Staunton, in the "Heart of Midlothian," after gallantly defending Madge Wildfire from the Scotch rabble, he was himself pursued by the sheriff's officers; he escaped, however, in his stage clothes, and found refuge with a friend. Of course an apology was proffered to the audience for poor Sam's "sudden indisposition." His death was brought about by a fall from a horse.

Charles P. Clinch is an honored name in our dramatic annals. This gentleman was the author of four plays, entitled respectively, "The Spy," "The Avenger's Vow," "The Expelled Collegians," and "The First of May in New York." All these were acted with distinguished success. G. W. Curtis wrote a play called "Pocohontas," founded upon the well known American tradition. During its performance it attracted large audiences. It was originally brought out at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and was first printed in the year 1830. The drama placed Mr. Curtis strongly before public notice, and thereafter he gave up a considerable portion of his time to dramatic composition. He is the author of several other plays, the best known of which are "The Launch of Columbia," "The Railroad," "The Pawnee Chief." Da Ponte, an Americanized Italian, produced two tragedies: "The Italian Husband," and "The Roman Wife." Very little is known of this gentleman's personal history.

Many people now living may remember the name of Robert W. Ewing, who, during the years 1825 and 1826, acquired a reputation as a theatrical critic; he wrote under the signature of "Jacques" and became known as a severe censor of the stage. As a dramatic author he showed considerable proficiency, although it may be as-

sumed that the quality of his plays was not proportionate to the quantity. The list of his writings includes "Le Solitaire," "Sponge Again," "The Frontier Maid," "La Fayette," and "Bride of Death."

We can only afford a passing allusion to such names as Manly B. Fowler, John Henry, David Humphreys, Samuel Low, Robert Merry, John Ingham, and Samuel B. Judah. All these gentlemen had original plays produced, but at present there is little left to be remembered of them save their names. It is probable that the theatre owes more than we can perfectly estimate to their efforts and experience; unfortunately our dramatic history throws no light upon their careers, and while in most of their cases a single play is ascribed to each of them, it would be useless to reproduce merely the titles.

The same bare mention will not apply to Isaac Harby. This gentleman wrote three tragedies, "Alberti," "The Gordian Knot," and "Alexander Severus." His death, which occurred in 1828, ended a short but brilliant career. Like all authors, Mr. Harby had his difficulties and annoyances; but the most provoking and at the same time amusing incident in his dramatic experiences occurred when he presented his beautiful tragedy of "Alberti" to the manager of the Charleston Theatre in 1818; that enlightened person, after attempting a perusal of the manuscript, reported upon it in the following choice language: "De englese was not very coot, dat de play and de incidents were outre bad, very, and he must write de somethin' to catch de people; Mr. Harby vish to write like de Shakspeare man, one great big genius, eh! by gar?"

In 1807 Harby produced the "Gordian Knot." When he first presented it for acceptance he waited a month before calling to learn the manager's decision, and then was informed that the play had not yet been read. But the manager hastened to add that he would make it his business to read it the following week. To make matters more sure, however, Harby requested that prince of comedians, Hatton, to use his influence in the interest of the play; Hatton, in compliance with this desire, expressed a high opinion of the drama, alluded to its splendid stage effects, and the certainty of its drawing crowded houses. A short time later the manager concluded to accept it. In 1819 the celebrated tragedy "Alberti" was

brought out, the principal character having been written for Mr. Cooper. It was highly successful, and is in fact an excellent piece of classical composition. The original object in the writing of the play was a vindication of the character and conduct of Lorenzo De Medici from the calumnies of the Italian dramatist, Alfieri, in his tragedy called "The Conspiracy of the Pazzi." To express in a few brief words an opinion of Harby, we may say with assurance that he accomplished much good work, and that, if he had lived, his undoubted talents might have acquired admirable development. His death was deeply regretted by all who knew him personally, and especially by those who took real interest in the progress of dramatic art.

"UP AT THE BARRACKS."

BY MRS. ALICE V. COLLIER.

IN these days, while we are all requesting our friends, after the manner of the American tourists, to "go us at something old," a leaf from the history of the late war may recall to the mind of some "old soldier," with more or less vividness, scenes with which he was daily familiar, but which have faded from memory as completely as if they too had occurred a hundred years ago. In the ancient city of Frederick (or Fredericktown, as it was called in revolutionary times), in the State of Maryland, are some oblong buildings of brick, not unlike a brick in shape, forming three sides of a square, which were built and occupied by soldiers of revolutionary renown. These buildings are upon the summit of what is known as "Bentztown Hill," in the southern portion of the city, and at the outbreak of the rebellion were enclosed, together with several acres of unoccupied and neatly-sodded ground, with a high white board fence. A room or two in one of these old rookeries was generally tenanted by a seedy individual, designated in the vernacular of the townspeople, as "the man that lives up at the Barracks," and the residents in the immediate neighborhood of this spot of ground are even to this day spoken of by those slow-going Southerners, who do just "as my father did," as "the people who live up at the Barracks," although the old buildings have been torn down long since, and the State Institute for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb erected upon the site.

Let us transport ourselves in imagination back to a sultry afternoon in August of the year 1863. As we emerge from our dwelling into the narrow street, lined with houses of red brick, the hot sun pours his rays down upon the sidewalk, of the same uncompromising, glaring red, and the very air seems to be quivering with the heat reflected from the houses that hem us in, and the hot bricks under our feet. We proceed for a short distance on Market street until we arrive at the foot of Bentztown Hill. Passing Jail street on our right and the classic locality of Cow street on our left, we soon reach the summit of the hill; in other words we are "up at the barracks." Before us is an arched gateway, which announces in large black letters upon a white ground, that we are at the entrance to the United States Army General Hospital; at the right side of this arched entrance for vehicles is a smaller roofed one; here a soldier sits with musket on knees, apparently absorbed in a yellow-covered romance; but as we draw near we see that he has succumbed to the drowsy god, and, dreaming doubtless of "the girl I left behind me," the entrancing volume is slowly slipping from his grasp. We awaken him, show our passes, "admit Mrs. A., and Mrs. B., and servants," and enter. Within, besides the revolutionary relics of brick and mortar, are innumerable wooden barracks, and white tents dot the green sward at available places between them. In those olden times, our grandmamma has said, "several fair damsels of Fredericktown became enamored of certain dashing Hessians, and receiving proposals from them of a solemn nature, they, nothing loth, bestowed upon them hand and fortune, but after a few short weeks of happiness the gay Lotharios left them, never to return. One of these remained

true to this first love, but at her death her unromantic relatives had her maiden name engraved upon her tombstone."

Wooden sidewalks lead to the barracks, and we proceed to our destination, Barrack S. Let us sit down a moment at the parlor door, as Mr. Van Higgins, the head nurse, calls it. The wooden barracks are all of them painted white, and in front of each is a small plot of ground enclosed with a picket fence, also painted white, and many have been converted into miniature flower-gardens; the convalescents have amused themselves designing shields, flags, mottoes, and so forth; the forget-me-not and gaily nodding larkspur here prove themselves to be true blue, and the little musk plant lends its perfume to "Union Forever." Down either side of the barrack extends the long rows of cots with their sick and wounded occupants. In the centre of the building is Sister Mary Aloysia, bending over an open prescription book on the table before her; now taking from the medicine closet the required articles, she carefully pours the directed quantity into wineglass and tumbler, and the nurses standing by in slippered feet proceed to administer it in their respective wards. Occasionally a refractory patient declares he will not take the medicine "because it tastes so bad," and Sister Aloysia has to be called. She glides noiselessly to the bedside, the wings of her white coronet waving, a look of sympathy upon her mild countenance; a few soothing words, and the nauseous dose is swallowed, followed by a very wry face when her back is turned.

It is ineffably sad and touching at this hour, when perfect stillness reigns throughout the barrack, to look upon these suffering forms stretched upon their beds of torture, some uneasily sleeping, others grasping with their hands the iron bedsteads, patiently enduring. Hark! a sudden scream followed by pitiful sobbing causes several to start nervously from their sleep. The cries proceed from the occupant of a cot at the left, near the door. Go up to the bed and look at the card affixed; on it is written, "Herman Morrison. Age 16. Rifle ball in thigh. Incurable." Taking the vacant chair at his side, and putting the damp black hair back from his forehead, you take the little hot restless hands in yours, and soon he becomes quiet, and you learn the sad story of his life. The youngest and now the last of three brothers, he passed through several battles un-

harmed. Recently engaged in the skirmish at Monocacy Junction, he received a rifle ball in his hip, and was brought to the hospital. How he turns his head restlessly from side to side and inquires of a nurse passing with a glass of water, "Jim, where's father?" At this moment an elderly man with a worn look enters, and you resign your place. In this corner lies a youth with a face of deathly pallor; "shot through the lungs," the nurse tells you in a whisper. Here sitting on the side of his cot, writing upon the little pine-table before him, is Joe Grandon, an empty sleeve hanging at his left side. Next him is Tommy Graves, a fair-skinned boy with a wealth of bright curling hair which many a young lady might envy, his wounded foot resting upon an empty cracker-box; he is just now intently watching a game of checkers, played by two convalescents in calico dressing-gowns, on which astonishing red roses are blooming. Poor William Baker, emaciated to a skeleton, lying on a water bed, sees an old comrade slowly walking down the barrack on crutches. "Hello, Skinner, up are you? Good for you, old fellow." Skinner replies, "Just wrote to Laurence King; any word to send?" "Oh! tell him I'm doing bully! Tell him I'm not up yet, though."

Three or four cots are placed along the centre of the barrack containing patients dangerously ill, a screen around one of them where the physicians are trying, the second time, to extract a bullet from the shoulder of a chloroformed New Yorker. Next him is Sam Reynolds, whose limb has been amputated this morning. Ah! here comes the most popular fellow in the barrack, Bernard McMulherran, familiarly known as "Bernie Mac," a young Irishman with a colorless complexion, features rather large and loosely put together, black hair cut very short, a very decided brogue, and a cast of humor in his black eyes. Much merriment does he provoke among the convalescents, and brings a smile into many a pale face by his quips and capers. Holding aloft a huge bone fished from the depths of the pail containing a fluid concocted by "the boys in the kitchen," popularly supposed to be beef soup, he gravely suggests that it be sent to the doctors to be preserved as a "spicimin;" lifting the can of milk, he exclaims, "Here's a good cow, shure, boys, that niver goes dry; if she does" (with a comical wink at Pap Serman, looking over the top of a

newspaper, who always professes a supreme contempt for Bernie); "bedad, I'll sell her." Relating an incident about a near relative of his, Bernie was asked how near a relative it was? "How near a relashun is it! Begorra, he wuz goin' to marry a sisther of mine once, me boy, and he didn't do it." A kind-hearted fellow too, is Bernie; if we should drop into a farmhouse a mile or two from the hospital some afternoon, our young gentleman may be seen sitting under the shade of a grape arbor, his chair tilted back against a post, a tin-cup of bonnyclabber in his hand, an apple-pie on his knees and near him a matron with her basket of weekly mending, to to whom Bernie is relating his startling adventures by field and flood. The little flaxen-haired baby "in simple dress of sprinkled pink," opens her blue eyes widely at Bernie's extraordinary gestures and holds her little tin rattle suspended in the air, as if she too had a personal interest in the all engrossing topic—the war. Bonnyclabber and battles satisfactorily discussed, Bernie rises, and shaking hands with the baby and pinching the ear of her gray kitten who lies stretched full length in a slant of sunshine near her, he goes around the corner of the house into the orchard, where a row of harvest-apple trees are "pouting thick" with their golden globes. Armed with a broken fence-rail, Bernie rushes to the attack, and a few well-directed blows, brings down a shower of the golden and mellow fruit. Producing a pillow case, not, we regret to say, of an immaculate whiteness, bearing the United States Sanitary Commission stamp, he rapidly fills it. Then removing his regulation cap from his brow, he draws his sleeve across his forehead, leans against the tree and pauses for a moment apparently admiring the landscape. Then shouldering the pillow-case he clears the fence with a spring, and wends his way along the dusty turnpike, occasionally bursting forth with a strophe of his favorite song:

"Oh, Saycesshun, 'aint you sorre,
For we will whip you dead!"

There is a general lighting up of faces when Bernie reënters the barrack, and passing along lays an apple in each eagerly outstretched hand. But *revenons à nos moutons*. Supper-time approaches, and the first intimation we have of the fact is in the person of a stout dame dressed in black who comes perspiring up the steps carrying a large basket on her arm. She is soon followed by two maidens clad in airy buff lawn and white sun-bonnets, accompanied by a small mulatto boy in a very large and very white apron, who snapping his black eyes inquisitively, and turning his head quickly from side to side, reminds one of a puppet pulled by an invisible string. The ladies drop in by twos and threes until a dozen or more are collected; one of the nurses is despatched to the kitchen for the hospital allowance for the barrack, and while another brings plates, knives, forks, and mugs from the room and places them on the long table covered with green oil-cloth, the ladies proceed to open their baskets and pails, and fill the plates with tempting viands. Snowy mounds of *blancmange*, cups of custard, light rusk and the famous "Maryland biscuit," well buttered, tomatoes, red and crisp, sliced with alternate layers of onions (a dish always greatly relished by the soldiers), and crisp green pickles to "sharpen the appetite," are generously distributed, and thoroughly enjoyed by those who are in the happy and hungry state of convalescence; but yonder boy, wasted to a shadow with chronic diarrhoea, looks wistfully at his neighbor's well-filled plate, and contrasts it with his own scanty allowance of dry toast and tea. While the sick men are eating, the ladies chat pleasantly with them, and make kind inquiries about the health and improvement of each. Supper over, plates and napkins are restored to their respective baskets, and as the twilight shadows begin to lengthen all take their departure. As we also passed the last of the shadowy train, Sister Aloysia, who stands by the door lighting the evening lamps, bids us a soft "Good night!"

EFFIGIES IN BRASS AND STONE.

BY NELLIE HESS MORRIS.

"THE exact representation or image of a person," is an old definition of the word effigy, and an English art critic of deserved good repute (F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.) tells us that the word cannot be correctly applied, as it



ELEANOR BOHUN.

sometimes is, to portraits, "for it conveys the idea of a more exact imitation." One not thus instructed in advance who should saunter through the old Cathedrals of England, and upon the Continent, and view some of the effigies in stone of old-time worthies and unworthies, could be pardoned for imagining that "a caricature" might have been one of the significations of the term effigy—one who knew better than so to misdefine the term, and yet not blessed with an antiquarian eye-glass for his art-eye, would be prone to conclude that a large proportion of the saints and sinners (especially of those of the male persuasion) deemed worthy by our forefathers of "exact representation" must have been marvelously devoid of good looks, not to say downright ill-looking, to have made such *fac-similia*. The reader must not rashly accept the notions of either of these viewers, for we have veritable tradition to support the assertion that St. Cuthbert was a comely bishop despite his homely effigy which graces his

old Durham; Bishop Marshall, too, of Exeter, was by no means the long-faced, narrow-faced, half-starved being his "exact representation" in his Cathedral would make us believe, but a "merrie," round-faced, well-fed prelate of the jolliest days of the Roman-English Church, when hearty-feeding was not the least-regarded duty of the good fathers and lay-brethren; and no fair skimmer over English history need be told that the Lion-hearted Richard was in good looks, no less than in gallant deeds, a fit mate for the beautiful and charming Berengaria, notwithstanding

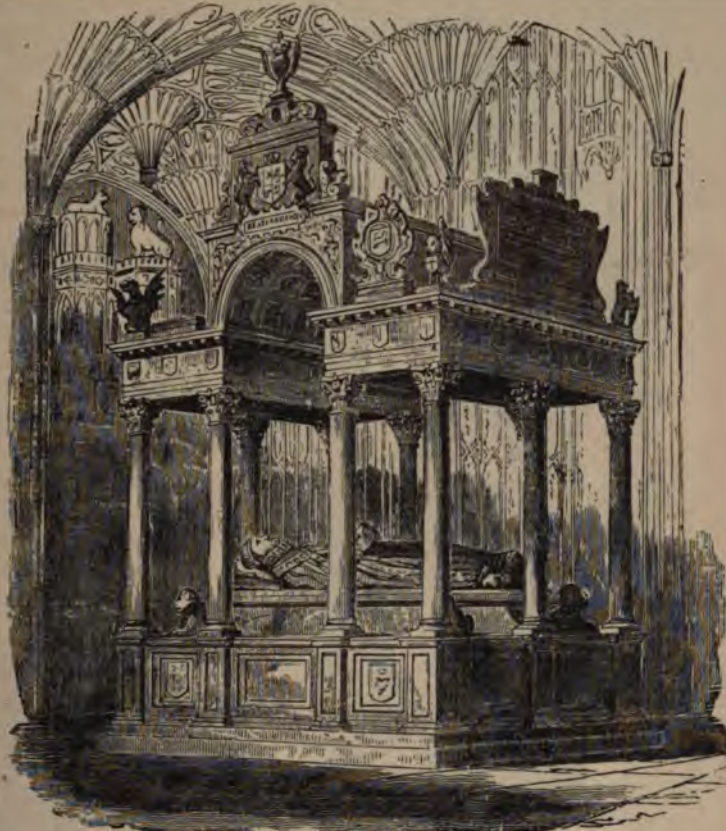


MARGARET CHEYNE.

her "image" attests her beauty and grace, while his denies him the merest passability of ordinary homeliness. The fact is, Canova and Thorwaldsen and other masters of monumental sculpture, were so tardy in putting in an appearance that the work of cutting these earlier effigies had to be entrusted to ruder hands, and the still ruder hands of ultra-reformers of the "Praise-God Barebones" type have more than aided the hand of time in materially altering many of the old monumental sculptures by flattening or removing many a nose, fracturing many an arm or leg, and otherwise far

otherwise than in the way of improvement modifying the "exact representations" of the "saints" of "y" oldden tyme." Besides, we must bear in mind that the art judgment of our ancestors of *sae lang syne* was not formed by the study of the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, Canova, Thorwaldsen and other masters of like eminence.

The best effigies of old England, at least as works of art, were the monumental brasses which were deftly inlaid in the floors of all the Cathedrals and many of the Parish Churches. Unfortunately, this class of "idolatrous images," as the extremists of the days of Puritanic extravagance called all the stone and metallic figures of "saints" of the earlier days, was almost utterly destroyed during the brief period wherein those extravagants had the sway in England; the position of the brasses placed them so entirely at the mercy of every individual fanatic that they suffered



TOMB OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.



BISHOP MARSHALL.

VOL. VIII.—3

far more than the stone images which were more generally destroyed under legal enactments by officers of the law. The few brasses which remain, however, amply sustain the first sentence of this paragraph. For example, the inlaid brass monument of the beautiful Eleanor Bohun, wife of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, which is preserved, unharmed, in Westminster Abbey, cannot but be admired by the most exacting as a superb piece of fine art, while that of Margaret, wife of William Cheyne, in a small Parish Church a short walk out of London, though entirely different, is no less perfect, despite the rather grotesque angels who hold the pillow for her head.



BISHOP GROSTESTE.

The reader must not understand me as intending to imply that the stone effigies, even of men, are all suggestive of caricature, for many of them are worthy of the most masterly masters of later periods; indeed, there are not a few that could not be excelled. I have not space to cite these, but may take the



ST. AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY.

effigy of Henry II., not even one of the best, as an illustration: the face is undoubtedly a fair likeness, as it is the same as that shown upon the coin of his reign; the ease and apparent comfort of his reposing attitude are striking, while the drapery is faultless. I have hinted that the effigies of women are generally pleasing and excellent—that of Berengaria, the Queen of Richard I., I have before noticed, and that of Eleanor, Henry II.'s Queen, does justice to the queenly grace and beauty and even haughty dignity which history attributes to her.

The effigies in brass were mostly inlaid in stone, and, as I have said, generally set into the floors of Cathedrals and Churches. Those in stone were cut in every possible form and manner and set in every conceivable place: by far the greater number were in the recumbent posture, each upon the top of the tomb beneath which lay the mortal remains of the subject of the sculptured image, as

seen in the picture of the magnificent tomb of "the good Queen Bess;" man and wife frequently, as was meet, lay side by side beneath, and their effigies side by side on top of, the tomb—as in the case of Henry II. and Eleanor. Some of the stone effigies, however, stood in the porch of the Cathedral or Church, as that of St. Cuthbert at Durham, or as a sentinel at the outer door, as that of St. Augustine at the Chapter-House of Rochester; others, like that of Bishop Marshall, in Exeter, and of Bishop Arthelstane, in Ely Cathedral, stood in niches in the walls, usually inside but sometimes outside; still others, like those of Bishops Wykeham, Fox and Waynflete, of Winchester, in that Cathedral, apparently were formed

BISHOP
ATHELSTANE.

ST. CUTHBERT.

into ornaments, and placed, as trade-marks, upon the portion of the great edifice each had built, and a few were absolutely cut into ornate brackets,

capitals, etc., as at Lincoln Cathedral, where several of the ancient ecclesiastical dignitaries are thus utilized, the effigy of the great Bishop Grosteste being one of those used on a bracket.

I should add in reference to monumental brasses, that in some instances the stones into which they were inlaid were built into altar-tombs, but these were few in comparison with those in floors, while a very few were built into or attached to walls. Though the number of these memorials destroyed in England was very great, there are more preserved there than on the Continent; in England, the destruction was on religious grounds, and the "saints" alone were the victims, but on the Continent, especially in France, the destruction has occurred during the

repeated revolutions, and the "saints" alone have been spared, and these were a small proportion in the latter and a large proportion in the former, as on the Continent stone was generally preferred for monuments to "saintly" heroes and heroines. Brasses were probably introduced into England from Flanders, and some of the oldest specimens are known to have been the work of Flemish artists. In mediæval documents, the material used for monumental brasses is called *cullen* plate, doubtless a corruption of Collogne plate. This form of memorial was doubtless adopted primarily with a view to economizing space in the area of churches.

There is one class of effigies I have not spoken of which were simply of the bust, often only of the face; I mean those upon coins, medals, royal and other seals, etc. These I cannot treat of here, as they would require a special paper to



BISHOP WAYNFLETE.

discuss them alone. The number of effigies of this class may be imagined better than stated when we recollect that almost every king or emperor had coins of various denominations struck, besides seals and often medals, with what was supposed to be the "exact representation" of his royal features upon each.



BERENGARIA.



HENRY II.



ELEANOR.

THE NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC STATES.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D.

WITHIN a few years the native inhabitants of the country lying between the great Rocky Mountain ranges and the Pacific Ocean have been brought conspicuously to the notice of civilized nations by their continual contact, hostile and otherwise, with our expanding population.

Those native inhabitants, now so few, were very numerous as occupants of an almost unbroken wilderness, in all the region bordering on the Pacific Ocean from Alaska on the north to the narrower part of the Isthmus of Darien on the south, where they were first discovered by Europeans. They might then have been enumerated by millions; and they exhibited almost every phase of primitive society, from the naked reptile and root-eaters of the interior plains, to the polished and well-clad Aztecs of Central America, whose civilization at a given period was equal if not superior to that of Europeans then. These Aztecs and their kindred were almost decimated by Spanish adventurers in the course of a few years, who trampled out whole tribes and even nations. Everywhere along the western coast of our continent, aboriginal savage races, up to the frozen strait within the Arctic Circle, appear to have melted away like frost in the sunbeams, at the touch of Caucasian civilization. Long ago they might have sorrowfully chanted:

"We, the rightful lords of yore,
Are the rightful lords no more;
Like the silver mist, we fail—
Like the red leaves in the gale—
Fail, like shadows, when the dawning
Waves the bright flag of the morning."

Hitherto the ante-Columbian history of these races on our western shores has been wrapped in almost impenetrable mystery. In the vague and unsatisfactory tradition of the tribes; in the records of their conquerors and destroyers, and in the speculations of many writers, is involved nearly all the substance of their past history. The facts are few; and to the faithful and skillful labors of modern searchers after truth, who with marvelous patience and heroic industry have studied these nations in the light of personal observations, we are indebted for a greater portion of our

absolute knowledge of these ancient people—their origin, domestic habits, tribal relations, government, literature and religion.

Whence came these races on our continent? is an unanswered question. Hundreds of philosophers, great and small, have sought in vain for the solution of the problem. Each has put forth his theory with solemn gravity, and maintained it with the pertinacity of a martyr; and each supposition glittered in the sunshine of popular favor, until, at the touch of fact, it exploded like a bubble on the surface of water and was soon almost forgotten.

By the syllogisms of analogy, the origin of these nations has been referred to the Eastern hemisphere, some speculators bringing them from one place and some from another. For example, one learned writer (Alexo Vanegas) proved conclusively to his own mind that America was peopled by Catharginians, for both those ancient north Africans and our Indian tribes worshipped fire, practiced picture-writing, pierced their ears for wearing ornaments in them, signalled news by blazes on the great hills, dressed in their best when going to war, poisoned their arrows, and beat drums and shouted on the battle-field. Another (Lord Kingsborough) proves as conclusively that our Indians are the descendants of the Jews, because of similarity of social customs between the ancient Hebrews and the aborigines of Mexico and of our more southern Pacific States; while credulous Cotton Mather declared: "And though we know not *when* or *how* the Indians first became inhabitants of this mighty continent yet we may guess that probably the devil (whom he called 'the old usurping landlord of America') decoyed these miserable salvages hither, in hopes that the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ would never come here to destroy or disturb his absolute empire over them." Mather's idea that the red race is morally devilish, and not fairly human except in shape, seems to have always been a prevailing one with the civilized man in our country, especially of the type of the belligerent settler, the selfish trader and the unscrupulous contractor. Might not mere theorists concerning

the origin of our aborigines learn wisdom from Mather, who, when satisfied that the delusion of witchcraft had made a fool of him, declared that the subject was "too dark and deep for ordinary comprehension," and referred its solution "to the day of judgment?"

While writers deny that the aborigines of America are of one race originally, they are compelled to admit that there is found a greater uniformity among these dusky nations than exists in Europe; and all agree in allowing them a remote antiquity.

Some acute ethnologists believe that our Indians have a mixed origin, a portion of them being real aborigines, or first people, and indigenous, while another portion are emigrant races from Asia, Mongolian and Malay. An earnest investigator has come to the conclusion that a portion of the Asiatic emigrants (Malays) came in the course of centuries, by way of the islands of the South Pacific, which they settled, and where their descendants are known as Polynesians, for he has observed that certain tribes in California have skins soft and dark, like those of Polynesia. He also discovered that other analogies existed—both have an "open countenance, one wife, and no tomahawk." The Indians of Oregon and other tribes bordering on the Esquimaux of the Polar regions, have features and other characteristics in common with the Mongolians. The conclusion is that the Malays crossed from Southeastern Asia by way of the Pacific Islands, and landed on our continent below San Francisco (for none of that type are found north of that latitude); and that the Mongolians came hither from Northeastern Asia by way of Behring's Straits. The question naturally arises, "If our Indians were originally Asiatics, and of course were familiar with the use of the ox, why did they not tame the bison and cultivate the soil?" Humboldt says, in substance, that "what we call savage nations are the degenerated fragments of ancient civilizations." May not this view answer the above question?

The most persevering, painstaking, industrious and well-informed of those who have undertaken a thorough investigation of this subject is Hubert Howe Bancroft, of San Francisco, California, who, in five octavo volumes, having an aggregate of almost four thousand pages, has presented the results of many years of hard study and skillful labor devoted to the development of the treasures

of this mine of ethnological science.¹ The first volume of the work contains an account of the Wild Tribes, the second tells us of the Civilized Nations, the third treats of their Myths and Languages; the fourth, of their Antiquities, and the fifth, of their Primitive History. The ethnologist, the antiquary, the philologist, and the student of the history of the human race, will find spread out before him in these volumes a vast field over which speculative thought may wander with pleasure and profit. It is an hitherto almost unexplored field, and presents wonders the existence of which was almost unsuspected before they were discovered and revealed by this earnest investigator. That his opinions and theories are always correct and tenable may not be affirmed; but the facts upon which they are founded are so clearly set forth that each reader may easily form his own opinions and theories.

The *Wild* and *Civilized* tribes of the Pacific Coast are not so sharply distinguished by the difference which the words *savage* and *civilized* bear

¹ The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1874. In the preparation of these volumes the author condensed the substance of the productions of twelve hundred authors, and the list of these, with those of others which he consulted, published in his first volume, and arranged in alphabetical order, form a most useful bibliography of the subject. In his condensation he has stated fully and clearly the substance of the matter in these books, and in foot-notes has given liberal quotations from them, at the same time giving full credit to the authors.

As no library in the world contained the necessary books and manuscripts on the subject of the native tribes on the western shores of our continent, Mr. Bancroft began the collection of one, in 1859. After securing everything within his reach in this country, he visited Europe twice, where he spent about two years in making researches in England and in the principal cities on the Continent, and exhausted every available resource. After that he awaited opportunities to pick up works not already in his possession. A rare opportunity soon occurred in the sale of the Royal Library of Mexico that belonged to the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, and which had been collected during forty years by Don José Maria Andrade, of the City of Mexico. Mr. Bancroft purchased the collection, and thereby added about three thousand volumes to his library. Finally, in 1869, having gathered about sixteen thousand volumes, pamphlets and manuscripts, besides maps, and files of Pacific Coast newspapers, he determined to begin his task. With the assistance of Henry L. Oak he indexed the whole matter in his possession, so as to make reference to it easy and effective, and in 1874 the result of his studies and labors appeared in the volumes here mentioned.

to the minds of enlightened men. It merely answers the conditions implied in the definition of civilization given by Guizot, as an "improved condition of man resulting from the establishment of social order in place of the individual independence of the lawlessness of the savage or barbarous life." Under a strict construction of this definition, none of the native tribes of this continent would rank above barbarians. The *wild* tribes are represented by the savages of Central California, enjoying individual freedom, and trusting to the spontaneous gifts of nature for their daily support, while the Quichés of Guatemala, who have civil government and practice some of the arts, might represent the civilized nations.

The Wild Tribes of the Pacific States (who constitute the large majority) are divided into the Hyperboreans, Columbians, Californians and New Mexicans. The Hyperboreans are those who inhabit the country north of the fifty-fifth parallel, and which includes a greater portion of Alaska. The Columbians occupy the region between the fifty-fifth and forty-second parallels, which is drained by the Columbia River and its tributaries, and embracing our State of Oregon and our Washington Territory, and the British possession of New Columbia. The Californians and New Mexicans are within the boundaries of the State of California and the Territory of New Mexico, including the nations of the Colorado River and Northern Mexico. South of these are the wild tribes of Mexico and Central America, all of whom bear intimate relations to the others.

Of the ante-Columbian history of these dusky nations very little is known excepting what their traditions reveal, and these are utterly unreliable. When a Quiché, speaking of the origin of his people, says, "We came from a country in the far east, and travelled over great tracts of land and water, where we worshipped the sun and adored the morning star," the ardent speculative philosopher would spring to the conclusion that they came from beyond the Atlantic Ocean, or possibly from Canada, across the great lakes, when they really meant that they came from some prairie over the Sierra Nevada or beyond the Rocky Mountains, and had traversed a few plains and crossed a few rivers. The speculations of theorists have built strange structures upon such traditions, and enthusiasts among the Spaniards who first came among these native tribes have

declared that they had positive evidence that St. Thomas preached the gospel among them! Others have discovered analogies in forms of worship and in the mythologies of the Indians in Mexico and Central America which seemed to prove that Buddhism had spread over America, from Asia; but the wise Humboldt, who discovered and recorded these analogies, remarks: "One is tempted to regard these coincidences as purely accidental. One is not justified in supposing that there must have been communication between all semi-barbarous nations who worship the sun, or offer up human beings in sacrifice."

We are not compelled to rely absolutely upon traditions for a knowledge of the ante-Columbian history of these races, particularly of those of Mexico and Central America, for some of them, such as the Aztecs, possessed a literature and practiced symbol-writing after the manner of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. With this writing they kept their national records and perpetuated a knowledge of passing events and astronomical calculations. Their records, in vast quantities, were destroyed by the bigoted priests who followed the Spanish conquerors, because they were pagan productions!

So perished knowledge of highest value concerning the culture and previous history of the natives of that region, and in its stead we have the wildest stories invented by the Spanish invaders, lay and clerical, which have passed for history. That there was literary and scientific culture there and a considerable degree of progress in the fine and useful arts, is attested by monuments which remain. From the fragments of their picture-writing and translations from them; from their monuments of art, and from their historic traditions, Mr. Bancroft has made an exceedingly interesting volume (the fifth) on the Primitive History of the native tribes of Mexico and Central America, extending from the sixth century to the Spanish conquest in the sixteenth century.

The persons, language, social habits, customs, religion, ceremonies, weapons, and domestic utensils, were similar among all the tribes of the Hyperboreans, when the Europeans first saw them, from the Frozen Ocean on whose borders the Esquimaux dwell to the southern verge of Alaska and beyond; and the Columbians had many traits in common with the Hyperboreans. In person, the men and women of the more northern tribes were of medium height, well formed, stout and

healthful. Their complexions were as light as that of a deep brunette; their hair was black, coarse and straight; and their faces were egg-shaped and broad. Those nearer the Columbians were taller and darker. They were all generally filthy in their habits and immoral in their social relations. Chastity and truth were almost unknown virtues. The northern Indian man was master of his household. He married without ceremony, and divorced his wife at pleasure. "A man of forty buys or fights for a spouse of twelve, and when tired of her, whips her and sends her away."

The food of these northern Indians consisted chiefly of fish and deer, and they generally detested salt. Their clothing was made of the skins of beasts; their weapons and utensils were constructed of bones and stones; they never buried their dead but left the bodies wherever they fell or perished, to be devoured by birds and beasts of prey, and at the same time, while they manifested such indifference for the *body*, many showed great respect for the *memory* of the departed, spending a long time in mourning for the dead, cutting off their hair, and never making use of the property of the deceased. Their religious ceremonies consisted chiefly in singing songs, and in making speeches to imaginary beings, thanking them for their assistance in curing diseases.

In some parts of the Hyperborean region, they burned the dead with cruel ceremonies, in which the women, as usual, were chief sufferers. The wife was compelled to ascend the funeral pile, throw herself upon her husband's body, and remain there until almost suffocated, when she was permitted to retire, but had to remain near the body to keep it in a proper position and to tend the fire. If through pain or exhaustion she fell, she was held up and pressed forward to duty by others, and her cries were drowned by wild songs and the beating of drums. Generally the hair was all burned from the head of the wife; and she was compelled to wear a sometimes heavy sack filled with the ashes of her spouse, for two years. Frequently they end this servitude by committing suicide. Some among the northern Rocky Mountains burned with the deceased all of his effects of every kind and those of his nearest relatives, and a family was often thereby reduced to great destitution and sometimes to actual starvation by this custom.

The Columbian group were less savage than

their northern neighbors, and more picturesque in their persons and costumes. The Haidahs especially, who inhabited the shores and islands from the Prince of Wales archipelago to Vancouver's Island, were tall, comely, well formed and of light complexion, some of their girls having skins as fair as that of an English woman. Their hair was black and coarse; their faces were broad, and their cheek-bones were high. The men did not wear garments excepting in very severe weather, when they wore skins, and blankets which they wove from dog's hair and stained with various colors. At other times they covered their skins with a thick coat of paint, and were considered in full dress when this covering was polished. When preparing for a feast, they added figures of birds and beasts, and a coat of grease with the down of water-birds sprinkled over the body. A coat of tar and feathers would have made for them a splendid uniform.

The Haidahs were skillful in the construction of canoes, weapons and implements, and they sculptured stone ingeniously. Their wealth, which consisted of implements, wives and slaves, gave them rank and power. Polygamy was everywhere practiced among them, and the husband had absolute control of his wives. Vice was rife among them, and the whisky of the white man has made them more vicious and degraded. Like their neighbors, the Haidahs burned their dead, and were not unlike them in many of their domestic habits. Their dwellings were lodges made of poles covered with skins or the bark of trees; their food consisted chiefly of fish and sea animals, and the clothing of the women was made of the fibre of wild hemp, prepared for use by being beaten on the rocks. Their government was exceedingly simple and generally absolute in a chief; slavery was universal, and all captives in war were made slaves.

The Nootkas occupy Vancouver's Island and the adjacent continent near the shores, south of the Haidahs, and these with the Shushwaps are principally within British Columbia. The Sound Indians, the Salish and Sahaptins, Chinooks, the more southern members of the Columbian group, inhabit Washington Territory and a part of Oregon. The Sound Indians and the Chinooks are on the seashore, and are superior in development, physically and mentally, to the other tribes of the group within our domain dwelling in the interior east of them. In their general character-

istics they do not any of them differ much from the Haidahs. They are generally of greater stature; but their government, religion, habits, dwellings, food and domestic arrangements were and are nearly the same. Women and slaves perform all manual labor, while the "lords of the soil" remain idle, or engage occasionally in hunting and war. They differ in their languages, but there are many words and phrases common to all these tribes. The Chinooks, the most southerly of this group, have more of the Mongolian type of person, and are more dusky than the others. Their faces are broad and round; their noses are flat and fat, with large nostrils; their mouths are wide and thick-lipped; their eyes black, dull and expressionless, and their hair black, coarse and straight.

The California group proper occupy the whole of the State of California and Southern California in Mexico, and are divided from the Shoshones, an extensive tribe east of the Sierra Nevada, in Southeastern Oregon, Idaho, Nevada and Utah.

There is a greater diversity of tribal names among the California Indians than elsewhere in America; and among them are found the most degraded of the aborigines of our continent. Some of those in Central California do not yet wear clothing, build houses, cultivate the soil, navigate the rivers nor hunt much. They are without morals and religion; and when the Roman Catholic missionaries found them there was no special evil to combat or good to cultivate, they were so near the brute creation. These are the "Digger Indians," who live on roots and sometimes burrow in the ground, that our early overland emigrants to California met on the way.

The Northern Californians are much superior to the Central and Southern Californians, and are not unlike the more southern of the Columbian group. Among them are the Klamaths and Modocs, with whom our government has had some trouble. Those who inhabited the Yosemite Valley were made up of a mixture of tribes, and were outlaws plundering the surrounding tribes, and taking their spoils to that almost inaccessible retreat. These plundered the first white settlers in California, who, in 1850, banded and drove the marauders out of the Valley into the mountains.

As we approach the boundaries of Southern California, we touch upon the outskirts of the region of Aztec civilization and an improvement

in the character of the aborigines is apparent. The early voyagers say that the young people of the adjacent islands were as white as the Spaniards and had light hair and ruddy cheeks; the women having beautiful forms and brilliant eyes, and were modest in their demeanor. In their habits, mode of living, and other social features, the southern Californians were superior to their more northern kindred.

The New Mexican Indians are inhabitants chiefly of northern Mexico, and have been made familiar to us by the depredations of some of their tribes, particularly the Apaches, Comanches and Navajoes. These Indians present many aspects in common with their northern neighbors and display a tinge of the Aztec civilization. The wild tribes of Mexico and Central America differ very little in their general characteristics from those already mentioned.

In this mere glimpse of the Native Races of our Pacific Coast, where the Europeans found them, is suggested a most attractive field for study and research. It gives only a hint of the riches gathered in Mr. Bancroft's five volumes. Two of them are devoted to an exhaustive discussion of the Civilized Nations and their Antiquities, whose dwelling-places were in Mexico and Central America. The pages of the volume that describes the civilized nations glow with themes and incidents as fascinating as those of the wildest romance; while the one that treats of the antiquities of these nations embodies the substance of all that has been written on the subject from the time of the conquest until now.

The whole subject is one of vital interest, especially to Americans, for, over our country, westward of the great Appalachian range of hills, are scattered evidences of the existence of an ancient civilization—the works of a pre-historic people who are known by the general title of The Mound-builders. It seems strange at the first thought that the history of such a people or peoples should have been irrecoverably lost; and yet stranger still is the fact that the very *sites* of the large towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum in Italy—suburban cities almost of the once Mistress of the World, grand and beautiful, with high civilization, should have been utterly forgotten for centuries after their inhumation beneath the ashes and lava thrown out from the horrid throat of Vesuvius.

THE FAIR PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY DAVID MURDOCH.

CHAPTER XVII. THE ANTEDILUVIAN DEBATE CONTINUED.

THE stranger calling himself Captain Whittesley was attracting notice, and yet no one knew why, since he had shown his papers to be regular and his bearing was dignified. Elder Swart, however, had as yet no suspicion. Too simple-minded, he believed all men to be as they seemed, yet he could not help being surprised at the effect of Whittesley's eye on some of the Dominies, and while on the way from the church to the court-house hall he said:

"So you know something about our Dominies? I supposed you to be ignorant of all our religion, and of all our private concerns on the west side of the North River. Have you been in Ulster before?"

Just at this moment Jan Freer stepped up to the captain, standing in the path before him, with the evident intention of speaking to him; but the effect of Whittesley's eye on the spirit of the rough Dutchman was like that of a man on an inhabitant of the forest; he all but fell, and allowed the captain to pass; while recovering himself, he stared after Whittesley with mouth open and twisted legs, that showed the uncertainty of their owner's intentions. He was wakened out of his confusion by a full chorus of laughter that came from the loungers standing on the tavern-stoop opposite, whither, through the force of habit, he turned to go.

"What's the matter with you, Jan, that you gaze so after the Yankee stranger? You seem as if a witch had scalded you."

"The devil it is, or else the spy is come back again." And he went on to tell the same story of getting the "fifteen shillings and sixpence," and of its being the dearest money he ever earned. He only wished he could hear him say that and count it out to him as before, and he could tell more than any of them knew.

Thus the suspicion grew, and while no man would have dared to put his thoughts into words, there were few who did not feel strangely as this man passed by them even on the other side. By this time it was known that he had broken up the

Classis in some way, and all felt curious to know if he was about to do the same to the Congress. Still Elder Swart, who had taken Captain Whittesley under his care, had no suspicion in his mind.

Congress was met, and had already proceeded to business. They were a set of grave and able men, composed of the best and the wisest of our State, and of whom any State might well be proud. Philip Van Cortlandt sat as President, while around a plain deal table, covered with books and papers, sat the Roosevelts, the Dunscombes, and the Morris's of New York City; Cantine and Rhea of Ulster, with a host of men, such as Adgate and L'Hommedieu, Brasher and Van Zandt, and Wisner of Orange.

The point before the Congress was one that had been discussed warmly on the preceding day, and would have passed but for one of those artful manœuvres which public bodies see played before them, without the possibility of hindrance. The freedom of all the slaves of the State was seriously demanded, and even earnestly prayed for by many. All the members from the city were in favor of it, though it cannot be said of them that their voices were raised through an extra share of humanity, but because, having none or few of their own, it would be no great loss to them; while the members in the country, being sadly pressed for military duty, required their blacks to remain and work for them at home. That kind-hearted man from Suffolk, L'Hommedieu, produced his motion, which had lain on the table for weeks, and would have been acted on before, had not that cautious man from Ulster, Adam De Witt, seen that let but one member be wanting, no quorum would be left, so he slipped out of doors, and the motion fell to the ground for that day.

The other side were in full force, though not over strong, and their orator was in the depth of his argument, as the two men we have spoken of entered. It seemed to Elder Swart as if two or more of the leaders gave a sudden start as they caught a glimpse of his companion's countenance. The orator on his legs evidently felt something

like a cold chill running down his spine, for he faltered in the midst of his sentence; and after reading a resolution against the "expediency of any measure which would liberate the slaves at the present time," sat down confused.

At the close of this act, one member rose in great fervor, arguing the humanity and the justice of a measure which would "set all free, since all were alike entitled to liberty; and what more fit and proper time than the present day, when struggling for it ourselves?"

The answer to this was prompt, and was regarded by the other side as complete.

While these cross-firings were going on, Elder Swart observed that his new-made acquaintance was exchanging signs and motions with persons present, such as he had seen among members of the Masonic order, which excited his attention so much that he resolved to watch more closely; for though he was but a blunt-looking man, the times had developed his perceptive powers so fully, showing that somnolence was no part of his real character, however it might appear. At the very moment his conscience was awakened, Governor Clinton entered the hall, walking right into the centre, exchanging a few courtesies as he passed the different chairs. Sitting down immediately opposite our two acquaintances, he lifted his eyes in a state of abstraction, as if intending to listen, not to see; but the instant he fastened his sight on the man called Whittesley, it seemed as if a snake had fascinated him. Nor did the other shrink from the scrutiny. It was plain that the Governor had the least power of eye: for, as if by impulse, he stooped forward to the ear of Swart's acquaintance, whispering: "Let us leave the hall for a moment."

"No need of that," said the man addressed, who sat in the most imperturbable coolness, while the Governor shook with a visible tremor, like what an animal shows when something alarms it, though it may not move.

"How far are they from us?" was the anxious inquiry of the Governor.

"At the Elbow below," was all that the other said; and it seemed as if his lips did not move as he spoke.

"Who are on board, and for what do they come?" said the State officer, quickly, "and what is the errand that brings them?"

"What he wrote to you concerning, brings

himself, for he would trust no one else; and the love of adventure induced — to steal on board, as she threatened in her letter to your lady."

"My God," said the distressed Governor, "what shall I do? I could shoot him, after despising his bride; but what shall I do with that romantic fool! How shall I dispose of her?"

"She is already disposed of," was the cool answer.

"God be praised," broke in the Governor again. "I can turn *him* off, but *she* would wile the partridge from the hawk; and were she to come here, as she threatened last summer, it would ruin me with my enemies; and yet I would sooner die than see a hair of her head hurt. Where is she gone? You say she is disposed of."

"Stolen, and taken to the mountains," was the answer that came from the strange man; for no one, looking at him, could see that he spoke, unless they narrowly watched his mouth.

"Stolen, and taken to the mountains! Stolen, and taken to the mountains! Gracious heavens! what do you mean? How do you know? Where have you been wandering?"

"Silence, your Excellency. You are observed. Carry that to the President, and sit down in your own place."

The Governor did as he was told, when very soon the President arose and said:

"Gentlemen of the Congress, we have other duties before us than that which now takes up your attention. This missive informs me that the ship *Vulture*, under the command of General Vaughan, may be expected to put a body of troops on shore somewhere at the mouth of the Rondout for the purpose of destroying the stores in this place, and dispersing this convention of the free State of New York. What is your pleasure in the premises?"

The commotion which arose after this announcement soon gave place to a vigorous debate concerning the duty of the Congress remaining in session till driven from the hall at the point of the bayonet.

"Remain; surely let us remain in the place where our fellow-citizens have put us. It is for us, as the heads of the people, to stand firm and show ourselves to be men of nerve. Our blood may be the shower that will water the root of the tree of liberty, and the pears it will bear in the future years of the country's history will be richer in flavor and more nourishing than the tree of

England, with even Lord Chatham in the topmost branch."

This was said by Colonel Pierre Van Cortlandt, who was furious in his courage, and seemed to have in his mind more than he chose to utter. The next who succeeded him was less restrained, pointing evidently at the Governor, casting glances all the time at that side of the house where Elder Swart and Captain Whittesley were sitting.

"Fight! Yes, let us fight," said Judge Cantine, who had his own reason for being envious of the position which Clinton, the son of an Irishman, occupied over him, a native Dutchman; "there is sometimes good reasons for making a man's cousin a General and another a Governor. There is much in a name. Putting such power into the hands of men near of kin with the enemies of our country; more by reason that cases of Madeira can find their way before kindly offers of services are sent. Fight! yes, rather lose our lives here than our heads on the scaffold."

The Governor, who heard all this and understood the meaning of the insinuation, was waiting to meet these secret thrusts by something that might tell more forcibly than words; but the President, who perceived the storm that was brewing, reminded the members that they had turned aside from the question before them into undignified personalities.

"We have other work upon our hands this day," said he, with great dignity, "than to fall below ourselves, by throwing out dark insinuations, which must tend to divide us, when we ought to show an undivided front to the enemy. You men of classical lore can tell who it was among the ancients, who finding a spy in his camp sent him back to his master, after showing him all his strength, so that a good report might be rendered. How do you mean to meet the enemy, should he be rash enough to land his forces on the river bank?"

The business of the Congress was becoming so confused toward the close of the President's short speech, that his advice all but fell unheeded upon ears listening to private words. It was more of a mob debate than that of sober statesmen. Those persons against whom the insinuations were aimed were hotly engaged with their assailants; and among them Governor Clinton was the hottest. His Milesian blood was up, and would have boiled over, had not Judge Cantine met him as a man

shaped out of Holland clay may be supposed to receive the knuckles of an Irishman in a fury. How far the fray might have been carried, history does not tell, but for the booming of a cannon from the river side which informed the debaters that a common enemy was at hand, which demanded both property and person. Here a calm and dignified member stood up, to whom all gave heed the moment he opened his lips:

"President and Gentlemen: We are on the eve of another struggle; and though it may sound strangely in your ears, I rejoice at the prospect of blood being shed, and of fire being kindled. You will agree with me when I read to you what has been sent hither by a trusty and careful friend in New York, written to me in cipher, with which you must be satisfied through my interpretation:

"TO THE HON. MORRIS:—The messenger who gives this into your hand will explain it fully. Vaughan goes in charge of an expedition to Albany, to fight as he loves to fight. Sir Henry goes to bribe his cousin; Vaughan swears he will burn the spot of blood out, if there be any cousin in this colony of rebels."

With this the hitherto silent member sat down, while a second cannon boomed through the air, which by this time was becoming so filled with voices out of doors that little could have been heard within, however inclined any one might be for speech-making. Besides, the constant going in and coming out prevented the desire which the eager men had of rising up against the treason they imagined they saw in all from whom they differed. Another report, and they separated in hot haste, for now they knew that the danger was imminent. Since Vaughan and his soldiers were near there was no time to lose.

In the meantime all the suspecting members had their eyes on Whittesley. Orders had been privately issued to watch all the roads out of Sopus, and stop every one that might be seen escaping from observation, and bring him before the commanding officer, Colonel Hausbrouck, who, being a true Dutchman, was loyal to that interest. But in the midst of the personal commotion, some say of the fright, which the approach of Vaughan occasioned in the Congress, Whittesley found his way out; nor was it observed, till Elder Swart started up, asking where the Yankee captain had gone.

On the road to Plattekill, riding at full speed, a

single horseman was seen towards the dusk of the evening, but the folks of Sopus had business of their own on hand; and the strange captain was not thought of more that day, though Jan Freer maintained till he died, that it was the same man who had hired him in the night, and gave him fifteen shillings and sixpence for a sail.

CHAPTER XVIII. LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

His Majesty's ship, the *Vulture*, well named, was making slow progress up the Hudson River on a special expedition on behalf of the northern army. General Vaughan held a *carte blanche*, on which he might inscribe what he saw fit, provided that the general cause were advanced.

As this voyage was regarded in New York in the light of a pleasure trip for sport, more than as an expedition of a warlike character, there were numbers who sued for permission to join it, so that they might witness with their own eyes those romantic scenes spoken of and sung since the days of Raleigh. In this way the enthusiastic and loyal sought the opportunity of a pleasure sail on board of this powerful ship.

Sir Henry Clinton either sought or demanded a small cabin for himself and family. He held also a *carte blanche* of another character. He deemed that he himself was the sole keeper of his Majesty's private seal; but Vaughan would play second to no one. The king had many friends who dwelt far inland. Messages must be borne thither for their encouragement. Gifts from the crown were to be scattered liberally. Every man must have his price paid to him. Before that could be counted out the man must be known. George Clinton, Governor of this new State, was well known to be related to Sir Henry, and the rebel might be bought, could he be seen by himself. All efforts had hitherto failed, though friendly word and deed had passed between them, such as gentlemen of self-respect, always show even in times of war. Frequently, in a jocular vein, the knight had threatened to pay the Governor a flying visit, just to see whether his good blood had all oozed out or not; while the latter, with equal good humor, replied that Sir Henry would find that he had plenty of "blood left to show all his Majesty's servants that he was still a man, though he had become a rebel."

These friendly banterings were accompanied, at times, by substantial presents and tokens of

good-will, in the shape of Cheshire cheeses, Burgundy and Port, landed from New York by some skiff that ran in under cover of Fort Washington, where General Clinton, the rebel, kept his Majesty's forces at bay. These unloadings of good cheer were suffered to pass unmolested, the carrier being none the wiser. Mrs. Clinton of the country, sending one time to her ladyship of the city a firkin of her own butter from the cow, with a pot of apple-butter from the orchard, wrote, "it would help Miss Margaret's dry bread to slip down easier."

Sir Henry had come to the conclusion that perhaps his cousin George might be won over to the right side—could he but have a chance of seeing him *incog.*, who could tell what the result might be? There had lately arrived a full pardon for all past offences, and full power was held by himself to advance the colonists who might be worth advancing, to any station. This George Clinton was one of those very men, and, to tell the truth, the worthy knight was so proud of him that he declared boldly, had he been anything else than what he was, a true rebel, he would have despised him as unworthy the name he bore, and no cousin of his.

These explanations are needed to account for the presence of those whom we find on board of the *Vulture* sloop-of-war. In the cabin were seated a deeply interested company, whose countenances denoted an agony of mind and a tenderness of feeling which were in singular contrast to the objects presented on board of a war-vessel.

The main person in this group was a man over fifty years of age, of deeply-lined countenance, showing determination and firmness of purpose, though at this time his lips betrayed the yielding of the soldier to the nature of the man. The quiverings of those lips were the only signs seen of what was moving the strings of his heart. Something more than great public events was the cause of that restlessness, and the fiery glances which shot forth from beneath his bushy eyebrows showed that a crisis of some kind was near at hand. Pacing the cabin floor with uneven steps, when his back was turned he could be seen brushing away the tear, lest his weakness should be betrayed to his friends; though even with his face averted, his frame told the careful observer that deep passion was working within.

A lady, somewhat younger than he, but past

the flower of beauty, sat in a richly ornamented chair, in a still more dejected state of mind than her lord. Her hair, brushed back and raised upon a frame of wire beneath, according to the fashion of the times, showed a brow of more masculine form than one loves to look at in a woman dwelling at home. Not a wrinkle showed her former griefs, if she ever had any, and all lines of care were alike absent from her whole face. She had seen only the sunshine of life; at least no cloud had rested long enough to leave its shadow. A dress of fawn-colored velvet hung loosely upon her body, clasped at the neck by a brilliant diamond, with some smaller gems of the same water in her hair. The robe was no stinted pattern, as the amplitude of its folds showed, even when she sat; but when she arose, the long train, which she managed so gracefully, indicated that she had moved in a wider saloon than the narrow cabin to which she was now confined. Not so careful to restrain her tears as her partner in grief, she was still far from showing a vulgar sorrow. Rising in one of her ecstasies, she took hold of the gentleman's arm, and in the most beseeching and touching manner embraced him before she said:

"Henry! my dear Clinton, let the young men have leave to go in search of our beloved child! Let them go but for one day. Alas, it may be too late already. Oh, my dear daughter! where are you at this moment? in the hands of that cruel monster! I entreat you as a wife, a mother, your own wife, to yield and suffer them—one of them if not both—to make the effort. You will reproach yourself forever afterwards, unless you give your consent now."

Sir Henry allowed his lady to vent her grief and her desire in words before he attempted to speak; then turning around and looking calmly but decidedly into her face, he said:

"Georgiana, you must not ask what it is impossible to grant. We are but a few miles from that rebel's nest, and Vaughan has resolved to burn them out, and how can he spare two of his chief officers, when so much depends on suddenness and promptitude? Do not urge it at this critical moment. Duty is above all other considerations."

"Oh, my child! my child! and must I sacrifice thee at the shrine of duty? Oh, surely the God who gave thee to us would look down with leniency upon a neglect that would save life and restore thee. Would that I could as easily fall

before my sovereign at this moment—as easily as I can before my God, and my husband, and I am sure that the parental feeling of the good king would yield at once, and save even a whole city willingly, though they be rebels, for the sake of saving that dear girl, that he put his hand upon and said, 'bless thee, child, for as thou art beautiful now, what wilt thou be in womanhood?' Could he but see her, and hear me! Oh, Clinton, yield, yield as you love me, and would save yourself from bitter days!"

"Duty, duty," was the only answer the agitated father gave, as he kindly led the fainting lady to her seat, and turned away toward the cabin door, which opened at that moment, when there entered two young men dressed in the different uniforms of the army and of the navy, to which they respectively belonged. They were of about the same age, and of the true English build, firm, stout, and yet lithe of limb. Though evidently proud of their station, and ready to do battle in behalf of their king, they were for the moment under the same spell that held Sir Henry and his lady; one bore the family contour of face, and was recognized at once as a son; while the other, of darker hue, and more athletic form than his companion, unmistakably belonged to some branch of the Clintons, of which there are many. The one ran to his mother, who folded him in her arms, and sobbing out, said: "Spare me, O God, one child, since the other has gone. Thy ways are mysterious. The one that was truly the fawn for gentleness and grace has fallen into the jaws of the wolf; and the other, exposed to every danger, is here. How long, thou knowest, O God! O my God!"

The son was silent on her bosom, but his eyelids swam in moisture as he was whispering some words in the ear of the broken-hearted mother, who seemed to give little heed for some minutes, till by-and-by she caught his meaning, and became as still as a child asleep, evidently deeply absorbed in what he was communicating. He rose up kissing her cheek, which she returned with such transport that it appeared more like a farewell embrace than a simple adieu. There were intelligent glances passing between mother and son, which a watchful observer would have understood to mean a mutual understanding as they parted.

In the meantime, the companion of young Clinton, who had just entered, was entreating his

uncle to take the responsibility of allowing him to leave immediately on the search after the captive lady, whom we may guess to be none other than Miss Margaret Clinton, the present ward of our young Dutch maiden, Elsie Schuyler of Hoogenhuisen. The knight was invulnerable to all entreaty, and even angry at the urgency of the youth; though no doubt his anger was assumed to save himself from an open outburst of feeling.

"Urge me no more, Bertram, as you love me and would serve your king. It would ill become even me, though I had the power, to release you from the duty just now before you, since it is mine to encourage merit and bravery, rather than to screen a coward."

"Uncle! Sir Henry, what do you mean!" said the fiery youth, at the sound of the word coward, almost forgetting the distance between himself and the party addressed.

"I mean," said the knight, "that my nephew's name must never be associated with that of coward, even by the breath of suspicion, to which it would be certainly liable if he should be allowed to have his own way."

"God knows, and Sir Henry knows, that the dangers I would encounter are tenfold more than those I would avoid, and most willingly would we encounter both were time not so precious; another day, and my d—" He was going to say, my dear Margaret, but checked himself, saying, "cousin will be on the road to the valley of Ske-nuda-wa, on the Susquehanna, where that villain Kiskataam said his wigwam was still standing. Could I get within pistol-shot of him, that serpent eye of his would not fascinate another bird from its twig, and that smooth, wily tongue would not tell another Indian lie in the shape of a tale."

Silence prevailed in that small circle for some minutes, and when it was broken it was by the chief in self-reproaches at his own former laxity of duty.

"If I had but refused that bewitching child her request, of coming up this cursed fine river with us, there would have been no trouble; but her voice has always been law to me in all things where her love of nature and of the romantic are so perfect. Her raptures as she surveyed this new country and this river, that I hate to look upon now, always charmed me; and by these very means I have lost her altogether. I should have resisted her to the last, and I am justly punished for my tenderness."

"Clinton! Clinton!" said the lady, "do not blame yourself nor the child, for the fault lies with me. I begged on her behalf that she might see the dominions of those Indian kings that she admired; and that false-tongued serpent told her so much of those mountains which we now see in bold outline, that her imagination became fired at the prospect, so that I really thought at the time, her brain might become fevered unless she were gratified with the sight of them. That brilliant fancy has always been a source of exquisite pleasure, and pain. Ah, poor child! how I loved to hear thee tell us of Switzerland, and of Scotland, and wish that you could only see from the top of some high mountain on the vale of the Hudson!"

"I never could bear the hateful savage," said the knight, with great bitterness; "and had my counsel been followed, he would have been dismissed from the service long since. He always quailed under my eye since I ordered him to leave headquarters, where he was found in too close proximity for any one but a friend, or a spy. I believe him to be the man who carried the report of our planned attack upon Fort Washington."

"Yes, your Excellency," said Bertram, "it was your dislike to him that kindled his revenge, so that he has nursed it ever since his last journey to the north and west, and he found the chance too easily when he obtained the help and countenance of another."

"Of another!" all exclaimed at the same moment. "Who else, and why should any one have any design upon such a pure being as Margaret?"

"It may not be known to you," continued Bertram, "that my cousin was urgently pressed to receive the addresses of Colonel Clifford, previous to that unhappy affair between him and his friend C——, which led first to his separation from his young and beautiful wife, and then to her death, when C—— vowed eternal revenge, which made you, Sir Henry, deem it best to send Clifford to the north, under the command of Burgoyne, who gave him the charge of Fort Niagara. I go over these points for the purpose of making out what we used to call a hypothesis."

"Well, Bertram, you are very long in coming to the point; please reach your conclusion as quickly as possible."

"Kiskataam incidentally mentioned the name of Clifford, as an officer he had seen, and when I innocently asked the Indian if he knew the com-

mander of Fort Niagara, he hesitated to answer, and then waived the reply, which I could not account for in any other way than by his being under the pay of Clifford, and he has come on here at this time both to gratify his revenge against Sir Henry and to do the wicked work of his master."

"But Clifford," said Lady Clinton, "would not dare to return to society again. He knows that the king would never allow a man so lost to honor to see his face in the army, or his name upon the list."

"My dear aunt," said Bertram, "men under the power of a fierce passion, will rather lose their souls than go ungratified. Like a wild animal, Clifford thinks only upon the object of his desire. Honor, peace, and future reward, here or hereafter, are all thrown away for the time."

Sir Henry, who sat in astonished silence during Bertram's recital of his suspicions, broke in here, by saying it was "utterly impossible that Clifford, or any man of the army, could be so lost to honor and gratitude as ever to act so unworthy a part, after the responsibility which was taken by myself, to remove him where the stigma would not be seen. Besides, I had a letter from him lately, in which he expresses himself in the most becoming manner. See, there it is at this moment. It refers to matters of a public nature chiefly, but a postscript is added, in which his remembrances of my kindness are made in the most delicate and appropriate manner."

"Please, sir, to say who it was that brought you that communication," said Bertram, with great readiness. "If it was the Indian my suspicions are confirmed."

"It was the villain Kiskataam," said the sorrow-stricken father, now fairly infected with the feeling of his nephew; "and here, in further proof, he says, that business will call him down to the frontier, where the plan is being carried out, along with the Mohawk chief, to remove some captives from the rebel's country back to Fort Niagara. He will be happy to receive any commands from me, or from Miss Margaret, either concerning the war or the romance of this wonderful country, where nature plays on her harps equal to herself."

"Yes," said Bertram, "the dishonored man is somewhere up there, and is at this very hour watching the ship and waiting for his prey. There

is no time to lose, and since we are not to be allowed to leave to-night in search of Margaret, I may as well, in the presence of my aunt and of Clarence, lay my own suit at your feet, and beg you to smile upon our plighted faith."

"Bertram," said Sir Henry, in amazement, "I have no daughter, and if all you tell us be true, there will be but pain remaining for you, and for us, increased by the consent you would obtain in a moment, did I but know how to direct you honorably."

"Oh," said Bertram, "I could run over the mountains like the deer, with the name of the loved one on my lips; and hear me she would. Your consent would give me wings."

"Hear me, then," said the grieved soldier. "Were my daughter present, I would put your hands in one, and give you my blessing. In the meantime, we must to duty, and perhaps a flag of truce to my cousin George, the Ulster rebel, may be effectual. We shall see."

The ship had turned the Elbow, and was catching the wind sufficiently, so that she might at any moment come to anchor. A stiff breeze from the southwest was bringing her into the Rondout Creek, where, under cover of the night, they intended to land a body of men, who were to march up to the village of Sopus, burn and destroy it, and return immediately. A company was detailed under the command of a superior officer, with Clarence Clinton as his aid; Bertram begged, and was allowed to go along as a volunteer, he being a lieutenant on board of this same ship.

"Now, Georgiana, I would give a thousand pounds this day, were you back in New York. This is no place for you, though you be the wife of a soldier." This was said by Sir Henry, in a spirit that showed his mortification at being caught in such a mean attack, which he would have been glad enough to have read about, but being so near was identifying him with it. Besides, the loss of his daughter affected him almost superstitiously; and he would have countermanded Vaughan's orders, if he could but dare the responsibility. Lack of decision was ever his great defect.

"I could wish myself back in England, and you with me," said the Lady Georgiana, "were we honorably out of this murderous war. I believe the judgment of the Almighty is falling on us for the share we have had in robbing so many hearthstones. O God, what right have we to complain

of thy justice, when we are engaged in the very act of destroying the peace of a whole village."

"Georgiana, do have mercy upon me at this hour, if you have none upon yourself. You know that this landing is entirely contrary to my mind. I feel that it must end against us; and it will ruin the plan that I have been preparing for six months past. You know what pains I have been at, indeed, I may say *we*, to conciliate these colonial cousins of ours, now all to be frustrated by the headstrong vanity of Vaughan. Never would I have given my consent to what must break up all our chances of bringing over the very head of this new State, and a general to boot. Curse Vaughan for all this." And with that he went on deck, where he found his son, who, with a restrained voice, asked his father's blessing.

While together, Bertram and Clarence had formed a desperate plan, to which the mother was to be privy—to leave immediately after the attack was completed, and have their names appear among the missing, for which no one would be responsible but themselves. They hoped to be able to justify their conduct by their success. In the meantime, it was necessary to inform Lady Georgiana, lest her heart break at the thought of their being dead, or prisoners among the barbarous rebels. In the anxious and excited state of the mother's mind, the scheme was listened to with delight; and when parting, she exhorted her son to do his "duty like a gallant man first, and then pursue the murderous villain to the end of the earth; but bring me back my dear child—your own sister, my son, and there is my blessing. But what shall I say to your father, when he finds you have not come in with the rest? I must weep, while satisfied that you have gone on my errand."

"Sir Henry," said the youth, "will bear up well till we return, which cannot be more than a week at the most; and if you see a fire on the mountain—that second highest peak that we admired to-day—at midnight, after forty-eight hours, or twenty-four hours beyond that time, know that we are safe, and have got trace of Margaret; then you can tell father."

"Go, then," said the mother, "but I tremble lest you be lost in the mountains. Now I think of it, that rebel cousin of your father's, in one of his letters, sent me this hair ring, which his daughter worked for me. You see that it has the initials of her name in the centre. Should you

get into difficulty, take this, and here is a copy of the note I sent to her, with my thanks. These will prove you to be our son, and the blood relation of that same mock Governor."

"We will keep out of his way, for he may play Brutus, and condemn us all the more sternly because we are his kindred. I have a more certain way of escape than that," said Clarence. "I have heard that same false Kiskataam tell of his places of defence on the tops of these mountains. You saw him sitting with us a whole hour, and pointing along the ridges, marking out distinctly the cloves, and telling us of the roads which lead over the country, so that I can have but little difficulty in tracing him, with some help from the inhabitants. One spot of great interest he told us of, and which seemed to have attractions above the rest, even to him, where two little lakes lie close to each other, on the sides of these hills, fed from the surrounding heights, looking like twin sisters brimful of love, surging over their affections in a stream that quietly steals through the trees till it dashes over a high precipice a few miles below, then finds its way to this river. I can follow that as my guide, and find him safely lodged among his own thickets."

"Clarence, you are too like your sister in that romantic spirit. It may lead you astray, as she has been decoyed; so depend not upon anything you have heard from him, but take these tokens of private friendship to George Clinton. Rebel Governor as he is, he must be an honorable man, possessed of a warm heart. He will not suffer you to be injured should the day go against you."

The two young men agreed upon their signals and upon where they were to meet; two shrill whistles at brief intervals of time, an hour after midnight, unless they met earlier, should the attack be successfully made and over before that time. Bertram had possessed Clarence with the same opinion he had formed himself, that Kiskataam was on his way to Canada by the western route, and their only chance of overtaking him was to start up the mountain at the nearest point, and get beyond the rebel border, when, as king's officers, they would pass free through the country of the friendly tribes, who were the only inhabitants west of the Kaatskills. "We can get before them," said that ardent youth, "for they must travel slowly for Margaret's sake."

"But you said that you believed Clifford was in

this scheme, and will he not be ready to receive her with sufficient force to resist our attempt at rescue?"

"Let us trust to chance for that; none but the brave deserve the fair. A traitor is always a coward; and I am persuaded that the arch hypocrite dare not show himself to Margaret, the daughter of his patron and friend, till the romance is pressed out of her mind, through her captivity and grief. He then will appear as her delivering angel, claiming her hand in gratitude."

"Your love, Bertram, has made your fancy

creative; but it is as well that we be prepared for the worst. Here let us swear fealty on her behalf; living or dying, we are one."

"Agreed," said the other, as he took hold of his friend's hand; "and whoever survives to-night shall carry out the plan to the end."

The order to march ran secretly along the line, when the sense of duty swallowed up everything of individual interest. The sacking of a village or the changing of a guard was the same to men under a rule of iron.

WOODED AND MARRIED.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY,

Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Wee Wifie," "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," and "Robert Ord's Atonement."

CHAPTER XXI. SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

THE two friends parted, but not to sleep.

Guy's happiness kept him restless. He would have liked to have sat till morning descanting on the manifold perfections of his betrothed; he had kept Will a full hour after the last "good-night" had been said, listening to his animated plans for the future; but the worn, weary look on Will's face at last warned him to desist, and to tax no longer his sympathising patience.

Strong excitement always stimulated Guy Chichester like new wine; sleep would not come at his bidding. Honor's sweet looks, her words, her few precious caresses, haunted the happy lover; and though his waking dreams at last terminated in a brief nap, he sprang up long before it was light, and summoning his faithful companion Kelpie, set out for one of his interminable walks over hill and dale.

Will, on the contrary, lay open-eyed and anxious long after the darkness had passed into twilight, and twilight into the gray dawning of another day.

Such nights were not new to him. Often and often he had risen from his couch and trimmed the midnight lamp, to relieve bodily uneasiness and induce slumber by hard mental labor. In the darkest hours of his pain such wisdom and strength would come to him, that they who saw his pale face radiant with some secret joy would marvel at the triumph of the soul over so frail a body.

While others slept none saw him kneeling, some-

times for hours, before his open Bible; none knew of the strong cries for help that went up to heaven—of the bitter conflicts that were fought by one poor priest, whom men pitied; none knew the loneliness of the great heart which was learning every day to know its own weakness more—a heart that had chosen poverty and the company of Christ's poor, that asked nothing for itself but to spend and be spent in its Lord's service.

And yet there were times when William Elliott reproached himself for unfaithfulness, when his soul was torn by a sense of unfitness and neglect of duty, when his measure of strength seemed small, when he looked for help and found none. Great souls have these crises; it is the refined metal that goes down into the furnace.

A terrible anxiety was racking the heart and brain of William Elliott when the gray morning broke and found him watching.

"Just like him," he thought, "to remember others in the first hour of his happiness; another man would have wrapped himself in pardonable egotism at such a time. What a grand, whimsical nature it is!—generous, yet as simple as a child. Was it wrong of me to warn him? A man cannot quite outlive his passions; and she—all women are so sensitive. Why, even I, though I love him dearly, I think we should be better friends apart. His will is so strong that it would almost constrain people to sacrifice their conscience, at least in trifles."

He pondered again, and then broke into a fresh

channel: "Only to know what is right—my poor Dym! And yet it would be cruel kindness. I have had my warning, a double one. 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther,' seems written up against me if I take this path. A little while ago, and I should have hailed this offer as a godsend; rest, study, friendship—what more could I ask of life? But now I should soon score underneath them idleness, vacuum, soul-weariness. I am not what I was; this northern air is deleterious to my moral nature. Oh, for the safety of the traces again! Shall I venture it for Dym's sake? No, no; I will go back to my old work, though I break down under it."

His right hand clenched itself as it lay on the coverlid; the secret workings of some strong emotion made the cold sweat stand on his forehead. Had he found a lion in his path, that the whole man seemed girding himself up to do battle? "My God, judge Thou the right, for my wisdom has become foolishness to me," he prayed; but still the old argument went on.

"Shall I do evil that good may come? Will it be evil if I do it for my child's sake—she is so young and weak? Will it not be cowardly to shrink from this new work? And yet, if what I fear should happen, would it not have been best to have taught her to depend on her own resources, rather than on so sorry a protector? Poor little Dym! and yet it would make her so happy."

And then a sudden weariness came upon him. "I will wait a few days, and then I will speak to Dym," he said to himself. "Woman's instinct is often wiser than man's reason; perhaps when we discuss it together, I may be better able to judge than I am now." And then he slept.

It was the gray dawn of another day when a strange dream came to him. Falling asleep, a sudden remembrance flashed across him of a childish speech Dym had once made to him. Memory plays us these tricks sometimes; mere trifles come to the recollection of dreaming men, they say, and often in that dim borderland between waking and sleep some vivid image of past days will suddenly arise and startle us.

And so it was that Will drowsily bethought himself of a certain deep hanging lane, full of red ruts and sweet with blackberry thickets, where once, many years ago, he had walked with his little sister.

She was a dark-eyed child then, and he remem-

bered how he had to stoop for her chnubby hands to clasp his arm. By and by they had set down on a stile to rest, and he had gathered her a great bunch of rowan-berries.

"You are my king, Will Conqueror, and this shall be your sceptre," she had said, pushing the crimson glory into his hand.

"A poor king, my pet."

Dym played with the mountain-ash thoughtfully.

"Will, when you grow up, I wonder what sort of man you will be."

"What sort? Why, you silly child, like other men, I suppose."

"Oh, no, no," replied the child earnestly; "not like other men, Will; you have a look on your face which reminds me of those men in red and blue in the painted window at church."

"Hush, little profanity; those are saints and martyrs."

"Why don't you be a saint and martyr too, dear? and then when you are dead they will put a glory around your head. Wouldn't you like a glory better than anything, Will?"

"I should like to smell blackberries again," muttered Will, dreamily. Where was he? There was the deep, rutty lane again, the rowan-trees, and the trail of honey-suckle, but no chubby child's hands met over his arm, no sweet child's face lifted itself in the sunshine.

He sat himself down on the old stile; some birds sang from the nut copse, a white butterfly glanced hither and thither; the stillness oppressed him, the green gloom of the overhanging trees, the unchanging sunshine; he felt heart-sick, overwhelmed with sadness. Suddenly, by some strange instinct, he knew he was not alone; some unseen power seemed to root him to the spot; he could not look around, and yet he felt impelled to speak.

"Where is the child?" he asked.

"She is a child no longer," responded a voice behind him; "children seldom weep. Do you know me?"

"I know your voice. Don't let me see your eyes, they would frighten me; men cannot look on angels."

"Am I an angel, then?"

"I will hold your white robe tightly—so. No, you must not leave me. I have lost my way; if you be woman as well as spirit, show me my place."

"Learn wisdom from a child's lips. Look for it among the noble army of martyrs."

"Was she right, then—will they put a glory around my head?"

"Peace, poor soul! there is no glory needed but His; take this." The robe slipped from his nerveless fingers; he was alone. On the ground lay a cross, heavy and spiked with iron; a blood-red cluster of rowan-berries lay upon it.

And the voice! Waking up, Will fell on his knees and stretched out his trembling hands, for he knew that he had entered into the cloud.

"Have you seen Guy this morning?" was Mrs. Chichester's first question, as Will entered the breakfast-room; "Dorothy tells me he has not gone up to London after all."

"It was not necessary, he thought better of it," returned Will, hesitatingly; he was not sure how far he might trench on his friend's confidence. As he took his seat opposite to his hostess, Mrs. Chichester's eyes, dim as they were, were struck by the young clergyman's paleness.

"You do not take care of yourself, my dear Mr. Elliott; you let Guy keep you up too late at nights."

"It was my own fault," returned Will, mildly; "he surprised me in a fireside meditation when he came in from the Cottage."

"What, did he go over to the Cottage again last night?" Mrs. Chichester's tone had a trifle of displeasure in it.

Will wisely held his peace.

"It is time for me to put in an appearance when you cross-examine my friend in my absence, mother," exclaimed her son, gaily, as he and Kelpie entered at that moment, bringing plenty of fresh air with them.

"Why, how you startle one, Guy!" remonstrated his mother, half laughing. "When are you and Kelpie going to leave off your vagabond ways? Put back your hair, you foolish fellow; have you been walking bareheaded in this wind?"

"Wind! I scarcely felt a breath of air. Faugh! you feel like hot-house plants here," as Will shivered at the opening door. "Give me some coffee, *madre*, please. I am afraid I am unromantic enough to state I have an enormous appetite this morning."

Mrs. Chichester looked fondly at her son as her hands were busy among the cups and saucers.

"How well, how handsome he looked!" she thought; "other men were not to compare with him." Perhaps her maternal eyes were partial. Guy Chichester's face was too irregular and strong featured to be called handsome, but it was a goodly face enough for all that, bronzed and ruddy with health, his keen eyes sparkling with animation, and the curly head and beard looking none the worse for being dishevelled by the wind. Mr. Chichester ran his hand carelessly through them as he was bid. "I hope you got more sleep than I did, Elliott. Mother, look at him; he has a headache."

"Nothing to mention," returned Will, his pale face flushing a little. "I think, as I have already breakfasted, that I will go to the library and write some letters; that is, if Mrs. Chichester will excuse me."

"Do so, by all means, and then you will be ready to walk over to the Cottage, presently."

Mrs. Chichester waited till Mr. Elliott had left the room, and then she turned to her son.

"You almost live at the Cottage, Guy, now Honor is better; don't you think it would be as well to cease such frequent visits? It sets people talking, and it is all no use."

Guy Chichester pushed away his plate and walked to the window, he was obviously at a loss how to reply.

"I know you do not like advice on this subject, but you ought to see for yourself that Honor disapproves of it. She has seen Mr. Elliott several times, but she has never yet been well enough to admit you."

"On the contrary, I saw her last night."

Mrs. Chichester looked aggrieved.

"You might have told me so before, Guy."

Guy whistled softly, and took another turn across the room. By-and-by he stopped.

"Mother, should you be glad if I brought you a visitor?"

"That depends on who it is. What, you don't mean to say Dr. Grey will let Miss Elliott come home? O, Guy, I shall be so delighted to get her back."

"Miss Elliott, always Miss Elliott!" returned Guy, impatiently. "How fond you are of that little thing, mother! Have her back, by all means, if the doctor will let you. Not but what you are right, and she is a dear little creature," he added, repenting of his momentary roughness.

"But I was not speaking of her. Mother, may I bring Honor?"

His tone was so peculiar, that Mrs. Chichester looked up into his face quite startled, and what she saw there made her cast her arms about his neck.

"O, Guy, my dear, dear boy! has it come right at last?"

"At last, mother."

"Thank God for it! I have wished it; you know I have wished and prayed for it, Guy."

"I believe you have, Mother."

"It has come to this, that I have been driven to wish my own son were lost to me; if I did not love you better than myself, I should be a miserable woman now."

"Nay, I hope not, *mère chérie*."

"Do you think a mother is happy when she loses her only son? You are my boy—my boy with my husband's eyes—and I must give you up to Honor."

"I can belong to my wife and to my mother too."

"Mothers are strange things. Forgive me, Guy, I am a jealous old woman; but you were my only one, and I have made you my idol. God has punished me for it by giving us all this misery. But you are going to be happy now, my dear. We shall all be happier, shall we not?"

She took her son's hand and kissed it. Guy's heart smote him as he looked down on this fond faithful creature. "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Had he been all to her that he ought to have been? Had he not left her to her loneliness, distressed her with his strange humors, burdened her with his sorrows and had she ever reproached him? Since his boyhood she had been his gentle companion; the beautiful young mother he remembered singing lullabies over his infant cot had become to him the loving friend of his manhood. He was a man when she had come to him and wept out her widowed tears on his breast. How she had clung to him! With what fond words, with what sacred tears, she had prayed her boy to comfort her! And yet had there not been times when her very love had wearied him—when his pride had chafed under those soft exactions—when he could have wished those silken bonds could have held him no longer? How her jealousy had fretted him! He had revolted against the sweet tyranny of her

monopoly—his mind had larger needs than those of which her woman's soul had dreamed. The widow would have kept her son to herself, but what had he become—a wanderer, a citizen of the world, a voluntary exile. A disappointed love had been her rival; a woman's fair face had come between her son and happiness, and had made discord in their quiet home.

She had taught herself to wish that Honor Nethcote would be his wife; but could she—would she ever be able to love her? The daughter-in-law she had imagined for herself was some soft clinging creature, whom she could have petted and patronized—some one like Dym Elliott, for example, only with Honor's beauty. Would Honor ever come into her heart of hearts, and be a daughter to her? How coldly she had ever borne herself to Guy's mother! There had been no lack of gentleness, perhaps; but the pride, the chilling reserve of her manner, the quiet unchanging rebuke for the distrust that had come between them. Yes, she had injured Honor; but was it not for the younger and happier woman to forgive such injury? Did not Honor's very superiority and nobleness of nature lead her to such reconciliation? The narrowness, the soft bigotry, the pardonable jealousy, that had weakened Mrs. Chichester's influence with her son were impossible faults with Honor. Her love flowed in broader channels—her generosity feared no rival. Guy might have lavished his affection on a thousand objects, and she would have held her place without a moment's doubt.

A gulf of sadness rolled between this mother and son. These misunderstandings are not rare even between two love each other; but it may be doubted if the remorse were not heavier on Guy. All sorts of vague regrets agitated the mind of this singular man, always moved by sudden impulses; his mother's kiss humiliated and abashed him. He could have gone on his knees and asked pardon for all his fitful humors. Good heavens! these mothers have such patience! A thousand, ten thousand times he had wronged her gentleness, and she had borne with him as a very angel might have done. Honor, perfect as she was, had not a tithe of her sweetness and gentleness. What had he done that two such women should love him?

He cast down his eyes and groaned as Mrs. Chichester ventured on her humble caress. Why should she not humble herself before her boy?

"We shall all be happier now, shall we not, dear?" she had asked: but Guy had not as yet bethought himself of an answer.

"Guy, shall I come with you this morning, my dear?"

"You, mother!" rousing up from his reverie.

"Why, it is for me to bring Honor to you."

"Nay, my dear, I do not think so," replied Mrs. Chichester gently. "Six years ago you brought Honor to me; now it is for me to go to her. These cold winds, too, and she is still an invalid. It is not like your wonted wisdom, Guy."

Guy bent down and kissed her abruptly.

"Mother, you are an angel! Yes, you shall come with me." And then, as though he were afraid of trusting himself to say any more, he went quickly out of the room.

The sound of wheels brought Will out of the library. He looked surprised when he saw Mrs. Chichester ready equipped and leaning on her son's arm.

"Are you coming with us, Mr. Elliott?"

"I think so. Dym will be looking for me; but perhaps I may be in your way," he added hastily, as the reason for this early visit became apparent to him.

Mrs. Chichester smiled graciously.

"My son's friend is never in my way. I am only going to see Honor"—she hesitated slightly, as though words were difficult to her; "Guy will have told you what has happened."

Guy nodded.

"You have my warmest congratulations," was Will's answer, as he treated her to one of his winning smiles. "Your son knows what I think of Miss Nethecote."

"You must reserve your congratulations for Guy," returned Mrs. Chichester, a little sadly. "Do you not remember what the old proverb says about a son marrying?"

"Proverbial philosophy may be at fault sometimes, my dear madam," replied Will earnestly. "I am no true prophet if you do not find it so in this case. You will have a noble daughter-in-law."

Mrs. Chichester was silent. Every one sang Honor's praises; but when would Honor come and put her arms around her neck, and be a daughter to her?

Honor and Dym were sitting together when Guy's tap was heard at the door. The greeting

between the three was a somewhat silent one. Dym was nervous. She thought Guy wanted Honor to himself, and faltered and almost broke down over the few words she had schooled herself to say to him. Guy saw her embarrassment, and very good-naturedly put an end to it.

"Don't trouble yourself to make a pretty speech, Miss Elliott. I hate congratulations. There, I know exactly what you want to say;" and he patted her hand kindly and turned to his betrothed.

"Honor, my mother is down stairs; she is waiting to see you."

"To see me!" Honor flushed a little, but there was no hesitation in her manner. The visit was evidently unexpected by her. Perhaps in her inmost heart she had wished for a delay; but there was no reluctance in her tone as she said, "We had better go down, then."

But there was a little stateliness in her step as she entered the room, and an exceeding quietness of bearing as Mrs. Chichester came forward to meet her and folded her in her arms.

"My dear Honor! I am so glad of this!"

"It is very kind of you to come and see me, Mrs. Chichester: it was for me to come to you."

"I do not think so, Honor."

"Ah, but it was. When Guy told me you were here, I felt sorry that you should have given yourself such trouble. You should have sent for me, and I would have come."

"I wanted to thank you for your goodness to my son."

Honor's head lifted itself a little proudly; but she looked at Guy, and her eyes grew meek instantly.

"For my goodness to myself, you mean," she said, with a soft smile.

Mrs. Chichester looked at her wistfully, and sighed. How lovely she was this morning—fair enough to gladden any lover's eyes. What mother would not have rejoiced that her son should win for himself such goodness and beauty? And yet Mrs. Chichester sighed.

Honor had placed herself by her side; but already their hands had insensibly fallen asunder. Under her lover's eyes, Miss Nethecote's brief haughtiness had vanished—in her whole mien there was gentleness tempered with reserve; a large benevolence, a chastened joy too deep for words, shone in the clear gray eyes.

Words seemed to break up the even furrows of

her thoughts. Utterance was difficult to her. Not even to Guy's mother could she speak of her happiness. It lay down too deep for mere surface sunshine.

Mrs. Chichester found this silence chilling. She was a demonstrative woman. She liked to express her feelings—to talk out her joy aloud. The “fatted calf,” the “coals of fire,” were to her goodly interpretations of different phases of life. She liked the outward and visible sign of things. She wanted this woman—so sweet in looks, so silent in tongue—to fall on her neck and call her mother; and she felt disappointed, almost to injury.

“We must forget all that has gone before, and make a fresh beginning,” she said a little sadly, when she had waited for Honor to speak, but Honor had still remained silent. “I trust, my dear, that in your heart you have entirely forgiven me.”

“For what?” returned Honor, with a look of surprise. “We have forgiven each other, have we not?” The speech jarred on her. Why should the past be brought up again, she thought, to mar the peace of the present? In the old days Mrs. Chichester had not been good to her; but was it for any one to remember it? “Hush! it is not right to speak of this now,” she said, with a touch of peremptoriness; but Mrs. Chichester thought her manner was wanting in graciousness.

“I think you are right, Honor,” assented Guy in a low voice. He was holding himself aloof from the two women, watching them anxiously. Was it blame to him if he drew comparison between them? if, with the omniscience of love, he read Honor's silence aright, and thought his mother's words less beautiful?

“You are so good, Honor, that I know you will feel rightly about this. But I am growing old, my dear: it will make me happier if you will try to love me.”

“I will try,” returned Honor simply.

No wonder Mrs. Chichester thought her cold. The daughter she would have had would have knelt at her feet, and kissed her again and again, on hearing such winning words. No marvel if Honor's truthful “I will try,” smote chill on her heart.

She arose, with a little sense of injury breaking the sweetness of her humor. “I will go to Miss Elliott now. I daresay Guy wants you to himself for a little while;” and as neither of them dared

to controvert the fact that the interview was slightly irksome to all parties, she was not contradicted. Guy moved with some alacrity to the door, and was only just in time to prevent Mrs. Chichester from a hasty stumble over a little carved footstool that stood in her way.

The fall would have been a serious one; and her son felt justified in administering a rebuke.

“Mother, why have you become a foe to all footstools lately? You must remember you are not as young as you used to be, and you ought not to move about so quickly.”

“It was very careless of me,” returned his mother. She still panted slightly from the shock, and Guy kept his arm around her. From some cause or other she had turned a little pale.

“You are all right again?” he inquired tenderly.

“Yes, dear; let me go now.” But he still detained her.

“Wait a moment, mother; there is no hurry for Miss Elliott. Stewart gave me some letter you had dropped in the carriage. Let me see, where it is?” He dived into his pockets and soon produced it. “Why, it is from Trichy, and I declare the seal still unbroken. Do open it, and let me see what she says about Frank,”

“Won't it do presently? I am really in a hurry to get to Miss Elliott. I will tell you all about it at luncheon time.” But Guy chose to be obstinate.

“I would rather hear it now, please.”

Mrs. Chichester flushed painfully, and her hand trembled as she broke the seal, and then she handed it to her son. “You may read it for yourself, then, Guy.”

“What! before you have looked at it yourself?” he returned in some astonishment. “I don't think Trichy would care for me to read all her letters. Just run over it and tell me the contents.”

Poor Mrs. Chichester! She was hardly mistress of herself in this emergency. She adjusted her gold eye-glasses with a hand that even her son noticed shook visibly. Her nervous agitation attracted Miss Nethecote's notice. She leant forward and watched her steadily, and then her face suddenly grew troubled.

“You used not to be such a slow reader, mother; why, you have not turned the first page yet,” observed Guy, who already repented of the delay.

"Beatrix's handwriting is so small and cramped ; you make me nervous hurrying me so, Guy."

"Small and cramped ! Why, I can read that scrawl from here. Let me see. "Yes ; Frank sends his love, and says he will not fail to execute Guy's commission. There is a dress parade to-day, and Captain Stewart and Major Drummond "—turn it over—Why, mother, you have got it upside down !"

Guy's impatient tone did not mend matters.

"I did not know ; there is so little light in the room," she faltered.

"So little light !" echoed Guy incredulously, for the spring sunshine was flooding the little room.

Honor rose from her seat and put herself between them.

"Don't Guy !" I will not have her teased. Don't you see" turning to him with a look of pain—"can you not see what is the matter ?"

The poor lady stretched out her hands to her son.

"He does not know. I have tried to keep it from him. Guy, my dear boy, you must not be impatient with your mother. I cannot see well ; I am going blind."

"Blind !" Guy started and turned pale. Honor looked pitifully up into his face, as he put her aside, and took his poor mother in his arms. What improbable tale was this she was telling him ? He looked at her eyes almost angrily ; and then he could not disguise from himself that some film seemed gathering over their brown brightness. "Blind !" he repeated in a voice of despair. "O mother, mother !" The poor fellow could hardly contain himself for pity and horror. His heart, always tender over misfortune, swelled indignantly against this new affliction.

Mrs. Chichester leant her head against his shoulder. The pain of concealment was over ; her secret was hers no longer. Her son's arms were around her ; she felt almost comforted. She cried a little, it is true ; and then yielded herself to the sweetness of the consolation.

Guy's misery was intense. If he had ever cloaked his love under a garb of wilfulness or roughness, it stood revealed now ; and he knew that in her helplessness she would be dearer to him than the mother of his youth had been. His sad face touched Honor inexpressibly.

"Dear Guy, this blindness may not be irre-

mediable," she half whispered. But Mrs. Chichester heard her.

"They think it is cataract. It will be partial blindness for a few months, perhaps years, Dr. Garnet says. You must not fret about it, Guy. I shall get used to it ; and perhaps in a few years, if I consent to an operation, my sight may be restored to me, if—if—"

"If what, darling mother ?"

"If what Dr. Garnet fears does not happen ;" and in answer to her son's further questions, she admitted that during the past month or two certain symptoms had occurred that made the doctor hesitate in pronouncing it simple cataract. There had been a great deal of pain ; and she readily acknowledged that the wisest way would be to place herself without delay under an experienced oculist.

"We will go to town at once. Mother, you have acted wrongly in not telling me before. This delay may be fatal."

Mrs. Chichester shook her head.

"No, Guy ; if my fears be true, no oculist can do anything for me. Do not distress yourself, dear. The world will not be quite dark to me when you are in it. When it grows very hard you must help me to bear it ;" and she stretched out her hands to her son again ; but it was not he who caught them and pressed them to his breast.

"Yes, we will help you, Guy and I. Do not cry. You will have two children to love and cherish you. I will work for you, and read to you, and you shall tell me how to comfort you."

Was that Honor kneeling at her feet, with the tears running down her face ? Were those Honor's arms wrapped so tenderly about her ? Could it be Honor's voice so broken and full of love ?

"You are Guy's mother, and you shall be mine too. I did not love my own mother more dearly than I will love you. When Guy brings me home, you will let me be your daughter ?"

"My own daughter !" And as Honor dried the dim eyes on her own handkerchief, and kissed the cheek that had grown wan and faded lately, Mrs. Chichester's head dropped upon that pure bosom, and she whispered, "My God I thank Thee for this ; for whereas I was blind, now I see." And Honor, looking up, read her reward in her lover's eyes.

CHAPTER XXII. WILL CASTS IN HIS LOT WITH ST. LUKE'S.

A FEW days after the family gathering at Nidderdale Cottage, Honor and Dym were sitting together, when William Elliott quietly made his appearance.

It was Dym's last day at the Cottage.

On the following afternoon, Mrs. Chichester and her son were going up to London, and Honor had consented to accompany them. Will had promised to take his sister to Ingleside, and remain a week with her, and then he would go back to St. Luke's.

On the morrow, Humphrey Nethcote would be left alone.

A few days only had passed, but already preparations had been set on foot for the marriage. Neither Guy nor Honor was young; their mutual affection had been proved without a doubt. In this case there was nothing to invite delay; even Humphrey could not raise an objection.

"We have already lost six of our best years," Guy said to his betrothed; "and though I am loth to hurry you, Honor, I think we should not go far into the seventh."

"I will do as you wish," was her simple answer. "When you are ready for me, I will come to you. I am not strong yet, Dr. Grey says, but I grow less weak every day."

"These bleak winds try you," returned Guy, fondly. "The change south will do you good. If we set half the London milliners and dress-makers to work, do you think you can be ready by the middle of May?" he added, mischievously.

He was a little baffled by the smile that accompanied her answer. Of course she would be ready for him. Had he bidden her, she would have married him in the dress she wore. She would have put her hand in his, and followed him through the world, if he had asked her. Had she not given him her heart—her faithful, sorely-tried heart? Had she not elected him king in her woman's kingdom, and could she say him nay in a matter of days and seasons?

Dym, who was rather a harsh censor, as most young persons are before the knowledge of their own angles soften those of other people, felt herself a little disappointed in her estimate of Miss Nethcote's character, when she saw the earnestness, and even anxiety, with which she applied herself to the business of the trousseau.

She and Mrs. Chichester were from morning to night arranging and descanting on the several shades of colors and the difference of material. Guy used to laugh when he came in to fetch Honor for a walk or drive, and found them in the thick of an argument between satin and moire-antique. Honor would be sitting with bent brows over a paper list—for all shopping was to be deferred till they got to London—and Mrs. Chichester, oblivious of the knitting in her lap, would be nodding her head and smoothing her dress with soft excited fingers, as one article after another was specified and checked off.

"Grogam again," Guy would say, with a whimsical smile. "What, is it necessary to be married in all these dresses, Honor?"

But Dym, who knew his ways, saw he was not ill pleased.

The girl had her secret grumble out one day, when Honor and she were alone, which was seldom enough. Mrs. Chichester was always at the Cottage, and Guy came morning, noon and night, and woe betide them all if Honor were absent or busy; his self-sacrifice would not brook her for more than a few hours out of his sight. Dym used to pity Honor for having so exacting a lover, but in her heart she thought it delightful; could any one be more handsome or chivalrous? she thought.

Humphrey used to quiz them sometimes in his slow way; he called them silent and unsociable, and in truth they were very quiet lovers. Dym's shrewd girlish eyes read differently. She saw that Honor was always grave and preoccupied when Guy was not with her; and there was a look in Guy's face, as he followed her slow graceful movement about the room, that told Dym she was the light of his eyes, and the very joy of his heart.

Dym had her own code of ideas on the subject of lovers, and she chose to consider herself a little aggrieved at the fuss and ceremony Honor seemed to consider necessary; not that it was her business she told herself. It must be confessed that Dym was strangely irritable just now.

"I never can understand the fuss people make over weddings and funerals," she said, in her quick, dogmatic way, when Honor had asked her opinion on some trifle or other. "I suppose I like feathers and finery as much as women generally do, but somehow it seems to take off the sacredness of it so."

"I will decide on having a silver-gray silk; Guy likes it. Yes, I know what you mean," looking up. "These things seem incongruous when you are not inclined for them; but one cannot go against custom."

"I never expected to hear that from you, Honor; you are the most unconventional woman I know. I should not have thought," hesitating a little, as though her words might be considered ungracious, "that you would care so much for these things, especially now."

"Why, it is only now that I have begun to care for them. My dear Dym," smiling now as she caught sight of Dym's serious face, "it is very certain that you have never been in love."

"How can you tell that?" returned Dym, obstinately. She flushed up as though Honor's words annoyed her. She was subject to all sorts of cold and hot fits just now.

Mr. Chichester made up his mind his little friend was capricious, but Will grew more gentle with her every day.

"If you had been in love you would understand why I do care so much. You cannot think the pleasure that all this gives me," she went on, softly. "Don't you know Guy will see me in all these dresses? Have you not found out what a critic he is in such a matter?"

"He said once he liked white," observed Dym, half to herself.

"I shall have some white dresses certainly, evening as well as morning," returned Honor, accepting the suggestion with all gravity. "I have known Guy so long, that I have discovered all his favorite shades. Some colors quite hurt his eyes. It costs me a little trouble, but I know it will gratify him."

She finished with so sweet a smile that Dym felt rebuked for her censoriousness. But not even Dym, affectionate and honest-hearted as she was, could guess the breadth and depth of a love like Honor's.

It was just at this juncture that Will entered.

"I did not expect to find you here, Miss Nethecote," he said, with a little surprise, as he quietly greeted them both.

"Mr. Chichester has gone to York," returned Honor, with the frank blush with which she always spoke of him, "and it is so bitterly cold that I have not ventured to go up to Ingleside. Mrs. Chichester is coming presently, I believe."

"Yes; she has sent her love, and she will be with you in an hour or two."

"You are tired," observed Honor, with one of her quiet glances, as he drew an easy chair to the fire and spread his thin hands over the blaze.

The corners of Will's mouth showed the fragment of a smile.

"Your supposition is correct, Miss Nethecote, I am afraid. Your happy valley is not to compare with Rasselas's. I think even *ennui* is preferable to east wind."

"Ah, it has made your rheumatism worse."

"Nothing of which to speak," was the somewhat comical answer. "I have only been flagellated by a scourge at every street corner. I think those Greek pagans were to be forgiven for their superstition, when they thought a noisy divinity was bawling in their ears in an unknown language. I wonder if their bones ever ached when they worshipped him."

Honor's only answer was to pile one fragrant pine-knot on another. Will watched the strong white hands as they handled the smooth logs so deftly. When she had done she still kept the place on the rug, looking down on him.

Most women look better in a sitting than a standing attitude; they can walk, but few have the art of posing themselves gracefully. Honor Nethecote never looked better than she did now; her grand figure, drawn to its full height; her hands folded before her; the set of her head perfect; but her eyes, how kindly they looked at Will!

"Miss Nethecote, why will you make me feel so uncomfortable?" Will would have elucidated his own words by rising and offering his chair, but she stopped him.

"Please do not disturb yourself, I like standing."

"Well, you have the advantage of me every way," returned Will, resignedly, but with a touch of gentle sarcasm. "It appears I am to look up to you in spite of my efforts to hold my own."

"For shame, Mr. Elliott! Dym, why do you let your brother talk so?"—and there was a generous flash in Honor's eyes. "After that I must take the lowest seat I can find, to be sure that I have brought myself to my proper level."

"Can we always find our level?" returned Will, softly. "The ground would have to open, and let a few of us sink through it, in that case. Perhaps, as I am here to ask your assistance, you

had better resume your former commanding position, Miss Nethecote."

"My assistance!" with some surprise; but the gentleness of her look added, "How can you find it in your heart to be so satirical to me!"

"Yes, if you will be so good as to give it," was the courteous answer. Will was properly grave now.

Honor had beckoned Dym to the cosy-looking chair beside her, and Will, shading his eyes from the sudden blaze, could see the two upturned faces directed towards him with some little anxiety; at least, Honor's looked anxious. Dym hardly knew if Will were jesting or in earnest. Evidently Will was in no hurry to explain himself; he leaned back in his chair, and his left hand toyed with the little gold cross, a gift from Dym, that hung suspended to his watch-chain, as he noted the pleasantness of the fireside picture; Dym's shadowy little face, no longer bright and sparkling, and Honor's fair profile and coronet of ruddy brown hair.

"What is it, Will?" asked Dym at last, somewhat wearily.

She stirred a little as Will began his subject; Honor listened with grave intentness; she was evidently prepared for what he had to say. When he had finished, Dym caught her breath, and then sat up and looked at him with a moved face between laughing and crying.

"Well, Dym."

"Oh, Will, is it really true? How kind, how generous, of Mr. Chichester! Oh, I am so glad!" and the little creature—for she was a little creature beside Honor—sprung up from her seat and threw her arms around his neck.

"Softly, my dear child! Why, what an excited Dym it is! We have not talked about it yet;" and as Will gently freed himself from her embrace a cloud came over his face that was not lost on Honor.

"Dym, dear, I do not think your brother has finished all he has to say."

"Of course not. We shall not have finished all night long," exclaimed Dym, in the same hysterical voice. "Oh, Will, to think you will not be worked to death any more at that dreadful old St. Luke's!"

Did Dym guess she had hurt him, that she laid her cheek so fondly against his?

"I could not help it, Will; it is such a great,

ugly, dingy place, and you never get a moment's rest when you are there."

Will listens with a curious smile.

"Is it dingy?" he wonders. There are wide street-corners, where the sweet air blows straight from Hampstead and Highgate; there are patches of green to be seen between the houses; when he walks up the street, the children look at the bowed figure and the bright, kindly eyes, and smile and curtsy; the women come to the door with rough neighborly greeting; and even the sweep in Paradise-row pulls a grimy forelock as he passes. He has friends among them—many and many a one. It is not all rags and filth and wretchedness. How many life-histories he has conned among them—noble ones some of them—that would put to shame the most exciting fiction ever written! Humble heroes and heroines in real life, with unwashed faces perhaps, with rough knobby hands, with threadbare coats and patched gowns. Will knows them all; he has sat among them and given them the right hand of fellowship often and often.

Will likes to see the children he has baptized growing up about him; he gathers the bigger ones around him on Sunday afternoons, and tells them Bible stories—childish histories of Joseph and Samuel and Timothy. Little Dick Maynard thinks he would like to be Samuel best—Samuel's little coat, the altar lights, the swaying censers, Eli's hoary head, the hush, the mystery, the soft coloring, have wrought a vast impression on the crippled boy. Dick rehearses it all in the little garret when he and his family of linnets are alone. "When I grow up I mean to be a prophet," says Dick, with a flicker of his sandy eyebrows.

Poor little childish dreamer! The linnets sing on in their cage; the crutches are propped against the wall; the dust gathers on the accordion; Dick's little worn cap hangs against the door. Where is Dick himself? Ask the childless parents as they gather around their empty hearth; ask stalwart Richard Maynard, who took the loss of his crippled boy so ill that his honest heart nearly broke under it; ask Susan, wiping the tears with her apron from her comely face, as Guy Chichester puts the same question.

"Dead and gone, sir. After what happened he just fretted his dear self away; took on and pined like double his years. Those are his birds, sir. Richard will not let any one clean them but himself. And there are his school-books, writ-

ten so prettily; he was a rare scholar when Mr. Elliott learnt him. Going, sir? Ah, well, there isn't much to detain you here now!" and Susan wipes some more tears away as Guy Chichester goes out of the door.

All sorts of thoughts come into Will's mind as Dym nestles at his side, and Honor sits thoughtfully gazing into the fire; and he rouses himself with difficulty and looks at his sister.

"I was afraid you would take it in this way, Dym."

"Afraid! why, dear?"

"I might have known you would be glad for me to leave St. Luke's. Perhaps I ought not to have told you, but I want you to advise me; you—and you too," looking at Honor.

Miss Nethecode seemed a little disturbed.

"Surely you cannot doubt what our advice will be! But then," breaking into a little smile, "we are not disinterested."

"You would have me accept the squire's offer?"

"Have you any objection, Mr. Elliott?"

"Pardon me, that is begging the argument. I mean, do I dare to hope that I should be welcome among you, in spite of my infirmities?"

Miss Nethecode leant towards him and stretched out her hand.

"More welcome than I dare to tell you. Come and we will prove it, Mr. Elliott."

"Thanks," replied Will, hastily, as he returned the cordial pressure; "I may hope, then, that you will be my friend in this matter, Miss Nethecode?"

"Most surely," the touched gravity of her face bearing witness to her words.

"Then may I ask you not to add one iota of your persuasion to this, but to help this poor child to see it in another light, and to soften the squire's disappointment if I feel bound to refuse his goodness?"

"Will, you are not serious!" exclaimed Dym, starting from her kneeling posture.

"Sit down again, Dym, and answer me a question. Do you wish this for your sake, or mine?"

"For both our sakes. Oh, Will, how can you think I could be so selfish as only to think of myself! Of course it would be delightful to live with you, and do everything for you." She went on rather less soberly. "We could have the very cottage that we planned to live in; there is one

to let in the village; such a tiny place! with a honeysuckle over the porch, and a strip of garden in front; there is a little room looking on to the weir, where you could write your sermon; and such a beautiful rowan tree over the gate!"

Will shivered, rowan and rowan berries always reminded him of his dream. "It is all very pretty, Dym, and very inviting, but your cottage wants something else."

"What is that?"

"A quiet conscience."

"Nonsense, Will."

"Ah, but it does. The little room looking over the weir may be well enough, but how am I to get my sermons written, if I am not to practice what I preach?"

"Dym does not understand you," observed Honor. She had not once taken her eyes off the brother and sister; she began to apprehend Will's meaning—he was nerving himself for a refusal.

"But she will try to understand me, will she not?" was the gentle answer. "I know how you would like that cottage, Dym; and it is just that that makes it so hard to decide. I know, too, that for some things it would be better for you to come to me when you leave Ingleside."

"You think, then, she must leave it," interrupted Miss Nethecode, but her color rose with the question.

"Yes," returned Will, looking at her. "I know what your generous purpose is, Miss Nethecode, but it will not answer. Dym feels it too; she has told me that when you come as mistress to Ingleside, her work there will be over."

"I thought, perhaps—" but there Honor hesitated, and again Will gave her one of his mild glances.

"I can interpret your thoughts better than you can," he said, cheerfully. "I know you too well to fear you will do the injustice to either her or yourself to allow her to take a daughter's place at Ingleside; your very love to your future husband insures your devotion to his mother."

"How well you read me!" returned Honor—and this time the frank eyes were swimming in tears; "this is what I wish—what I have desired with all my heart to do, only I cannot bear that Dym should be banished."

"She will not be banished from your love, Miss Nethecode. I know Dym well enough to be sure she would not willingly usurp your place;

and knowing this, it does seem hard to send her out into the world again."

"I am older and wiser now. I can work," interrupted Dym, proudly. Will passed his hand over the soft hair with a caressing gesture.

"You will work, and bravely too, dear. I have never doubted your courage, Dym; but you will think me hard for all that."

"I do not understand you, certainly," was the uncompromising answer—Dym's heart was growing a little sore and angry over Will's strange hesitation—"when we have always wished to live together, when you have so often been lonely and wanted me."

"I shall always want you, Dym, darling. I wish I could take you back to St. Luke's with me now"—but a strange earnestness coming into his voice—"my heart fails me when I think of leaving my work."

Dym did not answer; and he went on: "I am not fit for new places. I am a poor creature, Dym, and the old grooves fit me best; the time has gone by," he went on more hurriedly, "when I should have been happy in this dream-cottage of ours. I should like to have you near me, but I should be restless without my work. Granted that the strain is great, that I have too much to do at St. Luke's, it is better to wear out than rust out—as I should do here."

"For shame, Will; rust out among your friends and in this lovely place!"

Will shook his head sadly.

"Even here; the worn-out hack runs best in its old traces. You want to turn me out to grass, Dym, and I have no appetite for it; even the weir and the honeysuckle will be less sweet to me than the children's faces in the dingy streets you hate."

"Will, is this your only reason?"

Perhaps Dym's question was abrupt, for Will's pale face grew a little paler over it.

"If I have other reasons—good only to myself—my child must trust me with them," he returned, quietly. "They lie between me and my conscience. Will you try not to think me too hard, Dym, because I have refused to share with you the only little gleam of sunshine that has fallen across our path? Will you forgive and trust me still that I am doing the right thing, though you do not know all my reasons?"

It must have been a sullen nature that could have resisted that pleading voice. Dym could

not. "I have nothing to forgive; you are always right, Will," faltered the little sister; but evidently the struggle was a hard one, for as he stooped down and kissed her she suddenly caught her hands from his and sprang away; and Honor could hear a low sob as the door closed behind her.

Will rose as though to follow her, and then he sat down again.

"She is a dear good child," he murmured, and his tone was full of pain. "Miss Nethcote, you will keep your promise, you will try to comfort for her disappointment, and help Mr. Chichester to see this in its true light?"

"I will try, but I am rather doubtful of my success. If you knew how he has set his heart on this—he and all of us!"

"It does me good to hear it. When I go back to St. Luke's it will be sweet to remember that you all wished me to come among you. Believe me I am not ungrateful—you do not think me so?" hesitating, as though for her to speak.

"No, not ungrateful; no one who knows you could entertain such a thought for a moment; but I think you are wrong."

"In what?" returned Will, with a sudden flush.

"Do you need to ask the question?" she replied, looking at him with eyes full of kindness. "We are your friends, and yet you deny us your confidence. You are in trouble; you have some secret fear or anxiety upon you; rather than tell us, you will go back to St. Luke's and bear it alone. Is this fair, is this kind, Mr. Elliott?"

For one moment the thought crossed Will's mind that he would partially unburden himself to this large-hearted woman, who looked at him with such honest eyes, whose voice was so full of sympathy; but the next minute he rejected it with scorn: it was weak, cowardly; he knew enough of Miss Nethcote's benevolent nature to be sure it would cast a shadow over her brightness, she was so pitiful over any sort of suffering.

"Some walk in sunshine, and some in shadow, each in his own path; it will not lighten the burden because I shift it off on other shoulders," thought Will.

"Will you trust me?" she repeated, coming a little closer to him.

"I cannot," replied poor Will; his head drooped on his breast, a sudden pain tortured the poor heart. Was this the end of it all—had he been wrong—was it all a mistake? Who knows?

"At least, you will let us do all we can for you?" pleaded Honor. "When I was sick, you visited me; when I was unhappy, you consoled me; it is you to whom we owe our happiness, Guy and I will never forget that."

"I only did my duty," responded Will, sadly; "it was one more to whom to minister. You have your life before you, Miss Nethcote—I told you so then." He paused—some change came over his face, some strange energy into his voice—and as she was about to speak, with some sudden impulse he turned and blessed her as she stood.

The rooms at Nidderdale Cottage were empty when Humphrey came back to them the next evening. Will had taken his sister up to Ingleside, and he and Dym were having a quiet time together.

Dym secretly reproached herself for not enjoying it more; in spite of her efforts the week wore slowly away. Will was all that she could wish; he drove out with her, walked with her up and down the sunny terraces, read and talked to her, but still there was something wanting. Reading and conversation had lost their flavor; strange silences fell between this brother and sister, who had hitherto been all in all to each other. In Dym's manner there was a little reserve, a slight infusion of gravity. Will's gentleness could not lay the uneasy spirit. Will, as he looked at her, sometimes feared that something had quelled the sweet buoyancy of her spirits forever.

What was it? I wonder if Dym could have answered? A secret dispensation troubled her serenity. Was she sick or unhappy, that this sudden loathing had come upon her? You may be sure that Will dealt tenderly with the girl's soreness and irritability. Had her faith in him received a shock? did she distrust the kindness that had refused to make a home for her?

Will could not tell; they had never referred to the conversation they had had at the Cottage. Dym talked little about St. Luke's; she listened patiently, but without interest, when Will told her about the new schools that Mr. Chichester had promised to build, and how, when the vicarage was finished, he was to have rooms in it, and live with Mr. Benedict, who was a childless widower.

"I shall be quite rich then," observed Will, cheerfully. "Fifty pounds a year more, and no

rent to pay. You will come and stay with me then, Dym, weeks and weeks at a time. You know Mr. Benedict will be glad to have you for your own sake as well as mine. His sister, Mrs. Musgrave, comes to him for months together."

"Yes, Will," returned Dym languidly; come to him—of course she would come to him. She looked at Will with puzzled eyes when he asked how soon she would have to leave Ingleside. How could she know? There were all sorts of plans revolving in Mr. Chichester's mind, Dym believed; something was said of his taking Honor away for a long time. Honor wanted to see Rome and Switzerland; and then Dr. Grey had spoken of a winter at Mentone; it might be that she would be still at Ingleside for months.

"I am glad to hear it," was Will's reply. But there was the same dull, puzzled look in Dym's dark eyes; was she glad too? perhaps so. It had come to this, that the very stones of Ingleside were dear to her; that she would rather stay there in the empty, solitary rooms than leave it for another place.

Dym had her visitings of compunction after Will had left her: after all, had she treated him kindly?

She came out and fingered his wraps with little cold hands when the carriage drove around to take him to the station, and then busied herself with the parcels of sandwiches the housekeeper had thoughtfully sent up as provision for the journey.

"I suppose you send your love to Dick?" inquired Will, as he invested himself with some difficulty into his great-coat.

"Yes, yes," she returned, bursting into tears. Oh, why had she been so hard and disagreeable to him? He was everything to her—father and mother and sister and brother in one; he had never thwarted her, never spoken unkindly to her all her life long, and yet how often she had been cross with him!

"Take care of yourself. I cannot bear you to go. Promise me you will come and see me again," she sobbed, clinging to him.

Will looked at her in a little surprise, but he was kinder than ever, Dym thought in her penitence. She stood at the door waving her hand and trying to smile as the carriage rolled down the sweep; he could see the flutter of her gray dress on the terrace long after he was down the hill; the sun was shining on the vicarage walls as

he passed, on the gay beds of crocuses, on the green meadows with their clumps of alders and small black cattle; the mill-wheel was whirling as he passed, and two of the miller's rosy-faced daughters were gathering up the piles of sweet, sun-dried linen; down by the river there was shadow and coolness; the water came frothing over the great stones; above was a gray sweep with a dull brightness on it; there was the cottage with the porch and the rowan tree; and then Will folded his arms and looked no more.

Dym had a long cheerful letter before many days were over. Will spoke as though he were glad to be back at his work again; he was better and stronger, his long rest had refreshed him; he was ready to throw himself heart and soul into his labors. Every one had welcomed him, from Dick, who had composed a new tune on the occasion, to old crossed-grained Widow Bates, who had actually scolded him in one breath for gadding about, and then told him he was a "sight good for sore eyes." Will had seen his Birsith friends twice; Mr. Chichester had made one of his head-long descents on St. Luke's, and had carried him off, in spite of his entreaties to the contrary, to the pleasant Kensington house where they had established themselves.

It was an artist's house, Will told her; a sunshiny old place, with a long narrow lawn and a cedar tree, with curious landing-places, and odd-shaped rooms full of heavy carved furniture; the studio opened out of the drawing-room, where they took their coffee. Will from his seat had a strange vista before him, the suits of armor, velvet doublets, tall goblets of red Venetian glass, sunshine, fencing foils, a statue or two, yards and yards of finished and unfinished paintings.

Will put in a little bit of painting himself very prettily; he made Dym see it all. Honor in her white dress standing against the crimson drapery; Guy leaning negligently against a bust of Pallas Athene; Mrs. Chichester in her brocade and ruffles, sitting so erect in her high-backed chair. "Miss Nethecote sang to us, she has a beautiful voice, mellow and rich. I liked to hear Chichester's grand bass chiming in now and then," wrote Will. Dym put down the letter with a little sigh. How plainly she could see it all! There was a pleasant perfumy sweetness about the picture; there must have been tulips in the tall Venetian glasses; little spots of violet fragrance, dotted

here and there about the room; the window would be open, and reflect the shadow of the cedar. Dym could almost hear the short racy sentences scattered broadcast from behind the bust of Pallas Athene, and Honor's voice chiming like silver bells.

One day they had all come down to St. Luke's, almost taking Will's breath away. Paradise row had never known such an excitement as when Mrs. Tressilian's fine carriage had put them down and rolled away. One little urchin had cried "Hurra!" when Jeames, in his plush and powder had clambered up beside his friend, the coachman. Poor little man! even the smart hammercloth was a mystery and astonishment. The horses curvetted as grandly as the pony in the circus, Dick confided to his mother afterwards. One may imagine with what feelings Dick clutched his crutches and shuffled away as the tall lady with the kind eyes came up the steps; even Mrs. Chichester's white curls were alarming. Dick's accordion sounded a few terrified notes as it rolled down into the area.

"Is Mr. Elliott at home, my little man? There's a bright sixpence for you. Surely you have not forgotten your old friend?"

Dick's bright eyes dance delightedly as they go into the narrow passage. "Was it for this he refused to come to us?" thinks Honor.

There is the open door, the bending figure over his books; a little, fiendish-looking, dusky kitten squatting at his elbow. How small and dingy it is! Flower-pots and books, shouting children, and dullness. Will pushes back his hair with a little bewilderment, as Mrs. Chichester's white curls and Honor's beautiful face come within the radius of his vision.

"Ah, ha! we have caught you," cries Guy, taking him by the shoulders. "The spider in his den—the student at his books. Do the inhabitants of Kentish-town understand the mystery of five o'clock tea, I wonder? We have come to tea—my mother and Honor and I—and we want you to show us St. Luke's and the new vicarage, and the site for the schools—to do the honors of Kentish-town, in fact."

Will tries hard to wake out of his bewilderment as he shuts up Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity." Will Mrs. Maynard's kettle be boiling? Has she teacups and saucers enough? He remembers guiltily that, in a moment of weakness, he had given

his afternoon portion of milk to the thirsty kitten. But Mrs. Maynard had two capital ingredients in her character—resources and ideas. Will wonders mildly as all manner of good things group themselves on the tables; milk—no, it is actually cream, cool Devonshire butter—a crusty loaf, a very *chef-d'œuvre* of bakery, tea cakes and marmalade, even a few pink prawns reposing on green leaves. Worthy Mrs. Maynard gives a little nod of triumph as she leaves the room; and Will blesses her in his heart. Honor takes her place, and makes tea with her usual quiet grace; the rest gather around the table; the kitten finds its way to Guy's knee, and is petted and christened "Demon" on the spot. This is better than the studio at Kensington, Will thinks; his worn face—and Honor thinks it is paler and more worn since she saw it last—lights up at the sight of these dear people gathered around his little table. How happy they all are! what a running fire of wit and raillery from Guy! He is full of mischief to-night; he rails a little on the subject of Honor's finery; he declares that half the shopwomen in London are engaged on that fabulous trousseau. Honor bears it well; the bright smiling eyes enjoy the fun, but in Will's opinion she looks just a trifle jaded.

"We shall all be glad when we get back," she says, when Will hints at this; "shopping and sight-seeing are very tiring things. Mrs. Tressilian has taken us to the theatre twice; Mrs. Chichester likes it, and so Guy thinks we ought to go."

Mr. Chichester took Will aside before their visit was over. "We have been to the oculist," he says. "After all, it is a simple cataract; the pain was merely a little local inflammation; she has caught cold, he says. But there is no doubt that it has made great progress; she can scarcely see at all—less than we thought. Mr. Paget thinks that in a few months both eyes will be ready for couching."

If Mrs. Chichester be more blind, Will thinks, she has never looked more cheerful. The most perfect understanding seemed to prevail between the three. Guy's manners were denuded of their little roughnesses; Mrs. Chichester turned her face oftenest to her son; but she seemed to depend most on Honor. It was Honor who laid aside her wraps, smoothed out the soft curls, and hovered around her with a thousand nameless attentions; Honor who sat beside her, and talked to her while the others discussed some parish news; Honor who seemed to anticipate every want before it could be named.

Did Guy notice this devotion? Will saw him watching them once, while he was detailing a new scheme of the vicar's; something soft and luminous came into Guy's eyes, and then the two men looked at each other.

They had no need to speak. "Can any one be like her? Am I not blessed beyond my deserts?" Guy's eyes seemed to say, and Will smiled an assent. Each understood the other's thought as well as if expressed in words.

UPWARD!

By H. W.

WOULDS'T thou make thy poor life glorious;
Climb the mountains as they rise;
Sweep the heavens from their summits,
Crowd the god-light in thine eyes.

Tread life's darkest depths as gladly,
Though nor sun nor stars may shine,
And the elements all madly
Rush to crush thee and combine.

From the grave of hope, from ashes
Of a life burnt to despair,
She shall rise to woo and bless thee—
Charity, divinely fair.

She shall twine her arms about thee,
Turn thy sadness and thy tears
Into nameless joys and beauty,
Love thee through the endless years.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton.—We are indebted to Robert Coulton Davis, Ph.G., for the privilege of making the accompanying engraving of the medal engraved and struck at the United States Mint, Philadelphia, in commemoration of the entrance of Mr. Carroll upon his ninetieth year, September 20th, 1826. It was presented in 1867, by Charles Carroll McTavish, grandson of Mr. Carroll, to Colonel M. J. Cohen, who subsequently presented it to Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis has the medal in bronze and in silver. The portrait upon the medal, it will be seen, differs from both of the portraits in the December MONTHLY, pages

us that eternal happiness, or eternal misery will be the destiny of man in the life to come, the most pious the most exemplary have trembled at the thought of the dreadful alternative: oh! what will be the fate of those, who little think of it, or thinking, square not their actions accordingly

Though I disapproved of Mr. Jefferson's administration, & was dissatisfied with a part of Mr. Adam's, both unquestionably greatly contributed to the Independence of this country; their services should be remembered, and their errors forgotten & forgiven

This evening I am going to Baltimore to attend tomorrow the procession & ceremonies to be paid to the memories and services of those praised & dispraised Presidents.

The Baron de Montreuil & his family are now here—they are indeed amiable & we are all delighted with their manners, ease affability and cheerfulness when they return to France the society at Washington will feel the loss.

I was not in Congress when the vote of Independence was taken as soon as I took my seat I signed that important declaration which has thus far produced, & I hope will perpetuate the happiness of

these States—you say you should be happy to see me; why then do you not come to see me the distance is not great, and you are young compared with me I shall always be happy to see you at this my summer & autumnal residence Wishing you health & happiness I remain

Dear Sir y^r friend & hum Ser^t

CH CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.

To Charles H Wharton Esq

city of
Washington

The Maryland Historical Society has republished Charles Carroll's Diary of his visit to Canada with the Congressional Commission in 1775, edited by Brantz Mayer.

Dr. Allison's School, Thunder Hill, Chester County, Pennsylvania.—In a foot-note to the article under the title "Henry Laurens vs. Charles Thomson" (Vol. VI., page 264), it is stated that according to Henry Simpson, the academy of Rev. Francis Allison was at Thunder Hill, Maryland, while Dr. Sprague places it at New London, Chester County, Pennsylvania.

The explanation of this seeming discrepancy is this: In 1741 Mr. Allison established his celebrated school on a farm owned by him and where he resided, in New London Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania. This locality was then and has been ever since known as Thunder Hill. At the time the school was in operation at Thunder Hill, the line

404 and 405, and we know of no other which it resembles. Mr. Davis thinks the medal portrait must be accurate because it was executed by Christian Gobrecht, the well-known die engraver of the Mint for many years, and Mr. McTavish in a note to Mr. Gobrecht, wrote: "The impressions of the dies you sent me were very much admired by every one at a dinner given on the birthday of my grandfather, and pronounced excellent. Mr. R. Gilmore says the execution of it is superior to the one he had executed in Europe."

We are also favored by Mr. Davis with the original letter which we copy herewith; it is intensely interesting as evincing the piety and patriotism of Mr. Carroll in his old age, traits which were conspicuous throughout his life. It is also valuable as containing testimony corroborative of Jefferson, that the Declaration was signed by the members before the engrossing and formal signing of the 2d of August. Written in his ninetieth year, it rests upon the memory of an aged man, and would not be strong original evidence; but it is strong as corroborating Mr. Jefferson's "Notes."

Dear Sir

1826 July 19th Doughoragan

I received the 17th your friendly letter of the 14th instant. as I am fast approaching to the last scene which will put an end to all earthly cares, & concerns, I am looking to that state from which all care, all solicitude and all the passions, which agitate mankind, are excluded—Revelation instructs



between Pennsylvania and Maryland was unascertained and in dispute, and the Maryland surveyors frequently came into Pennsylvania and laid out lands for persons who claimed under Maryland rights, and the same thing was done by the Proprietaries of Pennsylvania in what is now Maryland. The lands at Thunder Hill were surveyed under a Maryland claim, and hence were said to be in Maryland; but by the subsequent running of Mason and Dixon's line they were found to be in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Allison maintained his school at Thunder Hill until his removal to Philadelphia in 1752, when it was transferred to Rev. Alexander McDowell, by whom it was afterwards

"L'Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile," Paris.—Mr. Thompson, in his paper on "The Moorish Empire in Spain," alludes to this celebrated triumphal arch of Napoleon, and we give herewith a good picture thereof, as also of the "Arco della Pace," at Milan. The great Napoleon having made his famous road across the Alps at the Pass of the Simplon, ordered the latter magnificent arch to be erected at its southern, or Italian, terminus, in commemoration of his great achievement, and named it in token that the achievement was one of peace rather than of war; but before he had completed it the great man had fallen and the territory having come into Austrian control, the Austrian emperor



"L'ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ETOILE," PARIS.

taken to Newark, Delaware, where it became the foundation of Delaware College. While the school was under the charge of Mr. Allison, it had as pupils many who afterwards became distinguished in public life. Among these, besides Charles Thomson, Secretary of the Continental Congress, may be mentioned Dr. John Ewing, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania; Dr. David Ramsay, the historian; Dr. Hugh Williamson, author of a History of North Carolina and other works; Rev. Dr. James Latta, Rev. Dr. Matthew Wilson, and three Signers of the Declaration of Independence: Governor Thomas McKean, George Read and James Smith.

J. SMITH FUTHEY.

ordered the completion of the superb work of art, making it commemorative of Austrian prowess and of his own good fortune. It was completed in 1838, is wholly of white marble and is unrivalled for beauty and elegance by any of the larger triumphal arches of Rome, or by the Parisian Arch "de l'Etoile." There are several large and handsome arches in and near Paris, erected by Napoleon to celebrate his great triumphs, but "L'Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile" is the largest and most superb of them all; it forms a mass about a hundred and fifty feet wide by seventy-three in depth, and a hundred and sixty in height. There is great simplicity of form, on account of the outline being unbroken

by columns and projecting entablatures. There is one large arch running east and west, and a smaller one running north and south; the large arch is nearly fifty feet wide, a hundred high, and seventy-three deep; the smaller is sixty feet high by about half as broad. There are no columns or pilasters, but the surfaces are richly covered with sculpture. The entablature has the extraordinary depth of twenty-three feet;



"ARCO DELLA PACE," AT MILAN.

the frieze is covered with sculpture in relief; the mouldings of the cornice, archivolts, and imposts, are richly carved; the soffits of the archivolts and vaults are panelled and laid out in sunken compartments, and the piers are covered with wreaths and inscriptions. On the east and west fronts, on either side of the arch, is a colossal group of sculpture nearly sixty feet in height, and comprising figures twenty feet in height.

George Clinton.—It is eminently proper that the biographies prepared by the Congress of American Authors which are to remain the standard authorities on the subjects of which they treat, should, before final publication, undergo thorough scrutiny. It was with the intention of having my sketch of Clinton freely criticised before its crystallization into book form, that I sent it to POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY. I am accordingly glad to have the views of such an accomplished and discriminating critic as Colonel Etting upon the article in question; for everything that emanates from his pen must be read with interest and respect. Colonel Etting says, "I must request Mr. Stone to give us his authority for his statement that his [Mr. Clinton's] influence upon that body [the Continental Congress], in moulding its sentiments and directing its action, has never received the recognition which it deserves."

In reply, I would say, that I think my view of the influence of Clinton in the Continental Congress is just. He was a violent Whig, as I know from a careful examination

of the complicated proceedings of the New York Assembly in the early part of 1775. Indeed, Clinton's views were so strong and pronounced that my statement is a very safe one to make.

2d. In regard to *voting* for Independence, I am free to admit that I followed, too blindly perhaps, Drake; and my expression "*voted for*," should be changed to *favoured* independence, for, as before hinted, this, in my judgment, he most certainly did.

3d. As for the invasion of New York, Colonel Etting seems to understand me to say that it prevented Clinton's voting for Independence, whereas I meant to say only that it prevented Clinton's being present at the signing of the Declaration by the *general body* of the members, which I suppose is true.

4th. The phrase, "and in May, 1775," should have, as the Editor of the MONTHLY suggested in the September number, the word "and" transposed to the end thus, "in May 1775, and favored."

5th. Regarding Colonel Etting's allusions to the apparent lukewarmness of New York State, such is not the case. The Continental Congress resolved on May 15th, 1776, to recommend all the Colonies to adopt

new forms of government. This was tantamount to declaring Independence. The New York delegates, on June 8th, 1776, wrote to the New York Provincial Congress to ascertain its sentiments on the question of Independence which was expected to come up shortly in Congress. Meanwhile, Sir William Howe arrived at Sandy Hook, June 25th, 1776. An immediate attack on the City of New York was expected. The New York Provincial Congress made Washington a sort of dictator to defend the colony. About this time a new Provincial Congress was elected.

The day the new Provincial Congress was chosen is said to have been June 19th. It was elected for the express purpose of acting on the question of Independence, as the previous one did not consider itself authorized so to do.

The old Provincial Congress seems to have continued sitting for some days after the new one was elected, but of course can be excused for not authorizing the delegates in the Continental Congress to vote for Independence. They purposely left it to the new Provincial Congress, which opened at White Plains July 8th, 1776, and which, on the very next day, passed UNANIMOUSLY a resolution approving the Declaration of Independence. The fact upon which Colonel Etting lays so much stress—that the New York delegates in the Continental Congress were not the voters of the adhesion of New York State—is a purely private and local affair between them and the New York Provincial Congress. Nor does it in the slightest degree affect the question of the *willingness* of New York to declare itself

independent. There was very little Toryism that dared to show itself to the public at this late date. Most of the leading New York loyalists had either left the State or were hiding. Indeed, as a matter of fact, New Yorkers were as nearly unanimous at the time as New Jersey or Pennsylvania.¹ Finally, when the vote was taken for formal Independence, the New York delegates who for local reasons could not act for their State, were probably better disposed than those of Pennsylvania, who could act and yet were intending to vote four against Independence and three for it—and it was only by great persuasion that two of the four were induced to absent themselves so as to turn the minority into a majority.

WILLIAM L. STONE.

The Expeditions of George Rogers Clark.—*Reply of William Wirt Henry to Samuel Evans.*—I would not again appear in your columns in reply to Mr. Samuel Evans, upon his claim that Pennsylvanians composed part of the command of Colonel Clark in his expedition to the Northwest in 1778, had not Mr. Evans published in your November number the roll of Captain James Willing's company, with a certificate of Captain Robert George that part of them joined the service of Virginia in the Illinois department. Mr. Evans states that this company was composed of marines from Pennsylvania, and would make the impression that they shared the dangers, and were entitled to share the honors, of Clark's expedition. I find that this company was in the United States service, and composed part of Colonel Daniel Brodhead's command stationed at Pittsburg.

Mr. Bancroft, in the sixth volume of the last edition of his *History*, page 192, states that this company was composed partly of Pennsylvanians, and was partly filled up by enlistments as they went down the river after leaving Pittsburg.

I can, however, admit Mr. Evans's statement that it was a Pennsylvania company, and am prepared to demonstrate that they were entitled to none of the glory accorded to Clark's command in his famous expedition.

Let me briefly recall the main incidents of this expedition, as related by Clark himself: On the 18th of January, 1778, he left Williamsburg with a commission from the Governor to raise a force within the borders of Virginia with which to attack the British posts in the Northwest. He proceeded to the western frontier of the State for this purpose, but meeting with considerable opposition, more particularly in the territory in dispute between Virginia and Pennsylvania, he determined to push on with the men he could raise in West Augusta, and with three companies he arrived at the falls of the Ohio (Louisville) in May. Here he encamped on an island, and, having been joined by Captain Montgomery with a few Kentuckians (Kentucky then being part of Virginia), he drilled his little army.

On the 26th of June, 1778, he set out from this point to attack Kaskaskia, his whole force consisting, as he expressly states, "only of four companies, commanded by Captains John Montgomery, Joseph Bowman, Leonard Helms and William Harrod." (See "Dillon's History of Indiana," page

135.) With this force on the 4th of July he took Kaskaskia. From this point Captain Bowman proceeded with a detachment to Cahokia, about sixty miles up the river, and that post surrendered to him. A Catholic priest, named Pierre Gibault, who was found at Kaskaskia, made his way to St. Vincent's, or Vincennes, and through his influence that post was secured to Clark without a struggle, and Captain Helms was sent to hold it. The Indians finding Clark in possession of the British posts, soon entered into treaties with him, and he thus got control of the whole Northwestern country, except Detroit and the territory adjacent to that town. On the 17th of December, however, Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton, with a force of eight hundred men, recaptured Vincennes, which was but feebly garrisoned, and Clark, finding his situation critical, determined to risk all on the recapture of that important post. After a march through the flooded bottoms of the Wabash in the depth of winter, which earned for him the title of "the Hannibal of the West," he surprised Governor Hamilton, and Vincennes was surrendered to him on the 24th of February, 1779. He then made treaties with the neighboring Indian tribes, and commenced his preparations for an expedition against Detroit, which he never accomplished. The Legislature of Virginia in the meanwhile, by an act passed in October, 1778, formed the County of Illinois out of the territory captured by Clark, and appointed Colonel John Todd as its civil commandant.

It was this possession of the Northwest by Virginia which secured that territory in the treaty of peace with Great Britain, as is well known, and Virginia by her deed of cession afterwards conveyed it to the United States.

In order, therefore, to establish the claim of Pennsylvania to any part of the honor of acquiring the Northwestern Territory by furnishing troops to Colonel Clark, Mr. Evans must show that Pennsylvania troops were engaged in the capture of some one of the British posts I have mentioned, in the campaign commencing 26th June, 1778, and ending 24th February, 1779.

The certificate of Captain George, which Mr. Evans produces, does not designate in terms the date of his transfer of Willing's company to Clark's command, but the conclusion is irresistible that it occurred on the 3d of June, 1779, when they considered their service in the United States expired. The certificate is as follows: "I do hereby certify that I received the within-named men and officers from Captain James Willing, with orders to proceed to the Illinois and Fort Pitt, which men are disposed of (deaths and desertions excepted) as specified within; that is to say, such as end on June 3, 1779, having joined the service of the State of Virginia, in the Illinois department, under my command," etc. This conclusion is confirmed by a letter of Colonel Brodhead to Colonel Clark, dated Fort Pitt, 4th April, 1780, and given in the "Pennsylvania Archives," Vol. XII., page 216, in which he writes: "I am amazed at the return made by Captain George of the men belonging to the Continental service, which were sent down the river under command of Captain Willing [misprinted Wheeling]. It differs much from the return I received from Captain McIntyre. He alleged that some of the men's terms are expired, and that they do not incline to return to their respective corps; but admitting their terms were really expired, which is denied, they ought to have proper discharges from the commanding officer of their

¹ In this connection, the reader will recall among other, if not riotous, certainly Whiggish, acts in New York City, the one of pulling down the statue of George III., in the Bowling Green, and running it into bullets. This, it is true, was at the beginning of the struggle, but shows, nevertheless, the "animus."

corps, and must be considered as deserters until they obtain them. I wish you to inculcate this principle. I order those men under some proper officer up to this place, that justice may be done them and the public."

Mr. Bancroft tells us also, at the same page from which I have quoted, that Captain James Willing's company captured and occupied Natchez and other points on the Lower Mississippi during the spring and summer of 1778, and if so, they could hardly have formed part of Clark's command in the Northwest during that year.

I need not rely, however, on this evidence that Captain Willing's company was turned over to Clark after the capture of Vincennes and the end of his campaign; I have the contemporaneous testimony of Colonel Clark and Captain Bowman as to when Captain George arrived with Willing's company in the Illinois department, and of the fact that they took no part in the campaign. The journal of Captain Bowman from 27th January to 20th March, 1779, is published as an appendix to the little volume entitled "Clark's Campaign in the Illinois," published by Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati, 1869. Under date of March 15, while at Vincennes, he makes the following entry in his journal: "There arrived an express from Kaskaskia, by which we learn that Captain George, with forty-one men, had arrived from New Orleans, and taken command of Fort Clark; and also that James Willing had resigned his command to the said Captain George, and that he and Captain Mackintire had embarked for Philadelphia."

At page 83 of the book, Colonel Clark in his narrative having mentioned that he left Vincennes on the 20th of March, 1779, and returned to Kaskaskia, adds: "During my absence, Captain Robert George, commanding the company formerly Captain Willing's, had arrived from Orleans, taking charge of the garrison, which was a considerable reinforcement to our little party."

It is perfectly clear, therefore, that after Captain Willing's company had captured Natchez, and brought into subjection the Lower Mississippi, they returned, and stopped on their way at Kaskaskia, after that post had been for months in the possession of Clark, and while Clark was absent engaged in the capture of Vincennes. It was impossible, therefore, that Captain Willing's company could have formed any part of the force under Colonel Clark with which he captured the British posts in the Northwest in his campaign of 1778-79. This company is entitled to full honor for what they accomplished in capturing the posts on the Lower Mississippi, but they were engaged in that business while Clark was in the Northwest, and they have no right to share the honor of his enterprise, with which they were not connected.

Mr. Evans, without being able to prove it, continues to assert that Clark's command in this campaign was composed of men from Pennsylvania as well as Virginia, and very charitably adds, "The greed and State pride of General Clark no doubt led him to give all the glory to the Virginians." I have shown that Mr. Evans is claiming a part of the glory of Clark's campaign for a company of Pennsylvanians who came to Kaskaskia after it had been long in the possession of Clark, and remained there to welcome him on his return from his successful expedition against Vincennes, themselves doing no part of Clark's marching or fighting in the campaign. I will leave your readers to determine which of the

two shows more of greed and State pride, General Clark or Mr. Evans.

Mr. Evans's idea of the "truth of history" seems to be so fixed that I despair of convincing him of the error into which he has fallen. I am glad that I have found Mr. Bancroft less tenacious of error. Upon reading my first article in the MONTHLY criticising his statement that Southwestern Pennsylvanians composed part of Clark's command in 1778-79, he has not hesitated to admit his error, and in the sixth volume of the last edition of his History has stated that "Virginians in the service of Virginia" composed this command.

WM. WIRT HENRY.

"Tom Moore's Cottage" (MONTHLY, December, 1876, page 467).—The NOTE on this subject recalls some facts in regard to the poet's visit to this country, in 1804. It is now pretty well settled that he never resided in a cottage on the banks of the Schuylkill; and the farther statement of some recent writers that his stanzas commencing,

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled"
were written there must be rejected. Tom Moore remained in this country but a few months, and while here he journeyed about considerably, and remained some weeks in the vicinity of the Falls of Niagara, where he was the guest of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, commander of Fort George. From this point he passed on to Lake Ontario, descended the St. Lawrence River, and returned to Ireland. The circumstances attending the writing of the stanzas referred to have been stated as follows:

"During his pleasant visit to General Brock at Fort George, the poet started one summer morning for a solitary walk up the river to Queenstown. After proceeding three or four miles the day grew intolerably hot, and he seated himself under the shade of the trees that bordered the roadside, for rest and relief from the heat of the sun. While sitting there, before he resumed his journey, his eye was caught by the ridge of a roof rising just above the trees hard by, and a thread of smoke that lazily curled upward from the chimney. The sight, common and frequent as it is, served on this occasion as an instant inspiration; and taking from his pocket a pencil and some old letters, the poet jotted down these verses, first published in his 'Poems relating to America:'

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms that a cottage was near,
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here!'
It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.
And, 'Here in this little wood,' I exclaim'd,
'With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I prais'd her and weep if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!
By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!'"

The surroundings of "Tom Moore's Cottage" on the Schuylkill are unquestionably romantic and Arcadian, but they did not inspire the charming verses which have been set to sweet music and afforded delight to many generations.

Old Fragments.—If some old paper-mill could tell how many precious fragments of valuable history it has destroyed, its catalogue would indeed be long, its story wonderful, and its impression upon the minds of the people sad and alarming. The master-wheel, toiling day and night in the deep, dark wheel-pit, to move the sharp grinders to deeds of destruction, knows not what it does; the unconscious gudgeons, smooth and bright from revolutions through long years of incessant grinding, turn around nimbly at command, without pausing to reflect, and precious documents pass into pulp to speak no longer of the ages and generations that gave them existence.

We feel at times that we would we had the power to silence these paper-mills, or put some fierce statutory watchdog at their doors to prevent war on the relics of the past. We felt thus lately when, on their way to one of these mills, we met a man and a bag, and found in the latter certain remains of an old Bible whose type would fix its age at two hundred years. Between the leaves of the old Bible, we found a curious old document which we copy in full, all save its vignette, seal, and antique type:

WILLIAM TAILER ESQ; LIEUTENANT GOVERNOUR and Commander in Chief, in and over His Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts-Bay in New England in America.

TO OLIVER WHITING ESQ;

By Virtue of the Power and Authority unto Me granted by His Majesty, I do hereby constitute and Appoint you the said OLIVER WHITING to be CAPTAIN of a Company in the Regiment of MILITIA in the County of Middlesex Commanded by JOHN TYNG ESQ, Colonel. You are therefore to take the said Company as CAPTAIN into your care and charge and duely to Exercise both the Inferiour Officers and Soldiers thereof in Arms, and to use your best endeavours to keep them in good Order; who are hereby commanded to acknowledge and obey you as their CAPTAIN, and you to follow and obey such Orders and Directions as you shall from time to time receive from My Self, or any other Superiour Officer, according to the Rules and Discipline of War, Pursuant to the Trust hereby reposed in you.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms
this Twenty-fourth of January in the Second year of His Majesty's Reign. Annoq.
Dom. 1715.

By the Honourable
Lieutenant Governours Command
Sam^l. Woodward, Sec^y:

The document has a beautiful vignette of flowers, and the Governor's seal, much defaced, is of wax, and placed high up on the lower left-hand corner of the paper.

On the back of the document, over which brown paper has been pasted, we find the following biographical endorsement:

"This Relic was presented to me by Oliver Whiting my second cousin lineally descended equally as myself from our great ancestor Oliver Whiting, born in Ballearica Middlesex

County, Mass. Oct 8. 1665, he being the third son of Rev. Samuel Whiting, who was first Minister of Ballerica in 1653, and oldest son of Rev Samuel Whiting first Minister of Lynn, Mass. born in old Boston, Lincolnshire England, 1597, who emigrated in 1636 to Boston, Mass.

Philadelphia

Nov. 4. 1857

JOHN WHITING."

The old Bible itself, doubtless, had a most interesting history—but who shall ascertain and record it?

CHARLES C. SAFFELL.

The Liberty Bell.—An excellent little book under this title has recently been published. There are a few errors in it which ought to be noted in the columns of the MONTHLY:

On page 2. The original wings to Independence Hall were not removed "about the year 1829." 1815 was about the time.

Page 91. If Francis Hopkinson was born in 1737 and died in 1791, he must have been more than fifty-two years of age at the time of his decease.

Page 93. Dr. Benjamin Rush died in 1813, not in 1831.

Page 114. For *Carolina County*, Virginia, read *Caroline County*, Virginia.

Page 161. In the second stanza of Dr. Holmes's poem, lines 2 and 7, for *aroused*, read *around*. *Aroused* does not rhyme with *resound*, and *slumber aroused* is unmeaning.

Page 177. Should not B. Can, be *B. Carr*? D.

George Clinton.—It is almost superserviceable to add anything to Colonel Etting's remarks in the December MONTHLY, on the action of the New York delegates in Congress on the 2d of July, 1776. The following extract, however, from a letter of Joseph Hewes, dated Philadelphia July 8th, 1776, bears so directly on it that we think it will interest the readers of the MONTHLY:

"I send you the Declaration inclosed, all the Colonies voted for it except New York; that colony was prevented from joining it by an old instruction. Their convention meet this day and it is expected they will follow the example of the other Colonies."

This letter will be found in full in "The American Antiquarian," New York, February, 1871. It was then in the collection of Dr. Charles G. Barney. F. D. STONE.

REMARKS.—We presume that no one will now question the fact that New York's representatives in the Continental Congress did not vote upon the question of Independence, especially after the candor of Mr. William L. Stone in his reply to Mr. Etting, which we give earlier in these NOTES AND QUERIES. And now, this fact admitted, it is but just to bear in mind that they did not refuse to vote, and the Provincial Congress of New York did not decline to instruct them to vote, for Independence because either were opposed to that great act. Though the *Colony* failed to vote, the *State* failed not to act, for liberty and independence. Her Revolutionary record as a State excuses the "magnanimity of the Centennial authorities in giving her a 'day in Court.'"
—THE EDITOR.

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

Our Chinese Cousins.—We have often thought of introducing the "Heathen Chinese" to our readers as a part of the CURRENT MEMORANDA of these days: for if they can't or won't be American citizens, they certainly are becoming numerous and important enough to be considered as among the stirring phenomena of our complex civilization. The cities of the Pacific States have, of course, for a good while felt the influence of these bronze faces. There Chinese pig-tails, short skirts and pants, and stumpy, pecky, heathen-looking shoes, have been perambulating carelessly enough in the midst of California Christianity for years now. And the Western editors, many of them immigrants, or sons and daughters of immigrants, from Cork and Dublin, have quite numerously decided that the immigrants from Hong Kong and Yokohama had no business to leave home, or if they, feeling the universal impulse of the race to seek better quarters for their heads, felt that they must migrate—why did they not go to the moon, or perhaps to Dublin; why did they come here? and being here, said Western editors have many of them treated these cool pagans as though they had no rights which naturalized American-Irishmen were bound to respect. Recently the "two great political parties" have taken up the question, and referred it to that last resort of all desperate questions—the Congress of the United States. Every sensible man knows that this means despair. Congress has not adjusted anything for years, except the question of the salaries of its own members, the "postal question," and the little affair of the "franking privilege," and each of these points is only laid over for the next Congress. Congress has its own speculations to look after. The law of our civilization is that each man looks out for himself and minds his own affairs, in Congress and out of it. The Chinese will have to adjust themselves, irrespective of Eastern or Western editors, and without the slightest regard to Congress, or remain unadjusted.

Recently, a Mr. Edwin D. Mansfield, LL.D., has furnished a pretentious article on "The Chinese Question in the United States," which appeared in the November and December number of the *International Review*, a periodical the very name of which ought to be a guarantee that it would treat the question in a cosmopolitan sort of way. But the gist of Mr. Mansfield's labored pages seems to be that the political conventions having referred the subject to Congress, there we may leave it, with the following question, to our minds about as illy-befitting an LL.D. as any question well could be: "Have we, then, no right to say that idol gods shall not be worshipped in idol temples?" Now that is very profound even for an LL.D. of the nineteenth century. But it is hardly the sort of question that ought to deface the pages of an *International Review* in our times. There is properly no question for discussion in the matter. There is great temptation to ridicule; and a few points seem clear enough to our eyes: 1st. That the recent political conventions were not at all "great" in any sense

that implies power to meddle with or decide upon any question regarding the disfranchisement or moral ostracism of a whole race of men, or of any questions with a keen moral edge. 2d. That said conventions should have had nothing to do with or say about the Chinese question. 3d. That Congress has nothing to do with it. 4th. That by the Constitution of the United States this is not only not a Christian nation, but not necessarily a religious nation at all. We may individually be as religious as we please, or are capable of being. The Constitution protects us; but for all it cares, we may be Christian or Pagan, Catholic or Protestant, Brahmin or Buddhist. Nor has any Convention or State a right to act in violation of the letter and spirit of this liberty. 5th. All the Constitution demands in the matter is that foreigners be naturalized. 6th. That to refuse naturalization to the Chinese would be a direct violation of the Constitution. 7th. That to treat the Chinese as a "semi-civilized type of our North American Indian, come here to share the empire which his barbarous cousin has lost," which is Mr. Mansfield's way of putting it, while it might have done for the cant of a backwoods Methodist camp-meeting a hundred years ago, is not to be tolerated in these years. Because he does not wear tight coats and trowsers and high-heel boots, and stovepipe hats, and speaks a language that Mr. Mansfield, LL.D., probably does not understand, though it was pregnant and brilliant with clearest wisdom and philosophy before the English tongue was dreamed of, it does not at all follow that he is a savage. In fact the logic of history would reverse the order. 8th. That there is but one right, honorable, manly and constitutional thing to do in the case, and that is to treat the Mongolians who come to these shores simply in the same way, letter and spirit, as all other foreigners are treated. If they are ready to fulfil the conditions of naturalization, naturalize them, and let them have fair play with the rest of us; if they don't want to be naturalized leave them in the same position, as to property and laws and in every sense, as we leave all other unnaturalized people. Sauce for Irish is sauce for Mongolian too. It does not concern the Constitution whether a man burns or buries his dead. If the Chinese take their dead home for burial it is only a more expensive way; and there is in it to us a beautiful reverence which Christians would do well to study even if they cannot imitate.

To one long accustomed to thinking of this entire planet and of any special nook and corner of it as the home of *mankind*, and who has always considered this new Western world as in a particular sense the legacy of the race, not belonging in any exclusive sense to Englishmen or Dutchmen, or to the children of such who happened to be born this side the Atlantic, all talk about suppressing immigration, and disfranchising races of men because they have black skins or yellow skins, or flat noses and retreating foreheads, sounds ridiculously presumptuous if not blasphemous. The Declaration of Independence and its sequel, universal suffrage,

may be grievous blunders, but we are positively committed to them until a new idea is born. The thing must now be fairly tested, not by locking the back-door against the Mongolian, and barring the front-door against the African, but by throwing wide all the entrances of this new home of man, letting black and white and brown come in and have a fair head to head and hand to hand struggle for whatever it is we are after—character, wealth, empire, religion, philosophy and future control as the case may be. This land does not belong to the Puritan or the Pope, but to whatever ablest and best of the sons of men can plant their feet here and grow to harmony with the future thoughts and demands of the future hours.

Fifty years ago and thousands of us who are now calling this our country, and saying what we will do with it, were not ourselves to be found anywhere in the earth. And likely enough the parents of those who talk the loudest were entirely unfamiliar with the American accent of the English language. It is simply bluster, gentlemen. This land does not belong to the politician either. He may as well learn that. He will soon have to learn it in ways that are not pleasant. He cannot keep the Mongolian out if he would. Heaven only knows, some son of Zoroaster may be President of the United States within a hundred years; and judging from the light of the last two thousand years, who is foolish enough to assert that he might not make a better President than some unknown son of Pius Ninth or some yet unborn child of a modern Pennsylvania politician?

If the Chinese can do as good or better work at lower wages than the Irishmen or Englishmen, it is a sure sign that he is a higher, not a lower, type of civilization, and has learned more of the true economies of nature than has his all too-blustering neighbors. The question of work and wages has never yet been adjusted in this country, or in any country for that matter, and cannot be here or elsewhere, till the whole world is ready for an adjustment that shall be at once just and cosmopolitan. As we read history, the Puritan and the Pope, that is modern civilization, as it is called, has as much to learn from Egypt and Asia as the African and Mongolian have to learn from Boston and Rome. It is not some Methodist camp-meeting or infamous political caucus of politicians that the nation is coming to. It is a new and broader thing under the sun than either of the "great parties" now extant is dreaming of. And into the formation of that new and grand future of this great land the Mongolian and his ideas will enter as part and parcel of the warp and woof out of which the fates are weaving the garments of time. The stove-pipes and swallow-tails are not to have things all their own way here. What will come remains to be seen, and there will be lots of time to consider the matter.

Doubtless the Chinamen will perjure themselves occasionally, and steal now and then; doubtless they have many ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, but a just and candid person would be slow to admit that the Mongolian was, on the whole, more of a thief or liar than the Caucasian. Doubtless many of the Asiatic vices are mean and low enough and Pagan certainly to the last degree; but we have yet to learn of any "pagan" vices that are meaner and lower than many forms of "Christian" vice. And as to Mongolian forms of cruelty, if they can beat, in hardness, depth and

meanness the crimes and cruelties that have for the last twenty years been the special attractions of our Christian newspapers, by all means let us find it out: let us see what new and viler features the devil has in the hearts of our fellow-men of other nations. Let us see what real work there is for preachers, editors and reformers generally before we can hope for any enduring or even endurable Platonic or other republic in this all too quack-ridden and cant-blinded world. But soberly, this land is to be the home, or at least the cradle of the reconciled and united races of the world, and the brave and true among us must welcome that fact and do our utmost to make it not only the cradle of universal liberty but of a larger virtue and juster laws.

The Next President, and How to Get Him.—Ever since the seventh of November, election day, the best and worst editorial, political, judicial and general large and small heads of the country have been working on this question. At this writing the lucid word remains unspoken, unwritten. The light that all men are anxiously waiting and looking for has not come. It probably will not come by any discussion, others' or ours. In this case as in all cases, it is more than probable that some unexpected action, some deed undreamed of to-day will fix the nation's course in the matter of deciding who the next President shall be. Since election day the discussion on the part of the leading daily and weekly papers of both parties has been calm and earnest. The popular voting evidently surprised and staggered a great many Republican leaders, and the Democrats, on the whole, were too well pleased to be extravagant and unwise. Out of all this anxiety and expression of counter-opinions, many points of value are evolving themselves, much needed general information is finding its way into the heads of the masses of the people. Among these, more sharply defined than heretofore are the following: The people are understanding as they never understood before, that the framers of the Constitution the fathers of the country after much debate, deliberately concluded that the election of President of the United States was an all too serious and important a matter to be decided by the popular will. And here it occurs to us to suggest that were the fathers alive again and with us to-day, we hardly think their opinion would be changed.

It is true, as a recent leader in *Frank Leslie's Weekly* expresses it, that "times have greatly changed since 1787;" but to assert that the change has been wholly or largely in favor of popular patriotism, unity and intelligence would be a hazardous assertion. The franchising of tens of thousands of ignorant immigrants, the extending of the suffrage to the emancipated negroes, the divisions of sentiment growing out of the question of slavery and the civil war, have been and are still such as to imperatively demand a broader wisdom and a purer principle in the political leaders of the next fifty years than have distinguished those of the past fifty years. And the fact that in some States and Counties during the recent election, black and white citizens were found voting direct for Hayes and Wheeler and others direct for Tilden and Hendricks, instead of for the State electors, and that in other cases men were found voting only for the electors of their own districts, instead of for the whole State ticket, and

the fact still further that mutual charges of gross frauds in both parties, North and South, are made and not doubted, all go to show that the average intelligence and the average conscience have not changed and improved to a sufficient extent to justify either party in advocating any Constitutional amendment looking to a popularizing of the Presidential elections for the future.

Meantime, it is held on all sides that to have the present election decided by a couple of South Carolina or Florida negroes, though a possible, and under some circumstances an endurable contingency, would be in this case a calamity, which various editors of both parties are calling by various moderate and immoderate names. A recent number of the *Nation* seemed to strike nearest the truth of the matter, and to express more clearly the general intelligence and feeling when it said: "If this is not a political outrage, it would be hard to say what is." Meantime, Mr. Nast's cartoon in *Harper's Weekly* for December 9th, giving a pair of scales with an ignorant Irishman in one scale and an ignorant negro in the other, is a daring expression of the hardest truth the educated American citizen has tried to learn and dispose of for many a day.

The perplexity of the present case is intensified by the fact that as yet we do not know what will be the precise nature of the question to be decided; whether it will be that of a "failure to elect or a disputed election," as the *Nation* aptly puts it. There is a Constitutional provision for the former emergency but none for the latter. At this writing the latest utterances of *Harper's Weekly* on the subject seem to assume that the counting of the Returning Boards in South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida, will be considered valid, and it says that Congress must provide in time against any trouble, and suggests that "There are plainly two ways in which this can be done. One is to agree to act harmoniously under the present provision of the Constitution which requires the President of the Senate to open all the certificates from the States in presence of the Senate and the House, after which the votes are to be counted, and the person having the votes of a majority of the electors appointed is to be President. This view regards the counting as merely ministerial. At present this is the only provision. If no other be made, this will govern. The other way is to agree that if any question be raised by a member of either House, the objection shall be disposed of in a manner that shall be accepted by both sides as final."

Now that questions will be raised no sober-minded man can doubt, and that magic "manner" of disposing of said questions is the only unknown and troublesome point in the business. The *Nation* suggests that some Republican elector, of conscience, shall see the great opportunity, and vote for Bristow, thus making the question, a failure to elect instead of a disputed election. Then the election of President and Vice-President would devolve upon Congress, and as the House and Senate are now constituted we should have Tilden for President, voted in by the House according to States, and Wheeler for Vice-President voted in by the Senate individually.

Now Tilden and Wheeler do not sound bad together, and perhaps this is the coming compromise.

Civilization and War.—The peace-society men of these generations will probably all die without seeing the time when the children of men will cease to blow each other's brains out, and burn each other's homes; but their theories are right on the humanitarian side of them, notwithstanding. Any and all wars are simply an insult to the name of civilization; a parody on the ideas of brotherhood and humanity. Nor does there seem to be any choice of its horrors. To talk of the Bulgarian cruelties as something new and special or characteristic of Turkish ferocity is simply hair-splitting over a sort of crime that is universal. It is in the idea of killing a fellow-being that the infinite enormity lays. To kill a woman is a little more shocking, but not more criminal than to kill a man. To what extent the necessity for killing modifies the crime it will be difficult to say. Man seems to inherit the appetite for blood. The most docile peace-society men are fond enough of their beefsteak. But every rib-roast is a trophy of the murderous instinct. The struggle for life seems to imply the sweeping out of stars or souls that stand in our way, and if the fittest survive, it is certain that they survive by butchery. Neither is Nature herself squeamish in the matter of life-taking. The sea and the earthquake snap a million lives in two without shedding a tear.

How far man, by necessity, imbibes this inherent cruelty of the universe and the carnivorous tendency, and hence what fixed absolute certainty there is that a certain average number of human beings will each year find untimely graves either by "accident" or war, it may as yet be difficult to say, and with so many beautiful theories of spiritual truth and salvation, one does not like to admit that the proportion for the next decade will be as large as the last. But in these hours it looks very much as though the cannon was to take the place of the gospel of St. John for the next few years in almost all the Christian nations of the world. We are simply advanced enough to say it is infamous, but still too akin to nature to dream of its early cessation.

It may, however, be necessary for some as yet undiscovered sanitary causes that a certain number of human beings should be murdered each year. It would be a little heretical in these times to suggest that there was any moral reason for this sacrifice. But think for a moment of the apparent waste, not only of lives lost, but of the energy of body and mind annually thrown into the work of preparing for war. Think of the countless military and naval colleges and schools of all lands; the wit and means required to support them. Think of the countless places devoted to the manufacture of weapons of destruction. Think of the time and talent of the race given to this dastardly work of killing each other. Then, imagine for a moment that all this time and varied energy might be given to works of science, of improved mechanics, to philosophy, morals, religion, and works of peace. In a few years the world would doubtless be more Christian, but it might be slightly over-populated, and then the old need of destruction would be felt and the killing soon be gone over again. The true course seems to be to view the battle-field as the huge, quick-acting and, though painful, necessary digestive apparatus of the world, without which the dyspepsia of the race would become unendurable.

THE DRAMA.

Crown of Thorns, or Anne Boleyn. By Anna Dickinson.—On Tuesday evening, December 5th, 1876, we had the pleasure, for the first time, of seeing and hearing our little townswoman, Anna Dickinson, in her somewhat new role as a dramatist and actress, the play for the evening being "Crown of Thorns, or Anne Boleyn;" and we want to embrace this first opportunity of setting down our emphatic word in her favor. We are not blind to her defects, and shall endeavor to point out a few; but the first impression was not only surprisingly gratifying, it was positively inspiring; we say surprisingly so, because from her first appearance on the stage in Boston till this day those dilettante gentlemen usually known as dramatic critics have given but niggardly of their comparatively worthless praise, and have quite bountifully lavished upon her their vapid criticism. Whole columns of this stuff have been poured forth over her diamonds, her dress, the defects of her figure, the limited scope of her voice, the monotony of her intonation, with a lot of senseless talk of regret that she did not make the stage her first choice, if indeed she were right in making it her choice at all; while comparatively little has been said or seen of the high order of the quality of the woman's genius, which, unaided, and in the face of many tender and wise and unwise oppositions could and did first make a world-wide reputation as the brightest, most capable, and incisive reform lecturer among us, taking her place side by side with the ablest men in the country, and then for reasons which concern mainly herself and her friends, made or is making a reputation as a dramatist and actress, which, without waiting for the further development of our thought, we here most positively assert is, taking the two together, the creative and the dramatic, not only higher than, and superior to what any American woman has yet done, but superior to what any American woman has yet attempted to do. Most of all this, with the countless fine points of heart and intellect and culture involved therein, the critics have overlooked. And though we knew well enough that Anna was a bright girl capable of the very best things, we had allowed our head to assent to the questionable verdict that perhaps she had missed it in giving her womanhood to the stage.

We will not discuss the comparative dignity of the platform and the stage. There is room for infinite twaddle on the subject; and the room will always be well filled. The simple truth is that it is not the place, or the calling, pulpit, kitchen, editor's chair, platform or stage, but the *man* or the *woman*, himself or herself, that gives dignity or contemptibility to any meanest or highest place or vocation in this universe. In the present instance it is but just to say that this brave and bright little woman, noble as the purest essence of womanhood can be, and smart as the combined Quaker and Puritan instinct will allow of, has given dignity to both the spheres she has chosen; and though she has lots of defects of nature and training—and where is the man or the woman that has not, of some sort or another?—we have yet to learn that she has ever imposed upon an audience

a stupid lecture or a vapid play, not to mention a soulless and senseless hack criticism of a lecture or play. The girl, and the girl grown to womanhood, has always given her soul's best to the work she has chosen, and to the people, many or few, who have been fortunate enough to listen with unprejudiced ears to her lectures or her plays. She is a genius that the American people in general and the Philadelphia people in particular, may well be proud of, and the sooner dramatic critics are instructed by managing editors to find this out and write accordingly, the better it will be for the papers whose reputations are concerned in the matter. Further, we do not hesitate to say that in her case the step from the platform to the stage is simply that from plain, good earnest preaching, to that of the highest artistic teaching; it is out of the sphere of ordinary moral instruction into the sphere of moral teaching controlled by art. The simplest clear head knows which is the higher of the two, and of heads that are neither simple nor clear, such as the heads of ordinary dramatic critics for instance, it matters little what they think or know on any subject.

Now, as to the special play in question, the manner of its coming to us, its titles, scope, merits and defects, and the manner and degree with which said merits and defects are uttered and overcome by Miss Dickinson, we will be brief, and as lucid as might be, from simply seeing and hearing a single performance. First, of the manner of its coming to us. We are positive and clear that a person of Miss Dickinson's previous reputation should have made her *début* in Philadelphia with more eclat and advertising than was done. The Academy of Music should have been secured, under the very best management, and the whole city have been made to feel that a rare treat and honor awaited them. And we cannot help saying here and now to Miss Dickinson: there is no need for modesty. Make a bold, brave appeal to the American public, in this new sphere, and they will not only hear, but applaud and honor you. Both you and your work are worthy, and the result cannot be doubtful.

Of the two titles of this play we feel just as positive that but one of them is the true and necessary one, and that the other ought to be dropped. The drama is essentially historic, with a preponderance of beautiful sentiment—whether too much or too little, never mind just here—tragedy marks only its close. The title should picture the general spirit, not the exceptional and final element. "Anne Boleyn" is not only simple and beautiful, it tells the whole story. It is a name to the simple utterance of which every Saxon and Anglo-Saxon heart responds. It is complete and perfect, attractive; at once womanly, queenly, sentimental and tragic. "Crown of Thorns" is, in this case, simply a morbid fancy, a sort of pathetic fallacy. It is heavy; too awfully serious for dramatic attractiveness; is, in fact, beyond the scope of the play. Is a dry, sapless, withered affair any way, and might in this case and other cases, without detriment to any known portion of the race, be thrown into the fires of oblivion and burned as kindling-wood for the needed flames of the future.

As to the drama itself, it is on the whole exceptionally good. It is not equal to Shakspeare. It has not the polished artistic finish of *Queen Mary*. But it is in most respects better than any American drama we know of. It is natural, beautiful and charming in its sentiment and love-making, but a little stretched and over-serious in its idealism of love's immortality. The woman seems to hold her maiden faith here, and has apparently never touched that bitter depth which Swinburne recently sung in his "*Deserted Garden*," where, amid the eternal silences

"All are at one now, roses and lovers,"

But the play as a whole is too simply and exclusively sentimental for a drama. Amid the passes and play of love, hate and revenge there should be, as there was in the real life, and is always in the intercourse of high souls, such as are here portrayed, more wit and flash of intellect, more sublimity of speech and action in the moral elevations and downfalls. It is too emphatically a woman's play. Anne Boleyn is well done, is positively heroic, and not only commands attention—she captivates the mind and soul. It is a triumph at once flattering to the author and ennobling to the world. Percy, too, is well done, yet there should have been more vital gallant intellect in the man. His body and voice are right, and his intentions simple, manly and good, but such a love for such a woman, under such conditions, should have made the stars strike fire; mind and tongue should have flamed forth in more brilliant words. If we heard aright, there was one bad slip in Percy's love-letter written to Anne just previous to his banishment. No refined soul of man would ever say that the voice and eyes and *smell* of his lady-love were ever with him. It might have been a slip of the reader, or a failure of the ear, but the word had a dull, hissing sort of sound among the seats near us, and if it is in the text ought to be scratched out instantly. Of all women, Miss Dickinson ought certainly to have love-letters enough to fall back upon that have no such word as this on their fair pages.

This same limitation of the circle of the drama to the emotional sphere, bitter or beautiful, is still more marked in the characters of Wolsey and Cromwell. Wolsey was not more of a devil than many another man in his day; but he was a larger genius, and in certain emergencies, made prominent in this drama, he went beyond himself, and struck right home, like fierce, lambent lightning, with thoughts and tears that shook and inspired the heart and intellect of the world. And Cranmer was not the unmitigated tool he here appears to be. We would have had, would still have, Miss Dickinson expend her good head on these defects and remedy them. The play is too simple. It is not grand enough for the souls that figure in it.

Again, among the various lords and dukes, and chambermaids and servants introduced, there might be less dialogue, and more sharp, telling wit. This phase of the play is a little too sombre and tame, but the gist of it all is there, and these improvements could be made with study and time. The king is not much of a fellow, and the style of him as put on the stage in this case is rather Scotch-Irish than English. He hates and raves much better than he loves. But Henry, in fact, had a tender side to him, and was deeply and largely gracious to the ladies at times.

But these are only minor defects, after all, and can, as we said, be remedied. In conception and execution the play is a marvel of success, when one remembers that its author devoted her life for many years to the plain, dry work of a platform lecturer. The necessary changes to be made in the structure of thought from one sphere to the other are many and keen; but the transition in this case is admirably accomplished. The play is brimful of nature, and is well worth perfecting. The best dramas are really all of them the work of many heads. Anne Boleyn will not be the least among them. The play has symmetry, tone, character, dignity, and must succeed. It has not quite enough of the popular element in it to appeal to the crowd. Some of the improvements here suggested would at once make it more perfect and more popular. But the thought in it and its unity and harmony are such as to command and hold the attention of the very best order of minds.

As to Miss Dickinson's acting. It should not in any case be forgotten that she is acting her own play, and the intellect of the woman should lift her out of the mere sphere of dramatic physicality. It is not a mere rhetorician, but a bright, intense woman's soul and mind that meet us here, and the work for the critic is higher than most of the species imagine. And it may as well be settled once for all that the creative intellect, uttering its own thoughts, in the drama or elsewhere, will not have all that strictness and variety of intonation that the mere actor will have. We do not mention these points by way of apology. The creative intellect has something infinitely better; fidelity to nature, and an absoluteness of intensity, in tone and look and action, that no mere player ever had or can have. Frequently during the play in question, a lady, with us, who was by no means disposed to be lenient, and in every sense capable of criticism, remarked, "What a pleasure to find a woman who really knows how to express intense emotion." It was not done by a mouthing of the lips, it was done by a fresh calling up of the powers of the soul. The scope of Miss Dickinson's voice is certainly quite limited, and it does not in all cases seem to be under perfect control, but what it lacks in range it more than makes up in its intense naturalness, and we never have heard a woman who loved as sweetly and tenderly and hated as madly and strongly, and so aroused the fires of justice slumbering in the soul, as did this woman, of whom the nation will still be proud. There was altogether too much fuss over the block, however. It was a little tiresome. The real Anne died braver and calmer than that, and so would her portrayeur.

The general action of the play is well arranged. The personal changes of seven years' wifehood of Henry the Eighth are well managed, but Percy might somehow have shown a sign or two of aging, and the King himself. Perhaps, however, men do not grow old as perceptibly as women.

The most painful part of the play is the fact, palpable enough to those who knew this noble little woman seven or fourteen years ago, that her health is badly broken. The full force of the once close-knit and splendid energy is not found, but it seems only to be slumbering. A few weeks of the mountain, a few months of absolute rest would recreate and reinspire all again.

LITERATURE.

Daniel Deronda. By GEORGE ELIOT. *Two volumes.*
New York: Harper & Brothers.

For many months now Daniel Deronda has by turns interested and disappointed tens of thousands of readers of first-class fiction on both sides the Atlantic Ocean. It has not, in many instances, provoked sleepless enthusiasm, but it has probably commanded more careful thought than any one of the author's previous works. In this is its strength and weakness. Daniel Deronda is the hero by design, and Mrs. Lewes takes infinite pains to make him heroic and inspiring; but the truth is, that neither the hero or the authoress comprehends or is fully in sympathy with the proposed object of their heroism. George Eliot is doubtless an excellent writer—a rare genius, say, but she has not in her the stuff out of which to make a redeemer of a broken race or a broken world. She has looked beyond her vision, and handled a subject too large for her delicate hands. The result is that the world refuses to be interested in, much less enthusiastic, over Daniel, and Gwendolen Harleth becomes the real heroine; but sufficient pains have not been taken with her to make an acceptable heroine, and so the book, though an immense pecuniary success, is a failure when judged by the highest standards of fiction and art.

Of George Eliot's later works, it is said that her husband, Mr. Lewes, revises, and to a great extent controls the shaping of many of her expressions and thoughts, and that the woman, married, is working to a great extent under the spell of his more ponderous and enslaved intellect. There is all the difference between Adam Bede and Daniel Deronda to make one believe an assertion of this kind. Adam was a pure child of Nature, a noble figure in a limited sphere. Daniel is to a great extent the child of Cant, and of only half-believed theories of man and the world.

Daniel Deronda is a new proof that the imagination won't do for heroes of the largest type, or for any heroes, for that matter. Most people now understand that Dickens's characters were not imagined at all, but sketched from life. It is so with George Eliot, and all writers. Mrs. Lewes had seen and known the other faces and souls. The soul she would make out of Daniel Deronda is not known to her. There are lots of heroes of the hearthstone, the home life. Our existence is endurable because of these, and quick eyes catch their figures and reproduce them in more or less readable novels. A hero of humanity, one that can gather a race in his heart and lift the solid earth up in his hands, is only evolved now and then through infinitely deeper struggles than Daniel Deronda ever knew; and, once for all, it may as well be understood that no human hand can paint him until he himself has come. In a word, realism and not idealism is the law of destiny.

It is but commonplace to say that there is much fine and clever work in these pages, many a vivid sketch of life, and many a charming scene, and many a pointed, pithy and brilliant thought of morals, life and society. In fact, no

intelligent reviewer should forget that Daniel Deronda, "whatever its shortcomings," is a work of genius and originality such as no living English writer but its author could have produced. Had it been the work of an unknown novelist it would have made his reputation. Had it appeared say twenty or twenty-five years ago, it would have gained, if not the wide popularity, certainly the fame acquired by the writer of "Adam Bede." It possesses in a marked, one might perhaps say in an exaggerated, form the features which from the first have distinguished George Eliot's writings. The book is open to criticism, but its demerits, such as they are, become apparent only when it is tried, as it ought to be, by the high standard of its author's own best productions. The carping criticism which attempts to treat a defective work of genius as if it were a commonplace performance is completely disposed of by one fact: Daniel Deronda has for nearly a year excited an interest such as no novelist but George Eliot now knows how to kindle.

A correspondent of the *New York Nation* a few weeks ago asked the following pertinent question relative to this work: "Why is it that George Eliot has not a word to say upon the change in the relations of her hero to Christianity consequent upon his discovering himself to be a Jew? Is her silence explained by the fact that Deronda, being identified with no form of belief, and having made no professions of a religious kind, passes from a mild skepticism or tolerance before the Church to an equally easy attitude in the synagogue? It seems impossible to suppose so earnest, conscientious, and devotional a nature indifferent to the system of religion in which he has grown up. He must inevitably regard Christ as one of the greatest figures in history, if not the greatest helper of man; and, in any event, a spiritual conflict seems unavoidable, unless, indeed, like the wise Nathan, Deronda stands upon some elevated moral plane from which all forms of faith are seen blending beautifully together. But how are we to take so much for granted with regard to one so subtly analyzed for us in every other particular? We should at least have followed with interest an attempt to seek out and set in order Deronda's situation in its distinctively Jewish and Christian aspects."

We should rather say that Daniel seems to vibrate in a hazy atmosphere where the ghosts of all faiths are vanishing without himself having any fixed faith which comprehends the end from the beginning, and so hurls its needed force against the tottering spiritual world. The trouble is not that George Eliot's powers are failing, but that she has attempted a book beyond her sphere. The book betrays no want of power. The interview of Deronda with his mother, or Gwendolen's confession, has at least as much intensity as anything which has come from George Eliot's hands. The Meyrick family may stand side by side with the picture of Caleb Garth and his household as a sketch of home life. Sir Hugh, Lady Mallinger, and, above all, Klesmer and Miss Arrowpoint, are additions to the number of portraits with

which George Eliot has enriched the literature of English romance. To Klesmer and his wife, indeed, particular attention should be directed. Their story is a mere fragmentary episode, not telling directly on the main plot of the novel. It is apparently introduced to set off, by way of contrast, the baseness committed by Gwendolen in accepting Grandcourt. But it is an episode which for humor and insight is comparable to the best thing in *Middlemarch*. For if George Eliot disappoints her readers, it is not from any lack of the peculiar humor which they have been led to look for. There is not, indeed, the same superabundant overflow of wit which is to be found in the conversation of Mrs. Poyser, but a person who does not see the whole insight and sense of humor displayed in the description of Klesmer's call on the Meyricks will probably not greatly appreciate any part of George Eliot's writings. Nor again is the keen moral insight which gives half their impressiveness to our author's works wanting in her last production. The profound influence for good or bad of one character over another is in a sense the theme of the whole book. Deronda's mere glance checks Gwendolen's career at the gambling-table, and brings her conscience to life. Grandcourt's absolute selfishness depresses the moral nature of every person with whom he comes in contact. Mordecai inspires Deronda with his own enthusiasm. The crowning scene of the whole tale commemorates the triumph of a dead father over the will of his living daughter. The seventh number of the book, which might well have been the last, describes the crisis in the life both of Daniel and of Gwendolen to which the whole story leads up, and the whole of this marvellous number contains nothing more wonderful than the art with which the reader is made to perceive that the Princess and her father shared, under all their opposition to each other, essentially the same character. The relentless will of the old Charisi reappears in the Princess, and the selfishness of the daughter casts back a light on the despotic imperiousness of her father. The interview between son and mother ought to be read and re-read by all who wish to enter into the characteristics of George Eliot's genius. Fragments detached from a perfect whole are always unsatisfactory, but the two following passages are fine specimens of our author's last work.

The first contains the description given by the Princess herself of her own character:

'But,' she added, in a deeper tone, 'I am not a loving woman. That is the truth. It is a talent to love—I lacked it. Others have loved me—and I have acted their love. I know very well what love makes of men and women—it is subjection. It takes another for a larger self, enclosing this one'—she pointed to her own bosom. 'I never was willingly subject to any man. Men have been subject to me.'

In the second the same character is analyzed by George Eliot.

'The speech was in fact a piece of what may be called sincere acting: this woman's nature was one in which all feeling—and all the more when it was tragic as well as real—immediately became matter of conscious representation: experience immediately passed into drama, and she acted her own emotions. In a minor degree this is nothing uncommon, but in the Princess the acting had a rare perfection

of physiognomy, voice, and gesture. It would not be true to say that she felt less because of this double consciousness: she felt—that is, her mind went through—all the more, but with a difference: each nucleus of pain or pleasure had a deep atmosphere of the excitement or spiritual intoxication which at once exalts and deadens.'

Put side by side with this the sentence in which Gwendolen concludes her confession:

'The rope!' he called out in a voice—not his own—I hear it now—and I stooped for the rope—I felt I must—I felt sure he could swim, and he would come back whether or not, and I dreaded him. That was in my mind—he would come back. But he was gone down again, and I had the rope in my hand—no, there he was again—his face above the water—and he cried again—and I held my hand, and my heart said, 'Die!'—and he sank; and I felt, 'It is done—I am wicked, I am lost!'—and I had the rope in my hand—I don't know what I thought—I was leaping away from myself—I would have saved him then. I was leaping from my crime, and there it was—close to me as I fell—there was the dead face—dead, dead. It can never be altered. That was what happened. That was what I did. You know it all. It can never be altered.'

No one who reads these passages will dream for a moment that George Eliot's hand has lost its cunning, or that those who devoured her last work need justify their admiration for it. The fact, however, that Daniel Deronda has disappointed even those whom it has fascinated is apparent, if proof were wanted, from the constantly repeated assertion that it contains most striking passages; for to single out particular beauties for admiration is almost to imply that the beauty of a composition is doubtful."

The Nation says: "George Eliot's readers were interested in the fate of Gwendolen, and not one in a hundred cared whether Daniel did or did not turn out to be a Jew and become inspired with Mordecai's enthusiasm. George Eliot's interests were evoked by the position of the Jews and the character of Daniel. An infinity of labor and skill has been expended in order to bring readers around to the writer's point of view, and to enlist their interest for Mordecai and Mordecai's dreams or principles. Judaism is first shown us embodied in all the grace and charm of Mirah. An introduction to the Cohens serves to set forth the marvellous contrast between the sordid details of actual life and the ideal visions of a prophetic nature. The Cohen family, moreover, give a touch of life and humor to what might otherwise seem an unsubstantial dream. The dialogue at the debating club sets Mordecai's principles in as clear a shape as any in which perhaps they can be exhibited. The reader, like Deronda himself, is thus with extraordinary art led up to a position from which he may look with sympathetic admiration on the prophet who dies satisfied with the conviction that he has found a disciple, and with the words on his lips, 'Where thou goest, Daniel, I shall go. Is it not begun? Have I not breathed my soul into you? We shall live together.' The skill with which George Eliot has labored to enlist the reader's sympathy for Mordecai is wonderful. It lacks nothing to excite our complete admiration but success. For, to speak the honest truth, the immense *tour de force* ends in failure. The pain of Gwendolen at parting from Deronda

touches the feelings of a hundred readers for one who is moved by Mordecai's dreams of a new return of his race to Jerusalem. Is the fault here with George Eliot or with George Eliot's readers? We do not undertake to answer the question. To do so with any completeness would involve an investigation into difficult moral problems. That there is in George Eliot's mind a feeling if not a principle as to the sacredness of race, which at any rate does not necessarily approve itself to the moral judgment, is clear. It is further clear that this sentiment has, in the Spanish Gypsy no less than in Daniel Deronda, jarred on the feelings of those most susceptible to George Eliot's influence.

The predominance of what may be fairly termed the chorus is the main characteristic by which George Eliot's earlier and later works are distinguished from one another. This chorus, it is true, is a feature of every novel which George Eliot has produced. The author at times directly, at times through the mouths of villagers or artisans, constantly reflects on the progress of the drama, notes the development of the character of heroes or heroines, and points the moral of their conduct. To object to this is futile, for to object is in effect to admit that you do not appreciate George Eliot's whole mode of thought and writing. That Mr. Main should, apparently with the author's sanction, collect together 'wise, witty, and tender sayings' from George Eliot's writings may be open to remark, and certainly suggests that George Eliot thinks more of the duties of a teacher than of the reputation of an author. But any one who does not appreciate the wisdom and wit to be found in all the novels published by the author of *Adam Bede* had better at once lay these novels aside. What we note is not the moral aim of the works but the mode in which the moral instruction they contain is now enforced. In George Eliot's earlier works the chorus kept in the background, the tale told its own moral. In *Middlemarch*, and still more in *Daniel Deronda*, the chorus becomes obtrusive. The aphorisms which head the chapters are long, though often impressive, texts, suggestive of a sermon, and the chorus is not kept outside the narrative, but delays the action of the piece to press home truths which intelligent readers might in many cases discover for themselves. Occasionally the result of superfluous moralizing is to produce a painful jar. Compare the following two passages from the works of the same writer, each of which deals with a somewhat similar situation.

The first describes Gwendolen's arrival at her husband's home, and the sudden revulsion of feeling produced by Mrs. Glasber's letter:

'Grandcourt entered, dressed for dinner. The sight of him brought a new nervous shock, and Gwendolen screamed again and again with hysterical violence. He had expected to see her dressed and smiling, ready to be led down. He saw her pallid, shrieking, as it seemed with terror, the jewels scattered around her on the floor. Was it a fit of madness?

In some form or other the Furies had crossed his threshold.'

The second describes the shock to Arthur Donnithorne when he returned home elated with the sense of actual betrothal and future good intentions to find the letter announcing: 'Hetty Sorrell is in prison, and will be tried on Friday for the crime of child-murder.'

'Arthur read no more. He started from his chair, and stood for a single minute with a sense of violent convulsion in his whole frame, as if the life were going out of him with horrible throbs. But the next minute he rushed out of the room, still clutching the letter. He was hurrying along the corridor and down the stairs into the hall. Mills was still there, but Arthur did not see him as he passed like a hunted man across the hall and out along the gravel. . . . When Mills got to the stables the horse was being saddled, and Arthur was forcing himself to read the remaining words of the letter. . . .

'Tell them I'm gone—gone to Stoniton, he said, in a muffled tone of agitation, sprang into the saddle and set off at a gallop.'

Who can read the passages side by side without seeing that in each case the horror of the situation tells its own tale, that all moralizing is out of place, and that the misplaced reference to the 'Furies' risks the descent from the height of tragedy to the bathos of a sermon?

The remarks, further, of the chorus, though often striking, are sometimes more strained than impressive. A long passage which contrasts the pettiness of Gwendolen's hopes and fears with the greatness of the issues and interests raised by the war of Secession, supposed to be waged at the time of Grandcourt's courtship, concluded in these words: 'What, in the midst of that mighty drama, are girls and their blind visions? They are the Yea and Nay of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affections.' Here one may legitimately ponder over the precise meaning of an enigmatic sentence. When we are told that Deronda's mind 'glanced over the girl tragedies that are going on in the world hidden, unheeded, like the tragedies of the copse or the hedgerow, where the helpless drag wounded wings forsakenly and streak the shadowed moss with the red moment-hand of their own death,' we know well enough what is meant, and that the meaning is only too weighty; but we may reasonably suspect that the desire to give force to the author's meaning is gradually overreaching itself, and leading George Eliot to pass from the eloquence of simplicity to the affectation of conceits. The narrative of Hetty Sorrell's tragedy contains no reference to 'red moment-hands.'

The impression of a want of simplicity is increased by a study of the mottoes which adorn or deface each chapter. They are often effective: a stanza which forms the motto of the second volume compresses into seven striking lines the moral of the whole book. But any one who doubts that the long-winded reflections taken from the commonplace-book or the unpublished works of George Eliot afford examples of the way in which a statement that has a meaning may be overloaded by the conceits in which it is expressed, should examine carefully the motto to the first chapter, and consider honestly whether a rather commonplace sentiment is not beaten out into an inordinate number of words.

But to criticise the minor defects of a great writer is poor work, and it would not be worth while to notice strained expressions did they not afford a sign of the transition from description to analysis, which is the characteristic and, in our judgment, the defect of our author's later works. The

tendency to over-analysis produces its most disastrous effect when George Eliot places before the reader a character such as that of Deronda, on which has been expended an infinity of thought and labor. There is something absolutely painful in the kind of vivisection to which his physical and moral qualities are subjected. Of his eyes, his voice, his complexion, the expressiveness of his countenance, and his perfect beauty we hear more than enough. The unravelling of his moral nature gives rise, no doubt, to suggestions which are in themselves full of instruction. 'His plenteous, flexible sympathy had ended by falling into one current with that reflective analysis which tends to neutralize sympathy. Few men were able to keep themselves clearer of vices than he, yet he hated vices mildly, being used to think of them less in the abstract than as a part of mixed human natures which it was the bent of his mind to trace with understanding and pity.' In these sentences is contained a profound explanation of that strange combination, which in modern days is often found to exist, of moral purity with the absence of indignation at vice. If you seek for an explanation of the fact that men who are virtuous and love virtue yet scarcely know the feeling which theologians call an abhorrence of sin, you cannot do better than study the passage we have quoted. But as page after page is filled with reflection of a similar kind, the reader feels that he is studying an instructive essay on human nature, but is not obtaining a picture of Deronda. The author, too, is dissatisfied, and, returning again and again to the hero's character, retouches a portrait which the very painter seems hardly to consider a likeness. When dealing with minor characters or carried away by the stress of the drama, George Eliot falls back on artistic instincts and paints with a bold hand. Hence Sir Hugh, Klesmer, Miss Arrowpoint, the Princess, and Joseph Kalamyos are full of life, whilst Deronda, and even to a certain extent Gwendolen, are bundles of qualities.

The deficiency, however, in the portrait of Gwendolen is only an indirect result of George Eliot's passion for reflection and analysis. Her character is rather incomplete than indistinct. The author has expended so much space on the elucidation of the play of varying motive and sentiment which decides Deronda's conduct, that she seems to have wanted the space needed to fill in the outlines even of her most important characters. Gwendolen's selfishness, waywardness, and caprice are made clearly apparent. Why a girl so selfish should have felt as many much better women would not have felt the wrong done to Mrs. Glasher, is never made really clear. The process of her 'conversion,' for no other term describes the awakening of her conscience, is itself rather hinted at than explained. The horror of something like the guilt of murder is intelligible enough. The sensitiveness of conscience which kept Gwendolen miserable in the midst of prosperity, before the commission of what the world would have held a great crime, needs more explanation than it receives. The grandest tale George Eliot has written has for its theme a woman's salvation from sin and misery under the influence of a man better than herself. No one ever felt they needed further explanation either of the repentance of Janet or of the influence of Mr. Tryan. Gwendolen's conversion will always remain a but

half-explained enigma. Something the same may be said of Grandcourt's character. A motto to one of the chapters hints that Grandcourt exhibited the complete development of selfishness. His soul had morally died before his physical death. Such things may be, but one feels that some of the reflections lavished on the character of Deronda might have been well employed in drawing out with more clearness the steps by which Grandcourt had sunk from a man into a mere incarnation of joyless selfishness.

Another result of George Eliot's habit of analysis is that there exists occasionally a great difference between the portrait of a hero which George Eliot presents to the public and the effect which the hero's character makes on the author's own mind. This was conspicuously apparent in the case of Will Ladislaw. The same thing is true of Deronda. We can scarcely be mistaken in supposing that Daniel is meant to portray a character coming near to human perfection, in which all the strength and energy of a man are blended with the sensitive tenderness and keen personal sympathies of a woman. It is at bottom his perfect goodness which appears to have roused the conscience of Gwendolen. His exquisitely sensitive conscience enabled him to save Gwendolen when many men in his position would have been false to her or to themselves. Yet, despite the art used to make Deronda's virtues apparent to the reader, it may well be doubted whether the man, as actually drawn, will kindle much admiration even amongst those who most highly admire George Eliot's genius. He is incurably weak. He is at every stage of his life a slave to circumstances. He never ventures to ask Sir Hugh whether he is the baronet's son, and through life was thus oppressed by an unfounded belief in his own illegitimacy. He can determine on no career till fate or the influence of Mordecai forces him to take up a pursuit in life. A question from his mother reveals to him that he is in love. A question from a stranger determines him to devote himself to the service of his countrymen. Accident and the suggestion of a friend lead him to propose to Mirah.

No doubt he is full of kindness and sympathy, but his character has a painful touch of what may fairly be called 'priestly,' though not in the worst sense of that word. He has a genuine concern for the souls of his neighbors, especially when these neighbors are pretty women. He sermonizes and flirts at the same time, though both the flirtation and the sermonizing are unconscious. His mixed weakness and sympathy lead, as is natural, to cruelty. He puts off revealing to Gwendolen his marriage and his plans till that revelation becomes the hardest of blows to the woman whom his influence had aroused to goodness. He has, it is true, a charm. His mother calls him a 'beautiful creature,' and throughout the whole description of the interview between son and mother you feel it difficult to think she is not addressing a daughter. The interview is perfectly true to nature. Here as elsewhere George Eliot's drawing is truer than George Eliot's reflections on the character drawn. Daniel remains morally as well as physically a 'beautiful creature.' It is not of such stuff that reformers are made. When Deronda wanders off to the East we feel sure that he will travel about year after year doing deeds of kindness and

cherishing noble aspirations, but further removed than even a passionate dreamer like Mordecai from working out any deliverance either for his people or for mankind. George Eliot might urge that our estimate of *Deronda* is unjust. We doubt not that in a sense this is so. Our very point is that from some cause or other *Deronda* is so drawn as not to produce the intended impression on the reader. That this failure to ensure an intended effect is closely connected with George Eliot's increasing tendency to analysis is at least highly probable. This tendency is at any rate the real cause of all the legitimate dissatisfaction which many of those who most keenly appreciate *Adam Bede*, *Romola*, *Silas Marner*, or *Middlemarch* feel with regard to *Daniel Deronda*. The book is a marvellous production. It exhibits all and perhaps more than all the power of George Eliot's earlier works, but as you read that throughout reflection predominates over spontaneous creation, and that the chorus usurps the place of the actors. Admiration for the result of labor and meditation cannot banish regret for the abundant life of *Adam Bede* or the unbroken harmony of *Silas Marner*.

In one respect, at all events, the judgment of the public is clearly justifiable. Sufferings or difficulties exceptional in circumstances and in nature ought not to evoke the same interest as are aroused by miseries or perplexities which appeal to wide human experience. It is in this that *Middlemarch* rises so much above *Daniel Deronda*. The half-tragedy of *Dorothea's* life, and the complete intellectual

ruin of *Lydgate*, each depend on causes of wide operation. The circumstances of each are peculiar, but there are hundreds of women who have made shipwreck of happiness because they have endowed some commonplace man with imaginary virtues; and in every town or county there must be found *Lydgates* who have missed their vocation through the combined unkindness of circumstances and weakness of their own will. The key-note of *Middlemarch*—the misery of a missed career—is one to which many minds can respond but too easily. The same thing is true of all George Eliot's greater works. *Romola*, it is true, deals with a distant time and past state of society, but the essence of *Romola* is eternal. The selfishness of *Tito*, the nobility of his wife, the religious influence of a great teacher, are reproduced under varying forms in every age. The same holds good in a measure with regard to the fall and the awakening of *Gwendolen*, but does not apply to the difficulties of *Deronda* or the struggles of *Mordecai*. The novel, again, is deficient in any character which is at once alive and heroic. *Daniel* and *Mordecai* are no doubt meant to be of an heroic mould; but whoever puts *Romola* and *Savonarola* side by side with *Deronda* and *Mordecai* will see the difference between life-like painting and labored description, and admit that there is at any rate some reason for feeling that a work which would have made the reputation of any other writer is not on a level with the best creations of George Eliot's genius."

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

Flowers and other Plants in our Homes.—It may be interesting to some of the readers of Margaret Field's interesting little article on "Making Home Beautiful," in the December MONTHLY, to be advised that, notwithstanding a rather prevalent sentiment to the contrary, the presence of plants, especially of flowering species, in our homes is beneficial rather than prejudicial to health. Indirectly their benefit can be readily understood by the least scientific, inasmuch as they compel the admission of more light (even of sun-shine) and air to the rooms they occupy, and it requires no argument to demonstrate the benefit to human creatures of plenty of light, and of fresh pure air judiciously admitted to the rooms wherein they are wont to abide. Nor will any cavil at the claim that the benefit to the moral and mental natures, of having the rooms we inhabit made bright and cheerful, as flowers or even flowerless plants must aid in making them, must extend to the physical nature in some degree. But science has shown that directly and positively plants contribute to physical well-being, admitting always that no plant of known noxious character should be admitted to poison the atmosphere within a closed room—but this class of plants can be excluded without materially reducing the possibilities of making home beautiful. Exercising good sense in the selection of the floral friends we admit to our homes, science tells us that we shall make our homes more

healthful as well as more beautiful by cultivating window and indoor gardens. A recent writer, George H. Perkins, Ph.D., in *The American Naturalist*, in a capital article on "Hygiene of House Plants," cites the well-known fact that "Florists, who spend much of their time in greenhouses, are as a class unusually healthy, and sometimes these people sleep for weeks in the greenhouse with not the least evil effect." "It is also a well-known fact," he says, "that asthmatic persons often find great relief as they enter a greenhouse and breathe its air; even those whose complaint prevents comfortable rest elsewhere find little or no trouble in sleeping in a greenhouse."

Consumption and its Cure.—In a recent number of the *British Medical Journal*, Surgeon Major W. T. Black says: "It is living in the open air in a fine climate that is really beneficial for consumptives, and not the mere climate of itself." In illustration of this proposition, he details the experience of an officer of a British regiment who had contracted phthisis while stationed in the south of England. After submitting to medical treatment for a time, he obtained sick leave and partially recovered, but, on returning to duty, the malady returned with alarming development of consumption, the upper lobe of the right lung being seriously involved—in the third stage, with cavities. Upon examina-

tion by the medical board he was invalided, and finally sold out his commission. He then took to an almost unintermitting living in the open air in the more healthful regions of England and upon the continent, devoting his time largely to hunting and other horseback exercise. For some two or three years Surgeon Black did not see him, and then met him and found him well-nigh restored to perfect health. The *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, in commenting on this, says: "If this is not new, it is at least too often forgotten," and adds another illustration from observation.

Colors that Run may be checked in their evil course by soaking the fabric, be it calico or what-not, for an hour in a bucket of water containing a tablespoonful of turpentine.

Linnæus and Evolution.—A writer in the *Scientific American*, after awarding the great naturalist just praise for his inestimable service to natural science by his classifications of plants and animals and new system of nomenclature based thereupon, absurdly tells us that "all that Lamarck and Darwin did was to extend Linnæus's exceptional theory to the origin of all species whatsoever." He does not, however, tell us that the line between sense and nonsense just lies between the carrying of a theory to, and the attempting to carry it beyond, its proper boundary. Linnæus's "much learning" had not "made him mad," and he was content to know "what is truth" without seeking to manufacture truth on a theory of his own.

Kerosene and Gas in Japan.—It seems that the Japanese are "willing to learn" what they have not known, and among the advantages the people have derived from contact with other peoples is an increased and improved enlightenment by the introduction of kerosene and gas. The natives are entering into the manufacture of lamps for the one and the building of works and manufacture of apparatus for the other.

A Simple Protector for Grapevines.—In the French Academy of Sciences recently, M. Gachez stated that a row of red Indian corn planted between every two rows of grapevines attracts the phylloxera from the roots of the latter to those of the former and thus saves the vines from their worst enemy.

Artificial Butter.—The *Scientific American* says, editorially: "We are assured by competent authority . . . that quite recently no less than fifty artificial butter factories were counted in this city [New York]; and large quantities of artificial butter are sold in the market by wholesale dealers, or are purchased directly from the manufactories by large retailers, and offered to the consumer as genuine butter." It is stated that the most critical palate cannot detect the difference—the artificial is said to taste exactly like the genuine, if not more so (that is, better), while Professor Chandler has pronounced the artificial "actually more healthful than the average cow butter sold." From the history of this industry, as given by the capital paper above quoted, we learn that the first process patented was by "Bradley in 1871, and by Peyrouse in the same year," but one Hippolyte

Mége, in 1873, patented the first successful process. Recently, "Dr. Henry A. Mott, E.M., a promising young chemist of this city [New York], who for some years back has been engaged in investigating the subject," and whose "researches have included the actual manufacture and testing of the various compounds patented," has found the butter "philosopher's stone," or the "true process for producing artificial butter;" the "salient feature" of his invention "is that he produces, not tallow disguised as butter, but butter itself." "Hon. X. A. Willard, President of the New York State Dairymen's Association, an able butter expert, admits his surprise at the flavor, and declares the butter the best yet made." Just here comes a notable fact: the popular prejudice which makes it necessary to sell the artificial as genuine butter enables its manufacturers and the dealers to realize larger profits than they would be content with, and deprives the consumers of the actual benefits of the discovery; the cost of manufacture of Dr. Mott's best, does not exceed thirteen cents per pound.

Cold in the Head.—The London *Lancet* so strongly recommends the new remedy of Dr. Ferriar for this complaint that we believe it must be worth trying, and we therefore give the formula: Trisnitrate of bismuth, 6 drachms; pulverized gum arabic, 2 drachms; and hydrochlorate of morphia, 2 grains. Used as a snuff, "creates no pain, and causes the entire disappearance of the symptoms in a few hours," according to the *Lancet*.

A Two-Story Street Car.—A New York City Railway Company has placed upon its road a novelty in the way of a car with an upper deck; there are two benches placed back to back lengthwise of the centre, and over these is stretched an awning securely fastened to resist the strain of the motion of the car as well as the force of wind. A stairway is placed so that it does not materially interfere with the lower story, or body of the car.

We learn from *The Independent*, that Professor Tayler Lewis, the renowned author of "The Six Days of Creation," has been suffering for some months from sciatica and neuralgia, and is much worn with pain and sleeplessness. He is unable to write; but it is hoped that the remedies employed will restore his physical strength. His mental strength is as vigorous as ever. He has not been able to attend to his college duties since last June. For some years he has been entirely deaf. He is seventy-four years of age.

Dr. Peters, of Alabama, describes in the *American Naturalist* the case of a large spider, which was observed to drop ten or fifteen feet from a tree, and seize and kill a minnow three inches long. Madame Merion's story of the large *Mygale avicularia* catching humming-birds has been confirmed by modern travellers; and now it would seem that fishes also fall a prey to these sagacious animals.

A Scotch chemist has discovered that in many cases the porcelain lining of cast-iron cooking utensils is exceedingly dangerous, because some acids and even salt dissolve out of the enamel lead and arsenic.

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WILMINGTON, PAST AND PRESENT.

By WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.



OLD SWEDES' CHURCH.

TO-DAY we know of no city in the Union that at once so combines the North and the South, and is so expressive of the special features of the Old South and the New, as the City of Wilmington, Delaware. Here the Puritan, the Quaker and the Planter have plodded and tugged and builded together, and quicker than most cities of the South, Wilmington is showing and will show the effects of the invasion of Northern industry and invention. It was the last place to yield some of the striking features of the old regime. It is one of the first to show signs of a large future prosperity. Slavery persistently lingered there until the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution, and even to this day citizens of Wilmington occasionally find themselves under the lash at the whipping-post, at New Castle.

From the very earliest times of our national history, and particularly ever since the day the broad, genial and sensible face of William Penn came beaming up the Delaware River selecting sites for cities which he intended should be practical illustrations of those ideas and laws of justice and charity that were then turning themselves over in his mind, the spot on which the thriving City of Wilmington now stands has been a place of considerable interest, the centre of a steady, persistent, and prosperous sort of industry, and at first the refuge and

then the home of a unique, select and varied culture. From 1609, when Hudson discovered the Delaware, and 1610, when Lord De la Ware entered Delaware Bay and afterwards got the river and State called after his name, till 1664, when the Duke of York came into possession of the territory, to 1682, when it was conveyed to Penn, the Dutch had fought the Indians over this spot, and the Swedes had fought the Dutch, and better than all fighting, had uttered their reverence by building, in 1698, what is now known as "The Old



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

now forming the State of Delaware came into Penn's possession until the present hour, the at be still more puzzled. In fact a Philadelphian, though he locate in Wilmington, may hardly dare



WILMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL.

first borough and then City of Wilmington has seemed as much like him as the great City of Philadelphia, and as to general appearances, tone of life, and business industry, the two towns, though differing so much in size, resemble each other more to-day than any other two cities in the country.

Wilmington is really the only city of any note in Delaware. Most of the energies of the State flow into it, and a good deal of talent from other States finds itself building ships, railway cars, car wheels, carriages, and pushing the general industries of our times, gathering fortunes and making homes there in these days. It apparently took a good while to find out that Wilmington, not New Castle or Dover, or other place, was the favored spot of nature for the leading industries of Delaware. On entering Wilmington the traveller from Philadelphia, by way of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, will be sadly bewildered if he attempts to determine the points of the compass by the lay of the streets. If accustomed to Philadelphia, where the numbered streets run due north and south, and the named streets, with few exceptions, run east and west, he will probably

be still more puzzled. In fact a Philadelphian, though he locate in Wilmington, may hardly dare hope that he will ever get himself exactly square with the polar star in his adopted city. Leaving Philadelphia for the South, with the Delaware River to the left of you and keeping it to the left, and yourself seemingly going due south all the while on reaching Wilmington and stepping out the right-hand side of the cars, the Christiana River to the left of you, and apparently the Delaware a little further to the left, and on your right the numbered streets running parallel to the river. Front street, Second street, etc., just as in the city of Penn, and the very faces of the houses the same, only pinched and dwarfed a little, you naturally im-

agine that Front street and all the numbered streets run north and south as in the larger and sister city; but it is all a provoking blun-



HARKNESS'S ACADEMY.

der. Before reaching Wilmington the Delaware veers to the west considerably, and the railroad

as it approaches the city follows the inclination of the river; in fact, after passing the graveyard of the Old Swedes' Church, a part of which sacred spot said railroad cuts off in its practical determination for a good roadway to the city at the least possible expenditure, the trains run about due west for four or five blocks, then a little northwest

are now laid out from the city reservoirs, at Clayton and Eighth streets, clear to the edge of the Delaware River, and to-day Eighth and Market, the neighborhood of the new Masonic Temple, and only about a half mile from the Old Swedes' Church and graveyard, may be considered the centre of the present city, and probably the

centre of the future city for the next fifty years, the numbered streets running right into the Delaware, and Market street running parallel to the same. But you must follow them without any regard to where the sun sets or rises. The streets are cut through, and the mills all run without the slightest reference to these things. The Old Swedes' Church and graveyard is the only human arrangement in Wilmington that regards the poles or the courses of the sun. It was evidently laid out and built by the compass. It backs to the east and faces the west, as if confidently waiting for and expecting the glories of the future years.

In the second period,

what might be called Penn's period—not that he lived through it but shaped it—from 1700 to 1800, Wilmington got itself built into a respectable English-American Quaker village, the landmarks of which are now rapidly passing away; settled on a name for itself and its charming, romantic stream; became packed with little legends of romance and mystery, built its first mills on the Brandywine, started its bank accounts, and really got well on that line of industry and economy which have made it a city of a few rich and many humble but cosy and comfortable homes.

It was first called Willingstown from a settler, and then Wilmington from an English Earl of that name, a change which was not difficult to make, and which still tends to keep the memory of Earl and settler green. The Brandywine, called by the Dutch Brand-wijn, gets its name, it



FAUKLAND, OLIVER EVANS'S OLD MILL.

for half a mile, then, on leaving the city, in the neighborhood of the depot of the Wilmington and Reading Railroad, the engineer is steering southwest again.

In passing through Wilmington, after crossing the Brandywine, the railroad follows pretty nearly the line of the Christiana river, the course of which within the corporate limits of the city of Wilmington alone, is at least toward the forty-eight cardinal points of the compass. The ways of the Brandywine are scarcely less tortuous and whimsical. And instead of the numbered streets running north and south and parallel to the rivers, one or the other, they really run parallel to nothing at all; but, taking the Delaware River as the boundary, and it will really be within a few years the commercial wharfage front of the city, the numbered streets run at right angles to it, and

is said, from the circumstance of a ship loaded with brandy having foundered at its mouth. Not many years ago there were people living in Wilmington who are said to have remembered seeing the tops of the masts of the ship that was made immortal by this little accident, and forever associated with one of the most romantic rivers in the world.

The spot sparkles with instances of sentiment and history. In the early days the Christiana was five or six times its present size, and the space between the Christiana, the first bend of the Brandywine, Shelpot Creek and the Delaware, now all marked off on the map in squares, as a part of the Wilmington of the future, and formerly known as Cherry-Tree Marsh, was in the first days of the settlement entirely covered with water. In 1672 George Fox touched upon this spot. "We came to Christian River," he says, getting the name a little wrong, as enthusiasts are apt to do, their feelings leading them astray, "Where we swam over our horses;" this incident, giving Charles Reade the opportunity for that expression of caustic wit, "Hereabouts, George Fox, the first Quaker, built a fire in 1672, to dry his immortal leather breeches." Here Elizabeth Shipley, the Quaker prophetess, got herself a practical husband through the influence of a brilliant dream. And one of the oldest and wisest ladies living in Wilmington to-day, it is said, fell in love with her future husband years before she had seen him, and while the three thousand miles of the Atlantic rolled between them, simply from hearing his name,

"Nameless here, forever."

A French teacher of note, William Cobbett, lived on "Quaker Hill," now Fourth and West streets, in 1794, and later went to Philadelphia and founded Peter Porcupine's *Gazette*. Latrobe, the architect, lived here in the first quarter of this century.

Here, too, about fifty years ago, a pretty French girl used to play and eat peaches, maintained by funds mysteriously supplied from Louisiana, and ignorant of all connections except a peculating guardian. It was little Myra Clark (now Mrs. Gaines), who woke up one day to find herself the heroine of the greatest of modern lawsuits, and

the credited possessor of a large part of New Orleans.

But time and space fail us to tell of the legends that centred here while Wilmington was shaping itself into a town of two or three thousand inhabitants, building its first Quaker meeting-houses, Presbyterian chapels, cloth and flour mills, and in a word starting on the road to the progress of



MASONIC HALL AND OPERA HOUSE.

the last seventy-five, notably of the last twenty-five years. More than forty years ago, or about 1833, a writer in the "Encyclopedia Americana" declared that here at Wilmington, is the finest collection of flour-mills in the United States, known as the Brandywine Mills. And though this distinction of "finest collection in the United States" could hardly be applied to them at this time, other cities East and West having far outstripped Wilmington in rapidity of growth in all directions, yet the Brandywine Mills are still

well-nigh as noted as the far-famed charming beauties of the stream whose rapid current keeps their swift wheels flying around. Here is a vivid glance at one of Wilmington's historic mills, with incidents worth remembering:

"The best location for such a structure, where water-power just met tide-water, and shallops drawing eight feet could load up at the shore, was selected in 1762 for mill-buildings which still stand, and which were for many years the most famous in the country, regulating the price of grain for the United States. The business soon overflowed, and necessitated the building, in 1770, of the structures represented in our engraving, the whole group, on the two sides of the stream, being under one ownership, and known as 'Lea's Brandywine Mills.' Hither would come the long lines of Conestoga wagons, from distant counties, such as Dauphin and Berks, with fat horses, and waggoners persuading them by means of biblical oaths jabbered in Pennsylvania Dutch. From these mills Washington removed the runners (or upper stones), lest they should be seized and used by the British, hauling them up into Chester county. When independence was secured, the State of Delaware hastened to pass laws putting foreign trade on a more liberal footing than the neighbor commonwealths, thus securing for her mills the enviable commerce with the West Indies. Much shipping was thus attracted to Wilmington, and the trade with Cuba in corn-meal was particularly large. It was found, however, that the flour of maize invariably rotted in a tropical voyage, and thereupon the commodity known as kiln-dried corn was invented at the Brandywine Mills: two hundred bushels would be dried per day on brick floors, and be thought a large amount, though the 'pan-kiln' now in use dries two thousand in the same time. The dried meal was delivered at Havana perfectly fresh, and pay received, in those good old days of barter, in Jamaica rum, sugar and coffees."

The fine old mills are still in operation, manufacturing into meal about a million bushels of wheat and Indian corn every year.

When steam was introduced to revolutionize labor, and railroads came to supplement water-transport, they found the manufacturers of this prosperous town ready to avail themselves of every improvement, and pass at once from the chrysalis state into the soaring development of modern

enterprise. If one wants to get a fair idea of the Wilmington of to-day, let him, on leaving the train at the dingy old depot—a marvel of slowness and unenterprise when compared with the average splendid condition of the Philadelphia Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, and particularly with the beautiful little stations that meet the eye all the way from Philadelphia to Wilmington—on reaching the depot let him look around for an hour or two among the mills in the immediate vicinity. Here he will find a perfect network of appropriate structures of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, where the various processes of American ship-building are successfully carried on. The buildings of the Lobdell Car-Wheel Company will command his attention; and the establishments of the Jackson & Sharp Delaware Car Works will be found to be among the most



FOUNTAIN.

complete and extensive works of the kind in our country; the Diamond State Works; the Plate Iron Rolling Mills; the Walton & Whann buildings for the steam manufacture of super-phosphate, and various other lesser manufactories, will claim attention and repay a visit.

On reaching the corner of Water and Market streets, turn up Market to the right, and you are at once in the midst of the modern busy retail life of the town. The leading houses in the various departments of trade are too numerous to mention here. It is the usual thoroughfare of stores for a town of forty thousand inhabitants. In the neighborhood of Fifth and Sixth and Market the live newspapers of the place have their offices of pub-

lication. The *Commercial*, Republican, formerly a two cent, but now a one cent, daily would probably claim the most newspaper dignity and character. *Every Evening*, independent, embodies what a few years ago was a good part of the talent of the *Commercial*, and is decidedly a live and spicy evening visitor. The *Morning Herald*, Democratic, has a tone of less experience and more violence. There are other dailies, and some weeklies, all trying to save their own necks and the common country as earnestly as possible.

Stepping along Sixth street to French, the Public High School No. 1 will be found. It is a large structure, conveniently arranged for the purposes that led to its erection, and is a fair indication of the interest long felt by Wilmington in educational matters, while the subject was sadly neglected in other portions of the State. In the neighborhood of the newspapers on Market street is the Clayton House, Wilmington's new hotel, costing about \$200,000 for erection, and run on the temperance plan. A little farther along Market street is the Opera House and Masonic Hall, built by the Masonic fraternity at a cost

of about \$200,000. Near this point, at Ninth and West streets, is the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, one of the handsomest Methodist churches in the country. These buildings are pointed out to the visitor by the younger Wilmingtonians as indications of what the new and larger Wilmington of coming years will be.

At Tenth and Market the new academy recently built by J. C. Harkness, for educational purposes is worthy of notice. Further along on the same street is the palatial-looking residence of Colonel Henry McComb. It was a quiet Southern-looking house previous to the war, but is now, as are the more public buildings just mentioned, a clear indication of the incoming of the Northern spirit into this once modest little Quaker town. In the

vicinity of Colonel McComb's modernized mansion are several old-fashioned substantial and more home-like residences of the Southern sort, in which the old spirit still reigns.

Along Delaware avenue, the mansions of Job H. Jackson and of Henry L. Tatnall represent the lavish modern spirit again, while a little beyond them, opposite the cemetery, are more fine old residences of the times gone by. Still further out the avenue,



CLAYTON HOUSE.

a superb brownstone mansion, built by Mr. Hollingsworth for a private residence, is now occupied by the Catholics for a first-class academy. In the same locality, a little down toward the Brandywine, is a solid-looking brick structure known as Heald's Hygeian Home, Drs. Pusey and Mary H. Heald, proprietors. The entire place has a look of health and an atmosphere of pure air about it and the living is delicious enough for the gods, and particularly blessed for all those persons given to weak, that is abused and hence unhealthy stomachs. It is the most progressive and Northern of all the institutions of the new Wilmington. Toward the suburbs of the city on Delaware avenue, there are some very rich and beautiful modern dwellings, notable among which is the house built a few

years ago by Mr. J. T. Heald, one of Wilmington's best and most enterprising men, but now owned and occupied by Mr. Washington Jones, another public-spirited and leading citizen of Wilmington. Along the Brandywine, in addition to the mills already described, are Jessup & Moore's Paper Mills, Bancroft's Woolen Mills, Dupont's Powder Mills, and others less noted, all mingling their practical humdrum of daily life with the nameless beauties of this delightful river. Among other leading industries of Wilmington, may be mentioned the thriving morocco factories

servedly receive a special description at our hands. They are all first-class, excelled by no similar establishments in the country, and they all indicate on what sure bases the future growth and prosperity of Wilmington are founded. Among the newer ventures of the city should be mentioned the Wilmington and Western Railroad, begun in 1871. It was well conceived, and the beginnings of it were executed with promptness and apparent success, but the undertaking was probably a little premature for the size and relative locality of the city, and though it will eventually be of benefit to



IRON SHIPBUILDING WORKS.

of Messrs. Pusey, Scott & Co., also that of Mr. Washington Jones, already referred to; the immense ship-yards of Pusey, Jones & Co., and Messrs. McLear & Kendall's Coach Manufactory.

As long ago as the year 1825, when the gallant French-American patriot Lafayette was the guest of Eleuthère Irénée Dupont, the founder of the famous powder mills, was so impressed with the change of the intervening years since he had before been hereabout, that he wrote in the "Album" of his host's daughter:

"After having seen, nearly half a century ago, the bank of the Brandywine a scene of bloody fighting, I am happy now to find it the seat of industry, beauty and mutual friendship.

JULY 25, 1825.

LAFAYETTE."

Would the limits of this notice permit, the business enterprises mentioned might each de-

Wilmington, many persons earnestly interested therein lost heavily by the undertaking.

The Wilmington and Western Road crosses Christine River in the suburbs, then follows the valley of Redclay Creek, past all its mills and local improvements, sends visitors to Brandywine Springs, and passes the birthplace of the inventor Oliver Evans, while its contemplated extension will pass it close to the birthplace of Robert Fulton, in the Peachbottom slate region of Pennsylvania. No bad omen for a steam-road, to have had its ground first broken at the cradle of one steam inventor and to lead to the cradle of another!

It is all a part of the new spirit that is shaping the little Christinaham of two hundred years ago into one of the great and beautiful American cities of the future.

THEN AND NOW—THE ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN FLAG—THE BATTLE OF MUD ISLAND.

BY JOHN C. CONYBEARE.¹

Mount Vernon Octob^r 6th 1773.

Gent^l.

I am almost ashamed to trouble you in the same year with such frequent orders for Goods; but as I am under a necessity of making some Repairs to and Alteration in my House, and did not get an Acc^t before from the Undertaker of all the Materials wanting, it must plead my excuse for requesting you to send me the undermentioned Articles—as also for the following Books for the use of Mr Custis, to whom they are to be charged.

—I am Gent^l

Y^r most Obed^t Serv^t
G^o WASHINGTON.

For—Geo: Washington.
100 Sps. best Crown glass 9 by 11.
A Cask of Whiting
400 W^l of White Lead gth in Oyl.
over and above y^e last Order.
30 lb red Lead. 2 lb Lampblack.
100 lb Yellow Oaker, 10 lb Umber.
25 Gall; best British Linseed Oyl.
for Inside Painting.
99^r. best dovetailed Mortice Hing^s—
moulded
13^r. D^s larger.
7 Common brass Cased Locks
7 d^s D^s spring D^s best.
1 Mth Brads. 3 M 3^d D^s. 6 M
4^d D^s. 6 M 6^d D^s
1 M shaped Nails instead of
brads for Flooring.
20 M 4^d Nails.
100 lb of Lead for Window Weights.
50 Fathom of Sash Line.
25 lb best Glue.
half a ton of unprepared Plaster
of Paris.

For Mr Custis.
Wollastons Religion of
Nature declin^d;
Hutchinsons Ethicks, Law of
Nature, Moral Beauty, &c.
Beattie on Truth
Reid on the Human Mind.
Ferguson's Institutes.
Vattels Law of Nature.
Grotius de Jure Belli d Pacis
Turnbulls Moral Philosophy.
Fordyce's D^s D^s.
King on the Origin of Evil.
Turnbulls Heineccius.
Brown's Characteristicks
Smith's Moral Sentiments
Montesquies Spirit of Laws
Lock on Government.
Conybeare's defence of
the Christian Religion

G^o WASHINGTON.

Ent^d fol^r 105.

¹ The Conybeares have held a distinguished rank in England in the field of letters, more especially in theology, for about a century and a half. The "Episcopal great-grandfather" of the contributor of the accompanying valuable manuscript of a century ago, alluded to by him on page 90, was named John Conybeare, was born in 1692 near Exeter; educated at Exeter College, and having entered the Church, he arose by steady preferments to the high ecclesiastical dignity of Bishop of Bristol. His "Defence of Revealed Religion," ordered by Washington in the accompanying letter, was extremely popular, and three editions were demanded within a year; Bishop Warburton pronounced it "one of the best reasoned books in the world." This was his principal work.

Address:

Robert Cary Esq^r & C^o
Merchants In
London

P^r the Sophia }
Capt Richardson }

Endorsed on back in two places—first,

Virg^a 6 Octo^r 73
Col^o Geo. Washington
Recd 30 Nov 73
Goods Entr^d 105
Fol^o 386 ———

And second,

Virginia 6 Octo^r 1773
Recd 30th Novem^r
Goods
Ent^d Fol 386—

I send to POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY, the American Historical periodical, the above copy of an unpublished letter of Washington, because it seems to me likely to prove especially interesting to its readers at a time when the Centennial Exhibition has been displaying to crowds, congregated from the Old World as well as from the New, the vast agricultural and mineral resources, and the brilliant manufacturing triumphs of the great and greatly-growing Republic, and when, as I learnt from an article in the New York *Tribune* of the 29th of June, "the Ensign of the Republic" and its origin was discussed with unusual interest.

Nothing can more strikingly bring home to those who contemplated the industrial marvels of the Centennial Exhibition the wonderful progress which the United States have, in the last one hundred years, made in manufactures and wealth, than the fact, shown by this letter of the Father of his Country, that one of the most business-like dwellers in the "Old Dominion," then one of the wealthiest and most advanced of the American colonies, if not the wealthiest and most advanced of them, had to send to London or Bristol to procure nails, locks, glass, putty and other ordinary materials needed for the repairs of his Virginia home, Mount Vernon.



MUD ISLAND,

Fac-Simile of a Drawing made by Colonel

Several letters of Washington to Mr. Robert Carey will be found in Sparks's eleven volumes of Washington's letters and papers. He had acted as London factor for Mrs. Washington's first husband, Mr. Daniel Parke Custis; and after her second marriage Washington continued to consign

This letter to Mr. Robert Carey came into my possession through one of the books ordered by Washington for his stepson's studies happening to be the work of my Episcopal great-grandfather and namesake, John Conybeare. Young Mr. Custis, in all probability, read very little of the



MUD ISLAND,

Fac-Simile of a Drawing made by Colonel

to Mr. Robert Carey the tobacco from her Virginia estates, and to order through him books and other things required for his stepson and ward, young Mr. Custis, to whose separate account Washington in his present letter directs Mr. Carey to debit the books ordered, as it was incumbent on him as guardian and administrator of his stepson's property to account to the General Court of Virginia for all sums expended from the minor's income, for books or other educational requirements.

books so ordered for his use in the close of the year 1773. Before the books could have been twelve months in his hands England's American colonies were banding themselves together to resist the ill-judged exactions of the English government, and young Custis was called away from peacefully studying the English Bishop's defence of "the Christian Religion" to join in the defence of American rights against ill-advised English oppression, and to act as an aide-camp to his stepfather, who, in 1775, was



BEFORE THE ATTACK.

Dowman, commanding the British Battery.

appointed General and Commander-in-Chief of the army of independence. Young Mr. Custis was present at "Headquarters, New York," when, in October, 1781, the war of independence was virtually brought to a close by the capitulation of the British army under Lord Cornwallis, caught

manship, tell us a good deal more than this. When the letter first came into my possession, several years since, I found the broken halves of the divided seal attached to the two edges of the letter. Having cut them off, placed them together and mounted them on card-board, I



AFTER THE SURRENDER.

Dowman, commanding the British Battery.

camp fever there, and died a few days afterwards. His only sister had died shortly before the date of the unpublished letter which I send; and the black wax of its seal shows that Washington, when he wrote it, was still in mourning for his step-daughter.

Those fragments of black sealing-wax, impressed with a seal which is of English work-



THE SEAL.

found in them the answer to a question which I had often asked, but always asked in vain, of American friends, how the Stars and Stripes came to be adopted as the American flag. I had on that broken seal the Washington arms before me, arms which are still to be found in monuments of the Washington family in a Northamptonshire parish where a branch of the family, long since extinct in England, resided some two centuries ago, and looking at the armorial bearings on that seal, alternate stripes of red and white, with three five-pointed

stars *en chef*, I felt no doubt that the Stars and Stripes of the ensign of the Republic are in fact the Washington arms adopted and but slightly modified.

It is well known that many national flags have had a similar origin. Henry the Fourth of France, the founder of the house of Bourbon, caused to be adopted the white flag charged with the escutcheon of his family, three golden *fleur de lis* on a blue shield; the adoption or non-adoption of which by France has so recently made a sort of political crux.

In like manner the United Netherlands adopted as its republican banner the armorial bearings of the family which had so staunchly and gloriously led the van in the Dutch struggle for independence. The eloquent historian of that struggle, Motley, perhaps the greatest of American historical writers, in describing the capture of Cadiz, alludes to this in the following words (Vol. III., page 385): "Four hundred volunteers under Prince Lewis Gunther of Nassau, now sprang on shore, and drove some eleven hundred Spanish volunteers back within the gates of the city. . . . Young Nassau stormed the bulwark, sword in hand, carried it at the first assault, and planted his colors on its battlement. It was the flag of William the Silent. *For the republican banner was composed of the family colors of the founder of the new Commonwealth.*"

Now, it is beyond question that the republican banner of the United States of America is composed of the colors of the Washington shield, as shown in the seal I send herewith, and which is described heraldically as "field argent, barry gules," in other words, a white ground with red stripes, so as to form alternate red and white stripes, such as those of the American flag. It is equally beyond question that the Washington arms gives us *en chef* three stars, not the true six-pointed stars of heraldry, but the five-pointed spur-rowels or "mulletts" of heraldry, and that the United States flag also gives us in its canton a like five-pointed star, spur-rowel or mullet, for each of its confederated States. It is, therefore, with no little surprise that I read in a recent American publication of great authority ("Ripley and Dana's Cyclopædia") the following words: "It is not known by whom the stars were suggested. By some they have been ascribed to John Adams; and by others it has been urged that the entire

flag was borrowed from the coat-of-arms of the Washington family, but both conjectures are without proof, and the latter is improbable."

Improbable the latter conjecture assuredly is not, as is sufficiently proved by the coincidences of the colors and the *five-pointed* stars to which I have called attention. Nor is it improbable that John Adams would have gracefully suggested the stars to his countrymen because they formed part of the armorial bearings of the "Father of his Country." And nothing is more probable than that the stars and stripes being so proposed as being the armorial bearings of the Commander-in-Chief, who was so manfully leading the united Colonies to victory and independence, should have been gratefully adopted by the Congress of 1777. Might not proof that this was the actual fact be found in some of the still extant newspapers or private letters of the period, if carefully examined? I am aware that the recorded Resolutions of Congress throw no light on the question of the origin of the republican flag beyond the following naked resolution of Saturday, the 14th of June, 1777: "*Resolved*, That the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes alternate red and white; that the union" (*i.e.*, the canton of the flag) "be 13 stars white in a blue field representing a new constellation."

The resolution next preceding that quoted above is as follows: "*Resolved*, That the Marine Committee be empowered to give such directions respecting the continental ships-of-war in the river Delaware as they think proper, in case the enemy succeed in their attempts on the said river."

The enemy did succeed in those attempts, although the forts on the river were held against the British troops and ships by Colonel Green, at Red Bank, and their commanding officer at Fort Mifflin, as long as tenable, with such exemplary gallantry as not only satisfied Washington, but caused Congress to vote to either officer a sword of honor "for his late gallant defence of the fort," etc. Through the kindness of my friend, Mr. Scudamore, a grandson of Colonel Francis Downman, an artillery officer who commanded one of the attacking batteries, I am able to send two interesting sketches of "Mud Island," in the Delaware River, the upper sketch showing the republican flag flying over it, as it appeared in October, 1777, before the engagement; and the lower sketch showing the captured island, with its dilapidated buildings, and the British flag flying

over the ruins. A map of the Delaware showing Mud Island and the English batteries will be found in Sparks's "Washington Correspondence," Vol. V., page 156.

It will be observed that the republican flag in the upper sketch shows the red and white stripes clearly, but the stars are not clearly shown in the canton of the flag, which bears in the centre of the canton what looks like a single Turkish cross; but which may be intended for the thirteen stars grouped together into a star, as was not uncommonly done in the earlier flags of the army, the resolution of Congress leaving it to the designer of each flag to group the thirteen stars as he pleased. In the Navy flags the stars were, as are the thirty-seven stars of the present flag, arranged in parallel lines.

Whatever may be intended to be represented in the canton of the republican flag shown in the upper of Colonel Downman's two sketches, it appears to be certain that Washington's army had flown the stripes, though without the stars, some sixteen months before October, 1777, the "great union" hoisted at Cambridge on the 2d of June, 1776, when Washington joined the army of independence as its Commander-in-Chief, having borne the alternate red and white stripes, probably as a compliment to its new and popular General.

I am aware that it is alleged that a Philadelphia Regiment of Horse, Markoe's Horse, had carried, as early as 1774, a flag showing like alternate red

and white stripes, and that such original flag is still in existence. If any of your readers can give reliable facts as to this cavalry flag, they would prove of great interest. Considering the active part which Washington, in 1774, took in the debates in Philadelphia, and in the organization of the Southern army, if such a cavalry flag was really flown as early as 1774, it might have been an adoption of Washington's armorial colors, though without the stars.

It is well known that the earlier war flags of the Northern troops showed neither the red and white stripes, nor the stars. The "union jacks" flown by some of the United Colonies at the commencement of the struggle, were simply adopted from the English flag. The Pine Tree Flag which was flown by the first war-ships fitted out under Washington was more characteristic. More characteristic still was the Rattlesnake Flag, flown by Hopkins's ships, on which flag was emblazoned a rattlesnake with thirteen rattles, represented as in the act of striking, with the motto, "Don't tread on me"—a flag so characteristic that the United Colonies might with good reasons have retained it, had not gratitude to the "Father of his Country" naturally suggested the adoption of the Washington armorial bearings as the fittest flag for the armies which he was nobly leading with unwavering pluck through the fearful trials and varying fortunes of a conflict which at its commencement seemed so arduous and unequal.

MY PERIL AND ESCAPE.

I WAS a very bold and fearless girl, and my brothers and sisters often dared me to go into lonely places in the dark, or do perilous feats of various kinds, which challenges I never refused. Often they set out to play tricks on me, but it usually happened they fell into their own traps, while I performed my part in safety.

We lived in a large old house, built of English oak, and bearing its nearly two centuries very lightly. It opened to the south, and the two large parlors looked to the east and west. The dining-hall and spacious kitchen formed the square of the house, while at the west and back was another large room, sometimes called the great porch, and at the east and back was the dairy and

another porch. There were three stairways leading to the upper rooms and a garret, whose ample space was broken only by the great chimney in the centre.

We had a gay and lively house, and were used to a great deal of company and visitors, for my parents were greatly given to the old-fashioned virtue of hospitality. The humblest wayfarer coming in at the porch was entertained kindly and bidden God-speed, as well as the guest whose elegant carriage and span drove around to the front door on the southern side.

It was a summer day, and warm, bright and beautiful. The morning promised a lovely day. Just after our early breakfast, a merry party came

riding down the lane in carriages and on horse-back, and calling joyously for my father and mother to accompany them on a pleasure trip. They were accustomed to this mode of impromptu festivity, and gayly answered that they would soon be ready. It was only the day before that my father had returned from the Australian gold-fields, and had brought with him a bag of gold. I knew he had this, for I had seen him the night before counting some out of it, and putting it into another bag.

Thomas brought the chaise to the door. Father's favorite black horse, whose coat looked like lustrous velvet, and who stepped so proudly, was pawing the ground impatiently as he appeared. He handed in my beautiful mother, and I stood looking on with childish pleasure at her beauty and rich dress, that so became her.

I hastened indoors again to see them wind down the private way that led through our extensive grounds, and half wished I were old enough to go with them. Hearing a slight noise, I turned and saw a stranger, a figure not unusual, a man with a bundle hung on a stick.

He was leaning on the stone wall, and apparently looking after the carriages. He came forward in a moment, and asked if he might sit down and rest, and if I would kindly give him something to eat. Of course I said yes, and with light steps soon had him a substantial lunch of bread and cheese, which he came into the kitchen to eat. Betsey and Hannah were busy, hurrying to finish their work, for they were going out to tea and to spend the evening. They talked gayly about their visit, paying little attention to the stroller, who was quietly eating. He had laid his straw hat on the floor, and I saw that his head was bald on the top, and the thinnish hair brushed up from behind over it.

He had prominent ears, low forehead and large mouth, with a receding chin, where grew a stubby beard of grizzly black, like his hair. I did not know why I observed all this, or his eyes, small and hid under grayish brows, that seemed to glance furtively about him, when no one appeared to be looking. His voice was harsh and croaking, and had startled me when he first addressed me.

We were used to strollers of all kinds, as I have said. Perhaps I was mentally contrasting his repulsiveness with my father's noble and dignified features. He seemed to me very ugly. I was glad when he had finished his meal and risen to

go. He asked permission to light his pipe, which was readily granted. He went out directly, passing accidentally through the dining-room and out of the great hall, where he lingered for a moment or two. He had thanked me civilly enough for his breakfast, but the girls laughed and nodded as he went out, and said they should think I had picked up a raven.

All that long, bright day I was busy and happy in the flower-garden, or sewing, or reading; and when the girls left, looking very cheerful at their half holiday, I wished them a merry time, and told them not to hasten home, for Thomas should come for them. I expected my father and mother soon after eight o'clock, and I told Thomas that he might go about that time, as they would soon be home, and it looked a little like rain. Heavy clouds were gathering in the west, and the thunder rumbled sullenly. He took the covered wagon and old gray, and, before he stepped in, said:

"Miss Ann, I think you had better fasten the doors, as you may be all alone for a short time if I go so soon. Would you not rather that I should wait till your father comes?"

"Oh, no, Thomas; I don't mind being alone in the least, and you ought to go, lest it should rain hard, for it is more than two miles to ride, and they may not wish to leave in a minute. I expect father and mother every moment. Don't wait."

So Thomas left, and the wagon rattled merrily up the lane. I bolted the doors, because he had told me to, for otherwise I would not have thought of it. It grew dark rapidly, and the thunder began to peal heavily, while the wind rose, and the flashes of lightning grew more vivid and frequent. I went to the east parlor, and looked out to the south, but the sudden lighting up of the sky and the falling darkness did not interest me long. I could not see out very well, either, as the honeysuckles covered the windows. The large mirror reflected me as I turned away to cross the room, and I stopped a moment with a natural vanity, for I was young and fair enough to look upon.

I let all my hair fall loose, and wound it in long, shining, brown curls over my fingers. It certainly did look handsome, for it was very thick, and fell below my waist, and curled almost of itself as it fell. There came a great flash of lightning, and I saw distinctly reflected in the glass a face looking in at the window. It was an instant

of terror, but I neither screamed nor moved. The face could not see my face, and I kept my body still, and rolled the long, shining rings off my cold, white fingers. It was an ugly face, and I recognized it. I had seen it that morning, and I knew what lay before me. I prayed inwardly a brief prayer for help.

Turning from the glass, I went steadily toward a table that stood near the window, and on which I had left my candle. I moved steadily as usual, and took up the water pitcher and looked in, then took my candle and went towards the kitchen. The lightning kept flashing, but the face did not come again. I dropped my candle on the kitchen hearth and put my foot on the wick. I set down the pitcher on the dresser, and with soft, light footfall, hastened through the west room up the front stairs, into my father's chamber, and softly closed and bolted the door at the head of the stairs. I unlocked his box, took out both the bags of gold, relocked it, and made my way into the great chamber.

I heard voices; I heard the doors tried below. I knew it was not my father. I dared not tremble nor grow faint. I went through that room and two others to the garret stairs. I hardly breathed. I heard a window pushed up; more than one person came in at it. I felt about me in the dark. There was a sliding panel in the inside of the stairway. I pushed it, and it rolled back. I entered into a long closet under the stairs, and slid the panel carefully into its place. I felt cautiously to see if all was safe. I pulled my dress close about me lest it might be caught, and the door not closed tightly. Then I waited. I heard steps coming up the stairs. I heard a search through all the rooms below. My heart beat till I thought that each bound must be audible, heard voices—one voice, the Raven's. I knew that harsh croak. It told me nothing. The face had revealed all to me. The man must have learned in some unaccountable way of the bag of gold, and learned too when here in the morning that I was to be alone. It was all plain to me now. He had returned and had brought accomplices. My peril was terribly imminent. Very soon the steps and voices came my way. I could distinguish plainly the words that were spoken.

"Drat her! she must have seen you."

"No matter; we'll split the box open with this

xx."

I knew the ax was in the little porch. Thomas

had set it in when he had done chopping the brush, as it looked like rain.

I heard the steps and voices move away, a dull, crashing sound, and then stifled angry tones. I knew they had opened the box, and found nothing but the papers. I knew they would now search for me. I heard them as they looked into every room and closet, and came up the stairs separate. They all met at the foot of the garret stairs. A thick board was between us. I thanked God that the panel was close shut. I knew it; for no ray of light came through.

"She must be up here," said the Raven, "and we'll soon have her."

"I'll warrant she is here, and I'll wring her neck if she makes a noise about it."

But the thorough search was ended, and the voices grew very angry and full of frightful oaths and threatenings. They sat down on the garret stairs to hold a parley. A spider ran across my face. A spider puts me in mortal fear. It was with a great effort that I kept from screaming.

"Come," croaked the Raven, "let us go and get the silver; that will be something—that will be something."

"Curse the silver. It's the gold I've come for, and I'll burn the house if I don't find the girl! So let her look out!"

A cold perspiration. Would they perform their threat?

"Good! then the rats will squeak. Down drop the money bags, and we'll choke the girl to make her dumb."

"Hold your noise. The old man will be coming home. We'll be caught here. Be quick."

"Who cares for him! He's only one: a bludgeon will give him a handy little headache as he comes in."

"And his wife?"

They spoke low, hideous words that made my flesh creep. I almost was ready to call aloud, to open the panel, to give them the gold, and bid them go. They got up, and the steps and voices went down. It was horrible there in the dark. I was stifling. I moved the panel slightly. No light entered. I slid it softly back. My resolution was taken. I would get out of the house, run down the road, and meet my father. I would save him. I left the gold in the closet, shutting it in close. I stole down two steps into the chamber below. I knew there was a window open there. I crept across the room, listening keenly. I lifted

myself cautiously on the window ledge, and caught a branch of the cherry-tree which grew close to the house. Swinging myself lightly out, I hastily descended the trunk of the tree, and found myself on the ground, safe.

No. The lightning flash betrayed me. The Raven's voice shrieked hoarsely:

"There she goes! Catch her! Quick! This way!"

Out at the front door came the pursuers, hardly ten steps from me. I dashed toward the thick shrubbery to throw them off the track. Fortunately I knew the way, every step of it. They were guided slowly by the sound and flashing light.

"Shoot her by the next flash!" cried one.

My flying feet struck loose boards. I was passing directly over an old, unused well, very deep, and and it gave back a hollow, resonant sound. Almost the next moment I heard a crash, the report of a pistol, a heavy fall, oaths and a deep groan. Shuddering, I sped on through the garden, up toward the cider-press, over the stone-wall, down the hollow, up the hillside, over the fields. No steps followed; no voices shouted after me. I ran down to the second bars, and let them down. It began to rain a few great drops, then fast, then it poured. I was wet to the skin. I ran on, for I heard advancing wheels coming rapidly; I stood in the road and cried: "Father! father!" The chaise stopped. Another chaise behind stopped also. It was our next neighbor's, who lived a quarter of a mile further on.

"Ann, my child. Good heavens! What is the matter? What has happened?"

I told the whole in a few words, amid eager exclamations of joy at my safety, of surprise, even of anger, because Thomas had left me alone.

"Don't blame him, father, I insisted on his going."

A hurried consultation took place. My father was very brave. Our neighbor was very timid. He proposed going on to his house and returning with weapons. In the meantime I had got into the chaise and crouched down at my mother's feet, who was half crying, and wholly thankful to feel me there.

We rode on, and came to our gates under the willows. There were lights in the house, but all was still. Nothing moved. My father put the reins in my mother's hands, and opened the other gate that led up the lane.

"Will you go home with Nathan?" said he.

"And leave you here? No."

"Take your wife home, Nathan, if you will, and come back."

"We will stay by you."

"Let us reconnoitre then, a little."

They got out, leaving us sitting still. The rain fell less heavily. They got something that would do for weapons from the tool-house. They went all around the house—all was quiet. They went in. We sat still, speaking few words, my hand clasped in my mother's, and my frame trembling with fright.

"Thomas is coming?" I exclaimed, eagerly.

"I hear the wheels."

We called to him as he came to the gate, for he could not see us. He drove through and called out:

"What is the matter?"

We told him sufficiently, and he left Betsey and Hannah, and went in at once, with only the heavy whip. We did not wait long. Nathan came out directly.

"What have you found? Who is there?"

"Nothing. Nobody."

"Are they all gone?"

"Yes, with some of the silver and a few things. We don't know what yet."

The horses were put under the shed, and we all went in. Father said calmly:

"We will take a lantern, Thomas, and look around out of doors a little."

I knew they would go to the old well. I stood and looked out of the window and saw the gleam of the lantern as it moved. In a very few minutes they came back.

"One of them is dead," said my father, "and the other lies at the bottom and groans. The third has escaped."

They laid boards across some barrels in the shed, and brought up the dead man and laid him on them. His comrade, who fell in the well, had shot him through the head as he plunged through the boards. His ugly face was uglier. It was the Raven. That night my father's prayers were very solemn, and his embrace was close as he gave me my good-night kiss.

The robber in the well was bruised, but not seriously hurt. The law took him to punishment. The third escaped. I was never left at home again alone.

THOMAS PAINE.

BY SAMUEL YORKE AT LEE.



THOMAS PAINE.

THOMAS PAINE was not an atheist. In his "Age of Reason" he makes his "voluntary and individual confession of faith with all sincerity and frankness," as follows:

"I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life.

I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy.

But I do not believe in the creed professed by the Roman Church, by the Greek Church, by the Turkish Church, nor by any church that I know of. My own mind is my own Church."

His "Age of Reason" was written in January, Vol. VIII.—7

1794, in Paris, and dedicated to his "fellow-citizens of the United States of America."

I doubt whether Paine would have written, or at least published, such a work in this country; but the tide of sympathy in France carried him away. This tide was the natural outburst of indignant wrath provoked by the bigotry and tyranny of the priesthood.

Paine says that nothing in his "Age of Reason" can apply, "even with the most distant disrespect, to the *real* character of Jesus Christ. He was a virtuous and an amiable man. The morality that he preached and practiced was of the most benevolent kind, and has not been exceeded by any."

I offer this brief synopsis of his views for the

purpose of removing any prejudices which might affect a proper estimate of his political character. His arguments have not in the least shaken my faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ, in the inspiration of the word, and in the doctrines of redemption, regeneration and salvation. I am not alarmed by attacks on my religion; and any creed that cannot maintain its position against the objections advanced against it by poor Paine ought to be swept away.

My design is to exhibit Thomas Paine as an American patriot.

He was not a native of this country, having been born at Thatford, Norfolk County, England, on the 29th of January, 1737. His father was a staymaker, and being one of the Society of Friends, and distrustful of much "carnal knowledge," took Thomas away from school at the early age of thirteen, and set him at work coopering the thoraxes of his customers. Five years of such a life seems to have made him desperate, and so he shipped as a "hand" in a privateer; but four years afterwards he resumed his trade at Sandwich, married, and occasionally preached dissenting sermons. In 1760 he removed to Margate, where his wife died. Thence he returned to Thatford, where he became an exciseman, then went to London as a teacher in an academy, but in a year was reappointed exciseman; thence he went to Lewes, where he married again, and tried to make a living as a grocer and tobacconist, but in two years failed, and was sold out in April, 1774. These adversities must be attributed to his literary predilections and to domestic troubles; for during this period he wrote a pamphlet and was separated from his wife. In the month following his insolvency he went to London, where he became acquainted with Benjamin Franklin, on whose advice he emigrated to this country, where he arrived in December, 1774. In the ensuing February he was employed to edit the *Pennsylvania Magazine* in Philadelphia. His contributions were signed "Atlanticus," and attracted great attention.

Paine's mind and heart must have been hungry and thirsty for the principles of political liberty and the rights of man, for he at once understood the points of controversy between the Colonies and the Parliament of Great Britain. In January, 1776, only thirteen months after his arrival here, when a "reconciliation with the mother country

was the wish of almost every American," he issued a pamphlet entitled "Common Sense," which, in the language of Dr. Rush, "burst upon the world with an effect which has rarely been produced by types and paper in any age or country." Elkanah Watson, in his "Men and Times of the Revolution," describing an interview with Paine at Nantes, in France, where he had just arrived—1781—as Secretary of Colonel Laurens, Minister Extraordinary from Congress, expresses "the deepest emotions of gratitude towards him, as the instrument of Providence in accelerating the declaration of our Independence." Mr. Watson continues: "He certainly was a prominent agent in preparing the public sentiment of America for that glorious event. The idea of independence had not occupied the popular mind; and, when guardedly approached on the topic, it shrunk from the conception, as fraught with doubt, with peril, and with suffering.

In 1776 I was present, at Providence, Rhode Island, in a social assembly of most of the prominent leaders of the State. I recollect that the subject of independence was cautiously introduced by an ardent Whig, and the thought seemed to excite the abhorrence of the whole circle.

A few weeks afterwards Paine's 'Common Sense' appeared, and passed through the continent like an electric spark. It everywhere flashed conviction, and aroused a determined spirit, which resulted in the Declaration of Independence, on the 4th of July following. The name of Paine was precious to every Whig heart, and had resounded throughout Europe."

If the reader will turn to page 108 of Mr. Watson's book, he will see that this praise was not dictated by any personal partiality towards Mr. Paine. Mr. Watson was annoyed and "disgusted" by Paine's manners as a man, but could not repress his admiration of him as a patriot.

When our fathers declared independence they were not ready for battle. There was very little powder in the country, and it was for this reason that Congress forbade the usual military salute to Washington when he appeared before the army at Boston as Commander-in-Chief. Paine in this emergency immediately studied chemistry, for the purpose of discovering how to produce saltpetre, published the result of his experiments, and formed a company to supply the national arsenals, gratuitously, with powder. He also volunteered in

Roberdeau's flying division, and when his services were no longer needed, he acted as aid to General Greene, in the Fort Lee campaign. During the gloomy December of '76 he published the first number of the "Crisis," on the 19th of that month, the effect of which was quite as startling as that of "Common Sense." It was read at the head of every regiment, and six days afterwards the soldiers won the battle of Trenton.

In April, '77, Paine was, on motion of John Adams, appointed Secretary to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, but resigned that office in January, 1779, in consequence of having been censured, unheard, by a faction in Congress. His offence was having written a series of letters in the *Pennsylvania Packet*, denying the validity of Silas Deane's claim against the Government. His course was, however, vindicated at the "annual town-meeting" held in Philadelphia in the following July; and, as a manifestation of confidence in his integrity, the General Assembly of Pennsylvania elected Paine its Clerk, at its meeting in November.

In 1780 he resolved to revisit England, for the purpose of propagating republican sentiments, but was dissuaded by General Greene. In June of that year a letter was received by the Assembly of Pennsylvania from General Washington, stating that, notwithstanding his confidence in the attachment of the army to the cause of the country, he feared that the privations they endured would exasperate them into mutiny. This letter was read by Paine as Clerk. A despairing silence pervaded the hall. At length one of the members said that it was in vain to contend any longer, and that they might as well give up. The House adjourned. Paine immediately wrote to Blair McClenaghan, a merchant of Philadelphia, explaining the urgency of affairs, and enclosed five hundred dollars, the amount of salary due to him as Clerk, as his contribution toward a relief fund. McClenaghan called a public meeting, and read Paine's letter. A subscription was promptly made and £300,000, Pennsylvania currency, was collected, and the army relieved.

In 1781 Paine accompanied Colonel Laurens as Secretary to France, whence he brought \$2,500,000 in silver, by the aid of which Washington made the movement southward which ended in the capitulation of Yorktown.

The war was soon closed, but Paine was still

active for the promotion of the public welfare, until April, 1787, when he sailed again to France. Meanwhile he received many tokens of respect. The University of Pennsylvania conferred on him the degree of A.M., he was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society, and by special invitation enjoyed for a time the hospitality of General Washington. Congress, too, presented him with three thousand dollars as a testimonial of their appreciation of his important services. The committee say, in their report to Congress, "that Mr. Paine rendered great and eminent services to the United States during their struggle for liberty and independence, cannot be doubted by any person acquainted with his labors in the cause and attached to the principles of the contest."

Paine was in Paris when the Bastille was destroyed, and received the key of it from General Lafayette, as a gift to Washington, and it is still exhibited at Mount Vernon. While in France he published his "Rights of Man," dedicating the two parts of that work to General Washington and to General Lafayette respectively. A hundred thousand copies were printed and distributed by translation all over Europe.

In September, 1792, Paine was elected a member of the National Convention of France, and took his seat. He affiliated with the Girondists, and was a member of the committee which framed the Constitution of 1793.

He advocated the trial of Louis XVI., but voted against the sentence of death. Madame De Stael says: "Thomas Paine alone proposed what would have done honor to France if it had been accepted—the offer to the king of an asylum in America." His speech is worthy of transcription, and I copy it from Wright's "History of France," Vol. II., page 634.

"I very sincerely regret the part which was yesterday adopted by the Convention with regard to the punishment by death. I have the advantage of some experience in subjects of this nature. It is almost twenty years since I engaged in the cause of liberty, by contributing to accomplish the Revolution of the United States of America. My language has always been the language of liberty and of humanity. Experience has taught me that nothing so much exalts the spirit of a nation as the union of these two principles in all circumstances. I know that the public mind

throughout France, and especially in Paris, has been heated and irritated by the dangers to which the country has been exposed; but, if we look forward to that period in which those dangers and the irritation they have produced have been forgotten, we shall be able to perceive that the very transaction which, to our present view, bears the semblance of an act of justice, will then appear as a deed of vengeance. My anxiety for the cause of France is now converted into an anxiety for her honor; and should it be reserved for me, after my return to America, to write the history of the French Revolution, I would much rather have to record a thousand errors proceeding from a regard to humanity than a single one inspired by too severe a principle of justice.

France has, at this time, but one ally—the United States of America; and this ally is the only nation that can furnish her with naval stores; for the Northern powers, who have commonly supplied them, are, or very soon will be, at war with her.

Besides, it most unfortunately happens that the object of the present discussion is regarded in the United States as their best friend, as the parent of liberty. I am able to assure you that his execution will spread an universal affliction among them; and you have it now in your power to spare your best friends so much sorrow. If I could speak the French language, I would at your bar present a petition, in the name of my American brethren, for the delay of the execution of Louis."

This speech, translated from English, was read in Convention, and caused a "complete tumult;" but the sentence of death was confirmed by a vote of 380 to 310.

This speech was the knell of Paine's popularity in France. The Convention passed a decree for the expulsion of all members who were foreigners by birth, which was soon followed by another for the imprisonment of all persons in France who were born in England. Paine was immediately seized and thrown into prison, wherein he remained from January to November, 1794, notwithstanding a petition from all the Americans in Paris for the release of the "apostle of liberty." After the death of Robespierre, Paine, on the intercession of James Monroe, our Minister, was liberated; and, in December, 1794, resumed his seat in the National Convention.

After the reorganization of the government, and

the inauguration of the Consular Executive, Paine was treated with particular consideration by Bonaparte, who actually engaged his services for establishing a republican form of government in England, which he was then preparing to invade and conquer. But the project having been abandoned, apostles of liberty were in the way in France; so Paine set out on his return to the United States, and arrived at Baltimore October 30, 1802, after an absence of fifteen years, and immediately went to Monticello, whither he was invited by Jefferson, there being no arrangements for hospitality in the White House.

Paine's philanthropy had not, as it often does, reduced him to poverty. New York had presented him with a farm of three hundred acres, with necessary buildings, in consideration of the fact that "Thomas Paine did, during the whole progress of the Revolution, voluntarily devote himself to the service of the public without accepting recompense therefor; and, moreover, did decline taking or receiving the common profits which authors are entitled to on the sale of their literary works, but relinquished them for the better accommodation of the country and for the honor of the public cause."

Pennsylvania, for the same reasons, presented him with £500. New Jersey gave him an estate in Bordentown; and Virginia would have granted him a tract of land worth more than £4,000, if he had not, during the pendency of the bill, published a pamphlet denying the title of that State to the Northwest Territory. Notwithstanding this free expression of unfavorable opinion the bill was advocated by Washington, Madison, Lee and Patrick Henry, but was lost by a majority of one.

Paine spent some time visiting places and persons, and finally settled in New York, occasionally spending a few months on his farm at New Rochelle. He died in New York, June 8, 1809, in his 73d year.

His remains were buried on his farm; but his bones, ten years afterwards, were resurged by William Cobbett (Peter Porcupine), who took them to England. His will shows that his pecuniary resources were ample; and, although he did not recant any of his published opinions, he certainly did not esteem his theological achievements as his chief merit, for he says—"the place where I am to be buried to be a square of twelve feet, to be

enclosed with rows of trees, and a stone or post-and-rail fence, with a headstone with my name and age engraved on it as the author of 'Common Sense.'" A cenotaph was erected, in 1839, near the spot of his original sepulture; and I hope that some reader may visit the locality and tell us whether it is now standing.

"Thomas Paine was about five feet ten inches in height, and broad shouldered. He was plain but dignified in appearance. He wore his hair in a queue with side curls, and powdered. His eyes were full, brilliant and piercing. As a public speaker he was not fluent; but in conversation he was fascinating." So says a writer in "Appleton's Cyclopedia," to whom I am under obligations for much of my material.

I have never read or heard of any dishonest or dishonorable act of Paine. He was very earnest in his convictions, and perfectly fearless of consequences in expressing them. When he went to France in 1787 he left a nation of friends, and he was held in high personal esteem by such men as Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Witherspoon and Rush. His experience and observation in France had disappointed, grieved and exasperated him. The insults and abuse he met in many places here soured his temper, and his reflections and conclusions must sometimes at least have tended to cynicism. The social customs of those days were not adapted to allay the fever of his mind, and the consequent nervous irritability fretted him into moroseness. Joel Barlow, an intimate of his while in France, says, August 11, 1809, in answer to a letter "calling for information relative to the life of Thomas Paine," that he was one of the most benevolent and disinterested of mankind, endowed with the clearest perception, an uncommon share of original genius and the greatest breadth of thought, and that he ought to be ranked among the brightest and most undeviating luminaries of the age in which he lived; yet with a mind flattered with vanity which he was too proud to conceal; unable to endure the contempt of his former friends and fellow-laborers, and the scoffs of a new generation that knew him not. He always kept the best company in England and in France, till he became the object of calumny in certain American papers for his adherence to what he thought the cause of liberty in France, and till

he conceived himself neglected by his former friends in the United States. From that moment he gave himself very much to drink, and consequently to companions less worthy of his better days.

Indeed, as early as 1781, Elkanah Watson, at the page hereinbefore indicated, thus describes Paine's personal demeanor: "He was coarse and uncouth in his manners, loathsome in his appearance, and a disgusting egotist, rejoicing most in talking of himself, and reading the effusions of his own mind. On his arrival being announced, the Mayor and some of the most distinguished citizens of Nantes called on him to render their homage of respect. I often officiated as interpreter, although humbled and mortified at his filthy appearance and awkward and unseemly address. Besides, as he had been roasted alive, on his arrival at L'Orient, for the . . . and well basted with brimstone, he was absolutely offensive, and perfumed the whole apartment. He was soon rid of his respectable visitors, who left the room with marks of astonishment and disgust. I took the liberty, on his asking for the loan of a clean shirt, of speaking to him frankly of his dirty appearance and brimstone odor, and prevailed on him to stew for an hour in a hot bath. This, however, was not done without much entreaty, and I did not succeed until, receiving a file of English newspapers, I promised that after he was in the bath he should have the reading of them, and not before. He at once consented and accompanied me to the bath, where I instructed the keeper in French—which Paine did not understand—to gradually increase the heat of the water until '*le monsieur était bien bouilli*.' He became so much absorbed in his reading that he was nearly parboiled before leaving the bath, much to his improvement and to my satisfaction."

But whatever may have been his private errors and infirmities, they ought not to be conspicuously obtruded. His political integrity and great public services were acknowledged by our forefathers of the Revolution, and we, their descendants, may not indeed deny the existence of such faults, but we ought to put them in the shaded background of a Centennial picture radiant with the glory of his patriotic deeds.

THE PONY-RIDER'S MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

THERE was an excited crowd gathered about the Pony Express Station at McPherson's. The western-bound rider had arrived with a bullet in his leg, and reported that the Pawnees were off their reservation and were advancing on the settlement. He had met them between the last station and McPherson's, and they had given chase. McPherson's could boast of but seventy-five souls at that time, before the railroad came, and there were but forty men capable of defending the place. Whatever was to be done had to be done quickly. Fort Grattan was eighty miles northwest, and a rider was despatched in haste. Fort Kearney was seventy miles southeast, and who would summon aid from there? It was a dangerous undertaking. The route lay right through the hostile country, and the messenger would be almost sure to meet the Indians. The pony-riders, as a general thing, were fearless men, but this proposition was fraught with so much danger that they were loth to undertake it.

"Ef Slade was only here!" cried an old man, "ther'd be no hesitation while wimen an' children were in danger!"

"I'll go!" and a bright-eyed, fearless-looking young fellow stepped forth.

"Good!" said the old man, pressing his hand; "old Jim Johnson sez so! Old Jim Johnson! You hear me! There's more sense in Essex's cazeba than the hull lot of you. Pick your hoss, boy, and ride for your life. See, there's Nelly lookin' at you. For her sake, Willy, ef no one's else. Thirty-five helpless wimen an' children; think of it! Ride your best, an' when you git to the station you may git a relief. Post 'em there, and when you git to the fort tell the commandant to send on some cavalry as soon as possible. Fetch the sojers, an' we'll send the reds to Californy! Nelly Johnson's yourn as soon as you git back. Good-by, boy, an' God speed ye."

There was a spring, a rush of hoofs, and the ride to Kearney had begun. Right gallantly the horse sprang away at his rider's bidding, and the eyes of sweet Nelly Johnson kept upon them until horse and rider faded away upon the horizon.

Love was one incentive for the pony-rider's mission, and the desire to save the people of McPherson's from a bloody death was the other.

Did man ever risk life in a better cause? Onward swept the little horse, her flying heels throwing up a cloud of dust which hovered in the air for hundreds of yards behind her. To the left of them glided the still waters of the Platte, and on the right stretched the boundless green of the prairie. The rider sat firm as a rock, his dauntless face looking straight ahead and wearing an air which seemed to say it was all for the sake of Nelly Johnson.

You may talk of the Mamelukes, the Tartar horsemen, the savage Bedouins and all the wild riders, but what are they to compare with our American pony-riders—men who were fearless, and braved every danger; who ran the risk of life in every mile they dashed over; men who were expected to do fifty miles at top speed in daylight or dark, rain or shine, hot or cold? But the railroad has done away with the pony-rider, and we hear no more of such exploits as that of the renowned Jimmy Moore.

Onward swept the brave little horse, and at last the station came in view. A minute more and horse and rider were at the door. No relay was there to meet them. Not a sign of life was to be seen, but there were hoof tracks on the ground in every direction, showing that the relief had fled. Giving the horse a drink, the rider mounted, and again they were on the way to Kearney. Further on they came upon a large object in the centre of the trail. It was the western-bound stage with horses gone, the driver between the fore-wheels with a bullet in his head, the passengers lying about the road, and the conductor in the boot, wounded unto death. One horrified look, a pause, and faster fled the horse. Mile after mile is left behind, station after station is passed, and no relief. Will they ever get to Kearney?

On the prairie to the right of them appear a host of mounted men. They are the pets of the Peace Commission, on their annual maraud. Turning with a triumphant yell they speed to head the rider off. Narrower grows the space between them, and the gallant horse redoubles his exertions. In the van of the savages rides a tall chief, mounted upon a powerful horse, his plumes streaming in the wind as he urges the noble animal he bestrides. Young Essex can escape if he turns back. But

no! The sweet face of Nelly Johnson and the shrinking forms of defenceless little ones come before his view, and dashing the perspiration from his brow, the pursued dashes onward. But a few miles more and succor is at hand!

Nearer come the pursuers. Now ride, young Essex, for it is three-score lives to one! Speed, brave little horse; strain muscle and nerve and heart, for your work will be well done! Ride, young Essex, for everything is at stake. Onward rushed the horse, the hoofs beating time to the short, quick breaths. The gap closes! Twang! A sharp pain in the side, and the rider reeled in the saddle, but for an instant only. Bending low in the saddle, the whip is raised for the first time, and faster fled the horse.

And now the green ramparts and stockaded gates of Fort Kearney came in view. The baffled

savages turned and set out rapidly up the trail, while the fainting rider checks the faltering steps of his dying horse. One last, last look at the waving sea of green; and they enter the gates thrown open to receive them.

In the centre of the parade stands a group of men about a horse and rider. The horse is down now, and from his nostrils gushes the life-current, and beside him lies the rider.

Young Essex raised his head from the arm which supported it, and said:

"Pawnees off their reservation. McPherson's station's cleaned out—help—quick? My love to—to—Nelly—Johnson—"

And, grasping the reins with stiffening clutch, the barbed shaft eating out his soul, he sank upon the pony's neck.

Their brave hearts had ceased to beat.

THE FATHER AND CHILD.

BY RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

As up and down a shady place,
I walked with melancholy pace,
A cloud upon my heart and face
Of sin and sadness;
Suddenly flashing on the view
My little boy in white and blue
Came running up the avenue
With look of gladness.

And all a father's love leapt out
Instinctively, and clung about
The child, subduing fear and doubt
With tender yearning;
As if he had been sent to prove,
By living sign, that higher Love,
Which waits and watches from above
Each son's returning.

Who made the eye, shall He not see?
The ear, shall He not hear? And He,
Who, in creating, gave to me
A father's feeling,
Shall He not feel?—and kindly greet
A son that weeps before His feet—
With kiss of reconciliation sweet
His pardon sealing.

For one constraining cause alone
That child was dear—he was my own—
Spontaneously my love had grown;
And how much rather
Shall I, "the work of His own hand,"
The yearning love of God command—
Can He my prayers and tears withstand
Who is my Father?

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

BY GEORGIANA C. CLARK.

THERE'S many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did not we rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor!
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heartache can cure.

Resolved to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget;
And no longer tearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS, AS SEEN IN THE RELIGIOUS EDIFICES OF THE WORLD.

By REV. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, D.D., LL.D.

I. INTRODUCTORY.—PYRAMIDS AND TEMPLES OF EGYPT.

In a rude state of society the builder merely aims at providing for the necessary wants of man-



CHINESE PAVILION.

kind. The varieties of climate, the suddenness and the range of atmospheric changes, together with the delicacy of the human organization become factors in determining the course of the primitive laborer, who aims at little more than furnishing a shelter from the vicissitudes of the seasons. Nevertheless, it is a fact that in all countries where progress has been made in building, and where architecture has reached the condition of a science, it will be found that traces of the earliest structural forms continue to appear on the more elaborate edifices which the taste and wealth of progressive ages may erect. In a primitive state where men relied for their existence on the produce of the chase, or on supplies that might be secured from rivers, the shelter of a cavern or the rudest covering would minister to their wants. A pastoral life obliged the shepherd to roam from

place to place, and hence he was obliged wherever he sojourned to have his habitation at hand wherever his flocks could find pasture. A tent thus became the house of the nomad shepherd. When the cultivation of the soil became a main source of support, the fixed habits of the agriculturist necessarily



PORTAL OF AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE.

led to the erection of a permanent home, and thus the rude hut had its origin.

It would not be correct, however, to say that in all ages and lands the prevailing types of build-



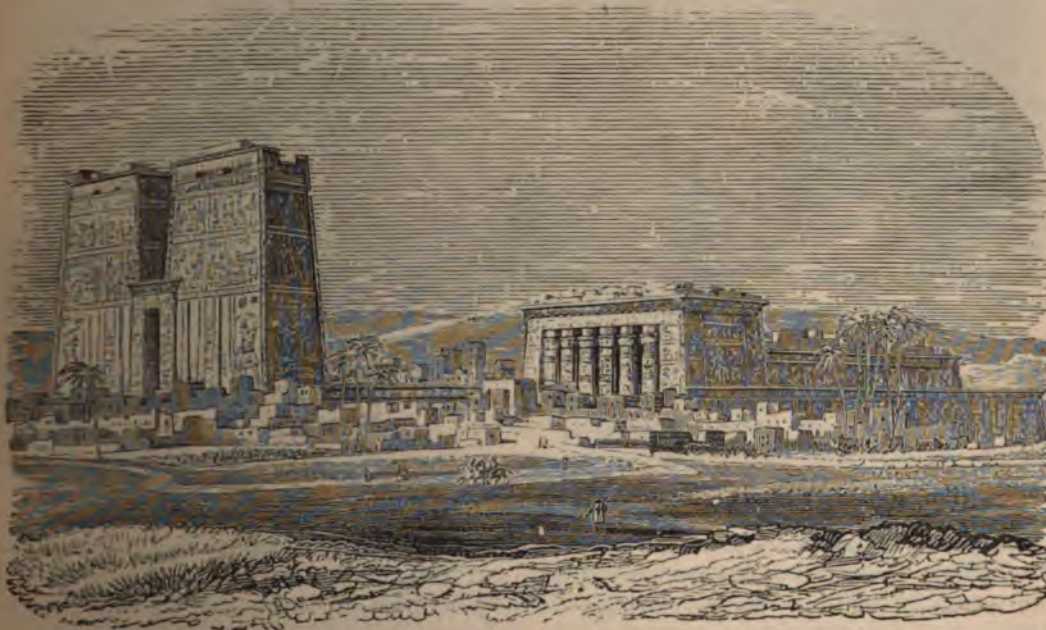
GATEWAY OF A CHINESE TOWN.

ings proceeded from the influence of one cause merely; as different agencies combined to produce the forms of edifices which prevailed in various



TEMPLE OF THEBES.

countries. Nevertheless it is true that different types or styles soon became established in different regions, and these forms continued to appear from age to age. Thus the wandering Mongol had his tent as he followed or guided his flock, and hence to the present day the Chinese house is really a



TEMPLE OF EDFOU.

modification of the Tartar tent. A common Chinese plate on which an ordinary house is displayed with its peculiar roof, its quaint shape and its ornaments in wood along the ridge pole and at the eaves, in forms that closely approximate to the movable tent of former ages, will show how deeply the primitive habits of the early ages cling to the

rather to trace the progressive stages of the building art as they may be seen on the banks of the Nile, in Greece, in Italy, during the Roman period, in the Byzantine, the Norman and the later styles of pointed ecclesiastical structures which reached their perfection in the great Cathedrals of Britain, France, Spain and Germany.



WALL AND BUILDINGS AT PEKIN, CHINA.

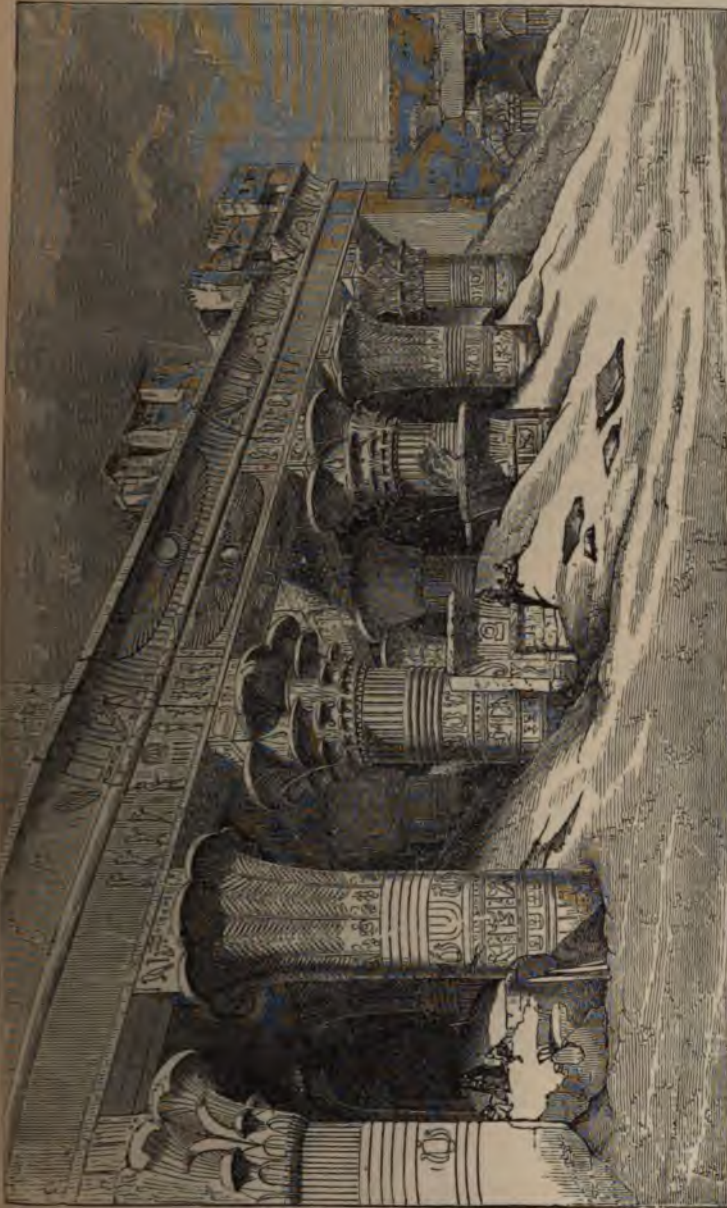
Chinese mind. A Chinese town is largely in appearance a collection of fixed tents, and so permanently lodged in the Chinese mind is the idea of the tent, that large edifices and even towers are really successive stories of tent-like edifices.

Our object, however, is not to show how widely this adherence to old forms has spread, and how long from age to age it has continued to appear in the edifices of different nations; our aim being

By some, the origin of Egyptian architecture has been found in subterranean excavations, and in the enlargement of natural caverns in the hill regions that bound the valley of the Nile. It is true that among the Egyptians a taste for cave dwellings has existed from the remotest age, and owing to climate and habits of the population they are resorted to at the present time; but other Oriental nations had recourse to such habitations,

as is evident in various nations of Asia. It must be admitted, however, that the effect of the climate of Egypt, and the experience of the coolness and the shade of cave dwellings had an import-

that the dwellers on the Nile had been early civilized. When Abraham entered Egypt, two thousand years before Christ, he found a country long possessed of the arts. Religion had demanded



TEMPLE OF EDFU.—See second engraving on page 105.

temples, sovereigns had perpetuated their glory in vast edifices, and while the common people had their habitations, not the least remarkable element in the social condition of the country was the regard that was paid to the under-ground, or rather hill-excavated cities of the dead. It is held by many that the culture and religion of the Egyptians were developed in the region of Meroe, and that, following the course of the Nile, they spread northward over Lower Egypt. At Memphis and Thebes the magnificence of this early civilization was displayed in the vast structures which were erected in these capitals, the remains of which at the present day fill the minds of travellers with admiration and wonder at their magnitude and regret at the ruin which has overtaken them. Some Egyptologists have carried back the origin of these edifices to a very remote antiquity. Taking into consideration the yearly average rise of the soil, caused by the inundation of the Nile, it would seem that the present elevation of the surface above the level on which the monuments of Thebes were built, would establish the conclusion that these great structures must have been erected about 4760

years before the commencement of the present century.

ant influence in modifying the forms of the great Temples which gradually rose on the banks of the Nile.

Such a conclusion, however, does not rest on any historic proof, and it is altogether at variance with the Mosaic and Old Testament chronology. It has also been held that, as at Thebes, fragments

The primeval history of Egypt is shrouded in the darkness of distant ages, but the Bible and the literature of Greece and Rome combine to show

have been found of stone which have been wrought on the reverse or inner side before they were placed on the walls of the present ruins, and



CONSTRUCTION OF A PYRAMID.

it is held that this demonstrates the fact that a former civilization had existed in Egypt before the monuments of Thebes had been commenced.

The brilliant period of Egyptian art commenced in the middle of the twelfth century before Christ, in the time of Sesostriis or Rameses, and continued for the space of five hundred years. Then came the rule of the Persians, which gave place to that of Alexander, and in time Egypt fell under the sway of Rome.

The grandest displays of this golden age of Egyptian magnificence are those which date from the age of Sesostriis, and which still attest the splendor of Homer's hundred-gated Thebes, the metropolis of ancient Egypt. This great city extended two geographical miles in all directions from a centre, and its ruins may now be seen in the several villages which occupy its site, around the temples and palaces of Luxor and Karnak, the splendor of which may be conceived of by the traveller who rambles along an avenue of colossal sphinxes six hundred feet long, and who wonders at the extent of the sepulchres and the vast proportions of the palace at Medinet Abu, or who meditates on the wonder of the Rock-Tombs, or "graves of the Kings," and the solemn grandeur of the Temple of Denderah, below Thebes.

The great monuments of Egypt consist of the pyramids, the tombs of the Kings, their palaces, and the temples. The pyramids form a class by themselves, and they are unlike other edifices. Their form was a simple mass usually resting on a square base, the sides facing the points of the compass, and sloping upwards towards a central point or apex. This angle of inclination is not always the same, and hence the proportion of the base to the height is found to vary. Evidently

they were built in platforms, and covered or reveted with a coating of granite. In the interior there are halls and passages which served as the burial chambers of the monarchs who raised them; and a good deal of skill is displayed in the construction of the roofs of these chambers to prevent the weight of the superincumbent mass from crushing them in. Architecturally, the pyramids are not masterpieces of science; but owing to their enormous size, their great simplicity, their age, and the obvious cost and expenditure of human toil in their erection, they never fail to impress the mind as being justly reckoned among the wonders of the world. The largest is at



GALLERIES OF PYRAMIDS.

Gizeh, and it has a perpendicular height of 448 feet, while the base is 728 feet on each side. St. Peters in Rome attains an altitude of 448 feet,

Salisbury is upwards of 400, and Strasburg, the loftiest spire in Europe, is 468 feet high. As the apex of the pyramid is at present only 25 feet

Symbolism and mystery were important elements in the religion of the ancient Egyptians. The figures of their gods were symbolic, and as Plu-



PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH.

lower than this great altitude, and as the reveting or outside casing is gone, there is no doubt but that in its perfect state it was as lofty as the spire

tarch has observed, the sphinxes with which the entrances of their temples were decorated signified that Egyptian Mythology was mysterious and



THE GREAT SPHYNX.

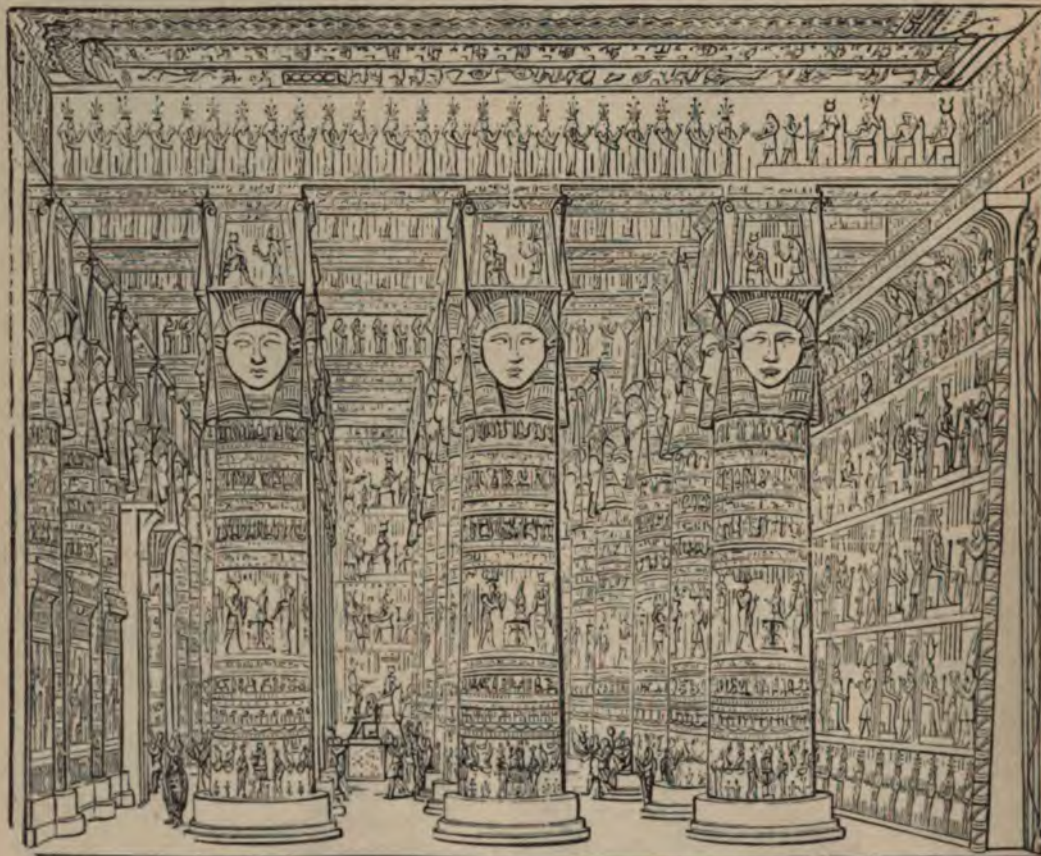
of Strasburg, and when the quantity of material used in their construction is considered, these tapering spires are as nothing compared to the enormous masses of stone that tier above tier rise in the pyramids of Gizeh.

emblematic. This idea was carried out in the arrangement of the different parts of their temples, as the inmost shrine was at the farthest end in a small apartment usually dark and separated from the entrance by courts and passages of vast

extent, and here the sacred object was preserved and kept from the sight of all but the priestly guardian.

Owing to the climate of Egypt, it has never been a woodland country. Palm trees are found about the deserts of Lybia, and near Denderah

it is evident that they had made great progress also in the department of construction, for many of the blocks which they used were of enormous dimensions, and that they were lavish in their use of material is shown by the fact that the walls of some of their temples are of the almost incredible



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF DENDERAH.

timber of all kinds is scarce, as the soil is not suited to the growth of trees. The acacia and the palm do grow, but the oak does not, and fir has to be imported from Arabia; and thus for solid structures of great magnitude the old builders of Egypt were shut up to the use of stone, which abounds in profusion, and in the use of which the Egyptians were great proficients, as may be seen both in the rock-temples which were excavated and adorned with sculpture, and in the temples which were erected in the open air. While the sculptures and the hieroglyphic figures which adorn their palaces and temples attest the progress of their workmen in the art of the hewer of stone,

thickness of twenty-four feet. At Thebes, the walls of the principal entrance gate are at the base no less than fifty feet thick. Then again the stones instead of being dressed as in modern masonry on one side, are cut inside as well as outside, and the whole mass is solidly jointed together, thus tending to secure the durability of their monuments. In these great structures no arch is ever introduced. The columns stand at such short distances that great stones can reach from capital to capital, and thus the roof is formed of huge blocks laid on horizontally and forming a solid bed.

In almost every respect the Egyptian temple

differed from the Greek. Both inside and outside the Greek temple might be seen at one view, but the Egyptian was made up of an assemblage of vestibules, courts, passages, and apartments of different sizes connected together, and all united making a great edifice surrounded by an inclosing wall. Usually the design included the temple itself with its vestibules and side buildings in which the priests resided. Around this part of the temple was a court which formed an enclosure, and before it was placed a peculiarly shaped entrance gate or passage way of enormous size called a pylon. In many cases a second, and even a third fore-court was erected and a pylon was placed before them. These pylons were approached by avenues, in many instances six thousand feet long, having colossal sphinxes on either side, and these avenues were entered through smaller gates or pylons resembling the great masses of this form which guarded the entrance to the temple proper.

The pylon was of stupendous size, massive in the walls and so lofty that it overlooked all the parts of the structure that lay beyond. In direct opposition to modern ideas of architectural beauty the pylon was low in the middle and elevated at either end as the spectator approached the temple. The central part was merely a wide elevated gateway, and over the horizontal entablature or lintel a symbolical egg or globe with wings outstretched on either side was engraved. On either side of this gateway the flanking towers of the pylon rose, the long side faced the entrance front, and the shorter ends stood on the outside and right and left of the gateway. The walls sloped gently inwards, and thus the appearance of these masses was pyramidal in form. Their flat wall-like surfaces were covered with colored sculpture, and on the top was an entablature formed of a fillet

and a deeply projecting cavetto. As in other parts of the temples, the pylons had a flat stone-covered



TEMPLE OF DANDOUR.

roof, and in their interior were dark apartments, the use of which is not known. There seems to be no doubt but that these great masses were placed at the entrances of the temples to excite the feeling of wonder and awe, and the effect on the minds of all who approached them would be increased by the long rows of colossal statues and obelisks through which they had to pass. On passing through the entrance gate into the fore-court, columns were arranged in rows around it, and from the tops of the columns to the enclosing walls blocks of stone were laid, thus forming shaded cloisters or walks. From column to column, as in the entrance gateway, was an entablature with a cornice terminating in a cavetto, thus carrying out the style of the age and country. As no arch is ever found in these structures, the columns stand so close to each other that the space between them is usually about one and a



PILAR IN TEMPLE OF DENDERAH.



THE LARGER ROCK-CUT TEMPLE OF IPSAMBOUL.

half of the extent of the column's diameter, and seldom does this distance reach to twice the diameter of the lower part of the shafts. A person on passing into one of these temples after passing through the entrance gateway would find himself in the great fore-court with its columns forming a covered way along the sides; opposite to the entrance gateway he would pass through a second gateway into another space having several rows

of columns supporting the roof; advancing through another gateway he would pass into a court with three or more rows of columns, the inner row being higher than the others, so that over the roof which rests on the lower series light might enter somewhat on the principle that clerestory windows are used to light mediæval churches. Farther onwards the visitor would enter a narrow chamber, also adorned with columns enriched

with sculpture and massive capitals, and then after one or two vestibules the innermost shrine would be reached by a single door.

This sanctuary was always small, without light, and around it were apartments for the priests and such dresses or sacred vessels as they required for their service.

The walls of the temples were covered with sculptures richly colored, and the lower rows, separated by bands from those above, were of greater breadth. These figures usually represented the objects of the vegetable world. The columns, which were also similarly ornamented, were usually thick and heavy, rising to a height that varied from three or four or even five times the diameter at the base; the shaft never diminished in thickness. It rested on a plinth or base, and the capitals

expanding, or of a cluster of flowers or leaves tied by a band around the head of the pillar. Square



RUINS OF KARNAK.



SMALLER ROCK-CUT TEMPLE OF IPSAMBOUL.

displayed a wonderful amount of variety in their form, but the prevailing idea was a representation in stone of some flower or bud sprouting out and

Vol. VIII.—3

piers occur very frequently in the tombs, and in other buildings they sustain the roof, while the colossal statue is placed in front of them without any beam or weight resting on the head. Temples of such massive proportions with their multitudinous columns, their dim shadows and the multiform symbols of hieroglyphic figures which covered the pillars and the walls must have appealed to the Egyptian mind with great power. Outside they appeared to be stupendous boxes of

stone, to an observer who looked at them from the sanctuary end, box after box becoming greater until at the far end the great pylon overtopped the whole,

but inside the misty shadows, the figures on the walls, the long vistas, and the changing forms from court to court must, to the Egyptian mind, have been a source of awe and reverence.

A smaller form of temple existed, known as typhons, which consisted of a simple house in the form of a parallelogram, having the door in one end. There were two or three chambers placed consecutively according to the size of the building. These temples stood on a perpendicular substructure, and a flight of steps led to the doorway. These typhons bore a relation to the greater temples similar to that which a small chapel or parish church did to a great cathedral in mediæval times.



AVENUE OF SPHYNXES, THEBES.

The arrangements of the rock-temples were similar to the plans of the structures which stood in the open air. Thus at Ipsamboul there are the colossal figures at the entrance. A passage leads to a court or hall with four columns or piers on each side which reach the roof, a doorway leads to another chamber with four piers, thence a vestibule, and farther still the shrine, with two small apartments, one on each side, and similar in form, both being entered from the vestibule.

A few details will serve to show the enormous magnitude of the greater temples and to establish the fact that the Egyptian people lived for the maintenance of the royal and sacerdotal classes. In modern States law recognizes the individual, and protects him in his individual rights. In Egypt the masses lived for the State, and accordingly the remains of State edifices may now be seen thousands of years after their erection, while

the home of an Egyptian farmer or gentleman cannot be found.

The temple of Edfou, which belongs to the first class, was four hundred and ninety-seven feet long. The sanctuary end was one hundred and fifty-five feet broad, while the stupendous pylons which stood right and left of the entrance gateway extended two hundred and twenty-six feet. Such a pile, with its approaches of statues and obelisks, must have been overwhelming in its effect on the common mind. Vast as this temple was, it recedes before the magnitude of the temple of Jupiter at Thebes, which was more than fourteen hundred feet long by three hundred feet wide exclusive of the porticos that led to it. At Karnak the ruins of the temple cover an area of a mile and a half in circuit; its principal front faced the river, and it was approached by an avenue of sphynxes which terminated at two colossal statues of granite standing like towers. One of these remains, but it has lost much of its original height. Beyond these towers was a court three hundred and twenty-nine feet by two hundred and seventy-five feet, with a double row of columns in its centre and a covered corridor on either side. Beyond this court was the great hall of assembly, 329 feet by 170 feet, with a central avenue of twelve enormous columns 66 feet in height and 36 feet in circumference. There were seven side rows of columns 122 in number, smaller than those in the centre but still of gigantic size, their height being 41 feet 9 inches and their circumference 27 feet 6 inches. Farther there were other courts and halls for the space of 600 feet, with numerous columns and obelisks, one of which remains, and it is 92 feet high by 8 feet square, surrounded by a peristyle of figures. As in other temples, the walls were decorated with sculptures, and the great hall was especially gorgeous in its details.

About a mile from Karnak are the ruins of Luxor, similar to those at Karnak but of smaller proportions; on the left bank of the river was the suburb Memnonia, celebrated for its so-called vocal statue. It was formed out of enormous mass sienite, which must have weighed not less than fifty tons, but is now reduced to fragments. Details like these will serve to indicate to the modern mind the loftiness of conception, the majesty of design, and the rashness of that energy which aimed at building for all ages, and which centuries that followed the Egyptian civilization have never in these elements of public life had a parallel.

THE AMERICAN DRAMA—ITS SUCCESSES AND FAILURES.

BY A. E. LANCASTER.

THE SECOND PAPER.

JAMES A. HILLHOUSE, though not a dramatist in the stricter sense of the term, finds a place in dramatic history as rightfully as Byron. A true poet he undoubtedly was, and the dramatic glow which he gave to his principal compositions suggests the channel of his thoughts. He was born in New Haven, on the twenty-sixth day of September, 1789. He died in 1841. The work upon which his fame rests, "Hadad," has justly been considered his masterpiece. As a sacred drama it is one of the best that has yet been given to the world. The scene is in Judea, in the days of David; and as the agency of evil spirits is introduced, an opportunity is given to bring forward personages of strange wildness and elevation. For a work like this, declares an able critic, Hillhouse was peculiarly qualified. A most intimate acquaintance of the Scriptures enabled him to introduce each minute detail in perfect keeping with historical truth, while from the same study he seems also to have imbibed the lofty thoughts and the majestic style of the Hebrew prophets. The two other dramatic compositions of Hillhouse are "Demetria" and "Percy's Marque." Of these dramas it has been well said, that the scholar studies them as the productions of a kindred spirit, which had drunk deeply at the fountains of ancient lore, until it had itself been moulded into the same form of stern and antique beauty which marked the old Athenian dramatists.

James Kirke Paulding, the celebrated American novelist and critic, was the author of a comedy, "The Lion of the West," which was acted in New York with great success, and often repeated. It was first played at the Park Theatre, on Monday evening, April 2d, 1831; and later at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, October 28th, 1831. George P. Morris, the well-known song writer, wrote a play called "Brier Cliff." This was performed at the Chatham-Street Theatre, New York, in 1825. The most flattering comment that we can make in its favor is, that it was often reproduced, and never failed to attract appreciative audiences.

Another once popular dramatist, Richard Penn Smith, was a native of Philadelphia, and a member of the bar. From his father he inherited a taste for letters, and was early distinguished for the extent and variety of his acquirements. His first appearance as an author was in the columns of the *Union*, where he published a series of papers under the title of "The Plagiary." Towards the close of the year 1822 he purchased a newspaper, and assumed the duties of an editor. Five years he continued at this work, when, finding it both wearisome and unprofitable, he abandoned it and resumed his profession. To the discipline which editorship necessarily imposes, he probably owed, in a great measure, his facility in composition. While engaged in professional duties, he produced a number of plays, both in prose and verse, which showed remarkable versatility. His favorite study, indeed, was the drama, and with this department of literature he was thoroughly familiar. With the dramatists of all nations and all schools he possessed an extensive acquaintance. Fortunately it is not alone in the critical appreciation of the work of others that he deserves attention. He showed conclusively by his own labors that he did not lack power to accomplish good results in dramatic creation. The following are his best productions, most of which were performed with complete success: "Quite Correct," "The Disowned," "A Wife at a Venture," "The Sentinels," "The Water Witch," "My Uncle's Wedding," "The Bravo," "Caius Marius," and "Deformed."

A passing anecdote relating to Smith may not be inappropriate here. Like nearly all authors, he occasionally produced work that was unworthy of him. Luckily he was blessed with a not too sensitive nature. On a certain evening, at the conclusion of a performance of one of his plays, a friend met him in the lobby, and, being ignorant of the authorship of the drama, asked the author, not without a sneer, what the piece was all about. "Really," was Smith's grave answer, "it is now some years since I wrote that piece, and, though

I paid the utmost attention to the performance, I confess I am as much in the dark as you are."

As a conclusion to our remarks upon this author, we may mention that "Disowned" and "Deformed" were both successfully performed in London, an honor which no other American play had received up to that time. The tragedy of "Caius Marius" was written for Edwin Forrest, and was brought out by him at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. This production has solid worth; the plot is well managed, the chief characters are strongly developed, the language is uniformly vigorous, and many of the sentiments are highly poetical. The following extract from it will illustrate more forcibly our opinions:

"They live like devils, but they'll die like gods!
Pledge me a cup to Mars, who stood my friend
In times of greater peril than the present.
My brain's on fire! Ha! see another comes!
.....
My army's made of shadows, and will startle
If but a breeze blow rudely. There was a time
When Roman soldier was a fearful name!
Oh! where are ye who battled by my side
In Africa! Men now are made of fears,
And blanch and tremble if a face but frown.
Speak out thy errand, if thy faltering tongue
Retain its functions still. Speak, speak, I say!"

Joseph Bartlet's is a name well known in American dramatic history, though not connected with anything very honorable. Bartlet's only claim upon our recognition is the fact that he demanded the honor of being the first American who had a play represented on the English stage. The title of this production, without considering the question of his truthfulness, is unknown. It is more probable that the honor thus claimed really belongs to Richard Penn Smith. However this question may be decided, Bartlet successfully forced himself upon public recognition, and was regarded as a happy playwright. As a man he was by no means held in high esteem. He reflected no credit on the profession of which he was a member. After his death a reputable writer alluded to him in the following style: "No mourner followed his hearse, no poet sang his dirge, and where rest his ashes no one will inquire; so pass away the profligate and the unprincipled." This epitaph speaks for itself, and to it we need add nothing, though we could wish to take something away. If Bartlet's name is to be preserved, it will only be in connection with the curiosities of American dramatic literature. A characteristic anecdote

was often told of him, that carries its moral quite as well as any elaborate biography. One night while Bartlet was at the theatre, a play in which his countrymen were ridiculed was performed. This drama represented a number of rebels captured and brought into the British camp; on inquiry being made as to their occupations before they became soldiers, the answer was that they were of different callings; some were barbers, some tailors, some tinkers, shoemakers, etc. At the most interesting point of the scene, Bartlet arose from his seat in the pit, and cried: "Hurrah! Great Britain beaten by barbers, tailors, tinkers and shoemakers! Hurrah!" The effect was instantaneous. Bartlet became popular—the popularity of audacity.

A very clever and popular dramatic writer, and one whose imagination possessed many elements of power, was Nathaniel Harrington Bannister. This gentleman was a very hard worker, and he produced a great number of plays, most of which attained high success. Still it must be confessed that his natural vigor often carried away his judgment, so that where he sought grandeur he only found bombast. On general principles, therefore, we must condemn his productions; as an experienced and successful playwright, nevertheless, he claims our attention. He displays an excellent command of language, and the dramas to which he has given the most care show decided merits of incident and imagination. The best known of these are the following: "Marriage Contract," a comedy in five acts; "Murrell," played successfully in different portions of the country; "The Gentlemen of Lyons," a piece very highly spoken of on various occasions; "Roman Slave," a tragedy in five acts; "Two Spaniards," and several others. He also wrote a drama called "The Wandering Jew," which consisted of no less than fifteen acts! Two of his best tragedies are "Caius Silius" and "Psammetichus," the latter of which was intended for Edwin Forrest. He also wrote the drama of "Putnam," which was produced at the Old Bowery in New York with Hamblin in the principal rôle; it ran over one hundred nights, and the author received only fifty dollars for the copy! Long runs and bad pay seem to date from a past generation!

One of the best known of our tragic writers is John Augustus Stone, many of whose plays were pecuniary successes. He was author of the two celebrated tragedies, "Fauntleroy" and "Meta-

mora." The former of these pieces was first acted in Charleston, and often repeated subsequently. The latter was acted in various cities of the United States, always with great success; it was specially written for Edwin Forrest, who paid the author five hundred dollars for his work. Mr. Stone was likewise author of several other dramas, the principal of which are "Tancred," "The Demoniac" and "The Ancient Briton." This last was generally considered his finest production. It was first played in March, 1833, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

Cornelius A. Logan enjoyed, during his career as a dramatist, a distinction for which many worthy persons are even now ambitious. He produced a comedy in three acts, entitled "The Wag of Maine," which the New York critics pronounced "the best American comedy yet written." It was brought out towards the close of 1835, and ran many successive nights. Mr. Logan was also the author of two or three excellent farces. As a general writer he wielded a vigorous pen, and he was a bold defender of the stage wherever occasion required. Rufus Dawes, the poet, was the author of a tragedy called "Athenia of Damascus," which was written expressly for Mrs. George Jones, and published by Coleman of New York, 1839. The New York press alluded to this work in high terms of praise, placing it unanimously among the finest dramatic works of the day. We are not aware that Mr. Dawes ever carried his inclinations for the drama any further. "Athenia" is the only dramatic work now ascribed to him.

In the year 1830 a premium of three hundred dollars was offered by James H. Caldwell for the best tragedy offered to him as an opening piece for his new theatre in New Orleans. The successful work was "Irma, or the Prediction," and its author was James H. Kennicott, of New Orleans. The tragedy was printed in 1830, and just eight years after this successful venture Mr. Kennicott died in Texas. Upon the production of "Irma" the play met with the most decided marks of public approbation. Some passages from it are very fine, as for instance:

"By heaven!

Her step speaks majesty of soul, like that
By which the Trojan knew his goddess mother.
Such is the soul that might have filled the void
Within my withered heart. She should be mine.
The eagle pairs not with the timid dove,
Nor would I mate with soft and melting beauty."

A lady who acquired considerable reputation as a dramatist several years ago was Caroline Lee Hentz, who wrote an admirable play entitled "Lamora," a scholarly criticism of which appeared in the *Western Magazine* for February, 1833. In the month of January of the same year "Lamora" was produced with a fine cast at Caldwell's New Orleans Theatre, and its success was unequivocal. It is perhaps the best play founded upon Indian traditions which this country has brought forth.

Samuel Woodworth, whose name is almost as well known as that of Paine, through the popularity of his poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," was a very talented dramatist. His chief works were, "The Deed of Gift," acted in Boston; "The Widow's Son," "The Forest Rose," both acted in New York, and others of which we fail to find record. Mr. Woodworth, as a writer, was careful and considerate. At the time of our war with England he was the editor of a weekly paper called *The War*, which he conducted with marked ability. In the year 1823 he and an associate established *The Mirror*, of which he was at first the editor, and to which he subsequently became a constant contributor. His songs and dramas made his name very popular, and both showed genuine merit. Another writer whom we must here mention briefly was F. C. Wemyss, a well-known authority on dramatic questions. He was the author of "Red Rover," "Captain Kidd," "Norman Leslie," and "The Jewess." He also adapted the tragedy of "Cataline," which was produced at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, with great success.

An American dramatist whose name should always be held in the highest esteem is Robert T. Conrad, the author of two of the finest plays ever produced in this country. We allude to "Jack Cade" and "Aylmere." Conrad was a Philadelphian by birth, and, like many others who have succeeded in the world of literature, was originally destined to shine at the bar. He was a frequent contributor to the periodicals of his day. His first dramatic production was "Conrad, King of Naples," a tragedy, which was successfully performed at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. He was the founder of a daily paper, the *Commercial Intelligencer*, which was afterwards united with the *Philadelphia Gazette*. His greatest success was made when he produced his second tragedy at the

Walnut Street Theatre. This composition was the well-known "Jack Cade," which was very warmly received by the public. This play was, indeed, a real success, and its merits are very numerous. Conrad was a man of no ordinary talents. He was a scholar and a thinker, and he always weighed opinions before accepting them. His prose is remarkable for its clearness and terseness, and all his works bear the marks of careful thought and matured experience. "Aylmere," the second of his two great dramas, will rank (so declares a competent critic) among the finest dramatic productions in our language. The plot is simple, yet strongly developed; the characters are vigorously drawn; and the diction is lofty and poetic. Take the following passage as a sample:

"In the breathless gloom
I sought the Coliseum, for I felt
The spirits of a manlier age were forth:
And there, against the mossy wall, I leaned,
And thought upon my country. Why was I
Idle and she in chains? The storm now answered!
It broke, as Heaven's high masonry were crumbling,
The belted walls nodded and frowned in the glare,
And the wide vault, in one unpausing peal,
Throbbled with the angry pulse of Deity."

These two plays, "Jack Cade" and "Aylmere" are sufficient to preserve Conrad's name from oblivion, and they will always be considered, we do not doubt, an honor to our dramatic literature.

The next dramatic writer who calls for consideration is J. S. Jones, a native of Boston, who was well known as an actor and writer in the Eastern States. Many of his dramas have been produced in various cities of the United States. He was educated for the practice of medicine, which, we believe, he never wholly forsook. Yet his tastes were literary, and his love of the theatre occasionally drew him away from the less congenial pursuits of anatomy and physiology. He was the author of the following pieces: "Eugene Aram," "The Green Mountain Boy," "Tam O'Shanter," "Custom," "Diamond Cut Diamond," "Witches of New England," "The Quadroon," and a great number of others. He also wrote a prize-drama, entitled "The Wheelwright," for which he obtained a reward of three hundred dollars, and which was played in Boston in 1845.

We must here mention the name of Thomas Dunn English, as the author of two celebrated pieces entitled respectively, "The Battle of the Frogs," and "Handy Andy." This gentleman,

who is still living, has made an extensive reputation in literature, and he has always ranked high as a careful writer of energetic prose and pleasing poetry. "The Battle of the Frogs" may be termed an operatic satire, and at the time of its first production it excited much attention. "Handy Andy" is founded upon Lover's novel, and was originally performed at the New York Chatham Theatre, with great success.

Some of the best works in our dramatic literature date from about the year 1840. We are obliged to pass by such names as Caldwell, Finn, Haynes, G. W. Harby, John Blair Linn and George Lippard, all of whom were prominent in their day, and confine ourselves to the five or six who distinguished themselves by special merits. The chief of these were Bird, Rees, Mrs. Mowatt, Sargent, Steele, and Willis.

Dr. Robert M. Bird rapidly acquired great distinction among American writers, both as a dramatist and novelist. At first he wrote for the *Philadelphia Monthly*. Edwin Forrest, who did so much to draw forth and fitly recompense native dramatic talent, was the means of introducing Bird to the American people. The latter had written for the great actor a tragedy entitled "The Gladiator," which proved to be an eminently successful speculation. This play possesses numerous literary merits, although it was written exclusively with a view to production on the stage. Some of the scenes are strikingly original, and the language is strong and noble. It was followed by a second tragedy, "Oralloosa," founded upon the cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru, and worked out with great care; although an excellent work, it never acquired the popularity of its predecessor. Bird's next production was "The Broker of Bogota," which has often been called his finest drama. It is more quiet and finished in its design than "The Gladiator," and does not appeal through any sensational interest. For this reason, perhaps, it failed to have a very warm reception upon the occasion of its first presentation. Subsequently it was performed by Mr. Forrest with marked success. Dr. Bird was the author of a third tragedy, entitled "Pelopidas," which seems to hold a position between the "Gladiator" and "The Broker of Bogota." His novel of "Nick of the Woods" has been very often dramatized, although the best version of it was written by Mr. G. W. Harby, of New Orleans. This play has been produced in every city of the Union, and

has always met with flattering success. All of Dr. Bird's novels have been republished in England, and, in general, they have been equally successful with his dramas. The author received in youth an excellent classical education, and his knowledge of modern languages was extensive. He was born at New Castle, Delaware, and received his degree of M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania. But he never practiced in his profession. The first representation of "The Gladiator" was witnessed at the Arch Street Theatre, on the evening of the 24th of October, 1831, by the largest audience ever therein assembled.

James Rees was a prolific dramatic writer and an impartial critic, although none of his plays can rank with the productions of Conrad and Bird. Many of his dramas were originally brought out in New Orleans, and others in Philadelphia. His national drama of "Anthony Wayne," produced at the National Theatre, in the latter city, January 13, 1845, had an uninterrupted run of forty nights. Some of his more popular pieces were: "The Headsman," "Charlotte Temple," "The Squatter," "The Unknown," "Marie Tudor," "The Invisible Man," etc.

Mrs. Ann Cora Mowatt was the author of "Fashion," one of the most successful comedies produced during the present century. This lady was the daughter of Samuel G. Ogden, a New York merchant. By her mother's side she was granddaughter of Francis Lewis, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. At the early age of fifteen she was married; after her marriage she applied to various studies, above all language and literature. She wrote occasionally for the magazines, sometimes under her own name, but more often under a *nom de plume*. Her articles signed Helen Berkley had a wide reading. She always showed a decided taste for the drama, and she wrote several plays that were performed in private. One of these was "Gulzarra, or the Persian Slave," which was published in 1841. In the following year Mrs. Mowatt began a series of dramatic readings in public, which were very successful. But a fit of illness put a stop to this kind of work. In 1843 she published a novel called "The Fortune Hunter," which obtained an extensive circulation. In the month of March, 1845, her comedy of "Fashion" was produced for the first time at the Park Theatre. This play, as Mrs. Mowatt herself declares in her "Autobiography of an Actress," is a satire on American

parvenuism, and is intended to be a good-humored one. "No charge can be more untrue," says the indignant lady, "than that with which I have been taxed through the press and in private—the accusation of having held up to ridicule well-known personages." To quote the authoress further: "There were no attempts in 'Fashion' at fine writing. I designed the play wholly as an *acting* comedy. A *dramatic*, not a literary, success was what I desired to achieve. Caution suggested my not aiming at both at once." To state the result briefly, "Fashion" obtained an immense success. It was acted three weeks in New York to overflowing houses, and was only withdrawn because previous engagements compelled its withdrawal. It was then played fifteen successive nights at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and was received again by the critics and public with unbounded enthusiasm. The dramatic critic of the *New York Albion* spoke of the play as a sensation unexampled in theatricals. Some time later "Fashion" was produced in London, at the Olympic, a theatre whose company was then unrivalled. Here again its success became assured. The *Sun* prefaced its lengthy and laudatory criticism with these remarks: "Rough and ranting melodramas had formed the staple of what America had hitherto sent us; but last night this reproach was wiped out, and there was represented at the Olympic Theatre, with the most deserved success, an original American five-act comedy, . . . which as regards plot, construction, character, or dialogue, is worthy to take its place by the side of the best of English comedies."

Mr. Epes Sargent is widely known as a graceful poet and miscellaneous writer, but his reputation is founded chiefly upon his drama of "Velasco." His first appearance as a dramatic author was in the winter of 1836, when his "Bride of Genoa" was performed at the Tremont Theatre in Boston. This drama is in five acts, and it is based upon events in the life of Antonio Montaldo, a plebeian, who at the age of twenty-two made himself Doge of Genoa. In his delineation of the hero, Mr. Sargent follows history very closely, although the story which he has interwoven with Montaldo's career is full of romance and fiction. This play proved successful in Boston and in most of the other cities in which it was produced. But the author's next work was of a much higher order, and rapidly eclipsed his first effort. As a piece of dramatic art "Velasco" has received universal

commendation. It was first brought out in Boston, in November, 1837, Miss Ellen Tree sustaining the character of Zidora, and it was subsequently performed at the principal theatres in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and New Orleans. "The general action of the piece," says Mr. Sargent, in his preface to the published drama, "is derived from incidents in the career of Roderigo Diaz the Cid, whose achievements constitute so considerable a portion of the historical and romantic literature of Spain." This subject has been frequently treated by dramatic authors, and the "Cid" of Corneille is, in many respects, the finest tragedy in the French language. Mr. Sargent's work deserves high commendation, as it is unequalled by any other treating the same story in the English language.

Nathaniel P. Willis has long been one of the most popular of our poets. In the year 1839 he published in London a volume entitled "Two Ways of Dying for a Husband," comprising two dramas, "Bianca Visconti" and "Tortesa the Usurer." Of these "Bianca Visconti" principally claims our attention. This tragedy was one of the poet's ablest productions, and merits a high place in the history of our drama. For the scene of the play Mr. Willis chose the rude court of Philip Visconti, Duke of Milan, in the fifteenth century. The celebrated soldier of fortune, Francesco Sforza, is the principal male personage, who married Bianca Visconti, the Duke's only daughter. The fictitious incidents of the drama and the background of history are cleverly interwoven. His portrayal of the character of the heroine is very fine. By the introduction of the part of Pasquali, a whimsical poet, the deep emotion of the play is lightened by a vein of humor. Altogether, the tragedy shows great depth of feeling, remarkable dramatic power and insight, and talent for construction. It is written partly in prose, partly in blank verse, and the latter is full of grace and poetry. The following extract will suggest an idea of his style:

"Now since the serpent
Mistled our mother, never was fair truth
So subtly turned to error. If the rose
Were born a lily, and, by force of heart,
And eagerness for light, grew tall and fair,
'Twere a true type of the first fiery soul
That makes a low name honorable. They
Who take it by inheritance alone—
Adding no brightness to it—are like stars
Seen in the ocean, that were never there
But for the bright originals in heaven!"

"Tortesa the Usurer" is another production of the same class, although both of these dramas are better suited to the closet than to the stage. Mr. Willis also wrote a comedy entitled "The Western Heiress," which, we are sorry to say, was a lamentable failure.

We have now reached the last name in this period of our dramatic literature, a period which may be said to end with the year 1850. Silas S. Steele, the most prolific of all the American dramatists, now offers himself to our notice. As a dramatic writer (declares a critic) who grasps with a giant's strength all the elements of his art, Mr. Steele has no equal in the United States. His subjects were as varied as his style. In his beautiful drama of "Claudare" we find energy of style allied to all the graces of poetry. Of his nautical pieces James Fenimore Cooper expressed his highest opinion. He also wrote comedies, farces, comic operas, and burlesques. Everything seemed to be within the range of his talents, and almost everything in his hands turned to success. He had a great command of wit, sparkling dialogue, and forcible expression. His fancy and imagination are not less deserving of praise. At the same time he was essentially original in his thoughts, scene-pictures, and effects. No American dramatist ever displayed such a combination of antithetic talents, and none ever produced work so remarkable in both quality and quantity. He wrote about forty pieces, nearly all of which were performed with distinguished success in most of our principal cities. The dates of these productions range between 1835 and 1845. The most celebrated are the following: "Claudare;" "Kasran, or the Crusaders," a melodrama; "Lion of the Sea," a nautical drama; "The Brazen Drum;" "Washington and Napoleon;" "A Night Down Town," a highly successful Ethiopian opera, written for the John Smith, and played all over the United States; "Philadelphia Assurance," a burlesque on "London Assurance;" "Stewart's Triumph," performed successively a great number of nights; "The Fawn's Leap," a pantomime ballet; "The Grecian Queen," a tragedy in five acts; "King Henry VI.," a tragedy; "The Pauper's Festival," and "Gazene," an idyllic play. Of the others some are equally excellent though less celebrated.

With Steele may be said to end the earlier dramatic period of our literature; the later dramatists and those of our own day next call for consideration.

THE FAIR PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY DAVID MURDOCH.

CHAPTER XIX. THE SPORT OF A FOOL, CASTING
FIREBRANDS, ARROWS AND DEATH.

THE corps held their way, guided by some men of the country in the king's cause, through a broken piece of land for about three miles from the river. The greatest caution was exercised; not a word above a whisper was spoken, for the troops of King George had learned well enough that it was dangerous to go hunting on these hunting-grounds, so far away from Windsor Castle. The reputation of the Ulster militia for bravery had been heard of ere this, and the party might be caught in their own trap—a very common thing in those times.

"Are these Dutchmen as good at handling arms as the Yankees?" whispered Clarence to a private at his side, whom he knew to be a native of the country, and who at the present time acted as one of the guides. "Do you suppose they will fight? or do they know sufficient of this quarrel to risk their lives against the king's troops?"

"Fight!" said the other, "yes, and on principle, too, as I am a living man. There is not one of them but knows their rights, and their wrongs too, for that matter. Their Dominie instructs them in all these affairs, and drills them into line, Sunday and week-day."

"And does something of the fighting too, you think, if I may guess from your speech!" This was said with a sly sneer, which the young officer could not hide.

"The use of the sword is not despised by these Dominies; and some of them go so far as to insist that the minister should carry the ark before the army, as the priests did in the old wars; and if you, sir, had looked as often as I have into the large, black eyes of the man who teaches the folks where we are going, you would believe as I do." This was said with so much warmth of feeling that Clarence began to suspect that he was speaking to a partisan of the country.

"So then you know and rather respect this man you call the Dominie up here? how does it happen that we have you here in our ranks?" said the officer, with some sharpness, as he looked

into the man's face to ascertain the effect it might have upon him.

"This cause, sir, like another we read of, has set father against son, and son against father." This was said with feeling. "It is enough," he continued, "that I am now under the king's flag, and sworn to be true. I can be this without losing my reverence for the Dominie, or my love of his flock. He will fight if he needs to take the field; and my advice to you is to keep out of the range of his gun, if you want to leave the field a living man."

"Ah, a good shot is he?" said the interrogator. "I love the man that can shoot straight and fair on all sides, though I should hate to be taken down by a priest. How shall I know him in the field?"

"My description," said the earnest young man, not minding the jests of his superior, "will not be required. He lets his presence be heard and felt. He has little mercy upon a Tory; and if I were to fall into his hands, he would do with me as he did with a mean Cowboy, tie me to his horse's tail, and ride me to death."

"And would you stand patiently to be tied?" said Clarence, laughing quietly at the guide's solemnity. "He must have great power over you, since he could not keep you near him."

"That is a tale by itself, sir," said the private; "but were I to see his three-cornered hat there before my face at this moment, I would stand still and deliver arms; for then would I be certain that his long Geneva bands would hang at his breast, his white locks be streaming over his shoulder; and my heart would cease to beat that instant."

"Certainly he must be a dangerous man, to be so near us at this time, and we depending on your guidance. I must watch you, and treat you as they do horses that are led out of a fire, throw a sack over your eyes, and then you will be but a blind guide. But what makes you look so fixedly? What do you hear? You cannot see anything in the dark?"

"The old church drum is beating the alarm! There will be fun in old Sopus before morning."

"Church drum!" said Clarence, in laughing surprise. "Do they call the people here to church by tuck of drum? A well drilled flock they must be. His wardens, then, must be captains and sergeants, and his clerk a bugler."

By this time the invading force had reached a rising ground, from which the village could be seen in daylight, but was now only discernible by the twinkling tapers carried unsteadily in all directions. Silence reigned through the company. The officers consulted in whispers; all seemed to be waiting for the word; nor did they wait long, for two dark figures, that rose at a signal, stood before the rest, and were met by the chief in command, who soon returned and gave the word "forward!"

The orders were to burn the stores and the public buildings, to spare the inoffensive inhabitants, and to kill only those who offered resistance. They rushed down in double quick time, and were soon on the streets of the place, which presented a spectacle of activity, showing that some notice had been given of their approach, and that the people were moving their household stuff from their dwellings in all directions. On a road over which Bertram passed with his men, going to the north, were horses and oxen, drawing rude carriages piled with household goods, and women with their children. With round tables, of the time of King Arthur, were seen glittering escritoirs of mahogany, brought from Holland. Clarence stumbled upon an old vrow, who bore off a set of china, while following her was a young damsel carrying a huge antique looking-glass, that had reflected the face of her grandmother when a bride in the Netherlands. A rude soldier tossed with his musket a bundle out of the hand of a full-bottomed matron, which turned out to be a silver tea-pot, and other plate of value; but his officer coming up, prevented the spoliation, so that she carried off her prize, which became from that moment the more valuable. Screams were heard from the dwellings, caused through fear more than hurt, while men were seen in the yards behind the houses running to the rendezvous, where Colonel Haasbrouk was mustering his men and preparing for the defence. Among these people were found some of the most prominent in the Convention, and not a few of the reverend Dominies who had figured that day in the ecclesiastical assembly, with their lay brethren by their side.

Time pressed upon the invaders, each one being furnished with a torch dipped in tar, and his orders given to burn only public stores; but the blood of the tiger was up, and words could not restrain him, more especially when liquors in abundance were at hand. The heads of casks were driven in at a stroke, which allowed the soldier, always thirsty, to drink till he became satisfied. Fire and alcohol gained the mastery, and all the generals in King George's army, with himself at their head, could not have stayed the havoc of a general conflagration. The officers fought with their own men, swearing as only soldiers can swear at such times; but what does a drunken mercenary care for life or property when led to their destruction.

In one half hour after commencing their ravages, the bugle sounded a retreat. The deeds of fire and blood were done. It was but the work of half an hour, and though the bugle sounded loud and shrill, it was no easy matter to gather up the stragglers, who had dispersed for booty and other objects. Such as were not insensible to danger flew to the gathering spot, while the blaring notes told the militia, who were coming in large numbers, that now was their time. The blazing dwellings showed to their watchful eyes many of their enemies, who were seen, some dancing like demons in drunkenness, and others, skulking behind in the dark, equally demoniac, while the sudden report of a gun, and the sharp shriek which followed, declared the death of some other victim of this night's work. The English commander saw the necessity of a rapid movement, as the danger of being surrounded was becoming every moment more imminent, and it was therefore with wise precaution that he had left a party behind to keep open his retreat; for already, on the road to the river, Captain Henry Schoonmacker had assembled a number of the true-hearted militia to intercept; and perhaps he might have succeeded had not the Dominie come up at that time and warned him, in true hunter's style, against putting the catamount in a corner.

"Give a bridge of gold to a flying enemy," said the good man, "else he will fight through and kill hip and thigh. Let us to the fences, and smite them as the wise men of the east did at Lexington—lie in ambush, as the children of Israel did before Ai."

The Dominie was obeyed as if he had been captain. The men all lay flat on their faces,

while the reverend man himself and Schoonmacker stood behind a tree, reconnoitering the approach of the enemy. The Dominie saw them the moment they rose on the high ground east of the village; his fingers got uneasy, and his gun came to his eye; when crack went the piece, which brought the word "Halt" from the English leader who marked the point whence the flash appeared. Captain Schoonmacker, mad at the Dominie, cried out, "What's that for? You've fired afore the time."

"I could not help it," said the enraged Dominie. "I heard that Skitilink Yaacob Tenbroek laughing among them, and I thought I might hit him; but now that they know we are here, let us all give it to them." And with that the brave good man roared out "fire," when a scattering volley made the woods ring. No damage was done to the invaders; but as it would be risking too much to pass by the defenders, a party was detailed to dislodge them, a matter not perceived by the eager watchers, who were prepared to take the soldiers in flank; when, to their own great surprise, they were attacked with a fury in the rear, which made them tumble off helter-skelter in all directions leaving the main road clear, down which the king's party passed at rapid pace, for well they knew that time was worth more to them than gold. The Whigs, though spread over the field for a short space, soon came together, and pursuing along the skirts of the woods and behind the walls gave out fresh volleys, which did no harm, as all was yet quite dark. These were returned at short intervals, more for the purpose of frightening their pursuers, and keeping them at bay, than in expectation of doing execution. It was during one of these halts that Clarence perceived that Gabriel Smidt, the guide with whom he had held the private confabulation on the way up, gave a start, and then fell flat to the ground, which surprised his officer very much, as he had shown more than common bravery all the night throughout, which made him ask:

"What do you see there that makes you fall back as if you were shot?"

"Do you see that black spot on the fence there, no bigger than a crow?" said Smidt. "Look how it rises higher and higher."

"Well, what of it?" said the other. "What if it be a crow, a drop of lead will bring it down even though it were a witch. I could hardly

believe that a man of your temper, from what I have seen of you, would be frightened by a scarecrow!"

"Laugh as you please, that cocked hat, as I told you, has made me more afraid than a dozen of rebels at another time. I feel at this moment as I used to do when I could not say my Heidelberg."

"Pugh!" said an Englishman at his side, "is that all? let me put a pill through it, and I will say my catechism all the better after it is over."

"You shall not do it," said the Dutchman, "else you and I are enemies forever. The image of my old mother is now before me, saying 'Gaby, Gaby, min' de Dominie.'"

But the Englishman had no such scruples, and before his comrade had time to interfere, the firelock had spoken, and to the astonishment of all, and the horror of Gabriel, the hat stood up as brave as ever."

"Does not that prove," said Gabriel, "what my good old mother always said, that these ministers were black owls to shoot at? I never saw the man yet that prospered after he lifted his hand to smite one of them."

"Give me a good fat steak and I will venture the shot," was the unbelieving cockney's sneering reply.

"See," said Clarence, suddenly startled himself, "all the fence is lined with heads, and that as far as we can see. We must dislodge that pertinacious crew once more. True enough, they sit like so many crows—rather ravens ready to pick our bones. Not quite yet, boys." The men were ordered to lie flat on the ground till measures could be taken to dig the rebels out, or find a way to the left, and give them a wide berth. This would have been the plan, only there were voices heard in that very direction, so that appearances indicated that they were surrounded, and must fight their way to the river, in the face of thousands. While waiting in council, Gabriel Smidt crawled up to the fence, and climbing over he laid hold of that same cocked hat, which soon lost its terrors when he perceived that the whole was but a *ruse* to gain time. The hats were all put on poles, and placed on the top of the fence, so that from their regularity and number, they seemed a company of men waiting with muskets ready to discharge their fire. Gabriel took the old hat, putting it on his own head in real wag-

gery, which nearly cost him his life; for no sooner did they see it move, than twenty muskets were fired at once, none of them taking effect, for there followed the loud laugh of the discoverer, and as loud a curse at the "old deceiver" for the trick he had put upon them, which they regarded almost in the light of a defeat.

Notwithstanding all this levity, the leaders were far from being at ease in their minds. It was plain that time was gained by the country party by these tricks, and that was loss to themselves; and it would have been fatal to the king's troops, indeed, had there been proper discipline observed on the other side. Instead of silence, they let their voices be heard, so that the ship's company were made aware of the danger, and sending up a few rockets, which were understood as telegraphic signs of warning by their friends ashore, who paused till they heard the firing of the ship's guns, that reached the field where the militia were in ambuscade, allowing a reinforcement to land and follow up the advantage. Beset in front and rear, the Dominie's party had to make way and allow the regular soldiers to pursue their course. The reverend man was seen walking in front of the men, exhorting them to keep steady and not to fire too soon.

"Yes," said Captain Schoonmacker; "do as the Dominie bids, not as he does. But there now, hear that;" and there came a round ball whizzing through the air close by the rank. Then a second and then a shower of grape that fell like hail among the trees. The men, uneasy and seeing no enemy, scattered, as the Dominie said to them when he got on the other side of a knoll: "Cowardly creatures that you are! fleeing like so many sheep."

"Yes! yes!" said a staid-looking farmer, whom they sometimes called Elder. "The shepherd fleeth in the front of the flock faster than the rest."

"And where would you have a shepherd but in the front of his flock, as David always was?"

CHAPTER XX. MORE DANGERS THAN A BATTLE.

CLARENCE, Sir Henry Clinton's son, being in the land service, and feeling greater responsibility than his cousin, was oppressed in spirit on leaving his command. He would be reported among the missing, but his sense of honor was fine. The feelings of his father and the risk he ran of being

dishonored, were far more to be feared than the being in a hostile region. As he mused, he recalled the promise he had made to Bertram, and he became decided. When he reached the trysting place, it was surrounded by country people who had crowded behind the knoll to shelter themselves from the ship's artillery; and nothing remained, therefore, for the young soldier but to take to the fields and trust to luck. The flames of the burning village rose high, and by that inexplicable influence by which a fire at night attracts all animals, man with the rest, he turned his face thither, hoping that chance would aid him. Perhaps he had an undefinable notion that he might fall in with his father's cousin George, the governor, and obtain, through his mother's name and sign, a pass through the hostile ground though his feelings and determination were to pursue his own way, so as to get to the mountains before the morning fully dawned. This was all he knew of the distance between the river and the highlands.

In walking along by himself he had time, and was in the mood for reflection. "Is it," he soliloquized, "like Christians to become incendiaries? Can the king give the right to trample upon life and domestic peace? Were not these quiet people defending their homes and their altars? No wonder the Almighty is angry with our family. Why should I and the rest of the army not suffer? I never expect to see my sister in this world. A curse on this war."

This soliloquy, expressed audibly, nearly cost him his life; for the sound of the human voice goes far in the fields at night. Superstition is quick-eared. The one who listened at this witching hour was no coward, though equally as uneasy in mind as Clarence. Gabriel Smidt, the guide of the attacking party, had also taken through the fields after convoying the king's troops to the ship, for a reason of his own. He recognized the voice and the gait of the young Englishman. Without more ado, he made himself known, and while the recognition was awkward on both sides men like them, accustomed to sudden surprise and in the habit of watching against them, so get over their feelings. Their effort was to hide their real intentions.

"I have left something behind me in yon vill that I would not lose for a thousand pound said Clarence.

"There has been many a fine thing lost there this night," said the private, "and among others, some things lie there which will never be gathered up." On saying this, he cast his eye sidewise, as if trying to scan the face of his companion, who, though he did not relish the jest, was in no place to resent it; so turning the conversation on other matters of a more general kind, he said:

"From appearances, we must be a long mile yet from the village."

"That depends," said the imperturbable Gabriel, "upon a man's feelings. It is a longer way for me now, when my heart is heavy, than it was when I worked on these fields, and went home with heavy heels and a hungry belly; but to you who have just gained a victory, it ought to be a short mile."

"If I remember," retorted the young officer, with some surprise at the turn the conversation was taking, and with a degree of alarm which made him finger his belt, "you had some share in that victory; I saw you fighting and firing with the best of us. And now let me ask you, in the king's name, why you are here?"

"Ha, ha," said Gabriel, "we are both equal here, where the king's word is no longer law; but lest you should be tempted to do as my superior might do, and which I might retaliate on you, though your inferior, I will open my mind to you at once, and say what I know of your affairs, and that I am under promise to help you in this enterprise."

"Who could have told you of our intentions? There is but one person besides in the world who knows about me here. No matter, then, give me the countersign and we will trust each other as far as we know what is in ourselves now, till we become better acquainted."

"Agreed," said Gabriel; "and now let me take you around, so that we may avoid all scouts outside; for you must know that I could go through these lanes blindfolded. But I have a message for you from the lieutenant: he expects to meet us near this stone barn." The young sailor, in the ardor of his feelings, had pushed forward to the rendezvous before Clarence and his companion had reached it, so that he had time to sit down and reflect on the prospect before them. His friends soon came up to him, and they immediately entered upon a council of war. The two Englishmen gave themselves up into the hands of

Gabriel, as their only course for the present; though it must be confessed that their confidence in him was not unmingled with doubts.

"My advice," said the prudent guide, who soon discovered their fears, "is to obtain the assistance of some one of the secret service men, of whom there are many in these parts who know that snake of the mountains, Kiskataam, and who for a trifle will scotch him with great pleasure. His haunts are well known to these Tory blades, who keep their tongues well in, and their knife in a sheath of hypocrisy till they get the chance of smiting."

"Well, can you undertake to find the man you describe, and make a bargain that will keep him honest?"

"Bless you, gentlemen," said the guide, "my life is not worth a cabbage-head were it known that I am now within a hundred paces of my mother's door-yard. Do you see that light twinkling there between those two trees? But you cannot see the trees—trees of a patriarchal size are before the door; and my good old mother, kind soul, is in the old house behind them; and"—

Here his voice grew thick. Tears came to the eyes of all the three in sympathy, and yet an hour ago, they saw houses of the same kind in flames, and the inmates shrieking and fleeing from them in terror of their life.

"How comes it," said Clarence, "that you are here with your head in the lion's mouth? Some love affair, no doubt, like other men of like passions."

"Affection, gentlemen, is much the same in rich and poor; and when it is pure and powerful, it will carry a man through deeper floods than you have ever seen on sea, and hotter flames than we have ever seen on land. I must leave you now, so that I may meet the old woman in that house; and then I shall die in peace, if she lay her hand once more on my head, and ask over me a Dutch blessing 'vaart wel;' I will send you a guide who is a Tory in his heart and a Whig in his speech, follow his directions strictly. I will keep a secret watch over you till you get into the Indian country: beware that you do not trust the rascal with more of your secret than you can help." With that the unhappy man disappeared.

The two adventurers stood waiting and listening to the sounds which came up from the burning

buildings, that cracked and fell, blazing up as if stirred by demons, who shouted and screamed with devilish glee. All the evil spirits had not left with the invaders, for the wicked grew wicked so fast that they scarcely knew themselves, so sudden was the transformation wrought upon them. Dogs howled for their masters, and for the hearth where they had been accustomed to lie; women were sobbing or shrieking, while huddled in corners were groups of old men and boys, prophesying and listening to one another concerning the evils that would yet follow this night's work. Vengeance was deep and dark upon the faces of the old, and scudded swiftly over those of the young, as a cloud sweeps over a sunny field.

Clarence, who grew impatient, crept forward alone to the window of a low, dark stone house, that stood close by the road, where he saw what made him shrink back as if some one had struck him. It was in use for the time as the hospital of the place, where lay the wounded and the dying, in their blood and groaning with pain. The Dominie had returned from the chase himself, leaving the men to watch the movements of the ship, which left the village almost without inhabitants, except the aged and the decrepit. This was so far favorable to our adventurers, keeping them from being discovered. The good man was now about his own peculiar calling, ministering consolation to the dying and bereaved. His exhortations were made up chiefly of Scripture from the low Dutch, mixed with the vernacular of the region which would have defied the most learned body in all Germany to have translated literally.

He offered up one of the most fervent prayers that ever the listeners heard. Accustomed as they had been to the calm, cold manner of the English church, and occasionally hearing some strolling Methodist, they were unprepared for fervor united with spirit-stirring language which bore meaning to the understanding as fully as it gave solemnity to the manner. "He is a man of power," Gabriel would have said, "whether he be in the sick-room or on the battle-field." He could face Satan's hosts with as hearty goodwill as the red-coats. He held as part of his creed, that both belonged to the same army; and if any one had asked him that night, what was the color of Apollyon's coat, he would have said promptly, "scarlet."

As he proceeded in his devotions he grew

calmer, speaking more softly; and it was evident that his words had a soothing influence upon the listeners. His language was now altogether in the Dutch tongue, as if he had forgotten all but that, which he knew was the early speech of the man who was dying, and who would recur to that in his last moments. "Hoe dierbaer is uwe goeder tierenheit O Godt, dies de menschen kinderen onder de schaduwe uwer vleugelen toevlugt nemen."

"That is true," said some one who came imperceptibly to the side of Clarence, who seemed touched with visible emotion, repeating in the English tongue what was pleasant to his heart in the Dutch. "How excellent is thy loving kindness, O Lord! therefore do the sons of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." When the young officer turned around to see the new comer, he found Gabriel again by his side, sobbing as a child weeps when his heart is nigh broken. It was real grief, and no one was disposed there to turn it into ridicule. There was, however, in this more than the mere sight of suffering humanity.

"Come away," said another person who had remained hidden till now. "If you stay here any longer, your friends will fall into the hands of the Philistines. Hear how they shout, as they come on to join their friends."

"This is the guide I spoke of," said Gabriel. "The sun will soon be up and I must hide my face in some hole; but how gladly would I change places with Hank Snyder in there, to deserve that good man's blessing."

"Quick! out of this," said the new comer, "else you will get his curse, and a horse-pistol shot to fasten it; see, he is moving to the door."

The four had gathered under the shadow of a large maple-tree, and were in close consultation concerning the future. Clarence and Bertram were confounded at the minute knowledge which Gabriel had of them, and of their purpose, and became quite passive in his hands. He entered at once into their scheme, and gave directions in such a way as betokened authority over the man addressed.

"You will take these men," said he, "by the quickest and the shortest road to the mountain, through Kiskataam's country. There is an attack to be made upon the Boermen of the Vlatts about this time, and Brandt is to lead it. Try and get

to his rendezvous, and put these gentlemen under his care. They will tell their own story to him, and obtain his assistance."

"What if we cannot get through in time to catch that red-skin? The attack on the Whigs has been made already; Dominie Schuneman had a despatch yesterday saying that the great Mohawk was on the South Mountain, and we have had other word that we can understand." Here he gave three snifters, which was a sign understood by Gabriel.

"Petrus Van Vliet," said Gabriel, with some haste, "you are to do the best, and no fun. These gentlemen are king's officers and on the king's business, and that, the Dominie says, requires haste; and let me tell you that it also requires honest men. Remember that Geordie's whelps have arms longer than Petrus Van Vliet's." Here the speaker held up his finger in a threatening manner. The other gave a grin, saying under his breath, and with some emphasis: "George's bayonet is wearing shorter every hour, and that fire has melted an inch of the point. But it is time to put on these duds, so put off your buttons, boys." This was something which neither of the two had thought of. To be taken in disguise would lead to a spy's death. To be taken in their own clothes would only cause imprisonment, and, at the worst, their being shot honorably as soldiers on duty. They hesitated. But the new guide was inexorable, and Gabriel was silent; so making a virtue of necessity, they laid aside their buff and blue for the sheep's gray, the livery of the country. In fact, though Petrus had kept the secret to himself, he had stripped two of the men who were lying dead on the field, that he might furnish these travelling dresses; and taking those cast off from the two young men, he hid them so that he might use them, as he knew he could, profitably on some other occasion in deceiving the opposite party at the game of "give and take." As short a time as possible was consumed in these preparations, under the superintendence of Gabriel; and Petrus, being one of those men who work for the highest pay, was assured of reward according as his work was well done. His eagerness at getting all that he could appropriate to himself was the key to his character.

"You may know your man," said Gabriel, pointing to the other who had stepped aside to lift a button that shone among the litter at his

feet, blowing the dust out of its eye and putting it in his pocket, all unconscious of doing any uncommon thing. "You will see that he has his price, so use him, by the grace of high promises, till you see he is becoming greedy of gifts as well as of graces; and when it comes to the last and the worst, see, there is a pair of 'covenant-keepers,' which you will need some time, perhaps; but always remember, as the Dutch wives say, 'Better faze a fool as by vetch dem.'"

With this advice he put a pair of pistols in each of their hands and bade them adieu. They were now in the hands of the slippery Petrus, who took them by a foot-path which ran along a stream, till he came near to what evidently appeared, even in the gray of the morning, to be a graveyard. The dark stone monuments were visible, while the silence which prevailed, in contrast to what had in the early part of the night been experienced, was heavy and oppressive to the hearts of the young men, upon an enterprise far more hazardous than a pitched battle. There was not a whisper uttered by either, and even Petrus was prudently silent; but coming to the corner of a field, he abruptly seized Clarence by the arm, and standing between the two, he whispered, as he pointed with his finger to an object that moved slowly a few paces from them, "See! see!" They looked, and saw the figure of a man. "See! see!" and the covetous hypocrite's teeth chattered as he tried to laugh off his fear. "'Tis only the Dominie talking to the dead. He says himself that he stands between the living and the dead. He does not know that we are here. But we must go faster than at this pace."

This was said to keep his own courage up, for the truth was, had his two companions not been firm and courageous men, they would not have kept company long with him; but they seized him by the collar and dragged him a mile, till he got over his fright, when his tongue began to loosen, and to boast of what they knew was false, that he was a very bold and determined "dare devil."

A later occurrence showed that all three were but flesh and blood in courage, and that none of them had more than they needed. A large black dog came running toward them with a mixture of gladness and fierceness strange to the young men, till Petrus at last told the secret, and with as much unconcern as if he had done a meritorious deed.

When the animal came near he began to smell the clothes which the two strangers had on, and then to look up in their faces with a strange mysterious fear which made the blood run chill in their veins. After acting thus he left them, barking fiercely, till he got to a gate on the road, which he leaped over, when he set up a howling most terrific.

"That is Tobias Snyder's dog, Pompey," said Petrus; "he knows his master's clothes. What wise creeturs these dogs are, to know about dead men."

The wearers of the dead men's garments began to realize for the first time the predicament they were in. All that they had heard in their lifetime of the sagacity of the dog came to their minds, together with the likelihood of being found out and suspected of being the murderers of those who had so recently worn them. "Murder will out," they said, smiling bitterly the one to the other. Perhaps, after all, there was a grain of superstition at the core, pointing to the ghost of the murdered man following the garb in which he was last dressed. This incident impelled all the three forward with increased speed, in the hope of making their way a few miles further before the day dawned. The two strangers, in their eagerness, outstripped their guide, and at one time they began to suspect that he had given them the slip. Fear, however, was impelling him as rapidly as he could move, for by this time he had learned he had to do with men of determined purpose; besides, he was also aware of the power which Gabriel wielded over him behind the scenes. Tired all were, though not caring for sleep; yet it was necessary for safety that they should lie still for some time. Arriving at a low stone house, built as if intended to last till the mountain near it should waste away, he gave three knocks, and a fourth small touch with his knuckle, when a large fat wench of the genuine Guinea breed admitted them, without questioning the new comers. Not so an old woman who put her head out of a recess inclosed by doors, where she lay on her bed, and cried out, with a sharpness that rose from impatience and fear, joined with old age:

"Vat's de matter noo, dats tou here at dis time oo de morning, ven oos vanted at Sopus? Te dog has been here howling like te wolf, and te old man down wid his gun vatching te Tories once. Budten vay his here?" and with that the

old woman looked at the strangers with sharp scrutiny.

"Never mind, Dame Wynkoop," said the wily Petrus; "twae Weegies on a message to the general at Albany from the governor, keeping out of the way of the konink's sogers." This was said in the ear of the good lady, who received it as it was intended, lying down mumbling something to herself in Dutch. Meanwhile, the unwieldy African wench was bustling about preparing breakfast for the family, and casting side glances all the while at the coat Bertram wore, till fairly overcome by her curiosity, she seized hold of the lappel with the evident intention of giving it a more narrow scrutiny. Petrus saw the difficulty, and coming up slyly, he slipped a bright silver dollar in her hand, saying in her ear:

"Give us the high outside chamber, and keep the old vrow quiet when the old man comes."

With a sly wink he left, going up a hidden stairway, signalling his companions to follow. When he got there, and had sat down to bread, milk and meat, which he found for them, he said: "Now you must rest as you can till the night comes on, or sooner if I see my way clear. In the meantime, you are to pass for what I have represented you to be, good Whigs going on business to Albany as soon as you are rested."

"Surely," said Clarence, "we may go at any time of the day through these wild regions without meeting any crowd of people or any very cunning men."

"Wild regions! Do you call these cultivated farms wild regions?" said the indignant Petrus. "The finest wheat in the world grows here, and the apples of the garden of Eden are springing out of the clefts of the rocks. And if you suppose there are no people near, let me tell you that the road is lined with houses like this all the way to Catsbaan, and there, in the grand stone church, a garrison is lodged just to nab the king's men in disguise, and strangers would run some risk, I can assure you. They place about the same value on them that they do on foxes and the like—twenty shillings a head at the clerk's office."

"Then you would not make much by delivering us up," said Bertram, looking slyly into the face of the half-jocular Petrus, who was enjoying his own joke till he saw that both the gentlemen were looking to the state of their pistols.

"Judging from that barking thing in your

hand," said the guide, "I might fill one grave more than you have filled already, and lie down without my fee. But let us all to bed. The old wench has engaged to walk sentry, and I always sleep with one eye shut and one ear open."

Sleep they did, as soldiers and sailors sleep, with their senses so quick that the smallest noise would have awakened them and quite soon they were awakened.

Within doors, and just below where they were lodged, and all around the house, the greatest confusion prevailed, arising from the return of people from Sopus, bringing with them one of the family residing in the house where they were lodged, who had been killed in the melee. It was a fearful sound to any listener, but to those who had so much cause to dread the vengeance of the country as the followers of the king, it was horrifying. Curses both loud and deep were uttered upon the Tories and on the soldiers, mingled with the sobs of the women weeping for their dead. The old man's grief was affecting to both the young men, who began to think of the effect which the news of their being "missing" would have upon their father and uncle.

"Where is that rascal gone?" said Bertram, "surely he has not left us here in the hands of our enemies. See the crowd around the house; keep back from the windows. We are surrounded, by St. George!"

"Hush!" said the other; "hark to that voice, I know it, or I must have heard it in my sleep," and both put down their ears to the floor, listening, when they discovered that of the Dominie, who was comforting the mourners. "They have died in a noble cause; the cause of God and the country. They were good men that fell, and your son was a good lad, and you will soon follow."

"Do you suppose his Majesty could ever conquer a people of such stern principles as these Calvinists? For my part, I have always told my father that these New Englanders resembled the Scotch that I lived among at Edinburgh more than they did the English. And the chaplain was sure to chime in with his heretical Calvinists—Fatalists. 'No,' my father would say, 'they have a will that conquers in spite of faith.'"

"I think it will be the same here. When the Hudson runs up the stream the king will conquer human nature that has religion to help it."

At this part of the play, Petrus came slipping in at the door, when they beckoned him near, saying: "You have brought us into the panther's den very soon, but here is the cure for two at least," as a pistol's muzzle turned toward that worthy's body in a threatening manner. But he, without changing color, merely said:

"Yes, and it will depend upon how you behave yourselves if you ever get out of it. You are suspicious of this place as a trap, and so think of blood-letting, as if I had brought this on you. But who killed the old man's son? Did I hurt any one last night?"

"What have you to do with that? was it a part of the bargain between us that you should deliver us into the hands of the men who will take vengeance on us as murderers? You must account for this, and that here on the spot."

"Hear me, and then kill me if you must; but I would die with a clear conscience toward you at least, if I can. There is only one way of escape for you, and that is by giving yourselves up into the hands of these men; for they know already that two of the king's troops are here."

"Give ourselves up!" both almost shouted out. "No, by King George, we will fight till we die first. Here we are, up in this citadel, well armed, at least, though badly provisioned;" for as Bertram said this, Petrus was swallowing the last morsel of bread brought in the morning.

"All very fine, gentlemen," said the cool Dutchman, "all fine with a hundred men in the house, and the door all bored for balls; and look down to your feet, the board you stand upon is the only thing between you and perdition; ha! ha! thinner than the bottom of a ship."

The two men, confounded, looked in each other's faces, and began seriously to think of taking revenge on the fellow that had so entrapped them, as they thought; but after a close scrutiny of his conduct, other light came into their minds. He could not possibly have known all the circumstances.

"Let us sell our lives as dearly as we can," said the one to the other, "and send a ball through that fool's head."

"Knave's heart, you mean," said Clarence; "for fool or knave, he deserves it alike."

Before he had time to say another word, Petrus was gliding through a side door, behind where he had stood eating their last morsel. He left his

two companions looking in each other's faces, in the utmost consternation, and for the first time they obtained a glance at themselves in daylight. They would have laughed outright had they not remembered that one, if not each, of them had on the clothes of a dead man. With feelings too bitter for mirth, and in a condition too critical for hasty action, they sat down to deliberate, first barricading their temporary fortress. There being but one board between them and the room below, they readily heard what was said; and, as their own fate was on the tapis, it was proper and honorable enough in them to listen.

"Petrus Smith, stand up and tell whae the men be up in de geliedden. Put a guard on the window."

This was said at the very moment the thought had entered into the minds of the prisoners—for they were now prisoners—of escape to the hills, when, to their exceeding vexation, the order was given to watch them; and six men marched out in front of the window where they stood. It would have been folly to attempt a sortie in the face of such a force.

"Petrus," continued the same voice that had given the command to watch, and the prisoners above recognized it as that of the Dominie, "give an account of thyself and of the company thee keeps. Who are these men thou hast brought with thee into this house, and where are they going?"

The sly hypocrite saw that he was in a tight place himself, and that his character was suspected; so he concluded that the best plan for him was to go back and take up what he could substantiate. So going through a long story, he came at last to say, that being like others at Sopus, through the past dismal night, he was returning home just at cock-crowing, when standing at the northwest corner of the graveyard, he found these two men inquiring the way to Albany, as they had business with General Schnyler; and as they offered him a price to show them the way, "was I to refuse the men who were going to see such a good man, and a friend to his country?" He came with them so far, but beginning to suspect that all was not right, he had brought them in here, and now he left them to the care of the Dominie and of the Consistory.

This story was far from making an impression on the assembly, especially when one of Petrus's

neighbors stated that he had called at his door at the time of the alarm, and the answer was that he could not leave, and he doubted whether he was out of his bed at cock-crowing.

At this point, the Dominie said that "a brother cannot be condemned but by the mouth of two or three witnesses: Petrus, thee was, though sayest, at the northwest corner of the graveyard, at cock-crowing. What cock nearest? What didst thou see at the time the cock crew, in heaven and on earth? Answer all three questions at once."

"It was the Dominie's red cock that crew; the red morn rose just over the top of the red flame, and the Dominie himself was standing beside the tombstone of old Yaakob Elmendorf."

"Enough, enough!" said the honest Dominie. "I saw the three men turn around the corner, and go north, but did not know that Petrus was there; I thought it must be some vagabond, some offscouring, but did not think that Petrus was among them."

"Dominie, I am not vagabond nor offscouring, but an honest man, and a peacemaker in these wicked times."

"Well, we can but suspect you, not prove you guilty, and as to your being a peacemaker, let me tell you they are the best peacemakers that are pure in heart; for you must rememehr, my children all, that the wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable. I thought, when I saw the three men, that they were some lewd fellows of the baser sort."

"Who calls me a lewd fellow or one of the baser sort?" said Petrus, with mock passion.

"Nay, nay," said another voice here, "but tell us once, Petrus, why thou gavest Dym this silver milledoler?"

This was a poser; but the ready sinner asked immediately if he had not told Dym to waker him whenever Tobias came home.

"Sartain sure," said the honest creature; "and not to tell de ole man that Petrus was up stair." Here she sniggered out a true African giggle o triumph as she drew the bright piece out of her capacious bosom, and threw it down on the table before the Dominie, with a clear jingle that harmonized with her words. "Dere, Domilie, tal it, my fingers burn," and she spit upon them before she wiped them on her greasy side.

The careful pastor saw that trouble was brewing and that at a time when other thoughts than

revenge should rise in their hearts; so taking down the large Bible, he opened it at the fifteenth Psalm, and commanding silence, he read and commented. The breathless young Englishman heard every word; the Dominie read from a German Bible, though his comments contained enough English to afford them a clue to what he said.

"The parson suspects the villain," said Bertram. "There is hope yet. Don't you remember what the fellow Gabriel said, 'Trust the Dominie before any one else with your secret.' Light breaks upon us."

By this time the good man was in earnest prayer; though he prayed in the vernacular of the neighborhood, the hearts of the young men went upward as they listened to the tones of his voice amidst the deep silence below, except as it was broken by a sigh or a sob from the afflicted father's and mother's heart. By the time the prayer was over, all were melted into another spirit.

"Whoever dreams in London," said Clarence, "of such scenes being enacted among these Dutch boors, in this wild country? There is more refinement and real power in that service than in the Bishop of Exeter's. It is like a chant on an old organ."

"And in an older cathedral too, one might

say, looking out on these fine old trees; on that noble mountain, where, to tell the truth, my mind was running in search of liberty all the time the prayer went forward, which, for aught I know, might be for vengeance on our heads. I had always heard that the Yankees were a canting set, and put the curses of the Psalmist on their tongues when they spoke of the king and of his navy and army."

The door opened soon afterwards at the call of Petrus, who came to it, telling them that he was alone, and had brought a message to them from the Consistory.

"Consistory!" exclaimed the two prisoners, in a breath; "we have heard of the consistory of the Romish Church, but we took this to be a Protestant country; and what right have they to demand our presence? Is it a civil or a spiritual court?" To all of this the wily Petrus was silent, afraid lest he should be heard by the people below stairs, and not sure but that he might have a ball sent through his pate by the enraged men he stood before. He merely winked and whispered "patience," as he put his fingers to his lips, turning to lead the way as a cat turns and steps when an enemy is about to dart upon her.

"No help for it," said Bertram. "We will know the worst all the sooner."

WOODED AND MARRIED.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY,

Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Wee Wife," "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," and "Robert Ord's Atonement."

CHAPTER XXIII. AMONGST THE FIR TREES.

THE spring sunshine was flooding the low meadows beside the Nidd when Guy Chichester brought his mother back to Ingleside, and Honor went home to the Cottage to gladden her brother's heart for a few days before her bright smile and kindly presence vanished from his hearth forever.

Who can imagine the joy with which honest Humphrey welcomed back his Duchess? His pleasure was outspoken, very different from the shy greeting Dym bestowed on her friends.

"I have enjoyed my visit, but it is pleasant to be home again," observed Mrs. Chichester, in the cosy confidential half-hour before dinner, when she and Dym were alone together. The

little dainty tea equipage was beside them; Dym sat on a low chair, leaning forward till her face almost touched Mrs. Chichester's lap; she wore her white dress, with a little breast-knot of violets and ferns; the porch window stood open, and the lowing of cattle came over the dewy meadows. Nature was undergoing its annual revival, trees were bursting into new life, tender green shoots were unfolding, little wayside flowers struggled into existence; everywhere there were buds, brightness, a sense of growing vigor and strength, white lambs, uncouth calves, yellow ducklings; the earth was full of young things; every nest was crowded with bright-eyed clamorous creatures, with open beaks and downy breasts, and unfledged fluttering wings.

With spring comes restlessness. Why is it, I wonder? The blood courses more quickly through the veins as the new sap stirs under the woody heart of elms and beeches. Do we throw out new shoots too? Do we unfold fresh leaves, and quiver into new life? Whence proceed those strange stirrings, those vague yearnings, those odd pulsations, moods of feelings?

This restlessness had come to Dym—a great quaver of discontent and longing. The beautiful ideal life, where was it? Beyond those golden-edged clouds perhaps, folded away somewhere in those dim blue skies. She listens with an odd pathos of silence as Mrs. Chichester weaves a gay little web of talk. How bright, how incongruous it sounds to Dym! Picture galleries, theatres, and bales of velvet and silks. "It was the prettiest shopping in the world; and then Guy used to take us to the parks—people turned around to look at him and Honor as they walked; but I don't think Honor noticed it," prattled on Mrs. Chichester, innocently. Then and afterwards she was never weary of descanting on Honor's rare beauty, her merits and loveliness. Did Dym secretly take herself to task for that secret sting of pain with which she listened to these descriptions? She brooded over them sadly, and with a little envy, afterwards. How she had hated those green parks, when she had walked in them with only Edith as her companion! The glittering Serpentine, the long Row, the dazzling line of carriages and equestrians. What a shifting phantasmagoria it had seemed, of faces and sunshine, and horses and dusty chariots! How different it must have looked to those two! Honor's serene eyes would have a pleasant puzzled expression in them; now and then she would send out curious flashes of inquiry and amusement into the unknown world before her, all the while she moved so stately and erect beside her lover. Dym could fancy the sarcasm with which Guy would hail some odd study of character, as he lounged indolently under the green trees; his quibs and jests, his half-serious raillery against *Vanity Fair*, its foibles and weaknesses, and his secret pride as men looked at the beautiful woman beside him.

With all his sarcastic speeches, Honor wearied of it sooner than he did. She used to be glad when, in the cool of the evening, they drove back to the old Kensington house. The half studio, half drawing-room, would be very restful after the

day's bustle and sunshine. Dym could imagine her coming down in her white gown, with calm satisfied eyes, to talk and sing to them. I suppose the lovers had most of it to themselves after all. Mrs. Chichester dozed a great deal. Honor would go out and walk with Guy on the lawn under the cedar tree; the bell from some neighboring church would ring out for evening service; on the other side of the ivied walls another pair of lovers would be whispering; a tall poplar waved; now and then a few sleepy bird notes came from under the red eaves; a few stars peeped out. What wonderful low-toned talks they had in that old garden, talks whose sweetness healed the pain of years and lit the future with radiance.

Dym's face still wore its odd wistful expression, when Guy came and laughingly scolded them for unsociability. As he took his mother down the low broad stairs, he gave his other hand to Dym. Happiness was making him more than usually beneficent; the keen eyes looked at her with grave kindness as they took their places at the table.

"When do you mean to be your old self again, Miss Elliott?" he asked; but there was something reproachful in his tone.

Dym flushed up a little—perhaps she wondered what he meant. She was well enough and strong—quite strong, she assured him. But Guy thought the unsmiling dark eyes had a strange heaviness in them.

"Illuminations are always prepared for illustrious visitors; you have not lit up yours, Miss Elliott; you are too much like your name." It was the old kind quizzing, but Dym winced under it. By-and-by his tone changed, as he bade her fetch some parcel from the library. "You must send her out more, mother; she is getting too grave and quiet. This illness has quite altered her," he said, when Dym had disappeared on her errand.

Dym was not a bit grave when she came back; she was in a rosy flush to her fingers' ends. They had not forgotten her, then, these kind friends; from their own overflowing feast of happiness they had spared a few crumbs to the young dependent. Dym's eyes could sparkle now. Something very nearly approaching to tears shone in them as the knots gave way and revealed the soft folds of silk, with a little satin-lined morocco box reposing on it.

Dym had hardly patience to look at the beautiful violet dress Mrs. Chichester had so thoughtfully provided for her, with the fine embroidered handkerchief and dainty lace ruffles, so great was her eagerness to explore the contents of the tiny box. She knew almost before she opened it who was the unknown giver. If Guy had wished to give pleasure, he had fully succeeded. Dym gave a little gasp of surprise and admiration as the dead-gold locket, with its delicate filigree chain, came to view. "From her friends, Honor Nethecote and Guy Chichester," was the pencilled inscription. There were Honor's eyes smiling at her inside, and a plait of the ruddy brown hair.

"Honor thought you would like it best. Is it your taste? is it pretty enough, eh?" Dym gave him her hand, almost too overwhelmed to speak; but her eyes must have thanked him. "We shall have the illumination after all; you have mounted two red flags already," said Guy comically, as he smiled at her.

What a little it had cost him! Honor and he had selected it from a host of shining toys at the end of a day's shopping. "Better take the one with the diamond star, sir," the civil shopman had said to him; "it is dearer, but it is more worth the money, and the lady will like it better." "My good fellow," responded Guy drolly, "there are ladies and ladies. Some have to do without diamond stars, and be content with plain chasing; we will take the larger one of dead gold, please."

"I suppose you will want to thank Honor for this. Get your hat and something warm, and I will take you over to the Cottage."

Dym flew to get ready. How long was it since she had walked with him! She kissed the locket as she put it on. How it glittered and shone in the twilight! She ran down the terrace, led by the tiny red glow of a cigar in the distance. Kelpie bounded towards her, barking with delight.

"How cool these spring evenings are! Do you mind my cigar? How have you and old Humphrey been getting on, Miss Elliott?"

Dym did not want to talk about Humphrey Nethecote; she dismissed the subject with a hasty word. There was the moonlight streaming on the field path, and the old trysting-stile. "So-ho, my little lady, Humphrey is not good enough for you, eh?" thought Guy; and his keen eyes scrutinized the little figure at his side in the dainty white

dress, with the scarlet hood drawn coquettishly over the bright hair.

Dym's face grew wistful again as they walked on silently. There was the stone fence where she had met with her accident. Was it years or months ago since she had lain there, with Cerberus browsing on the scanty herbage on the other side of the wall? Involuntarily she shivered, as though she felt the cold slush and snow again, the sweeping night winds, and the sickening crushing pain of her poor foot.

"Are you cold?—ah, now I remember. Don't you know, my child, we should never recall sad things? Give me your hand; here are the steps in the wall."

Did Guy's kind heart detect the trembling and coldness, that he kept it in his own for so long, and then placed it quietly within his arm as he talked to her cheerfully about the happy days he trusted would be in store for all of them?

"I shall leave my mother in your care. It is a sacred charge, Miss Elliott, and I know it will be faithfully fulfilled. When the autumn brings us back again I shall find you here?"

His tone was interrogative.

"Yes—that is if you and Miss Nethecote wish it, Mr. Chichester."

"Honor would wish to keep you altogether, but it appears your brother has settled it otherwise."

"Will thinks I ought to go."

"Will Clericus has a few stubborn notions of his own, on which I should like to set my heel. I am not quite sure his views are sound; he is too strongly impregnated with the doctrine of works. When people go in for being saints, I always mistrust them."

"Mr. Chichester," broke in the little sister indignantly.

"Don't disturb yourself; he has not taken to shaving his head or wearing sandals yet, only the air of St. Luke's is getting too rarefied for me. I breathe better in a more murky atmosphere."

But Dym would not see the joke.

"I wish there were more like him," she returned, rather soberly.

"Well, I believe you are right," was the candid answer. "But to return to our vexed question. I shall be heartily sorry if you have to leave us, Miss Elliott."

"Thank you. You do not know how much

good it does me to hear you say so, Mr. Chichester," faltered poor Dym.

"Why, you knew that before, didn't you?" in a tone of surprise. "Well, I suppose it is only in human nature that I should feel grateful to Honor for wishing to take this work on herself. She knows what I think of it."

"She has wished it all along. I think she is right," said Dym, honestly.

"It is like her goodness," his voice breaking a little with earnestness; "you and I know what that is, Miss Elliott. I am only afraid whether this attention to my mother will not tie her too much;" and under his breath, "I shall want my wife to myself."

"I do not think she will feel it so," replied Dym, eagerly. As usual, she had thrown herself heart and soul into her friends' interests. "We have talked it over. Honor is so fond of reading; she says it will be quite a delight for her to go through her favorite authors again."

"Jeremy Taylor, to wit. I fancy Honor is a little bitten with him too." Then with a touch of his old drollery, "It is a bore when one's future wife has High-Church proclivities. Well, the Thousand and One tales are right enough; but how about the thousand and one letters?"

"We thought," returned Dym, modestly—"that is, I thought, and Honor approved—that Phillis writes so well, has so pretty a handwriting, that I am sure she would satisfy Mrs. Chichester. Phillis is so neat-handed, and has such pleasant ways with her," finished Dym, in the quiet, old-fashioned manner that had grown on her lately; but there was a possible hint of heartbreak in her voice all the same. It is hard for all of us to delegate a dearly-loved duty to another.

"Somebody else has pleasant ways with her," thought Guy. Did he understand the girl's grief and despair at the thought of leaving them? The little hand that lay like a feather's weight on his arm trembled still. Perhaps he longed to quiet it; perhaps, in the heaven of his own content, he desired to drop another crumb of comfort into the lap of the little creature whom Fate had brought into the storehouse of his bounty. Anyhow, as he looked at her, there came into Guy Chichester's eyes—generally so keen and quizzical—a certain warm luminous light, a look that none but those whom he loved and trusted ever won from him.

"I must have a talk with Phillis; she is a faith-

ful satellite of your own, Miss Elliott. Well, it is a kind thought, and I thank you for it. One of these days I hope you will ask me to do something for you in return."

"I am too deeply grateful already. I would not make the burden heavier," stammered Dym.

"Pooh!—nonsense," he returned hastily; and then relapsing again into his kind tone, "remember, if you are in any trouble or any perplexity you have given me the right to help you."

"I—how do you mean, Mr. Chichester?"

"Are you not my good little friend? shall I not always hold you as such? and do not friends help each other? It is not my nature to be fickle, Miss Elliott; and I know wherever you are you will always be faithful to me and mine."

"Faithful to him and his;" in the years to come Dymphna Elliott nobly fulfilled those words; when Guy Chichester reaped a rich harvest of the few kindly words and deeds that the man in his generosity had scattered broadcast into the furrows of a simple girl's heart.

Guy dropped Dym's hand hastily from his arm as they came to the patch of moonlight road before the cottage. There was Honor waiting for him, with her lace shawl drawn over her head, and Humphrey in his straw hat beside her.

There was a warm embrace between her and Dym, and a few whispered words of thanks and greetings, and then Guy eagerly claimed her.

How tranquil and still the little garden looked this evening!—a shimmer of pink and white apple-blossoms, of moonlight and white paths together; the orchard was a glittering bridal bouquet of blossom; the trickling of the little beck in the dell was plainly audible; there was a sweet scent of hawthorn and lilac in the air; now and then came a distant bleat from a stray sheep on the common.

"How peaceful it all is! there is quite a story-book feeling about it, isn't there?" says Humphrey with a grotesque glimmering after something undefinable and poetical; if he could have expressed it, there would have been a whole idyl of tender sentiment in his heart to-night—to see Dym in her white dress walking down those shining paths beside him, to put back the low branches and overhanging hedgerows that not a fold of her dainty raiment might be disturbed, to blunder out his honest confidence about the loneliness of his home when his Duchess left it, and his

unselfish delight in her happiness;—all this was bliss to Humphrey.

I wonder whether Dym heard it all, and with what sort of feverish impatience she listened now and then. She returned half-comprehending answers; she was a little *distracte* and absent. Before her there were two figures; their heads seemed touched with glory. Presently they crossed into a belt of shadow; Guy's face was in shade, but Honor's was still touched with light. By and by there was a sudden turn in the path, and they passed out of her sight.

The afternoon after her return to Nidderdale Cottage Honor went over to Woodside. There only wanted three days to the wedding, and womanly hands and brains were full of a hundred arrangements. Dym was installed at the cottage with orders to make herself useful in every possible way, so there she and Honor had been all the morning, sorting and labelling gifts for the school-children. Honor was going down in state to the school the next day to deliver them in person and take leave of her scholars; and afterwards there were her poor people to visit, and humble friends dwelling in outlying cottages on the edges of the moor; and this with Guy claiming every minute of her time, and proposing impossible rides and drives to all kinds of improbable places.

Dym could not help admiring the gentle tact with which she managed to evade his demands. "Give me these three days, dear Guy, I owe them to my friends; afterwards my time will belong to you," she said, with so charming a smile that Mr. Chichester forgot to grumble for full five minutes afterwards.

So Honor went down to Woodside, leaving Dym hard at work in the little room looking over the orchard and trout stream; and there Mr. Chichester spent a long afternoon, walking up and down under the sunny walls, chewing the cud of discontent and anticipation together, and occasionally stopping to address some railing observation on the contrary ways of women through the open window, for Dym's benefit.

At the garden-gate Honor came upon Dr. Grey himself.

"The very person I was wanting to see," he exclaimed as they shook hands. Dr. Grey was looking thin and careworn; there were fresh lines on the forehead that Dym had once pronounced noble-looking; the hair had worn off it still more; he was an anxious middle-aged man now.

Rupert came down the garden-path, shouting at the sight of his friend; his father however quietly told him to go back, and the little fellow slunk sorrowfully away; but Honor noticed the sad gentleness with which he spoke to his boy, so different from his old irritable manner.

"I sent Rupert in because I wanted to speak to you, Miss Nethecode; Esther is asleep. Shall we take a turn in the fir-wood?" and as Honor signified her assent, they climbed up the steep little lawn and went through the gate into the scented dusk that lay behind it.

How fragrant those pines were that afternoon! how crisply the dead bracken of last year, with its fresh young spikes shooting through, yielded to their footsteps! what a delicious green gloom pervaded the little wooded hill! Dr. Grey walked up the ascent with his hands behind him, and his eyes fixed thoughtfully on the ground. He aroused himself by and by to make a few professional inquiries after Honor's health, and when these were satisfied, and a congratulatory word or two had been spoken, he came to the subject he had on his mind.

"Do you remember a few words you spoke to me last summer, Miss Nethecode, when you told me to find out what was the matter with Esther?"

"I am afraid I took a great liberty with you, Dr. Grey," she rejoined, with her frank blush. "I am very outspoken with my friends."

"I am glad you count us among them. My poor wife, as you know, is devoted to you. You have cured me of my skepticism on the subject of women's friendship," he went on, with a faint smile. "Do you remember our long arguments last summer?"

"We shall have a great many more, I hope," returned Honor, heartily.

Dr. Grey shook his head. "I never look far into the future; that was the kindest word you ever spoke to me; it opened my eyes to the state Esther was in."

"Well?" interrupted Honor, breathlessly.

"I had grown so used to her invalid ways, it was so sore a truth to me that Esther could never be the active woman that I longed to see her, that I believe I closed my eyes wilfully to the discomfort of her position."

"I am afraid you did," replied Honor, very gravely.

"One grows callous and unfeeling sometimes. Doctors have a hard life of it; and it is sad work

when there is always an invalid at their own hearth. There were times, I grant it, when I pitied myself more than her, when I believed her capable of greater effort, when I grew impatient at the weakness of her will."

"But you own now you were wrong, Dr. Grey."

"I own it with the deepest grief and remorse. You are Esther's friend; you judged her more generously. I see she has no longer the power to make these efforts."

"Not for the last few months; she has grown worse lately."

"True; your words opened my eyes to the extent of the mischief—I wish I could say it had not then begun—a week or two earlier; but no, it would not have helped us."

"You frighten me, Dr. Grey. I hope there is nothing radically wrong with Esther."

"You must not blame me entirely if there is," he returned, with a smile so sad that she could not but choose to forgive him. "Esther did not complain, and I was desperately hard worked just then. Typhoid fever had broken out in the cottages lower down, and for some nights I could scarcely snatch a minute's sleep; it was just then that you took alarm."

"I thought she looked very ill, and that there was something wrong; she always seemed to me the sort of woman who might go into a decline if she were not watched; is it that?" looking anxiously up into his sorrowful face.

"I wish it were. I wish my poor Esther could be saved in that way from even a portion of the suffering I fear for her;" he paused, as though from emotion, and then hurried on. "I was a little taken aback by what you said to me, and I resolved on watching her narrowly. Soon I had an uneasy conviction that things were even worse than I thought; in a few weeks these fears were verified."

Honor gave a low exclamation, but he went on without heeding her.

"I was desirous of having my treatment confirmed, and it was impossible to call in further advice without alarming Esther. She was very nervous about herself already. This difficulty was solved by an old friend, a London physician, coming to see me on his way to Scotland."

"What a relief it must have been to you!"

"To have my treatment confirmed—you are

right; there is not another man's opinion I could rely on more fully; it was Dr. Guthrie who ventured on breaking the truth to Esther. I had grown cowardly over it all, and was for deferring it;" and then in a few brief words he explained to Honor the exact nature of the cruel malady that had already fixed its fangs so deeply in the poor invalid.

William Elliott was not wrong when he read Honor's great pitying heart so truly. Honor covered up her face and wept the bitterest tears when she heard her friend's doom pronounced by her husband's lips; the sunshine seemed to have died out among the green gloom; the golden motes ceased to play between the mastlike stems of the firs. Good God, what a pitiful thing is this life, after all! what strange inequalities of fate! what unanswered questions of lives! what meek martyrdoms! what cloudy skies for some! what great dazzling noontides for others!

Here was one woman looking half-dazzled into a vista of happiness, watching the days go by with a certain sweet dizziness, knowing she will spend them beside the man she loves. Here is another, scarcely older than she, whose suns have already faded, whose life has been lived; who knows that slow decay, and secret anguish, and increasing torture await her; to whom death will come as a relief, the grave as her only rest.

Those tears fall refreshingly on the dry bitter pain that was in the man's heart. After all, has he been so much to blame? A little thoughtlessness, a little neglect, a secret mischief working without sign; suffering bravely borne without complaint; a woman's color fading; a fragile body unconscious of its own decay.

"How did she bear it?" asked Honor, drying her eyes.

"Like an angel," answered the poor husband with a groan. "You will hardly believe how much she is changed, Miss Nethcote. No fretfulness, no worrying now; only anxiety for me and the children. She will be awake and expecting you now. I ought not to detain you any longer."

Honor gave him her hand without speaking. What was there to say? Our friends go down into the furnace, but the flames, scorching as they are, do not consume us as they did the Chaldean officers. The man had his bitter portion allotted to him, and he knew it. Long ago his wife had ceased to be to him the wife of which he had

dreamed in his earlier years. She was beautiful and amiable, but she had wearied his soul with a daily weariness; she had dragged him down, till his vexation had well-nigh destroyed the harmony of their lives. Why had he not borne more patiently with her? He loved her—he knew it now—in spite of all her faults; why had she not seen the burden of her work was too heavy for her? A hundred times lately he had recalled instances of her gentleness and wish to please him. With all her fretfulness, had she ever spoken an angry word to him? Was she not the tenderest mother, the most loving, in spite of her helplessness?

These were the questions Dr. Grey was ever asking himself as he went to and fro on his errands of healing. They kept him for a long time pacing the fir-woods after Honor had left him in search of her friend.

"Has Edward told you?" was Esther's first question, as Honor entered the shady little parlor. The poor face was thinner and more faded since she had seen it last; the brown eyes had a dull, heavy look in them; there were silver threads running through the soft hair.

Honor's face must have answered her, for the poor thing shivered as she hid her face on Honor's arm. The baby lay asleep in its old-fashioned cradle, the other children were shouting and playing in the sunny front garden. Harry's solemn face and curls were seen through a vista of lilacs; there was the basket heaped up with little shirts and socks; the small table strewn with account books, and other articles of housewifery. These things had an unconscious pathos in them. The mother would not lay down her work till she was obliged. Do some women work on the rack, I wonder?

"Harry wants new socks," says Esther, pointing to them with tears in her eyes. Was there inconsistency in her speech—suffering and baby's socks—living wants blending with the shadow of approaching death? A mother working contentedly in her pain, and listening to the children outside, and wondering how soon they would put on their little black frocks, and if Hannah would be kind to them, and what Edward would do without her.

Esther's patient eyes filled up with tears whenever she spoke of her husband and children. Little things had made her fretful, but in the hour of

her trial there was no lack of fortitude. The poor weak creature had fallen back on her Christianity in her trouble, and found it all-powerful to help her. Her sadness was too deeply rooted for mere surface comfort. She was full of pity for her husband, but she put by all Honor's well-meant efforts of consolation.

"Of course it is very dreadful—the pain I mean—but I have to bear it; he is so good and kind, I try not to make it worse for him; it is so bad when it comes on in the night, and he can get no rest."

Honor ventured on a suggestion. Humphrey liked children; in a few days Nidderdale Cottage would be almost empty. Could not Rupert and Edgar, and perhaps Amy, go there for a little while? She was almost sorry she proposed it when she saw a cloud of sadness come over the poor mother's face.

"You are very kind, but I can hardly spare Amy, she is so useful, and is quite a little mother to the others; and Rupert—oh, no," and here Esther's voice grew sharp with pain, "do not take away my children; they are so good, and I shall only have them for a little while longer."

"I only thought Hannah might be more at liberty to attend to you. Do not trouble yourself about it; we must think of some other way of helping you."

"Dear Honor, it is not necessary. I will not have you sadden your happiness with thoughts of me. Look here, what I have worked for the bride," and she drew from her pillow a little quilted satin glove-case. "It is a poor gift, dear, but I know you will value it for my sake." And then, as though the contrast between them saddened her, in spite of her efforts to smile, she burst into tears and threw her arms around Honor's neck, and whispered that her poor Esther would love her and pray for her, and that she was not to fret when the news came, for if it were not for Edward she would be glad to go and have done with it all.

How sadly Honor walked back to the Cottage! Guy was sitting on a sunny bench on the edge of the common, and sprang up with a half-jesting reproval on his lips as she came towards him. It died away as he caught sight of her tired face.

"My darling, what have you been doing with yourself?" he exclaimed, drawing her down beside him.

"O, Guy, if I were ever to leave you as poor Esther is leaving her husband!" and Honor leant her face wearily against his shoulder as though her rest were there.

"Are things so bad at Woodside as all that?" he replied, in a shocked voice. "Poor woman! I am sorry they have told you. Why, love, this is a poor welcome!" as Honor, spent with excitement, shed a few more nervous tears. "You must not let even a passing sadness come between us now. I cannot bear to see your bright face dimmed for a moment."

"Talk to me then, and help me to forget it," she replied, with the saddest, sweetest smile. "Sometimes my happiness makes me afraid; it seems almost too perfect for earth."

"Do you know what that tells me?" he returned, with one of his brightest looks. A secret thrill crossed him as this proud, beautiful creature crept closer to him for protection from her own loving doubts.

The sunshine streamed down on the yellow gorse and broom, only the bracken at their feet lay in shadow; the birds were singing from a clump of firs lower down the road; the white geese came waddling over the common; up in the sky a lark was carolling; in the west a mass of white clouds, tinged with gold and crimson, struggled in the blue like a phantom ship on fire; nearer home the flecks of foam and whiteness resembled flocks of strange birds; the evening air was sweet with the breath of May. How could any sadness long resist such influences?

"Is the cloud gone?" he inquired, presently. Need he have asked? was he not beside her? was not his voice in her ears?

"Now we will go home," she said, reaching out her hand. No wonder, as she smiled at him, that Guy was dazzled at the brightness of her answer.

CHAPTER XXIV. "WOOD AND MARRIED AND A'."

THERE is no sight prettier than a village wedding—I mean a wedding in a village.

We all know the conventional St. George's, Hanover square, sort of wedding; the great empty church filled with gaping spectators, three-fourths of them strangers to the bride and bridegroom; the usual crowd collected outside; the fortunate policeman whose beat it is; the nursemaids; the barefooted arabs, the London *gamin* of the streets;

there is the everlasting yellow chariot, the gray horses, the postillions in their red satin waistcoats; the favors; the fuss; the pretty smiling bridesmaids; the never-to-be-done-with pomp and pageantry of a nineteenth century English wedding.

Inside the crowd is larger; the sun streams through the great painted windows on a motley of shifting colors; the sacred places are invested by well dressed people, who on another day in the week would have remained penned up in their luxurious pews, but who now crowd the chancel. There are hand-shakings and introductions, whispered jests, fluttering fans. By and by the ceremony goes on—that most awful ceremony except one—speaking of responsibilities, of duties, of vows, that are lifelong. Who among them listens? The mother and sisters shed a few tears, perhaps; the bridesmaids are more ready to titter—most of them have been brought up in devout habits, yet few kneel; presently the benediction is spoken; the man and wife go out together hand-in-hand, the bride's head a little bowed perhaps; the baskets of favors go around; the horses paw the ground; the carriages roll away one by one; the bystanders criticise the dresses, the bride's looks, the red hair of the bridegroom; the younger ones huzza a little. It is all over; it has been a goodly show. But who is there among all those spectators who prayed that He who blessed the marriage in Cana of Galilee may strengthen the hands of the pair who are going out to fight the battle of life together?

It is not that people are more devout in the country, but that the accessories are brighter. In lieu of London streets we have green fields and deep hanging lanes. The bells peal out or trinkle merrily from the little church; the young people of the village assemble in the porch, or line the churchyard; the babies are tumbling over the graves, and come up with their hands full of daisies. One or two old men, in their white smocks, lean on the low lichen-covered wall. There comes the modest procession: there is the bride, God bless her! Off go the poor old hats; the school-children curtsy; the straw bonnets are full of homely flowers. By and by, when the young wife reappears on her husband's arm, she will tread lightly on gillyflowers and pinks, and old-fashioned stocks—how sweet the air is with them! The organ is playing out the "Wedding March;" the bridesmaids come down in their crisp

muslins; there are fresh curtsies; the babies coo and clap their dimpled hands; Giles Stodge's bleared eyes clear a little. Blue skies, green fields, a little crispness and freshness, a few flowers, a few kindly prayers and words, greater loving-kindness, and gratitude for a great happiness—these are all that are needed for wedding-garments.

It was this sort of wedding that Guy and Honor had planned for themselves. Birstwith was a very primitive place; the lord of the manor had rights that were almost feudal; the squire's harvest must be carried, let who will suffer; in the sheep-shearing seasons the farmers must wait till the Chichester sheep were denuded of their wool and crowded the home-fields with shining white bodies.

Between the great house and the village there was a hearty reciprocity of interest and good-will. The masters of Ingleside came of a wealthy stock, but the love of home was deeply bred in them. Guy Chichester was the only rover; his father and his father's father had dwelt as patriarchs among patriarchs—fattening up calves, breeding colts, very great in the hunting-fields, stern as to the preservation of game, and merciful in their capacity of magistrates to all offenders except poachers. Guy, in spite of his roving propensities, was a greater favorite than his father had been. Mr. Fortescue complained that the kitchens of Ingleside were turning his people into paupers: in the winter, bales of flannel and hundreds of quarts of soup found their way into the laborers' cottages.

Guy was forever bringing in people—tramps and worn-out gleaners, hungry mothers and children—to enjoy a plentiful meal. Sometimes, after church on Sunday, there would be a row of the old people of the village—aged men and women from the parish union—sitting around one of the clean-scoured tables in the servants' hall, waiting for the invariable beef and plum-pudding.

That the Squire should do something handsome on his wedding-day was as fully expected as that the bells should ring on Sunday. Long beforehand it was settled no work should be done in the village. The people were all dressed in their best and standing at their doors, as though sowing and ploughing and delving were unheard-of things. A few of the able-bodied men were away on necessary work, but even they would be back in time for the feast. In the long green field beside the church the white tents were up, and the red and

blue flags were straining and flapping in the breeze. There was to be roast beef and plum-pudding for young and old, a cask of cider had been provided, and some of the rare Yorkshire ale too; and the miller was to take the chair; and Guy meant to leave his guests and come down for a parting cheer, before the travelling carriage took him and Honor away.

But in spite of the festivity of the village, the cloudless day, and the bridegroom's radiant face, Beatrix Delaire declared the whole wedding a very poor affair, and decidedly rustic.

Guy had plentifully provided for his poorer neighbors, but he had bidden very few of his richer ones to the wedding. Both he and Honor were painfully unconventional in their notions, as Beatrix phrased it. Neither of them wished to mar the sacredness of the day with admitting all kind of nondescript outsiders. Beatrix and her husband, Mrs. Tressilian and Edith, and the Fortescues and the Trevors, were the only guests. William Elliott married them—drawn away again reluctantly from St. Luke's by their urgent entreaties; Cousin Latimer assisted, but it was Will who pronounced the nuptial blessing, who placed Honor's hand within her husband's, whose cordial congratulations were the first that greeted the newly-wedded pair.

One thing grievously offended Mrs. Delaire. Honor had no bridesmaids; she walked up the aisle leaning on her brother's arm, and, as she came into sight, Guy left his place to meet her; and when they reached the altar, the two knelt down together, hand-in-hand, till the officiating priest was ready.

There was not one among the guests who did not long remember that day, and the grave, beautiful face of the bride, as her clear voice repeated the solemn words, "till death us do part." Was it fancy, or did she turn pale and tremble slightly? Dym did not notice it, for suddenly the sun broke dazzlingly from behind a cloud, and streamed down over the chancel pavement, tinging Honor's dress with crimson and violet; and looking up, she saw Will's head surrounded by its golden glory, and his face "was as the face of an angel."

What a dream and unreality that day was to Dym! The great glittering table, where, through a vista of *épergnes* and pyramids of flowers, she caught sight of Honor's queenly head, and Mr. Chichester's bearded face beside it. She held fast

by Will's side, with a very humble child's face, all that day; she was feeling dimly after some great beautiful truth that she only half understood. How improbable—how altogether impossible—it seemed that any one should love her as Guy loved Honor! She was peeping—poor little soul!—into some wonderful woman's paradise, full of all manner of golden fruit and dazzling things. Would she ever be permitted to enter? Were there only a few privileged to know such happiness? Were there others outside, lonely, and forgotten as she was?

Poor, ignorant little Dym, crying out for the moon, conscious of strange wants, wishing to be something to somebody, and all the while Humphrey was longing to take her to his great honest heart, and show her all its treasures—heavy gold that did not glitter, priceless jewels in rugged settings, stainless honor and integrity, and a wealth of love that would give of its substance, asking for little in return!

Dym shrank away from Humphrey, and placed herself under Will's wing—Will who took such care of her, though he ate nothing himself—Will whose manly speech, when they pledged him afterwards, touched every heart, and even drew tears from the bride's happy eyes. Honor did not wait for any more speeches after that; when Will had finished, she took her mother-in-law's hand and led her from the room. Guy and she were with her for a long time. When the others thought Honor was changing her dress, Dym, coming in to hurry them, found her, still kneeling in her bride's dress, with her hand clasped in Mrs. Chichester's, and Guy standing beside them.

"Do not be long, my wife," whispered Guy, leading Honor to the door. But there was no need to hasten her; in a marvellously short time she returned, before Guy had got back from the field that was still ringing with the cheers.

He came in, looking pleased and excited.

"Good-by, Dym," were Honor's parting words as she pressed the girl fervently to her. "This day has linked us together more than ever. One day, dear, may you be as happy as I am!"

"I leave you a precious legacy, Miss Elliott," said Mr. Chichester as he came up to shake hands with her. "Take care of my mother, and God bless you! You know I shall never forget my little friend."

But it was at Mrs. Chichester's side that Honor tarried longest.

"Good-by, mother; you are mine as well as Guy's now. Do not be lonely without us;" and people marvelled at the long silent embrace that followed.

The guests and servants were all on the terrace, and some of the younger ones threw garlands into the carriage as it rolled off. Will stooped down and picked up one that lay at his feet—it was a green rowan spray.

Will took the night mail up to London that same evening; not even Dym's entreaties could induce him to defer his departure to the next day.

"My dear child, I must go," he returned, quite gently; but when Will spoke in that tone she knew he meant to keep his word. Dym went back to the great brilliant drawing-room where Beatrix was playing on the grand piano, and Mrs. Chichester, with tired face and unsteady lips, was listening to her sister's dreary platitudes. Mrs. Fortescue, in an elegant pose, was talking London gossip with Colonel Delaire, and her husband was playing spillikins with Edith.

How empty the room seemed; what vacuum; what dreariness! How she missed the tall restless figure that always perambulated it at this time in the evening, or harangued them from the rug! How mercilessly he used to quiz her! what drollery, what covert sarcasms spoke in every tone of his voice! He could make them laugh, but he could be eloquent too.

There were times when Mrs. Chichester and she would hush their very breath as they listened to him. What grand thoughts, what a vast comprehensive grasp of mind he had; sometimes his voice would change and tremble with the very greatness of his subject; then all at once he would be silent; Dym wandering in the corridors afterwards would hear weird music, suffering, passionate, drawn into strange chords and thrills of sound, reverberating through the room till Kelpie howled a protest, and came up fawning to his master, to coax him to a midnight ramble through the sleeping village.

But Kelpie had gone with his master, and it would be long before Ingleside would welcome their return. We all know the vacuum after a great excitement; the lights have gone out at the feast, our friends have departed; far away they may be thinking of us, but we are sitting lonely and sad without them; this morning they were with us, we pressed their hands and bade God speed them, and now they are gone.

Life is full of these wearinesses, these disgusts; when our days lose their flavor, and are nothing but minutes and hours; with some of us it is like Mariana in her moated grange—

"Old faces glimmered through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without."

The very silence has a voice within it; we hear our friends though not a word is spoken.

Humphrey looked across the room very longingly for some time before he ventured to approach the corner where Dym had ensconced herself.

It was by the open window, for the evening was mild. Dym had a book before her, but her eyes were looking out on the moonlighted terraces; her face had a sorrowful, wistful expression. Humphrey thought evidently his presence disturbed her, for a gleam of impatience crossed her face.

"Are you going, Mr. Nethecote?"

"Not just yet," he replied, sitting down beside her. Humphrey was short-sighted, and his chair got entangled with the violet silk. Dym reproved him with a little sharpness as she freed herself.

"I am afraid I am very clumsy," said poor Humphrey, apologetically. It was almost painful to see how humble he would be with this girl; the more capricious and uncertain she was, the gentler he would be with her. Humphrey was always being punished for her unsatisfactory moods, though the truth must be owned he often stumbled upon them with a singular want of tact. Humphrey would not see when he was not wanted; he would come up with his honest face and jest just at the wrong moment. At times Dym would behave herself very sweetly to him; with all her humors she had an odd confidence and faith in this simple kindly friend of hers. For days together Humphrey would nourish the hope that his suit was not looked upon unfavorably. The mistake lay in Dym's perfect unconsciousness and his ignorance of it; it had never entered her head to recognize Humphrey as a lover, and Humphrey had not as yet ventured to address her.

As he sat down beside her, hardly repulsed by her ungraciousness, though a little rueful over it, a faint suspicion came into his mind that he was too rough and uncouth to be the husband of such a dainty little creature. In spite of her sullenness Dym looked wonderfully well to-night; the rich

silk and lace ruffles and the dead-gold locket became her marvellously, as she sat there with her smooth dark hair tucked behind her ears, and the troubled light shining in her eyes. She looked certainly very graceful and attractive, and other men beside Humphrey Nethecote might have felt inclined to lose their hearts to her.

"I suppose I shall have to go now," continued Humphrey. "I am putting off the evil moment as long as I can, for though I wouldn't wish it, it is hard to go home and miss the Duchess."

Dym felt a little visiting of remorse. Here she was luxuriating in her sad thoughts, while all this time Humphrey was bravely striving after cheerfulness, and hiding deep down in his heart that he sorely felt the loss of his only sister, the sweet woman face that had made the brightness of his hearth for so many years.

There is something especially sad when a middle-aged brother or sister loses the companion of life. Now and then one hears of such cases, but it is death oftener than marriage that robs them of their domestic treasure. Humphrey was years enough older than Honor to feel a sort of fatherly love for her; he had been a boy when she was an infant in her cradle, and a youth when she was a little maiden tottering after him, and calling out to Humphie to lift her over the stepping-stone. But Honor had been his wise and cheerful companion for many years now. Without weakness, Humphrey had learned to trust her judgment and respect her decision. "Ask the Duchess; she knows more about it than I," was a frequent speech on his lips. I believe if Honor had understood such things he would have farmed his lands on her method in preference to his own. It was pleasant to see the mutual love and reverence of the brother and sister, and yet he had given her up to his friend without a selfish sigh, and was bravely setting himself to do without her.

Perhaps Humphrey's quiet manly bearing won her respect at last; perhaps, as I said before, Dym felt some visitings of remorse, for her manner changed and softened.

"It must be very dull for you. I am afraid you will miss her dreadfully," she said, trying to infuse a little interest into her tone.

Humphrey brightened up.

"These things come a little hard at first," he returned, sturdily. "Once I should have thought of doing without my right hand sooner than I'd

have done without the Duchess. You see, a man grows to lean upon his womankind; with me it was 'Duchess do this, and Duchess do that,' all day long."

"Poor Mr. Nethecote!" it was all Dym said, but her eyes beamed on him full of kindliness; something seemed to tug at Humphrey's heart-strings and to take away his breath for a moment; her voice was sweet to him, and so was her pity; but if he could only make her understand that she could comfort him.

"It is not so bad as it might be," he broke out

in a gruff, unsteady voice. "I shall not be quite lonely when I smoke my pipe in the evening; I shall have heaps of queer thoughts to keep me company. I wonder what you would say if you knew some of them."

Dym shook her head. She was not quite sure that she cared to know many of Humphrey's thoughts. She yawned a little as Humphrey prosed on in his slow way; he noticed it at last.

"I must go away. I see I am tiring you," he said, very sadly. "Good-by, dear," he added, patting her hand kindly.

THE LITTLE BUSINESS WOMAN.

By ANNA MORRIS.

ON the steps of a wretched tenement house in New York, sat a slender, pale girl, sorting out some bits of ribbon which had been given her by a neighboring milliner, in return for doing some errands.

Kate's father, Mr. Reed, was an industrious carpenter, who had always had a comfortable home for his family until a few months before, when he received a severe injury by falling from a building on which he was at work. Still, the physician spoke hopefully of his soon being out again, and all seemed going well, when the news that the man in whose hands he had deposited all his little savings had absconded, and left him helpless and penniless, caused a most dangerous relapse. Mrs. Reed sold article after article of furniture and wearing-apparel, and struggled on till at last, everything being gone, they were obliged to take refuge in one room of a wretched tenement house. There they had been for some weeks, when our story opens.

Kate, always rather a delicate child, had grown thin and pale, and complained so much of headache that the doctor advised that she be taken from school. Time now hung rather heavily on her hands. She shrank from much intercourse with the rough, vulgar children in the house, and passed most of the day in their own room; but occasionally, as when we now see her, she would take advantage of their absence at school, and steal down to the doorstep for a short time.

"I wish I could help mother," she thought, sorrowfully. "I wonder if there is nothing that a little girl can do."

Just then the milkman drove into the yard. He was an honest, pleasant-looking man, who always spoke kindly to the pale, gentle girl, so different from the noisy crowd that clamorously demanded a ride. He drove a fine gray horse, with which Kate had formed a great friendship, and she always stroked and patted him, or gave him a handful of grass if she could find any in the dusty street.

So when the milkman had passed into the house with his cans, she commenced patting her dumb friend, and talking to him as usual, when a bright idea struck her, and deftly knotting some of her ribbons together, she fastened them near the horse's ears. Just then the milkman came out.

"Ah, Miss Kate," he said, "have you been trimming up my horse?"

"Yes, sir," answered the child, rather timidly, "do you mind?"

"Mind! Oh, no; I am much obliged to you, and so, I dare say, is Billy! See how proudly he holds up his head! He will have to come some afternoon, and take you out to ride, in return for your kindness." And with a friendly good-morning he drove rapidly away.

She had sat perhaps half an hour longer, when an ice-cart came lumbering by. Somewhat to Kate's surprise, it stopped, for in that wretched house no one could indulge in such a luxury as ice.

The driver, a good-humored looking lad, jumped out, and coming up to Kate asked, with a mixture of frankness and bashfulness, "Was it you, miss, who made some rosettes for Mr. Gray's horse?"

"The milkman?" answered Kate, wonderingly. "Oh, yes, I put some ribbons on him just now."

"I met him down the street, and asked him how he came to be so gay; for you see," he continued, "it just happened to take my fancy, as I've got a new set of harness for my horses, and want them to look as nice as anybody's. I think a heap of my horses, and so I says to Mr. Gray, 'do you suppose she would make me some?' And he said I'd better come up here and ask you."

"I'd be very much obliged to you, if you would, miss," he added, "and will pay whatever you like."

"I should be very glad to make them," said the child, "but," blushing deeply, "I have no more ribbon."

"Oh, buy whatever you want, and I'll make it all right," said the lad, carelessly.

"Yes—but—I have no money," said poor Kate, stammering, as if her poverty were something to be ashamed of.

"Oh, yes, I understand," with a look at the miserable building. "Well, let me give you the money—if you will be kind enough to buy the ribbons," he added, with natural politeness, and he produced his pocket-book and handed Kate a bill.

"What colors will you have?" she asked, as if in a dream. Was it possible that after all she could be going to earn some money, and help her poor mother a little!

"Whatever you like; only be sure they are bright. When can I have them?" he asked, preparing to resume his seat.

"I will have them ready to-morrow."

"All right," he answered, and drove off.

The rosettes were quite ready when the iceman called the next day; and he paid liberally for them and promised to send other customers.

He was as good as his word, and for a few days Kate was almost constantly engaged in making rosettes of different hues, to fill the various orders brought her by her iceman and Mr. Gray.

With the proceeds of her work Mrs. Reed had bought more nourishing food for her husband, who was now gaining rapidly, and declared that he should soon be able to earn almost as much as Kate.

One day, when she was finishing the last set which had been ordered, and was thinking how much she hoped to be able to sell more, the doctor entered.

Kate was an especial favorite of his, and after examining his patient, he turned as usual to chat with her.

"What are you so busy about this fine morning, Miss Kate," he asked, "when you ought to be out in the bright sunshine?"

Kate readily explained her new business, to which the doctor listened attentively.

"And so that is your last order?" he said, musingly. "Well, well, I hope you will soon have more;" and he hurried off.

A few days passed, and only one more application for rosettes had come in. Kate began to fear that all her work was done, and felt quite discouraged.

One morning, however, the doctor rushed in, somewhat to Mr. Reed's surprise, as it was sooner than he had expected another visit.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Reed," cried the doctor, cheerfully. "Getting along nicely?" And he hastily felt his pulse, and asked some few questions.

"Famous! We shall have you out soon! But where is my little friend?" he asked, looking about. "I came to see her to-day."

"She will be back in a moment, doctor," said Mrs. Reed. "I sent her on an errand. Here she is now," she added, as the door opened, and Katie came in.

"Well, Kate, how's the rosette business? Flourishing as ever? The color don't rub off your ribbons on to your cheeks, any way," he said, with a pitying glance at the child's pale face. "I wish I could turn you and your father out to grass. It would be the best thing for both of you."

"Well, never mind that now," he added, hastily, as he saw the wistful look in Kate's eyes at the thought of the country. "I am in a tremendous hurry, but ran in to tell you that I mentioned your rosette-making to a friend of mine, who is the captain of a company of soldiers. There is to be a grand parade in a few weeks, and he wants all the horses in his company decorated for the occasion. See, he has sent you the materials;" and the doctor, opening a package, displayed rolls of ribbons, which to Kate's eyes seemed enough to stock the shop of her friend, the milliner.

"Oh, doctor, I thank you so much!" she began, with glittering eyes, but the doctor cut her short with:

"There, there, never mind that; I am in a

hurry, and so are you," and was leaving the room, when he suddenly pulled something from his pocket. "Oh, I forgot, there is a pattern of what he wants;" and he disappeared.

Great was the rejoicing in that poor room, and busily Kate worked. All was completed by the time her kind friend returned, bringing with him the Captain Stearns of whom he had spoken.

The captain was entirely satisfied with the work, and much pleased with the little girl who so modestly answered his many questions.

"I've little girls of my own," he said, "but should not like to see them as pale and thin as you are, little one. When you grow stronger, you must try to find country quarters," he continued, turning to Mr. Reed.

But the doctor's time was too precious to admit of a long visit, and after a few more kind words, the two gentlemen departed, leaving Kate in ecstasies over the amount of money the kind-hearted captain had paid her.

"Now, mother, let me take one dollar and go and buy father a real splendid dinner, and you shall lay away all the rest, and," she said beseechingly, "wouldn't you please give up working for to-day, and take a nice walk as you used to? Then, perhaps, you would not look so very tired."

"Yes, Mary, do," urged Mr. Reed. "I'll tell you what we will do," he added, in a more cheerful tone than his wife had heard for many weeks. "The doctor said I might go out a little. The day is very fine, and we might celebrate Katie's having earned such a fortune, by getting into the horse-cars after dinner and riding out of town a short distance."

With a scream of delight, Kate caught the dollar from her mother's hand, and rushed off for dinner.

A happier party was seldom seen than that poor family on their unwonted holiday. The fresh air seemed greatly to revive Mr. Reed, and they ventured quite into the country, where Kate could gather wild flowers, and a faint color came into her cheeks.

"Oh, father, if we could only live in the country," she exclaimed that evening, as she sat arranging her flowers over and over again.

Not many days after Captain Stearns's visit, the doctor appeared again.

"Well, really, Kate you are becoming quite the rage," he said, gayly. "Captain Stearns was so much pleased with you and your rosettes, that he has persuaded the colonel of his regiment to have every company decorated in the same way; and the captain will be here to-day with an order, and materials for I don't know how many rosettes."

"But what has brightened you up so, Mr. Reed?" he asked, turning to the invalid.

"Having such a good child, I fancy," answered Mr. Reed, smiling fondly on Kate.

"O no, doctor! going into the country," cried the child, and seizing her precious flowers, she continued, "did you ever see anything so lovely, doctor? And we went where such lots of them grew! away to the end of the car route, where there was such a lovely little house, all buried in vines, and no one living there. I don't see how any one who had ever been there could bear to leave it! Do you know where it is?" as the doctor looked up with a strange expression.

"I should think I did," he answered, slowly, and as if thinking aloud. "The very thing! What a fool not to think of it before."

"Yes, Kate," he continued, "that is the house where I was born, and lived many years. Since my mother died it has been shut up, and sadly needs some one to take care of it. I don't like to have it go to ruin, and have often wished I could find some good tenant—some one I could trust. Suppose I let it to you, Kate?" he added, playfully. "You are getting so rich, you can well afford to to rent it. I have got to go out that way now, and if you will put on your hat you may go too, and see if it suits you."

"May I, mother?" and seeing the answer in her mother's eyes, the hat was on, and Kate in the chaise in a twinkling.

A few hours later she came home radiant.

The house was lovely—perfect, and furnished, too! And the doctor said there were to be a great many buildings erected near there that fall; and there would be a fine chance for her father to get work as soon as he was strong enough."

The doctor confirmed her statements; and amid the heartfelt thanks of Katie and her parents, produced a formal lease of the place, made out in Katie's name, which she with the most intense gravity signed; and the next week saw her as happy a girl as any in the land, in her new home.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

The Key of the Bastile.—In his paper on "Thomas Paine," in this number of the MONTHLY, Mr. At Lee says (page 99): "Paine was in Paris when the Bastile was destroyed, and received the key of it from General Lafayette, as a gift to Washington, and it is still exhibited at Mount Vernon." This key, enclosed in a glass case, hangs



KEY OF THE BASTILE.

in the main hall of the mansion. Accompanying the key, when sent to Washington, was a neat pencil-drawing of the Bastile, showing its destruction, and a letter from the sender, in which he says: "Give me leave, my dear General, to present you with a picture of the Bastile, just as it looked a few days after I ordered its demolition, with the main key of the fortress of despotism. It is a tribute which I owe as a son to my adopted father—as an aid-de-camp to my general—as a missionary of liberty to its patriarch." Dr. Loring gives a copy of the drawing and a picture of the key in his capital book, "The Home of Washington," and he says: "The drawing was carried away from Mount Vernon, when the late John A. Washington left that seat."

Among the curiosities in the collection of the Pennsylvania Historical Society there is another interesting key that we may well allude to here. In his article on "Then and Now," etc., in this number of the MONTHLY, Mr. Conybeare favors us with two sketches of Mud Island, showing



SAFE-KEY OF THE AUGUSTA.

the works before the British attack upon its fortifications, and after the brave American garrison had been forced to retreat to Red Bank. Fort Mifflin, as the fort on the Island was called, was first attacked by a British fleet October 22d, 1777, at the same time that a land force assailed Fort Mifflin, at Red Bank; both assaults were successfully repulsed and for a time both forts remained in possession of the Americans—indeed, it was not until midnight of the 15th of November that the Americans evacuated the ruins on Mud Island, and the 20th Fort Mercer was left to the British. Of the fleet that made the first attempt upon Fort Mifflin, the largest vessel was the Augusta, of sixty-four guns; when the fleet was driven off, they attempted to drop down the river; a hot-shot struck the Augusta, and set her on fire, and sinking on a mud bank she blew up. The key we have spoken of was that of the purser's safe of this ship.

VOL. VIII.—10

Interesting Letters from Generals Mercer and Putnam.—We are indebted to Robert Coulton Davis, Ph.G., for the loan of the original letters which we copy below. The letter of General Mercer is interesting as showing his zeal and close care for the patriot cause, while that of General Putnam is strikingly characteristic of "Old Put." We regret that in illustrating Mr. Carlyle's paper in the January MONTHLY we mistook a portrait of his son for one of the brave General Mercer—that given upon page 6 is an exact fac-simile of a drawing made by the famous soldier-artist, Colonel Trumbull, and, though the face appears rather youthful for a man of fifty-six years, it was doubtless a correct portrait; the one on page 7, however, is from a daguerreotype of the General's youngest son, bearing his father's name, Hugh Mercer, who was long a respected citizen of Fredericksburg, Virginia, where he died in 1853.

Perth Amboy 26 July

1776

Sir,

It is generally believed that such of the Inhabitants of this Town as have relations on Staten Island as hold principles inimical to the American cause—have it in their Power to give Intelligence to the Enemy by private Signals, such as may prove detrimental to the Service—It is therefore submitted to the consideration of your honourable House whether the removal of such Persons at a distance from hence would not be a salutary measure—If it is judged to be so, the authority for adopting and carrying it into execution will most naturally arise from a Civil Power—

I have the honour to be

Sir

Your most obed^t Serv^t

HUGH MERCER

Trenton 7th Janu^y 1777

Sir

I am happy to tell you that by a Letter just received from his Excellency I am informed that the Loss of the Enemy in the Attack at Prince Town amounts in kill'd Wounded & Prisoners to near 600

The letter is dated at Plackamin 5th In^t where he intends remaining for a few Days to refresh his Army which as well as the Enemy's has had hard Duty—He is in great Hopes with the Assistance of Heaven to drive them entirely out of the Jerseys—

I am ordered to take Post at Crosswix to which Place I shall march to morrow morning—

It will be Policy to make our Strength at least three times as great as it is Nevertheless encouraging the Militia to march on as fast as possible & join me at Crosswix—His Excellency has ordered all the Baggage Waggon's to be sent from Burlington to him—

You will please to show this to the Committee of Congress as Scarcity of Paper obliges me to omit writing this being the only Piece I could procure.—

I am Sir

Your hb^t Serv^t

ISRAEL PUTNAM. M G

The first letter is written on one leaf of an old-fashioned sheet of letter-paper, the sheet having been $12\frac{1}{2}$ by 16 inches; the other leaf, with the address, being lost, Mr. Davis has replaced it with one perfectly matching the old leaf, but without the address; it was no doubt addressed to the President of the Congress. General Putnam's letter is written on a leaf of similar paper, but the "scarcity of Paper" forbade a fly-leaf, and the address is upon the back of the single leaf, as follows:

On Public Service
Thomas Wharton Esq^r
President of the Council of
Safety for the State of Pennsylvania
at
Express Philadelphia
Then upon the other fold, just above the seal, is written,
Permit the Bearer to pass to Philad^a
By order Gen^l Putnam
Jona^s Mifflin
D Q M G
Jan^y 7. 1777
The letter is endorsed,
From General Putnam
Trenton January 7^h 1777

And in this connection, the following lines, first published we believe shortly after the great events noticed, can scarcely be out of place; we are indebted for the copy to a contributor who does not send his or her name:

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

On Christmas day in '76
Our ragged troops, with bayonets fixed,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see the boats below,
The light obscured by hail and snow,
But no signs of dismay.
Our object was the Hessian band
That dared invade fair Freedom's land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag in storm or sun
Had never known disgrace.
In silent march we passed the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumbed with frost.
Greene on the left at six began,
The right was with brave Sullivan,
Who ne'er a moment lost.
Their pickets stormed, the alarm was spread,
The rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scampered here, some scampered there,
And some for action did prepare,
But soon their arms laid down.
Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colours, guns and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen,
In centre, front and rear was seen
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let's sing deliverance from the hands
Of arbitrary sway.
And as our life is but a span,
Let's touch the tankard while we can,
In memory of that day.

Corrections.—The portrait of Hugh Mercer on page 7 of the MONTHLY for January, 1877, is not a portrait of General Hugh Mercer, alluded to as such by the editor; nor is the sketch of Hugh Mercer (so kindly mentioned by a correspondent as having been given by me in the *American Historical Record*) a notice of General Mercer. It may be perceived by reference to the *Record* for November, 1874, that the portrait (engraved for that work) and the accompanying sketch, delineate the features and allude to the life of Mr. Hugh Mercer, a son of General Hugh Mercer. I visited him at his residence near Fredericksburg, Virginia, twenty-eight years ago, when I was presented with a *daguerreotyp* likeness of him (not a *photograph*, as stated under the engraving in the MONTHLY, for the photograph was then unknown), from which the picture in question was originally engraved, on a somewhat smaller scale, for my "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution."

I take the liberty of pointing out two errors in Mr. Carlyle's communication. In column 1, page 2, he writes of the defeat of the Americans on Long Island, "August 27, and the fall of Fort Washington the ensuing day." According to the best authorities, Fort Washington was surrendered on the 16th of November next ensuing. In column 1, page 4, he writes of "Knyphausen's regiment." It should be "Colonel Rall's regiment," a part of General Knyphausen's command.

I think the writer on the American Drama, page 23 of the MONTHLY, must be mistaken in saying that "about the year 1791 an article appeared in the *American Quarterly* (?), written by the celebrated James Kirke Paulding," etc., for Paulding was only *twelve* years of age at that time. He also attributes the authorship of a play called "Pocahontas" to G. W. Curtis. George Washington Parke Custis, grandson of Mrs. Washington, wrote a play which he called "Pocahontas." I was not aware that G. W. Curtis had ever attempted to write a play. By the author's allusion to other plays by the same writer, I think he refers to Mr. Custis. But that gentleman did not "give up a considerable portion of his time to dramatic composition." He wrote a few plays, at the request of others, to be used on special occasions, which he threw off with great facility. In a letter written to his wife (then visiting Bishop Meade) on the 12th of September, 1833, he said, in a postscript:

"I have made a great mental effort to-day. I am sure you and the bishop will think my energies might have been better employed. I had promised the poor rogues of actors a play for the 12th of September, the anniversary of the battle of North Point; but, finding myself not *in the vein*, I wrote to them to defer it. On Monday, 9th, the manager came on from Baltimore, and entreated me to prepare something for the 12th, as it would put six or seven hundred dollars in his pocket. On Monday, not a line was finished. At five o'clock I commenced and wrote till twelve; rose the

next morning at five, and by seven sent off by the stage a two-act piece, with two songs and a finale, called *North Point, or Baltimore Defended*; the whole completed in nine hours. It is to be played to-night. To-morrow I shall hear of its success."

Mr. Lancaster says: "Very little is known of this gentleman's personal history." If he means Mr. Custis, it is a mistake, for much has been published concerning his "personal history."

BENSON J. LOSSING.

Extracts from "A New Catechism," published in 1777:

Q.—Who is the best man living?

A.—HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON, to whom the title of *Excellency* is applied with the greatest propriety. He has left a peaceful habitation and an affluent fortune to encounter all the dangers and hardships of war, nobly stepping forth in defence of truth, justice and his country. In private life he wins the hearts and wins the love of all who are so happy as to live within the sphere of his action. In his public character, he commands universal respect and admiration; conscious that the principles on which he acts are indeed founded in virtue, he steadily and coolly pursues these principles with a mind neither depressed by disappointments nor elated by success; he gives full exercise to that discretion and wisdom which he so eminently possesses. *He retreats like a general and attacks like a hero.* If there are spots in his character, they are like the spots in the sun, only discernible by the magnifying powers of a telescope. *Had he lived in the days of idolatry, he had been worshipped as a god.* One age cannot do justice to his merits, but the united voices of a grateful posterity shall pay a cheerful tribute of undissembled praise to the great assertor of their country's freedom.

Q.—Who is the *smuggest* man in the world?

A.—Lord Howe.

Q.—Who is the weakest?

A.—General Howe.

Q.—Who is the greatest *liar* upon earth?

A.—Hugh Gaine of New York, printer.

Q.—Who is the most *ungrateful* man in the world?

A.—Governor Skinner.

Q.—Why do you call him *governor*?

A.—Because when Lord and General Howe thought they had conquered the Jerseys, they appointed him Lieutenant-Governor of that State. Skinner assumed that title over *most* part of that State, and continued his usurpation for *six weeks, five days, thirty-six minutes, ten seconds, and thirty hundred parts of a second*, and then was deposed.

Q.—Why do you call him *ungrateful*?

A.—Because he joined the enemies of his country, and enlisted men to fight against his neighbors, his friends and his kinsfolks; because he has endeavored to transfer the soil that gave him bread from the rightful possessors to a foreign hand; because he is doing all he can to defraud the fruit of his body of their just inheritance; and because, to gain present ease and transitory honors, he would fasten the chains of slavery on three millions of people and their offspring forever.

The Catechism from which I have copied is too long,

perhaps, for your space in the MONTHLY. I have copied a part only. It was first published in February, 1777, and as it is an hundred years old, it will be well to reproduce it in the MONTHLY for February, 1877. On page 188 of the MONTHLY for September last, your contributor, Mrs. Nellie Hess Morris, mentions Hugh Gaine, editor of the New York *Gazette*, as at one time a warm advocate of the colonial cause, but later bought or frightened into the support of the royal claims and purposes. Will the lady write some more about Hugh Gaine, and give us also a biographical sketch of Governor Skinner?

W. T. R. SAFFELL.

Journalism More than Twenty Centuries Ago.—

The first Roman journal, published over two thousand years ago, appeared only once a year. This paper, intended to be read by the public, was known by the title *Annales Maximi*. The editor of this paper was the "Pontifex Maximus," whose duty it was to chronicle all the important events of the year. The news was written on white wooden tablets and attached to the residences of citizens. It must have been a curious sight to see the old Romans crowding around these tablets to get a look at the latest news. But the thirst after knowledge and the curiosity of the people grew rapidly, and in such a measure that the government, the only issuer of a journal, found itself obliged to issue a daily. It is interesting to know that some of these journals, having reached the age of 2,044 years, are still in existence. The name of the first daily journal was *Acta Populi Romani Diurni*; it appeared daily either as "Album," i.e., the tablet hung out in public, or the contents were written with red chalk on the walls of the houses. The contents of the journal comprised what would be classed as daily news in our modern papers. From the want of the necessary material, political articles were not to be had. Nevertheless, according to the views of the Roman government, it was a true journal, and intended as reading matter for the public.

Doubtless it will interest some of our readers to peruse a verbal translation from the oldest journal extant, issued one hundred and sixty-eight years before the birth of Christ. "Consul Sicinius was the acting Judge to-day. There was a heavy thunder-storm, and the lightning split an oak at the foot of the hills of Veli. In a hostelry at the foot of the hills of James there was a fight, in which the landlord was badly wounded. Titinius punished some butchers on account of their selling meat which had not been inspected; the money thus paid was used to erect a chapel to the Goddess Laveria. The broker Ausidius fled from town to-day, taking money with him belonging to other people. He was caught, and had to refund the money. The brigand Demiphon, who was captured by officer Nerva, has been crucified to-day. The flotilla from Asia arrived to-day."

We see from this that it was in olden times pretty much the same as in our days; we only wish that our officials would attend to the butchers as well as Titinius did. It must be of interest to journalists to know that Julius Caesar, the greatest of all Romans, paid special attention to journalism. He saw the necessity of instructing the people in everything occurring in the State, and we find this quotation in Suetonius:

"Julius Caesar, as soon as he had entered his public office,

caused not only to be written, but also spread among the people, the proceedings of the Senate."

This was the first political paper, and as it contained news about buildings, births, deaths, executions and anecdotes, it can be likened very much to our modern papers. It seems incredible, but it can be proved that already in the olden times there were stenographers who took down the speeches made in the Senate or in public. They were called "Notarii," and we find a place in Suetonius where Augustus is angry because the stenographers reported the speech of Cæsar for Metellus in a very imperfect manner. There must have been reporters, judging from a letter of Cicero to Cælius; also private reporters, who gathered the news, and sent them by the "cursus publicus," an institute similar to our mail, throughout the provinces. P. A.



THE OLD BARRACKS AT LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

The Old Barracks at Lancaster, Pennsylvania.—Can the MONTHLY or any of its readers furnish any information as to the old military barracks at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, of which I send herewith what purports to be a picture, and in which, it is said, the Americans confined British prisoners of war during the Revolution. The building shown in the picture looks very insecure for such a purpose. Whereabouts in the town did it stand, and when was it removed? WILLIAM T. WALLACE.

Hundreds, Townships and Towns.—In Delaware, the subdivisions of the counties are called *Hundreds*, in Pennsylvania and other States, *Townships*, and in New England, *Towns*. The original meaning of these terms is probably known to every reader of history; but how came the Colonists to adopt these various designations for corresponding territorial divisions in the different Colonies? Delaware, I believe, is the only State where the term *Hundred* is thus used. J. S. F.

The origin of these terms would afford an interesting subject for an article in the MONTHLY, and we trust some one of our readers will favor us with one.

The Presidential Election of 1800 in Pennsylvania.

—The following article is from a late Harrisburg newspaper: In the year 1800 this State, Pennsylvania, was pretty much in the condition the Union is at present. The State was entitled to 15 votes in the electoral college. In 1799 an attempt was made to pass a law to enable the people or the Legislature to choose electors. As the Senate stood 14 Federalists to 10 Democrats, and the House 56 Democrats to 24 Federalists, it was found to be impossible to accomplish the passage of any law. The October election of 1800 passed over without the choice of electors. Governor M'Kean, October 18, 1800, issued a proclamation reciting that fact, showing the certainty of the loss of the vote of the State, and "impressed with a just sense of the importance of the object," summoned the Legislature to meet at Lancaster, on the 5th of November ensuing. The Legislature convened, and as soon as the Governor had delivered his special message—a pretty long one, by the way—the tables of both Houses were crowded with petitions signed by thousands of citizens asking the Legislature to choose electors. This was not so easily done. The Senate had one view of how it should be done—the House another. It was a period of intense excitement—the partisans of Jefferson on the one side, and of Adams, the incumbent, on the other, were violent in the Legislature, and out of it the people were also in great agitation. Mr. Nathaniel B. Boileau, afterwards Secretary of the Commonwealth to Governor Snyder, a Democrat, arose in the House and submitted a plan for choosing electors. The House amended and passed his proposition on the 10th of November. On the 11th it was transmitted to the Senate. On the 13th it passed that body amended, by a party vote—13 to 11. The amendment in brief was that the Senate should name 8 electors and the House 8. The

House refused to agree to this. The usual conferences took place without agreement. At length a compromise was agreed upon that the electors should be chosen by "joint ballot." The Senate to name 8 and the House 8, and from these 16 nominations 15 should be chosen. This was agreed to by both Houses, December 1, 1800, and the act at once was signed by the Governor. December 4, both branches met in joint convention, having previously made their nominations. Each branch kept faith in convention with the previous understanding between them, as the following vote exhibits:

FOR ADAMS—FEDERALISTS BY THE SENATE.

Dr. Frederick Kuhn, Lancaster, 95; Dr. James Armstrong, Carlisle, 95; George Ege, Berks County, 95; Robert Coleman, Lancaster, 36; Major John Hubley, Lancaster 95; William Hall, Philadelphia, 94; Samuel W. Fisher, Philadelphia, 94; James Crawford, Sr., Lancaster, 95.

FOR JEFFERSON—DEMOCRATS BY THE HOUSE.

Robert Whitehill, Cumberland, 95; John Kean, Dauphin, 95; Jonas Hartzell, Northampton, 95; Gabriel Hiester, Berks, 95; Presley Carr Lane, Fayette, 94; Nathaniel B. Boileau, Bucks, 95; Isaac Van Horne, Bucks, 95; Samuel Wetherill, Philadelphia, 62.

All these gentlemen were members of the Senate and House of Representatives. Mr. Coleman being defeated, the Democrats had 8 votes, which were cast for Jefferson and Burr; the Federalists 7, cast for Adams and Pinckney. D.

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

The Two Neighbor Republics—Mexico and the United States.—Revolution and disorganization and anarchy are so frequent in the Mexican "Republic" that the reports of such a state of affairs in that unhappy country have almost ceased to possess the interest of news; peace and submission to the laws and the lawful government may be said to be exceptional; the names of the proper officials and of the revolutionists change from time to time, but the occurrences are but a repetition of others just like them, or so little different that even the participants can scarcely define the difference. The "nation," if the term can be applied to such a disorganized country, is once more convulsed; the "President" is so only in name, the Governors of the States either fugitives or upon precarious tenure of their office. We cannot but sympathize with the citizens of Mexico who are honestly republicans, and disposed to obey the constitution and laws of their country, and censure the revolutionists, disorganizers and defiers of the constitution and laws, and are wont to congratulate ourselves as citizens of the United States that we are not sinners as other men (the Mexicans especially)—but let us not be extravagant in these self-congratulations without, by honest comparison, determining in what, and just in what degree, we are better. Mere contrast will not suffice; we must have comparison. That we are not *as* the Mexicans—that we are different, is unquestionable; but *are we better?* Of course, the question is not of individuals, it is of *the people*—the aggregate people, not individual citizens.

The fact that a large proportion of our citizens are of a calmer, quieter, more phlegmatic race, is not of our seeking or working—it is our good fortune, not our good doing. Some of our newspapers have been quoting with much complacency and national "brag" an article recently published in the *London Times*, highly favorable to the United States and her people—lauding our national "law-abiding" disposition and action in the present "complications." But the editor of the *London Times* is an Englishman, and knows that the controlling proportion of our people are of English descent, with much of the English "good" in their inherited temperament, mingled, let us confess, with some of the English "bad." We do not mean to imply that the editor sees the "bad," for no Englishman likes to see that. Of course, whatever the *Times* can find of "good" in our people is of Anglo-Saxon blood, and to praise them is indirectly to laud the mother country. There is justice, too, in the good things the *Times* says of us, and we cannot but feel thankful and proud that the able editor has been impressed with, and declared in such kindly and well-uttered terms, the praiseworthy qualities of the citizens of this great Republic; and we are no less justly pleased that the editor does not essay the graceless task of showing up our shortcomings, but lends that to Americans. And now, while gratefully accepting the generous verdict of the *London Times*, and proudly declaring that it is just, as well as generous, we propose to add the *gratum salis* which it requires to season it and make it more palatable to the candid American.

We are a "law-abiding people," but are we not more? Do we not "abide" under the name and color of law, the constructions put upon our laws by unauthorized and grossly incompetent expounders? The law says thus and so; Mr. Demagogue tells us the law means this or that, and Mr. Noodle assures us it means that or this. And we, the intelligent people, do not ask to see the law, or read it if produced—but, according to the party which *owns* us, we accept the interpretation of Mr. Demagogue or Mr. Noodle, the one or the other that favors "our side." Of course, there are a few exceptional individuals who will think, and who refuse to follow the party leaders when they lead wrongly—but ninety-nine per cent., and perhaps three-fourths of the hundredth, of the people can see, or care to see, but one side of every question, the side that is presented or represented by the party to which they respectively belong. In short, American citizens permit themselves to become not merely party men, but the mere puppets of party leaders.

Let us see how this works, and take the National Congress for our text: composed of two branches, one supposed to represent the several States as organized entities, the other to represent the individual citizens of the several districts of each State. This is the great law-making body of the great Republic, and of course to the Senate each State sends two of its best and ablest and purest citizens, while the citizens of each district select the very best and ablest and purest man in the district to represent them in the House. This should be the rule, and the exceptions should be the result of pardonable mistakes to be corrected as soon as discovered—but is there a boy in the land so stupid as to imagine that excellence, ability and purity have *generally* any place among the qualifications of Senators or Representatives? Is there a boy in the land so stupid as to fail to see that the one qualification, to the ignoring, not necessarily the exclusion, of all others, for a Senator or Representative is devotion to party? Hence, each Senator and each Representative is and must be an unquestioned and unquestioning and unquestionable party man; if he be an honest, able, pure man, well; but he *must* be a party man. If his honesty, ability or purity are so pronounced that he but dares patriotically to act independently of his party in deciding any one so-called "party" question, he does so with the absolute certainty that his patriotism will cost him his seat—that he will be denounced by his party papers and party leaders as a *traitor* to his party, and that when his term expires he will not be returned to the Senate or the House. Even if he be a Charles Sumner, whose whole life has attested his fidelity to principle, and who has dared to be a Republican when the being one required high moral courage—that will not save him if at last he refuse to obey the self-constituted leaders of his party; and a life-long Democrat, fearless and steadfast, if at last he assert his manhood and refuse to obey his party leaders, he dies politically forthwith.

Now, what is the necessary consequence of all this? Just what we see in our present Congress. The Washington

correspondent of *The Independent*, December 14th, thus strongly and truly describes the state of affairs:

"This, then, is the situation here. The House is firmly bent on electing and inaugurating Tilden; the Senate is as firmly determined to declare Hayes next President.

The plan of the House is to object to the electoral vote of two or three Southern States, declare no election to have taken place, and then proceed to elect Mr. Tilden.

The plan of the Senate is to have its presiding officer open and count the electoral votes, and declare Mr. Hayes elected; and then, through the army, to inaugurate him on the 4th of March. It will be seen that on both sides it is proposed to stretch the Constitution a little. That document is silent in regard to the counting of the electoral vote; nor is there any provision in case of rival electors. When two sets of certificates come up, who is to decide upon them? During the first fifty years of the Republic the President of the Senate counted the votes; but during the last fifty Congress has done it, through tellers. And since the Republicans have had control of Congress they not only insisted upon the right of the body to reject votes, but they actually exercised it. They rejected electoral votes in 1869 and 1873. Let us be candid and truthful. The situation is more embarrassing than it would otherwise be for the very reason that the Republican Senate now objects to the very thing it did four and eight years ago. Nor does it help the matter very much that it is now clearly right and was then clearly wrong. The inconsistency injures it in the eyes of the country."

There would be no difficulty in the case, if the Senators and Representatives were generally otherwise than devotees of party; who does not know that if a Republican or Democrat in either branch shall dare to rise above party and prove himself a patriot, he will be a traitor to his party, a renegade, and it will be accepted as an evidence that he has been bought?

The people are directly responsible for the present state of affairs—if *they* would but cease for a time to be partisans, and would make the members of both Houses of the Congress understand that *they*, too, *must* cease to be partisans, the entire difficulty would pass by, the "crisis" we read and hear so much of would dissolve as a vapor, and peace and prosperity would return to bless our land under the administration of either Hayes or Tilden. None but the blindest partisan conceives for a moment that either of the two late candidates, if declared elected and duly inaugurated, would imperil our institutions by intentional mal-administration. Though personally a Republican, we have no fear but that if Mr. Tilden were justly inducted into the Presidency, the country at the expiration of his term would be in no worse condition than it is to-day; neither he, nor any other man, even in the office of Chief Magistrate of our Republic, could seriously jeopardize the institutions of our nation—we have too much faith and confidence in the people's intelligence and integrity, and in Republican institutions themselves, to apprehend positive injury to the country from any President. We must not be understood as expressing an opinion that Mr. Tilden has been elected and should be inaugurated—we have an opinion, but *it is ours*, and we do not deem it our duty or prerogative to pronounce judgment in the premises. We simply declare our conviction that the country *would be safe* even if competent authority should declare Mr. Tilden elected and he were thereupon installed.

Among the plans proposed in the Congress for adjusting

the present "complications," there is one which we deem eminently wise: it is that proposing to create a Court of Appeal to decide upon the election of President and Vice-President when the candidate declared not elected shall contest the decision of the President of the Senate (or of the Houses of Congress, if the position of the House be right); with such a court, carefully constituted, it would become comparatively unimportant who should count and determine the result, as the decision would then be subject to revision by a non-partisan tribunal. In the case of all other officers, down to a ward constable, there are provisions for contesting the election, and it could only work well to have the President's and Vice-President's election subject to contest before a proper tribunal.

But, the one grandest and best guard against the recurrence of the present difficulty hereafter, is to be found in the people's asserting and maintaining the rights of manhood and citizenship, abiding by and sustaining the laws of the land, but refusing to abide by or sustain the constructions put upon them by partisans or by either party. Until we have, as a people, recovered our rights at the polls and in our representative bodies, State and National, let us not be extravagant in self-glorification upon our superiority to the citizens of Mexico. Revolution and disorganization are bad enough, but even they are better than too much submission to party and party leaders. Revolution and disorganization are not, however, the necessary alternative to excessive submission—let us assert our rights as citizens, and the parties and party leaders will succumb; they only ride over us because we lie down supinely and all but invite the indignity.

[Communication.]

The Outlook.—The commencement of a new year is an appropriate season for retrospect. Business men are accustomed to strike a balance-sheet about this time, and thoughtful persons take note of the errors of the past and form resolves for the future. Alas! the new leaf turned over is often worse than the old. Men and nations resolve and resolve, and move on pretty much in the same old ruts. But there would seem to be peculiar propriety in a new departure at the present epoch. We are commencing a new century of national life under exceptional circumstances. We have had a great national festival; the lights are extinguished; the guests from all nations have departed, and we tread alone the "banquet-hall deserted." Have we learned from the thousands from foreign parts who have visited us nothing on the subject of private or political economy? nothing in the science of government? Have we learned no lessons of humility?

The present year opens under such peculiar complications financial and political, as demand grave consideration. Our vast resources and industries and wealth lie dormant, and our skilled laborers find no field in which to work. Our system of government, which we have been accustomed to regard as almost perfect, is found to possess serious defects. The people are losing confidence in the ballot as an exponent of the popular will, and many thinking men begin to despair of the Republic.

It is useless to speculate upon the causes of this state of affairs. Individual extravagance, public extravagance, offi-

cial corruption, and the dishonesty of party organizations, have doubtless combined to produce almost general demoralization. A return to private economy, public economy, official honesty, and party honesty—or perhaps a cutting loose from party bondage—would seem to be the lesson of the hour. A return to the primitive interpretations and practices of the fathers of the Republic and a return to rigid honesty and economy, private and public, will doubtless render the future of our great country as prosperous and glorious as the past.

J. B. M.

REMARKS.—The foregoing timely note is conceived in the right spirit, and beyond question the writer's suggestions are correct. We do not believe, however, that matters are quite so much awry as to justify thinking men in "despairing of the Republic;" nor do we believe that any considerable number do so despair. That the charges of fraud and evil practices brought by each party against its opponents are far too often well authenticated and entirely true, we are free to admit, but a vast majority of the citizens of our great Republic are thoroughly honest, and we have an abiding confidence that in due time these good and true Americans will arouse and act in their might, drive corruptionists and evil-doers generally to the wall, and thus rescue our country from its trials and perils. The Republic cannot be positively endangered until the people generally become corrupt and vile, or criminally blind to evil-doing.

THE TIME HAS COME! The people must arouse now and correct the abuses that have arisen, developed and assume threatening proportions in our politics, North and South! Those who longer sleep or shut their eyes to these abuses from this time become *participes criminis*, absolute accessories of the bad men who make politics their business and manage that business solely for selfish and wicked ends, utterly regardless of the interests of the country, as well as of every principle of law and justice and right. It will not longer do to trust matters to the worst elements of either of the great parties—the people must take the *parties themselves* in hand, and reform them, or crush them and reform the affairs of the country, at the polls above all, as the fountain-head, and then in every department of National, State, County, City, Town and Village government we shall see the workings of a true Republican system.

Bad Features in the Methods of Selecting the President and Vice-President, with Proposed Remedies.

—We presume there are few thinking Americans who are quite satisfied with the methods of selecting the President and Vice-President of the United States. The present "complications" have clearly demonstrated that these methods are not merely far from perfect, but are seriously bad in some of their parts. The "Electoral College" is a positive absurdity, and the provision which makes it possible for the election to devolve upon a House of Representatives chosen two years before and without the least reference to such a contingency, is simply wicked. Of course, before such a series of "complications" as those growing out of the recent election all the defects and faults of the system were not patent as they now are.

Of what possible use is the Electoral College as now

constituted? some of the representative men of each State are chosen to cast the three or thirty-five votes which their respective States are entitled to cast according to their population and consequent representation in the Congress; but they are mere automatons, without any discretionary power—wooden men would answer as well as men of flesh and blood and mind; the same object, that of securing to each State its proper voice according to its voting population, could be readily attained without a so-called *Electoral College*. But, if the *Electors* fail to elect, from any cause, the selection of the President, for four years, devolves upon the House of Representatives—not the one elected at the time when the people are indicating their will, but one elected two years before, when neither the Congressmen nor the people could have had any thought of such a vast responsibility being assigned the House-elect; the downright wickedness of this is unquestionable in the light of the possibility that our next President may be chosen for us by the present House, a large proportion of the members of which have just been repudiated by their constituents—still more glaring is the enormity of this provision of our organic law, when we note that, were the present House to choose our President, New York State would be made to vote for a Republican, while Pennsylvania would be made to vote for a Democrat, notwithstanding the fact that, as every schoolboy of twelve years knows, in the late election, the former declared for Tilden and the latter for Hayes; and to add a feather at least to the weight of the iniquity of this feature of our system, we note that, as the vote is by States, irrespective of numbers, a State having one representative would have equal voice with a State having thirty-three—making each voter in Delaware, for example, equal to say thirty-three voters in New York.

REMEDIES.—Our object in speaking of the defects or faults in the present methods of selecting the President is to propose remedies which, so far as we know, have not before been suggested, and which we believe would give the people a fair chance to select the President and Vice-President. We hope that our views will at least receive calm and fair consideration from political economists, and, in so far as they are found to be right and feasible, we hope to see our remedies tried.

Let the present "Electoral College" be dispensed with, and in its stead let there be an "Electoral Congress" composed of two "Electors at large" from each State, and one "District Elector" from each Congressional District—the former elected just as the Governors and other State officers are elected, and the latter just as members of the regular Congress are elected. Let these "Electors" constitute one House, to meet in Washington, on or about the 1st of January next succeeding their election. Let the Chief-Justice of the United States, or in case of his sickness or other disability, the senior Associate Justice, be ex-officio President of the Electoral Congress. Let this body elect by open vote, written or oral, first a President and then a Vice-President of the United States; if they fail to elect upon the first vote, let them proceed to a second, and failing in the second to a third, and so on until an election is effected, or, until the 15th of the same month, when, if their failure to elect shall be because there are more than two candidates,

let all but the two highest be dropped, and let them proceed again to vote; in case of an even vote resulting in failure to elect, let them repeat the voting until the 30th of the month, when let the Chief-Justice or other Justice presiding vote, and thus determine the result. In the case of any Elector whose election or eligibility is questioned, let the question be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States, and if the Elector returned as elected be found not truly elected, let the Court grant a certificate to the one elected, but if the question be as to eligibility and the Elector-elect be decided ineligible, let the Court fill the vacancy by selecting one of the same party.

We expect that objections will be advanced and modifications suggested; we have not done with the subject, but shall consider such objections and modifications, doubtless yielding to some and combating others, as our sole purpose is to serve our loved country whether by maintaining our own theories or accepting and endorsing those of others.

The Poor.—A cold winter pleads earnestly for the poor. There are always and in all communities many who will be poor under any circumstances, even the best; some of these are worthy of the heartfelt sympathy and judicious assistance of the benevolent, while to others it would be an absolute kindness to place them in a house of correction where they should be compelled to earn their shelter and food, in Scriptural manner, "by the sweat of their brows." There are times when depression in business and "hard times" largely augment the number of the unfortunate hungry, naked and homeless, by reducing many industrious persons to these unhappy straits; they are more than willing to work, they are anxious to do anything for a livelihood, but they seek even menial employment in vain. This class of poor persons especially claim prompt relief, because their need is not in any degree the fruit of laziness; true, in some instances, many perhaps, even these are censurable for poverty because when they have work they lay nothing by "for a rainy day"—be their wages small or ample, every cent must be spent, as though they deemed it criminal to permit their income to exceed their outgo. But one cannot be harsh in judging the industrious, though they be improvident, and when they cannot obtain work, we cannot refuse relief. Some of the most deserving of the most needy are never beggars, and when we seek them out it is not a rare case that they refuse to be helped with "alms"—in such cases, one must urge and oftentimes appear almost to seek rather than tender a favor in assisting the proud poor.

We have alluded above to one class of the poor who are best relieved by placing them in the houses of correction and compelling them to work. Of these, there are two classes: the simply lazy and the more criminal who add indulgence in "fire water" to their laziness, squandering the few pennies they chance to earn and the pennies given by injudicious charity, and even at times filching pennies, to procure the poisonous compound for their vile appetites; the simply lazy we pity while we blame, because if laziness be not nature it is second nature to them and they can't help it—the second class we pity, too, but in a different way, and if we are wise as well as truly benevolent we refuse them any money or other gifts that can be converted into drink. This class is

the most difficult to deal with in the way of relief—often there are innocent ones dependent upon them and suffering worse than poverty, and we can scarcely discover a method of relieving these without affording encouragement and means for the gratification of the drunkard's wretched appetite; the house of correction for the drunken father or mother, and watchful care over the innocent sufferers, are the usual and doubtless the only present means of reaching such cases.

But, cannot some arrangement in a house of correction be effected by which the enforced labor therein of the drunken and idle can be made to provide means of subsistence and shelter for their dependents?

Banking Extraordinary.—Professor Youmans, in *The Popular Science Monthly*, states that "a woman has opened a bank in Madrid for deposits in sums of a hundred dollars and upward, on which she pays interest as follows: twenty per cent. on receiving the deposit, twenty per cent. at the end of the first, second and third months, and then at the expiration of the fourth month, when eighty per cent. has been already paid, she reimburses the entire sum lent. The payments thus far have been regularly made, and the public are flocking in crowds with their money, the deposits now amounting to several millions of francs. The bankers and savings banks are being drained of their deposits by this extraordinary traffic. Hours before the bank opens in the morning hundreds of depositors collect, and the presence of the police is necessary to preserve order. In this case 'nobody is to know' how the money is employed, and on that point contrary rumors prevail; some assert that the capital is used in working mines of fabulous wealth; others, that the woman is an agent of the Government, adding that it is thus procuring money on more advantageous terms than with its regular bankers! The true explanation will not be long withheld, unless the police interfere to prevent her running off with her plunder. This is almost a precise repetition of a case which took place in enlightened Germany four years ago—the Spitzeder affair of Munich. In this case enormous sums were confided to a woman banker, who lived in opulence, squandering the money of her depositors, and, as she could not repay them, she was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. Her time expired some months ago, and the likeness of the transactions at Madrid to the operations at Munich is strong enough to suggest a common origin."

The Post-Office and Telegraph.—At almost any other time and under any other circumstances than those now prevalent, we doubt if a dozen average Senators or Representatives in the National Congress could be found who would consent to have correspondence by telegraph tampered with by a House Committee or any other body, and we believe that some of those who have lately put themselves on record as favoring the principle or unprinciple (if we may coin the word) that telegraphic correspondence is not entitled to protection, but is subject to being pried into by a Committee, or by *any body* whatever, at the mere caprice, or worse, of the House, will live to regret their record. But this question as to the privacy of telegraphic correspondence suggests some thoughts as to the often-proposed plan of

taking the telegraph into government care and control. Were the telegraph a government institution, of course its managers, its superintendents, and even its operators to a considerable extent, would be partisans of the Administration, whether Republican or Democratic. This would manifestly tend to exclude "the opposition" from the advantages of the "rapid transit" of information, counsel, etc.; except to a limited extent, and in cipher alone, could "the opposition" send important messages, for it would not require Congressional "bull-dozing" to lay their secrets bare before their enemies of the Administration.

The Turkey Question is still in a most unsettled condition. One day, the news is warlike, very, the next peaceful enough to suit the most uncompromising anti-war folk, and then the next we have war-clouds reappearing—and so it goes from warlike to peaceful, to warlike, to peaceful, until all is uncertainty. Though not interested in the same way or degree as the European nations, we Americans are decidedly interested in the great question, and that not only as distant spectators; it requires no business eye to see that war in Europe would sensibly benefit us as a manufacturing, agricultural and commercial people, but, as a Christian people, we do not wish to be benefited by such a deplorable means; on the other hand, as a Christian people and lovers of civil and religious liberty, we should prefer even war to a continuance of the oppression of Christians subject to the Turkish sway. We hope, however, that this oppression will be effectually stopped without war. We have no confidence in the professed disinterested motives of Russia, nor do we doubt that Russia will yet possess Constantinople—and furthermore, we cannot say that we should regret to see the Mohammedan domination in European Turkey overthrown, even if Russia were to be thereby extended and enriched and strengthened; but, taking Russia at her word, accepting her assurances that she does not at present seek conquest, especially as her hour has not come to seek it successfully, we cannot but hope that the other powers, including even militant England, will steadily coöperate with Russia in inducing upon a more humane, tolerant rule on the part of the Turkish government over its Christian subjects. The day for bigotry and intolerance has gone by, we trust forever, and Turkey must be made to comprehend that even she must yield to the spirit of the age in this particular.

Query—Is Turkey worse than Spain in its bigotry, intolerance and religious tyranny

A Colorado paper hopes that the Legislature of that State will pass a bill for the protection of game and insectivorous birds, and not follow the older States in delaying precautionary measures until there is little game to protect. It is urged that steps should also be taken for the preservation of trout on account of their efficiency in destroying the grasshopper. Game is one of the charms of Colorado to the sporting tourist, and a diminution in the supply will injure the reputation of the Switzerland of America.

Hamburg Butler.—The "hero" of Hamburg, South Carolina, has been "elected" to represent that State in the United States Senate. His friendship for the colored voters can no longer be questioned.

"Empress of India."—On Monday, January 1st, according to the programme long since announced, occurred at Delhi, India, the ceremony of proclaiming Queen Victoria Empress of India, and it was one of magnificent and dazzling display. Lord Lytton occupied, in an amphitheatre erected for the ceremony, a dais, above which, sustained by gilded columns, was a canopy of crimson and gold, with white panels, on which were displayed, alternately, the royal arms and the imperial crown, with the initials "V. I." An enormous crown surmounted the highest point of the canopy. Facing the Viceroy were eighty ruling princes of Hindostan, gorgeously attired, blazing with jewels. Silken banners of various hues, emblazoned with rare and quaint heraldic devices, fluttered over all. Each prince was surrounded by his retainers. Outside the amphitheatre 13,000 mixed troops were in line, and the British scarlet shone beside the mediæval chain mail.

On either hand the dais was flanked by a guard of honor, and the background was formed by a majestic line of magnificently caparisoned elephants and camels, with quaint vehicles, a tremendous dust and a gaudily attired multitude in gala costumes. There was a formal flourish of trumpets, the heralds came forward, the proclamation of the Empress was read in English and Hindostani, and the trumpets blared again triumph and defiance; the royal banner was given to the breeze; the troops saluted it; the artillery fired thirty-four salvos of three guns each; the infantry, a *feu de joie* thrice repeated, and the massed bands played the national anthem, while all stood up. Lord Lytton then read a speech and a congratulatory address from the Empress. The anthem was played again, the troops cheered, and the Viceroy declared the ceremonies concluded.

Alabama Fund.—It seems that the Alabama Claims Commission have concluded their labors without disposing of one-half of the money paid this country by England on account of damages inflicted upon American commerce by certain rebel cruisers sailing from British ports during the late war—and now, the question is what shall be done with the surplus? We do not quite understand the difficulty in deciding; the disposition of the balance in hand should depend solely upon the terms of the award—if the money was awarded solely to make good specific losses, and those have been made good, the remainder belongs to England, but if it was to include in general all damages to our commerce wrought by those cruisers, the remainder multiplied by two or by four could not compensate us for the utter banishing of our shipping from the seas.

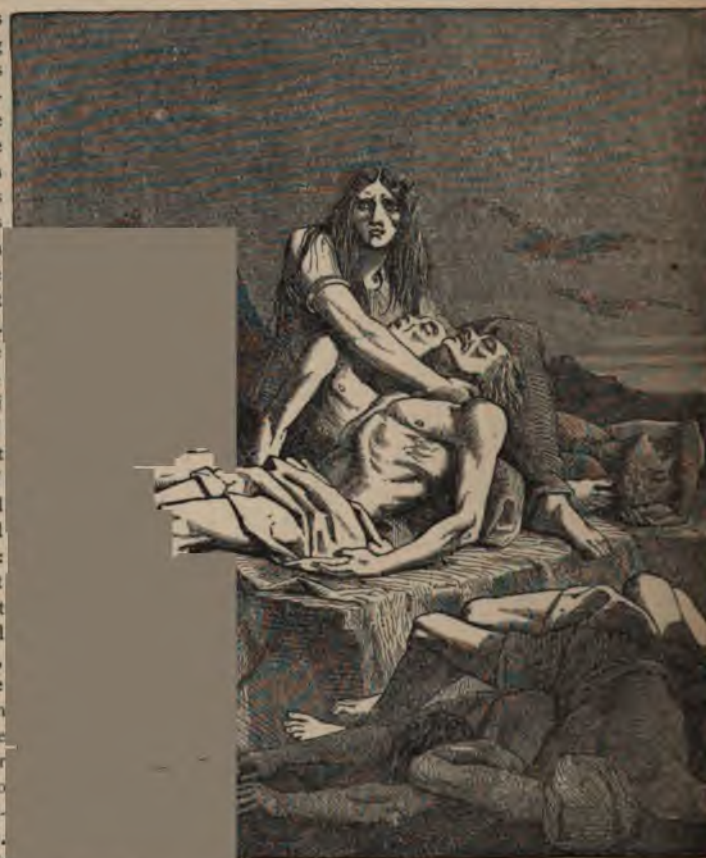
The Cotton Crop.—The cotton crop just gathered is somewhat smaller than that of last year. The fibre is represented as being very clean and of good quality. Worms and other enemies have not been so troublesome as usual, and the season is represented to have been remarkably favorable. Although prices have declined, the crop will bring a large amount of money into the South, and open the way to more prosperous times. Indeed, if the South could be induced to abate in its wild devotion to partisan politics, a possibility of unparalleled prosperity is open to her. Too much "party politics" is peculiarly an evil in the Southern States, when they need concentrated effort in business pursuits.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Rizpah.—Our readers are more or less familiar with the large, bold, glaring painting called "Rizpah," which formed a conspicuous exhibit in the Art Gallery of the late Centennial; we have already spoken of it in the MONTHLY, page 398, November, and here simply allude to it in giving a copy of an engraving which we find in a volume, "Lays of the Holy Land," published by James Nisbet & Company, London, England, with the "Lay" which it illustrates therein; we do not know the name of either the artist or the poet. The Scripture narrative, II. Samuel 21: 8-10, is as follows: "But the king took the two sons of Rizpah the daughter of Aiah, whom she bare unto Saul, Armoni and Mephibosheth; and the five sons of Michal the daughter of Saul, whom she brought up for [margin, "bare to"] Adriel the son of Barzillai the Meholathite: And he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the hill before the LORD: and they fell all seven together, and were put to death in the days of harvest, in the first days, in the beginning of barley harvest. And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beast of the field by night." That is to say, for five weary months did this heart-broken mother maintain her steadfast watch. We have not seen the painting from which this engraving is made, but the latter seems to indicate that the artist had a better conception of the Bible story than had the painter of the Centennial exhibit picture; possibly, some reader of the MONTHLY can furnish the artist's name. The "Lay" is as follows:

O! moments to others, but ages to me,
I have sat with the brow of the dead at my knee;
In the purple of night, at the flushing of noon,
I have bent o'er the cherish'd, that left me: how soon!
And I look'd on the dimness that froze on the eye
So bright in its burning,—its glances so high!
And I watch'd the consumer, as over he crept,
And feasted where beauty and manhood still slept.

I loved the dark eye, though its kindling was dead,
And the pride of that lip, though its blushing was shed.
O, sons of the king! how lovely in death!
Though your frown, when ye died, flitted not with your
breath;



RIZPAH.

As ye lay in your strength, so unmoving and chill,
There was daring, calm daring, that death could not kill;
So mighty to conquer, and never to fly,
And life in its fulness,—O, how did ye die!

The eagle, at dawning, stoop'd down in his pride,
With the blood-drops of princes his pinions were dyed;
But he look'd on that eye, and he shrouded his own;
In your sternness of sleeping he left you alone.
The leopard, at evening, leap'd onward in play,
And he plunged where I knelt, as he scented his prey;
But he knew the strong arm he had met in his mood,
And he crept to his lair like a fawn of the wood.

O, yon moon, with her cold light, had madden'd my brain!
In the wildness of midnight they waken again;
In their softness and wrath, in their sadness and glee,
With their fierce scowl in battle, their bright smile to me;

The frown when they struck mid the carnage begun,
The smile as we met when the conflict was done;
And there is not in Judah a mother so blest
As I, with my dead, in their desolate rest.

Hiram Powers's Family.—It has been said that the beautiful face of his eldest daughter was Hiram Powers's model in shaping the face of his "Greek Slave." A son of his is achieving an enviable fame in plastic art. The wife of the elder and mother of the younger sculptor, we are assured, was preëminently an American wife and mother, large- and warm-hearted. She never forgot the customs of her early New England life; in her Florence home she baked mince- and pumpkin-pies in season and dispensed them with a generous hand, and Americans were ever specially welcome guests in her genial, wholesome home.



MICHAEL-ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

Michael-Angelo, rightly spoken of as "a king among men," was destined for the law; but he so early manifested a genius for art that, at the age of thirteen, he was apprenticed to the painter Ghirlandajo. He was a little over twenty-one when he carved the colossal statue of David, and twenty-eight when he competed with Leonardo, who was twenty-three years his senior, for the commission to paint the Council Hall at Florence. He was thirty-nine years of age when he painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and about sixty when he began painting the "Day of Judgment."

Peter Moran was the only etcher awarded a medal at late Centennial. He is etching the illustrations in India-ink of his brother Thomas, for Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

W. W. Story has been assigned the first place among the six competitors who are to try their skill again upon the Byron statue.

Goethe's "Faust."—Among recent issues from the press, an almost unrivaled marvel in beauty is a new illustrated edition of "Faust," published simultaneously in the German and English languages by Frederick Bruckmann, Southampton street, Strand, London.

This lyrical drama and philosophical allegory, composed by Goethe at intervals during his long life-experience of wide and various studies and of social intercourse with the world, is still but imperfectly understood by many general readers. The Faust of Goethe is only represented as a brain-wearied and heart-despairing student or professor of science, practically a highly refined atheist and the miserable victim of infidelity, in the first part of this drama, perhaps its most valuable part. Next arises, from the ground of incidents which have but slight and general connection with that first idea of the character, a deeply pathetic story of the seduction of Margaret, an innocent girl, by a selfish villain, also called Faust, though bearing no resemblance whatever to the original Faust, who was spoiled by the faithless and godless pursuit of knowledge for the mere sake of intellectual power. The new Faust is an idle, vain, incontinent voluptuary, the slave of base passions and of carnal appetites, who has nothing but his egotism in common with the original Faust. His attendant spirit, a temporary servant, becomes, by their sealed bargain, his eternal master—this is simply the true Devil of mankind in all ages, personifying the temptation to employ cunning intelligence, in diverse, though not unlike unprincipled, ways for the gratification of Self. This is Mephistopheles, who contrives the means by which Faust overcomes the maiden virtue of poor Margaret. Genius could not draw a more truthful, heart-rending picture of humanity in its fall—the primary moral wrong and its consequences—the ruined life and its remorse—the unequal worldly penalty on the weaker sex and the worse torments of avenging conscience in the other. Margaret has a fit of insanity in the hour of childbirth, kills her new-born babe, and is condemned to death for the crime.

The singularly complex work of Goethe then passes into quite a different phase. It leaves abruptly the story of Margaret, and plunges onward, ranging through a boundless dance of allegorical and mythological figures, antique and classical, mediæval and romantic, to finish with the "Ewig-Weibliche," or deification of pure moral grace in womanhood—Goethe's ultimate object of worship.

The grand effect is fascinating and delightful to sentiment and taste, rather than satisfactory to the reason and the higher moral affections.

Above twenty English versions of "Faust," at least of the first part ending with Margaret's penalty, have been published. The one which is now published by Mr. Bruckmann is that of Theodore Martin, and as a marvel of the publishing art in all its parts this has seldom been equalled. The paper is double crown folio, of the very finest, the printing cannot possibly be excelled, the binding is unique in splendor, in full morocco, with medallions in oxydized silver, displaying six character-portraits and superb devices of Gothic ornamentation; there are eighty capital wood-engravings, and fourteen full-page permanent photographs, from oil-paintings by the late Professor A. von Kreling, who was a pupil of Kaulbach, and was Director of the Nuremberg Academy of Arts until his death early in 1876.

Jean Leon Gerome.—*The Press* (Philada.) says of this artist: "Gerome is about forty-five years old, and looks like a student as well as an artist. His studio is simply magnificent in size, decoration, and furniture. The walls are ornamented with a costly and rare collection of the armor and weapons of the ancient conquering races. Among them are shields, swords, and pikes of various periods, together with helmets actually used by the gladiators of Rome, and marked by the blows which they received. This collection was made with considerable trouble and at great expense. Gerome says that he passed two years in studying the details of his picture of the 'Gladiator' before he put a mark upon the canvas, and the same careful study characterized the preliminary steps toward the production of the 'Chariot

Race.'" We believe Gerome was born in 1824, and is therefore fifty-two years old.

Berthold Auerbach, the German novelist, is a Jew, sixty-four years old. He is short and stout, has a close-cropped gray beard, and a face of a thoroughly Hebrew type. His manner has gained for him the title of "the Tyrolese of the salon," it is so frank and unreserved.

The Sultan has given orders for the classification and formation of a catalogue of all the MSS., in the library of the old Seraglio Palace. He has also commanded translations to be made of the most interesting writings and works in Arabic and Persian which are to be found in that collection.

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

Adulterated Coffee.—Professor C. H. Eddy, of Michigan University, has been making a series of tests of the "ground coffee" of our city stores, and he finds that they are adulterated to the extent of from 22 to 39 per cent. with "chicory." Among the specimens examined were five packages, labeled respectively "Pure Mocha and Java," 23 per cent.; "Pure Java," 22 per cent.; "Royal Java," 31 per cent.; "Pure Rio," 25 per cent.; "Warranted Pure Government Java," 39 per cent. He has found that prepared coffees consisted chiefly of chicory, peas, oats, carrots, starch, etc.

Plumbago in Berks County, Pennsylvania.—According to *The American Manufacturer*, an extensive deposit of plumbago has been found in Longswamp Township, which "is between seven and eight feet in depth, and is of the best quality. Similar deposits are supposed to exist elsewhere in the same region, and persons are now engaged in prospecting, but as yet no farther discoveries have been made."

Coal Tar as a Wood Preserver.—A writer in *The Cultivator and Country Gentleman* notices the frequent mention of coal tar as a preserver of wood, and says that to make it have that effect the acid in it must be first destroyed by combining with it some fresh quicklime, in the proportion of half a bushel freshly dissolved, to a barrel of tar.

A Gas Problem.—"If the German Continental Gas-Light Company is able to declare 13 per cent. dividends on its capital of nearly \$3,000,000, when paying \$5.75 per ton for its coal, and charging \$1.01 and \$1.35 per thousand feet for its 15.9 candle gas, what are the profits of the New York Gas Companies, which pay \$6 per ton for their coal and charge \$2.50 per thousand feet for a poorer gas?"—*The Engineering and Mining Journal*. Other American Gas Companies, besides those of New York, may find the problem somewhat knotty (or naughty).

Domesticating the Buffalo.—A correspondent of the *Turf, Field, and Farm*, sends some interesting facts re-

garding the domestication of the buffalo in Nebraska. He began with two cows and a bull, which he kept with his tame stock. In the spring the cows calved, and in three years the calves became mothers, yielding an average of fourteen quarts of the richest milk daily, for an average of five months. The buffalo strain now extends through a large part of Howard county, in the above State, and the half and quarter breed animals are found to be very hardy. Experiments in crossing the buffalo with native and grade short horn cattle, have been attended with such successful results that the most skeptical people cannot fail to be satisfied as to the advantages and value of the intermingling of breeds.

Captain Shaw, of the London Fire Brigade, is the author of a new work on "Fire Protection." "The object," says the author, "of the following pages is to convey to those interested in the business of extinguishing fires the necessary information concerning the organization, training, and duties of firemen and all the appliances which they have or ought to have in use; comprising in a condensed and methodized form the principal portions of the course of instruction which I have employed for many years."

The Scientific American gives the following simple method for electrotyping insects, ferns, etc.: "Immerse the object in a solution of nitrate of silver in wood naphtha. When partially dried, the object should be treated with ammonia, the result being a double salt easily reduced. After thorough drying, expose the article to the vapor of mercury, when the surface becomes completely metallized in a few minutes. It may then be placed in the bath and metal deposited in the usual way."

A commission appointed by the Government of Prussia to ascertain sundry anthropological data, has reported that of 4,127,776 pupils in schools, 42.97 per cent. had blue eyes, and 24.31 per cent. brown; 72 per cent. had blonde hair, 26 per cent. brown, and 1.21 per cent. black. With regard to the color of the skin, only 6.53 had brunette complexion.

Extinct Animals of North America.—In a lecture recently delivered before the Leeds (England) Philosophical and Literary Society, Professor W. H. Flower, F.R.S., described some late discoveries in certain districts of North America—the district chiefly noticed is that between the Mississippi River and the Pacific, a wide region but lately opened to scientific exploration. The Professor states that, though only three or four scientists have labored there, and they only for from five to six years, they have already brought to light almost as many strange kinds of fossil animals as all those put together which had previously been found in every other part of the world. The discoveries thus made included some which dated so far back as the eocene epoch of the tertiary period. At one place the deposits were found fully a mile in depth, upon what must have been in some remote age the bottom of a great fresh-water lake. Common as we thought the horse, donkey, or zebra, this species was remarkably specialized—unlike all other animals now existing and wonderfully adapted for its own particular functions. Amongst these North American remains there were found remains which seem to represent an animal not much larger than a fox, and possessing the principal anatomical characteristics of the horse, but with some differences in teeth and hoofs. Later remains of succeeding epochs appeared to show the same animal of larger size, first the size of a sheep, and then as large as a donkey, whilst at the same time the minor distinctions which differentiated it from the horse of our own period gradually disappeared. The same explorations had shown that once upon a time there were in North America many curious kinds of rhinoceros, similar to those of Africa and Asia, where alone these animals are now found.

There had also been found there the remains of some creatures apparently intermediate in their character between the sheep and the pig. The elephant was an extremely specialized animal, which seemed to have no relations now amongst existing creatures. These investigations into past life disclosed, however, that the elephant was not so isolated as we supposed, in illustration of which Professor Flower described the singular resemblances discovered in the now extinct *Uintatherium*. Generally, there was scarcely any group of animals now existing of which some representatives had not been found in these North American excavations, whilst there were likewise found many which we could not classify with any existing order. Of all birds at present existing, none were known to have teeth; but there had now been found, amongst the remains in the chalk formation, distinct traces of two or three kinds of large water birds which had long rows of true teeth. There had also been found, in the same productive field an enormous and interesting fossil vegetation, opening up to the botanist as well as the naturalist something like a new world of past life.

Mysterious or Magic Clocks.—Doubtless many of our readers have seen in store windows in our larger cities clocks which appear to go by magic, having no works visible and no apparent connection with works. All that is seen is a glass disc with the hours indicated near the edge and the hour and minute hand moving on a pivot in the centre; the mystery is the greater when we move either hand from the

figure where it should be, and see it return apparently of itself to its place. Some (and we confess we were at first of this number) hastily conclude that the clock is run by electricity, though no connection with any electric motor is seen. A close inspection, however, shows that the explanation is scarcely less strange than the mystery: the whole secret is in the counterpoise of the hands, each of which has a heavy arrow point at the long end, and at the short end a hollow round box. In this box are the works of a watch, which are so placed as to leave an annular space between them and the circumference of the box; and in this space is a counterpoise which is connected with the works so as to revolve once in twelve hours for the hour hand, and once in an hour for the minute hand; the revolution of the counterpoise inside the box shifts the centre of gravity of the hand, so as to give the hand, successively, the necessary direction. Thus, when the counterpoise is the farthest from the axis, it brings the centre of gravity opposite the arrow point, and the hand will point upward to 12; when, on the contrary, the counterpoise is between the axis and the arrow point, the centre of gravity will be there, and the arrow will point downward to 6. In the intermediate sideward position of this revolving counterpoise, the centre of gravity of the whole will be displaced sideways, and the hand point at 8, 9, 10, or 2, 3, 4, according to the shifting.

The *Scientific American* informs us that this clock was patented in this country on September 1, 1874, by Henry Robert, a clockmaker of Paris, France. Lately, Mr. Robert has considerably improved on the plan, especially by using very light and very heavy metals in combination, so as to have a sufficient contrast in weight for obtaining the right effect. The hidden counterpoise, moving in the hollow box, is of platinum, so as to take up as little room as possible, and the hand with its arrow point is of aluminum, the lightest known metal.

Nature of Electricity.—We learn that a new hypothesis as to the nature of electricity has been offered by Professor Rénard of Nancy. He considers an electric current to be produced by longitudinal motion of the ether particles, which at the same time have a general forward motion. When the molecules of a body are surrounded by a greater ether atmosphere than the normal, the body is in the condition which we call positively electric; when the ether atmosphere about each molecule is less than the normal, the body is negatively electric. He has sought to explain various electrical phenomena thus; for example, the magnetization of steel needles by electrical discharges; regarding which Savary has shown that, according to the position of the needle, it acts in one direction or the other.

Charles Sainte-Claire Deville, the eminent French geologist, is dead. A native of the island of St. Thomas, he studied at the Paris School of Mines; he investigated the geology of the Antilles and published the result of his researches in 1856. Subsequently, he was Professor of Geology in the College of France. He was also an earnest student of meteorology, and is credited with a leading influence in the establishment of the Mont-Souris Meteorological Observatory.

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

Abraham Lincoln Swapping Horses.—When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and the Judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses; and it was agreed that the next morning at 9 o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeiture of \$25. At the hour appointed the Judge came up, leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw-horse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the Judge's animal, set down his saw-horse, exclaiming: "Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

It has been stated that Colonel John Winthrop is the only living descendant of the first Governor of Massachusetts; but he is merely the sole living descendant of the Governor by his third wife, Margaret Tyndall. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop is a descendant by the Governor's first wife, Mary Forth.

A Happy Woman.—What spectacle more pleasing does the earth afford than a happy woman contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her special world by her exertions, and ever transforming the briars and thorns of life into roses of Paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy because they cannot help it—no misfortunes check their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow about them, as they pursue the even tenor of their way. They have the secret of contentment, whose value is above the philosopher's stone; for without seeking the baser exchange of gold, which may buy some sorts of pleasure, they convert everything they touch into joy. What their condition is makes no difference. They may be rich or poor, admired or forsaken by the fickle world; but the sparkling fountain of happiness bubbles up in their hearts, and makes them radiantly beautiful. Though they live in a log cabin, they make it shine with a lustre that kings and queens may covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty.

Women Students.—President Angell, of Michigan University, said of women students, in his recent annual report: "These are distributed as follows: medicine, thirty-seven; law, two; homœopathy, two; literature, sixty. The experience of the last year confirms the opinion we have been led to form by the experience of previous years, that women who come here in good health are able to complete our collegiate or professional courses of study without detriment to their health."

Trying Again.—San Francisco papers chronicle the recent remarriage of Mr. Alvinza Hayward, of that city, to his former wife. They were divorced in January last, after

twenty-five years' union, the application only alleging dereliction by him. The cause is understood to have been incompatibility, originating in his moroseness, occasioned by long-continued ill health. There was an equitable division of property, the wife receiving an unincumbered aggregate of \$2,500,000, and Mr. Hayward retaining mining and other property worth in all not far from \$4,000,000. He is one of the mining kings of California.

General Sherman must anticipate a long life, if it be true, as stated in some of the newspapers, that, in a letter to the New England Society of New York, he hoped that the dinners of the Society might be repeated for hundreds of years, and that he should have the pleasure of sharing them.

Columbia College Graduates.—The first class, in Columbia College graduated in 1758 and contained seven men, the first class in the Medical School graduated in 1769, the first in the Law in 1860, and the first in the School of Mines in 1867. The whole number of graduates is as follows: in Art, 2,242; in Medicine, 1,437; in Law, 1,546; in the School of Mines, 115; recipients of honorary degrees, 336; total, 5,706.

Rather Severe.—In a late number *The Independent* makes the following sharp criticism, which is not unjust:

M. D. Conway says, in a recent letter to the *Cincinnati Commercial*: "At a hotel table in Munich once a haughty English lord asked me what was the best paper in America of the order of the *Saturday Review*, of London. '*The Nation*,' I said. 'Yes,' he replied; 'but you have forty millions of people and England only forty, and you have but one paper of this class.'" But one of the kind is quite enough, and rather more than is needed. It would be sufficient if we were eighty millions, instead of forty. We do not quite understand why Mr. Conway should compare *The Nation* to the *Saturday Review*, the only point of resemblance between them being that one is thoroughly English and the other tries to be.

If heaviness of style were evidence of a profound intellect well stocked with information, the editor of *The Nation* would be recognized by readers capable of appreciating such profundity and vast attainments as a journalistic prodigy.

Valuable Gossip for Housekeepers.—Sometimes one may learn useful things from one's "hired help;" a lady has noted the following that she has learned:

The other day Mary was ironing and asked for a piece of sand-paper to rub her irons on. I was astonished that I never heard of it before; it is so nice, removes every bit of starch or anything else, and makes them so smooth.

One girl taught me that old corsets made the best stove-cloths. Just one-half at a time is a convenient size. They are ready made and much better, when folded, to take hold of anything with than a made holder, and much easier to wash. Just throw them in with the brown towels, as many as you happen to get during the week, and they come out clean and ready to use again.

Another girl poured hot water on the blades only of steel knives and they wipe easily, and do not need drying.

Another one told me the best way to keep hams and dried beef was to pack in dry salt. I have tried it several years with perfect success. An old salt-barrel is convenient. Set it in some cool, dry place; put quite a thick layer of salt in the bottom; then pack in the hams, using the dried beef, if you have any, for chinking; cover with salt again until the barrel is full. There is not the least danger from insects, if the hams are smoked and the beef dried and put away early, before the flies come around; and they are much nicer to handle than when put in ashes or oats, or anything of that kind.

A professor was expostulating with a student for idleness; "Its no use," said the latter, "I was cut out for a loafer." The professor surveyed him deliberately for a moment, and replied quietly, "Whoever cut you out understood his business."

Smiles.—Nothing on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye flash and mirth flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and more bewitching than either.

James Kelly, an old soldier under Wellington, died lately in St. Louis, at the great age of almost 101. Kelly was an Irishman. He enlisted in the celebrated regiment of Connaught Rangers, and participated with them in nearly all the battles in the Peninsular campaign under Wellington against Napoleon. He was in twelve pitched battles, and as sergeant of his regiment led a number of forlorn hopes, and only missed being at Waterloo by being ordered with a part of his regiment to Canada. He was temperate in his habits, and was never known to take a glass of liquor.

The records of the Arctic expedition show that the total eaters were stronger and more capable than the drinkers; were less liable to scurvy; suffered less from cold, and could do more work.

I could not tell the cutler's name
Who sold the blade that murdered Caesar,
Or fix the hour when Egypt's queen
First thought that Antony might please her.
I could not say how many teeth
King Rufus had when Tyrrell shot him;
Or, after hapless Wolsey's death,
How soon or late King Hal forgot him.
I could not tell how many miles
Within a score rolled Thames or Tiber,
Or count the centuries of a tree
By close inspection of its fibre.
So I was plucked and lost my chance,
And plodding Cram passed proudly o'er me.
Who cares for Cram? I've common sense
And health, and all the world before me!

Vagaries of a Mind Diseased.—The following is copied literally from a letter recently received by an acquaintance of ours; doubtless some of our readers will smile, it may be audibly, at the writer's strange conceits, while sympathizing with him in his mental condition:

"Perhaps, right here, under the present existing condition of circumstances, it would be well indeed to give a small and disinterested, but at the same time elevated, history of myself. I was born in the year of our Lord 1840. At the early age of five, I mastered the Latin language, and gave great promise of a distinguished scholar. History, spelling, geography, and even languages, I made myself complete master of. In 1850 I had obtained my degree from — or words to that effect, and was a brilliant young man. In 1860, while preparing for a tour through Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, United States of America, and the Centennial, I was carried by mere force to our — Lunatic Asylum, commonly called Retreat for the Insane. Why put there I never knew. Five long, weary years I was cooped up in that hole, and came out pronounced by the head physician, Dr. —, a complete cure. But, under the present existing condition of circumstances, it might be well to state that I always was in my right mind. And at the present time my mind is as clear and active as the average mind of all great men is. I am poor—my house is mortgaged of \$15,000 in the —. I keep a horse, and two pigs—have fifteen small children, all of them orphans, and one widow.

"I fought, bled and almost died for my country during the late rebellion. Carry on my person thirteen scars, results from different wounds, one of which I believe to have been fired by Jeff. Davis himself, another by the devil, and a third by —, the perjurer, thief," etc., etc.

The last-named, for whose name we give only a —, is an individual who never went near enough to a battlefield to hear the report of the largest cannon, and if he ever wounded any one it was with some weapon unknown on the battlefield.

The Mormon Schism.—Joseph Smith, Jr., son of the founder of the Mormon Church, is preaching in California. He denies the headship of Brigham Young. He says that he has from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand personal followers, and that the headquarters of the reformed church are at Plano, Illinois. He repudiates polygamy and also "blood atonement."

An Alpine Romance in Real Life.—Miss Grattan, the adventurous Englishwoman who ascended Mont Blanc on the 31st of last January, has married the Swiss guide who accompanied her. She made the acquaintance of the hardy mountaineer when—only fifteen years old—she first clambered up the Alps. She is now about thirty.

The musical celebrities at last accounts were distributed as follows: Liszt was in Pesth, Wachtel in Berlin, Rubinstein and Marie Heilbrone in St. Petersburg, Clara Schumann and Pauline Lucca in Baden Baden, Wagner and Flotow in Italy, Vicuxtemps in Paris, Anna Mehlig in Stuttgart, and Patti in Russia.

A maiden lady said to her little nephew: "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you'll be rosy-cheeked and handsome when you grow up." Johnny thought over this a few minutes, and then observed: "Well, Aunt, you must have set up a good deal when you were young."

Governor Lafayette Grover, of Oregon, is a native of Bethel, Maine, and over fifty years old. General Cuvier Grover, of the regular army, is his brother. He is a graduate of Bowdoin College, and has lived in Oregon since 1850. He has held all sorts of Territorial and State offices, and was the first representative of the State in Congress.

The President has nominated Mr. Oliver C. Bosbyshell, of Pennsylvania; to be coiner of the Mint, vice Snowden, appointed a postmaster of Philadelphia. What a name Bosbyshell would have been for a Dickens romance.—*Independent*.

An inventor of a patent nostrum advertises: "Cough while you can, for when you have a few doses of my mixture you can't."

Brown, poor as a church mouse, married a rich widow. Soon, stretched upon his deathbed, he made the following codicil to his will: "I bequeath to my loving wife all her property, provided she forever remains a widow."

A Reporter.—An eminent runner after news in Paris was named Mathieu Donzelot, afterwards called the "Pavement Sinker." In the morning, before leaving his room, the wide-awake Donzelot consulted the skies and a barometer which adorned his mansard; then he took his cane and writing case, saying: "Rain! Some will slip to-day under carriage wheels and be crushed to death;" or else: "Stormy weather! We shall have to record some cases of mental alienation or of hydrophobia." Or, finally: "Gloomy! cloudy! Fine weather for spleen. Let us make war on suicides!"

There was a riot one day on Pantheon Place. Donzelot sat down amid a hail of stones, pen in hand, to note down the events. One of his friends happened to be present, said, "What are you doing here? Run! fly!"

Donzelot, without looking at him, drew his watch and continued to write down minute for minute the phases and evolutions of the riot.

"Are you not going to run?" cried out anew his friend.

"God forbid; but since you are going yourself, oblige me by handing this to my journal; you will tell them that I remain on the spot to send the continuation."

An hour after the disorder was at its height. The authorities and insurgents had come to blows. The national guard fired, and our reporter was struck with a ball. A surgeon hastened to him.

"You are wounded?" said he.

"Yes," said Donzelot, "and sorely too, for I cannot write."

"Write!" said the surgeon, abruptly; think of your wound!"

"Don't be in a hurry," replied Donzelot. "Each one to his own business; mine is to relate events, you will

replace me. Here, write at the bottom this postscript: "Twenty minutes past 3 P.M. In consequence of the discharge of musketry by the troops, three men were wounded and one killed."

"Where is the dead man?" asked the surgeon.

"Myself," replied Donzelot; and he expired.

Royal Needlewomen.—The Empress Eugenie is said to be an accomplished artiste in needlework and embroidery. During the last few years she has beguiled the hours of her tedium by working a set of "vestments" for the little chapel where she worships, and also a stool and cushion for the use of the priest. So jealous was the fair devotee of sharing the pious task with another, that she would not allow a stitch to be set by any hand but her own. The gentle craft of needlework has been practiced by many royal ladies before the time of Eugenie. Matilda of Flanders, the spouse of William the Conqueror, was particularly famed for her skill in embroidery; and the Bayeux tapestry, still preserved in the Bayeux collection, attests her ingenuity and industry with the needle. Into a piece of canvas nineteen inches wide and sixty-seven yards in length, the royal lady, with the assistance of her ladies, stitched the history of the conquest of England by her martial consort, commencing with the visit of Harold to the Norman Court, and ending with his death at the battle of Hastings. "The leading transactions of these eventful years, the death of Edward the Confessor, and the coronation of Harold in the chamber of the royal dead, are represented in the clearest and most regular order in this piece of needlework, which contains many hundred figures of men, horses, birds, beasts, trees, houses, castles, and churches—all executed in their proper colors, with names and inscriptions over them to elucidate the story."

We may hope the beautiful but hapless Mary, Queen of Scots, was able to cheat the hours, during her long and wearisome imprisonment, of a part of their misery, by her close application to the needle. She wrought several curious and elaborate works in embroidery, while a captive in her haughty cousin's toils, which are noted in history. In a letter to his friend, "rare Ben Jonson," Sir William Drummond describes a bed of state which Queen Mary covered with emblems and devices embroidered in gold and silk. She was considered to possess great talent for composing these pictorial allegories. Thirty rebuses and punning devices, besides much heraldic blazonry, were stitched into this bed of state. "The workmanship," concludes Sir William, "is curiously done, and truly it may be said of the execution surpassed the material." We read also that Mary spent many months embroidering a rich scarf for her only son, whom she parted from when he was an infant and longed hopelessly to see again during her long eighteen years of imprisonment. How many sad thoughts and bitter tears must have been sowed into that garment by the unhappy mother who mourned, with much else, the loss of her liberty, her crown, and her child!

A new set of claimants to a share in the estate of A. T. Stewart has appeared. They live in Ireland, and claim to be first cousins.

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

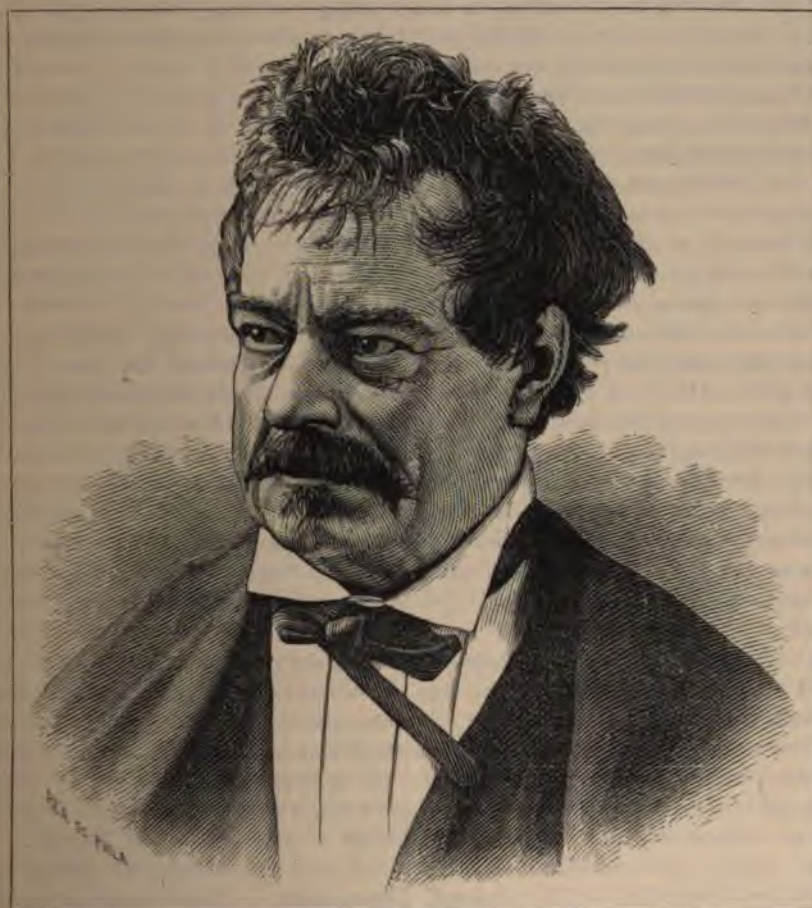
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EDWIN FORREST, THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN.¹

By A. E. LANCASTER.



EDWIN FORREST.

THE anniversary of the birth of Edwin Forrest deserves commemoration in these pages as worthily, no doubt, as that of any of America's celebrated men. No name is better known to our people, no character more highly esteemed, no genius more deeply admired, than those of Forrest. During his long and brilliant career, the great

tragic actor created a reputation that may safely defy the destroying influences of time, although little else than memory is now left to tell the tale. Such fame and genius as Forrest's are not soon forgotten, notwithstanding the sorrowful fact that an actor's glory is altogether a thing of the living present, and that future generations can only reverence, without understanding it.

Edwin Forrest was born in Philadelphia, March 9th, 1806. His birthplace, the residence of his

¹ The third of the series of articles on the "American Drama" gives place this month to the present paper, but will appear in our April number.

parents, was a little house in George street, the traces of which have since disappeared. His father was a Scotchman, and his mother was of German extraction. The young man may be said, therefore, to have combined in himself a variety of nationalities. At a very early age he showed great powers of memory, and his talents at mimicry were also unusual. He was at first destined for the ministry, for which his natural acquirements seemed to fit him, but the death of his father put an end to this prospect. Indeed, it is doubtful if the good man's intentions would ever have had any satisfactory result, for young Forrest was apparently born for a single object: to distinguish himself as an actor. Taken from school between the ages of ten and eleven, it will be divined that his education was extremely neglected. His father being poor, and the family large, it was necessary that each should contribute to the general support. In consequence, Edwin was placed in the store of Mr. Tiers, a ship chandler, a situation which scarcely suited the taste of the ambitious youth, and which he quickly resigned. His next employer was a Mr. Baker, an importer, who frequently took occasion to remonstrate with his clerk for his *unnatural* love of the stage. But Forrest was obstinate. He was little over eleven years of age when he made his first appearance as an actor. Determined to put his talents to the proof, he succeeded after various rebuffs in forming a Thespian Club. The first performance of this club was given in Jacob Zelin's tavern, situated on Chestnut street, below Fifth; we need scarcely add that its success was dubious, although the young leader's ardor was unbounded. The second attempt, however, was better. The place selected this time was the second story of an old house, which may still be seen on the northwest corner of Harmony court and Hudson's alley. At a later period, an amateur dramatic association known as "The Mortonians," which had been established in 1812, after the success of Master John Howard Payne, was merged into the "Thespian," and the new society gave theatrical representations in the South Street Theatre. These attempts at dramatic organization may strike the reader as somewhat puerile; but Forrest never regarded them in such a light; on the contrary, he was fully in earnest, and his whole heart was in his work. At the same time he was undergoing an experience that was to serve him well in after years.

About one year before his first appearance on the legitimate stage, Forrest began to take lessons in elocution from Professor Daniel Maginnis, well-known teacher of the art. By dint of his study he rapidly perfected his natural gifts, and was soon ready to make his *début*. At this time fortunately, he possessed a warm friend in Colonel John Swift, who was warmly attached to him, and who visited in person Mr. W. B. Wood, the acting manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, and was able to secure a single night for his first attempt before a regular public. Forrest was then only fourteen years of age. From a description given of him by Mr. Wood, we learn that he was a well-grown young man, with a noble and well-developed figure, his features powerfully expressive, and character full of strength and determination. Monday evening, November 27, 1820, Homer's tragedy of "Douglas" was presented, with Forrest as Young Norval. In the programme his name was not mentioned, the simple statement—*Young Gentleman of this City*—being deemed sufficient under the circumstances. To give the result briefly, his first appearance was a decided success, and the play was repeated on the following evening. Then he acted successively Frederick in "Lover's Vows," and Octavian, in "The Mountaineers." On the whole, he was very fortunate; for, not only was his *début* a triumph, but he had the advantage of a fine training in an excellent school. He was surrounded by the best actors of the day, and the art which he was thus enabled to observe in the acting of his associates left a deep impression upon his young mind that was highly favorable to his future career. Not very long after his success in Philadelphia, he departed for Cincinnati, where he appeared for the first time in 1822 at the Cincinnati Theatre. The opening play was the "Soldier's Daughter," in which Forrest sustained the rôle of Young Malfort. Some time later he played Othello at the Globe Theatre and astonished everybody by the qualities of his precocious talent. His success in this great character actor was due, however, to his appearance at general capabilities alone, for his knowledge of Shakspeare's text was very limited. He afterwards performed "Richard III.," and a critic, alluding to his acting in this tragedy, declared "that he would in time become a great actor." For the following season he was enrolled in the company of the New Orleans Theatre, the proprietor

which was the celebrated James H. Caldwell; in this new capacity the amount of his salary was eighteen dollars a week. While awaiting the beginning of the season, he appeared at the Globe, playing the part of a *negro* in an original comedy, and was not less successful as a comedian than as an exponent of tragedy. In fact, it is well known that, for a long time, Forrest hesitated between the two extremes of the drama, not knowing which to choose. Luckily, circumstances led him to make a decision which, eventually, was to crown him with glory.

In the meantime Forrest passed through a variety of doleful experiences. When his friend, Sol. Smith, the actor, organized a company, he applied for a situation. Mr. Smith rejected this application on the ground that he was already under an engagement to Caldwell. The young actor, however, insisted upon staying with his friend. To repeat his own words, "I would rather remain with you for ten dollars a week, than engage with a stranger for eighteen." Nevertheless Mr. Smith refused to change his determination, in consequence of which Forrest went to the manager of a circus company, and immediately engaged himself as a tumbler and a rider for one year. This freak will give an idea of the youth's obstinate disposition. Fortunately, we are happy to add, he was induced, after much difficulty, to repent and reform; he agreed to fulfill his contract with Caldwell, and this time kept his word.

On Wednesday evening, February 4th, 1823, Forrest appeared for the first time in New Orleans. He was then nearly seventeen years of age. On the first of January, the following year, Caldwell opened a new theatre with the drama of "Town and Country," Forrest acting Captain Glenroy. He afterwards played Icilius to Pelby's Brutus, and made a very favorable impression. Such success in a youth of his age is almost unprecedented. The most audacious circumstance of his early career was his portrayal, when only nineteen years old, of the rôle of King Lear, a part that had not been even essayed since the triumph of George Frederic Cooke. But Forrest declared, "I determined to make Lear my great character," and, while his first performance was only respectable, after years amply fulfilled his prediction. To the character of Othello, Forrest likewise gave earnest study. He had enjoyed the advantage of witnessing Conway in the part, and his words, "I'll mas-

ter it yet," show to what degree he was affected by this representation.

A short time later Forrest and Caldwell quarrelled, whereupon the former left for the North and arrived in New York, where he had the good fortune to meet Edmund Kean, who was then acting in that city. The two actors—one great, and the other destined to greatness—soon appeared together, Forrest playing Richmond and Iago to Kean's Richard and Othello. A period of five years had, by this time, gone by since the youthful Edwin had quitted the scenes of his early life to tempt fortune in worlds beyond. Then he was full of obstinate determination, mingled with fear and uncertainty; now he was brimming with hope that had been strengthened by repeated successes.

It would be impossible for us, considering how limited is our space, to follow the career of Edwin Forrest through all its manifold details. Up to this point we have given a concise account of his early experiences. We can now only dwell upon the various characters in which he attained a great reputation, and which are, in a great measure, identified with his name.

On the 15th of November, 1829, Forrest appeared for the first time in a new drama written expressly for him by John Augustus Stone, namely, "Metamora," which was introduced by a clever prologue, and closed with a pleasant epilogue. The play was a decided success, and it has since held the stage. Although, as an artistically written tragedy, it contains numerous faults, it also possesses incontestable merits; the part of the hero was excellently adapted to Forrest's abilities. He made it his own, and whenever he played it he was rewarded with unstinted approbation. After this performance, Forrest brought out successively four American plays, most of which have attained considerable celebrity. These were "The Gladiator," "Oraloosa," "The Broker of Bogota," and, last but not least, "Jack Cade."

"Oraloosa" was produced on October 10th, 1832, but proved a failure. Dr. Bird's tragedy of "The Gladiator" was first performed at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, October 24th, 1831. Speaking of this play a competent critic observes: "Mr. Forrest's Spartacus, from the first night of 'The Gladiator' until the day of his death, was considered the perfection of the art histrionic, and it will long be remembered as one of the gems that shone upon the stage from the brilliant mind

of Edwin Forrest. Mr. John R. Scott played Phaisarius, for which he secured a compliment both from Mr. Forrest and the author. There are many passages in 'The Gladiator' of extreme poetic beauty; the language generally is bold and impressive, and at times soars far above the general standard of dramatic literature. The house on the occasion was crowded; in fact, it was a perfect ovation to native talent as displayed by author and actor."

"The Broker of Bogota" is considered by many one of the finest of American plays, and in it Forrest repeated his former success.

But of the celebrated "Jack Cade" we wish to make special mention. Although this play was not originally written for Forrest, he was the first to introduce it triumphantly to the public, and on frequent occasions thereafter he assumed the part of the hero. The character of Cade was perfectly suited to the great actor's powers, and all save he have failed in its portrayal. As a drama "Jack Cade" has always ranked high among the products of our language. When brought out by Forrest at the Arch Street Theatre on the evening of June 16th, 1841, every one agreed in pronouncing it an astonishing success. As to Forrest himself, words could scarcely do justice to the breadth and elevation of his acting in this new rôle. The beauties of the play were rendered by him in a superbly heroic manner. Present admirers of the drama may well regret that there is no second Forrest, no second Jack Cade.

By 1833, Forrest had amassed a slight fortune, and he then contemplated a European tour. In the month of April of that year he played a farewell engagement in Philadelphia, after which he went to New York. During the summer of 1834 he was honored by a public dinner tendered him by some of the most distinguished citizens of the great city. On this occasion Chancellor McCoun presided, and it was he who introduced the toast: "Edwin Forrest: estimable for his virtues, admirable for his talents. Good wishes attend his departure; warm hearts will greet his return." Preceding these remarks, the president had placed in the hands of the distinguished guest a beautiful gold medal, which represented a profile of the actor, and upon which the following inscription was engraved: "HISTRIONI OPTIMO, EDWINO FORREST, VIRO PRÆSTANTI." On the reverse side of the medal were these words: "GREAT IN

MOUTHS OF WISEST CENSURE," and a figure bolic of the Genius of Tragedy. After this Forrest made a short speech and then proposed this toast: "The Citizens of New York: Distinguished not more by intelligence, enterprise, integrity, than by that generous and noble spirit which welcomes the stranger and succors the friendless."

Shortly after these events Forrest departed for Europe. He visited Germany and the Rhine, Italy, Russia, and other countries, even extending his observations into Asia. Many anecdotes related of him in connection with his travels. Of these we will transcribe, as it shows how sympathetic he was to the Church of Rome. One day, while examining a noted work of art in a picture gallery of the Vatican, he turned to a priest and asked if any price was attached to it. With some show of indignation, the priest replied: "Your State, Pennsylvania, is a rich State; it has inexhaustible coal and iron mines; it has canals, railroads, and large cities; numerous towns, villages, public buildings, colleges, and other institutions of learning; rich in all that industry and munificence can furnish."

"Well," returned Forrest, "Pennsylvania is a rich State. But what of that?"

"It does not contain wealth enough," answered the priest, "to purchase that picture."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the actor. "Then, dear sir, if Rome should ever become impoverished we will try to arrange with the State of Pennsylvania for its purchase."

While abroad, Forrest met some of the most gifted men of the day. His principal object in visiting England was to see the tomb of Shakespeare, whom he revered with all his soul. In Verona he stood beside the tomb of Juliet, the love of Romeo. The birthplace of Othello, Shylock also had great charms for him. Indeed, it is indisputable that these travels effected a real change in Forrest's character. The sight of so many relics of romance and history broadened his intellect and fortified his genius. When returned to his native land, it was with renewed strength and higher resolves.

Forrest made his reappearance on the stage in Philadelphia, September 5th, 1836. He opened with "Damon and Pythias," and the wish to see him was immense. During this engagement the pit of the theatre was extended, so as to al-

ore room for the public, and the orchestra was own entirely open. Every day, two and three rs before the opening of the theatre, the streets the vicinity were crowded with people anxious obtain admission. When Forrest, as Damon, eared upon the stage, the whole house rose to feet and a mighty cheer of applause welcomed great actor. Forrest's playing was superb. the close of the performance he was called ore the curtain and forced to make a speech.

We have no doubt of his triumphant success in London as the first tragedian of the age."

Mr. Forrest made his first appearance before an English public on the 16th of October, 1836. According to an excellent critic, he elicited those enthusiastic testimonials of success which had stamped him as one of the greatest actors that had ever graced an English theatre. On his making his appearance, the whole house arose and cheered him repeatedly. The applause lasted three or four



THE FORREST MANSION.

During his engagement he appeared, besides Damon, as Othello and Spartacus, and night after night he was applauded by an overflowing audience. At the conclusion of his stay in Philadelphia, he left for New York, where the same scenes were repeated. His success was phenomenal. In an article treating of his genius, the *New York Spirit of the Times* said: "A raft of tickets was bought by a speculator for the few last performances, and sold at auction at fifty per cent. profit. Mr. Forrest has appeared as Damon, Othello, Spartacus, and Lear, and never to such manifest advantage.

minutes, and, in short, his reception was more flattering than his most sanguine friends could have anticipated. On being called for at the close of the play, the applause was truly deafening. "Victory sits perched upon his beaver, and he must and will support her without losing a single feather." The remainder of his engagement in England served to increase this favorable impression. The London critics considered his Othello the finest thing ever witnessed on the British stage. The *Athenæum* placed it far above Kean's. The *Atlas*, one of the best authorities on dramatic

questions, declared its approval in these unmistakable terms: "If we observe that, since the days of Kean, we have had no actor capable of approaching his excellence, and that in many parts Mr. Forrest was equal, and in some few superior, to that great tragedian, we shall have discharged all that we desire to say on that point."

During this visit to England, in 1837, Forrest was married to Miss Catharine Sinclair, a daughter of John Sinclair, the vocalist. Little did he foresee what this marriage was to bring forth. He arrived home with his wife in 1837. On his return he began an engagement at the Park Theatre, New York, where his former triumphs were repeated to a still greater degree. In the fall of the same year he appeared at the Old Drury, in Philadelphia, assuming, among several characters, that of Othello. Never before had he characterized Shakspeare's hero with such clearness and intensity. His Moor was of a "mixed breed," and a living portraiture both physically and intellectually. As a mere conception Forrest's Othello has never been surpassed. The chief power of this great actor's genius lay in his realistic delineations of the higher passions of the soul, and in Othello full scope was afforded him to illustrate this power in the most striking manner. His exhibition of the beautiful and the majestic in relation to the deepest influences exercised by the feelings and emotions, was often spoken of as something unequalled and impossible to equal. Undoubtedly there are people still living whose admiration for Forrest was never so unbounded as that of his most ardent supporters; people who look upon the intellectual supremacy of his genius as being inferior to the physical, and who find in the Othello of our own Booth subtle traits that were not apparent in that of Forrest; but the expressed opinion of the majority still remains an almost infallible test of his genius, and the magnetic qualities of Forrest's Othello are still remembered with keen enjoyment. It is doubtful if such qualities will ever be surpassed. Many persons will remember with a shudder the manner in which Forrest delivered that terrible passage:

"I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon," etc.

Alluding to this performance an English writer observed: "When a conviction of the guilt of Desdemona first came full upon him, and he exclaims, 'I had rather be a toad!' his emotion

and gesticulation were absolutely terrific, though neither coarse nor overacted. Here (and we are aware of the hazardous assertion) Mr. Forrest really appeared to leave behind him the best Othello of them all." Undoubtedly, we may justly add the two finest Othellos the world has yet seen were those of Forrest and Salvini. That of Salvini most of us recall. The best critics are often at a loss to choose between the two, for both seem to tower upon the same transcendent eminence.

Forrest's career was now an unbroken succession of triumphs. He essayed a vast number of characters, but in the choice of them all he rarely failed to consult his best judgment. Many parts there were for which he was not fitted, notwithstanding his predilection for them, and he was too wise to risk his hard-bought fame by any failure. Yet it is a remarkable fact that the scope of his genius was unusually broad. He triumphed in rôles that seemed least suited to him, and in which great triumph seemed a result impossible to attain.

One of the great actor's most finished characterizations was that of King Lear, which, as has often been said, he *re-created*. Of his acting in this tragedy, it was generally conceded that he was not merely superior to other representatives of Lear, but that in portraying the passions, sufferings, and insanity of the heartbroken old monarch he surpassed the wonderful efforts of George Frederic Cooke. This was certainly high praise, but, that it was deserved, the best critics were unanimous. Leigh Hunt, the celebrated English poet, gave as his decided opinion that Forrest's Lear was the best impersonation of the character that had ever, within his recollection, been given on the English stage. Of its special beauties, we might single out the fact that Forrest was the only actor who ever sought to depict the physical infirmity, as well as the irritability, of Lear, acting upon old age from the beginning to the end. As a piece of acting, also, it was entirely harmonious, and in this respect it differed from Cooke's. In certain points he perhaps displayed too much violence, and his rage was apt to fall into rant, but these faults were due in part to the tragedy itself. In the scene where Lear gives voice to that most pathetic utterance,

"My wits began to fail,"

Forrest's genius seemed to rise above itself; his every movement was watched with the utmost in-

tensity; the house was spellbound, and in the midst of almost tomb-like silence these words were delivered:

"Come on, boy! how dost my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself."

Five of Edwin Forrest's most popular characterizations were Damon, Virginius, Coriolanus, and Richelieu, and Brutus in John Howard Payne's well-known tragedy. As Brutus, his delivery of the lines

"Nature must have her way;
I will perform all that a Roman should;
I cannot feel less than a father ought,"

was always highly effective, never failing to draw tears. As Damon, Forrest was equally great: his delirious fury, his desperation, his horror, his generosity, his self sacrifice, all were portrayed in the grandest manner. As Virginius the actor's massive figure and majestic bearing were shown to the fullest advantage; his picture of the Roman father was replete with powerful grace and freedom of style; the delicate touches of the parent were blended with the martial roughness of the warrior in the most exquisite manner. Few pieces of acting will be remembered with more genuine pleasure than this. In Coriolanus his Roman manhood was displayed, perhaps, to an even greater degree. Finally, as Richelieu some of the finest points of his genius were brought out in strong relief. There was magnetic grandeur in Forrest's assumption of the part that most actors have lacked.

A very amusing story is told of Forrest's *powerful* acting, which may not be out of place here. On one occasion he was to personate a Roman warrior, and, at the rehearsals, he complained that the *supers*, who, in the drama, were supposed to attack him in a body, acted tamely. He forced the men to promise that they would fight lustily when the play was performed. On the evening of the first representation, the theatre was crowded, and everything went along smoothly until the arrival of the fighting-scene. Then, when the cue was given for the attack, the *supers* rushed upon Forrest in a body; one of them assumed a pugilistic attitude, and struck the Roman hero squarely upon the nose; another almost knocked him over by a blow from his boot; and the others were making ready to follow up this advantage. For a moment Forrest was too astounded to act. His eyes flashed, his breast heaved with rage. Sud-

denly he rushed upon his assailants. A few moments later, one *super* was seen sticking head-foremost in the base drum in the orchestra, four were having their wounds dressed in the green-room, and one, finding himself in the flies, rushed out upon the roof of the theatre, and shouted "Fire." We will not vouch for the truth of all of the story, although the London *Era* related it as a real occurrence. Our readers may exercise their judgment in the matter.

In "Hamlet," Forrest was not such a complete success as in some of his other *rôles*. His reading of the part was considered by many the best ever attempted in this country, but he did not *look* the melancholy Dane. Edwin Booth is, in all probability, the finest Hamlet that our country has produced. Yet this fact should not blind us to the many excellences of Forrest's portrayal. In many respects, his rendition and conception showed both the student and the artist. It is wrong to designate him as a mere physical actor. His appearance certainly gave rise to this assumption but his acting displayed intellectual supremacy. At the same time he could not be called an intellectual actor, as we now apply that term. He had studied Hamlet carefully at a very early age, and the conclusions he came to in regard to it were the results of long and serious reflection. He rejected the current notion which represents Hamlet's madness as pretended; but he showed that those very pretensions to insanity were a symptom of the disease. For him the young prince was a real man, and this conception was perfectly satisfactory to his audiences. In the scenes where Hamlet's madness seemed most apparent, Forrest rose to a pitch of ineffable grandeur; yet the general tone of his acting was partially devoid of the philosophical melancholy which has since charmed us in other renditions.

Forrest made his second appearance in England in February, 1845. On this occasion he was greeted with hisses and groans. His enemies, among others Macready and John Forster, had done their best to prejudice the English public against him, and they were successful. Yet he still had friends, not least of whom was the eminent critic, Douglas Jerrold, whose praise was as hearty as it was sincere.

In Richard III., and Macbeth, Forrest found two more characters with which he could enter into sympathy. His idea of the crooked-backed Richard

differed, in many points, from the traditional one; but his characterization was towering and bold. While he lessened the physical defects of Richard, he presented a conception that was eminently realistic. As Macbeth he was still more successful; this was one of his greatest parts. The English spoke of it as a masterly portraiture of the irresolute, ambitious, and guilty Thane, distinguished by those exquisite touches which mediocrity can never reach. The delivery of his portion of the dialogue in a whisper, after the murder was committed, was a bold and original thought, skillfully carried into execution.

The most lamentable period in Edwin Forrest's career was the month of May, 1849, when the riot in which he held, unfortunately, a prominent part, took place. We need not again go over this sad event, with which all Americans are familiar. Suffice it to say that it originated in the quarrel between Forrest and Macready, each actor being sustained by opposing factions. On the night of the 10th of May, 1849, a riot ended the performance at the Astor Place Opera House, which resulted in the death of thirty men. Neither actor had looked forward to this terrible slaughter and certainly Forrest could not be held in any way accountable. Macready had behaved injudiciously, but for more he was not responsible. In the words of another, let us add: "Peace to the memory of those who fell; let us not judge harshly of the dead."

We will pass over in silence that painful episode in Forrest's career known as "The Forrest Divorce Case." In this case both husband and wife accused each other of misconduct. A verdict, however, was given in favor of Mrs. Forrest, and, besides receiving an alimony of three thousand dollars a year, she was declared innocent by the jury. The trial ended in January, 1852, but its consequences remained with the principal sufferer until the end of his life.

In the month of September, 1855, Forrest appeared for the first time as Claude Melnotte, in Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons." The occasion was memorable, for the cast composed another great name which is now held in as high esteem as that of Forrest: Charlotte Cushman. The performance was an admirable one, although no one dreamed that Forrest could play Claude Melnotte. Speaking of this performance, a critic says: "We have witnessed the representation of this play in almost

every city of the Union, . . . but never saw any one to approach the Claude of Mr. Forrest."

In the year 1860 Forrest accepted a very liberal offer from Mr. J. M. Nixon, to perform one hundred nights in the principal cities of the Union. In 1861 and 1863 he played two engagements in Philadelphia. All of these engagements were immensely successful, and greatly enhanced the actor's reputation throughout the world. Later on he visited California and different States of the West, and at every point won the most flattering triumphs. His last great engagement began in Philadelphia, at the Walnut Street Theatre, October 2d, 1871. From this date until the 18th of March, 1872, he acted in fifty-one different towns and cities, playing five nights out of the week. An enormous amount of energy was required in order not to break down under such a strain. Forrest himself once laughingly remarked: "Why, I part with more vitality in one performance of Lear than would keep an alderman alive for a lustrum." On another occasion these suggestive words, at once grave and touching: "I have wept more over the wrongs of Lear and Othello, within the last ten years, than I have ever wept before in my life." The last appearance of Edwin Forrest before the public was as a reader, and took place in Boston, Saturday, December 7th, 1872.

The writer of the present article bears in pleasant remembrance a visit he once paid to Mr. Forrest, many years ago, in company with an intimate friend of that gentleman, Mr. John Russell Young, the eminent journalist. It was a Sunday evening in autumn, and the old mansion, which is now the Forrest Home, stood drear and still in the moonlight and the mist. The stalwart tragedian himself opened the door, and conducted his visitors into the long, wide drawing-room. Owing to some reason the gas was not lit and the large apartment remained but dimly illumined by a solitary lamp. Standing as it did, however, upon an antique carved desk near to Mr. Forrest, it served to project his massive features upon the gloom, until they glowed there like a vast rich cameo. Here, beneath the inspiration of a bottle of champagne enshrined in cobwebs, Mr. Forrest gave the results of his memory full flow, and poured the rich music of his voice through the silence of our young and enthusiastic attention. Much that he then said has of course passed from his visitors' memory,

obliterated by the thousands of other records made by the furrowing years. Yet there was one criticism made by him which sank indelibly. It was with reference to Miss Bateman, who at that time was creating her first great mature success as Leah. While not denying that the young actress possessed talent he thought that the good phases were spoiled by the bad. He disliked her interpretation of the scene where she is accused of receiving money. He declared that her intonations where she exclaimed, "Money? What money!" were the furthest possible removed from tragic intensity, and reminded him of nothing so much as a fishmonger haggling over a price. This was the only remark approaching severity that passed his lips. Much of his discourse had reference to his ideals of a play based on the character of Cromwell, a theme admirably suited to furnish a powerful drama. No satisfactory drama on that subject had ever been constructed for him, and he expressed himself anxious to possess one.

The concluding events of Mr. Forrest's life are so recent and so well known that they need scarcely be dwelt upon here. He had hosts of admirers, but very few bosom friends, and these clung to him with pertinacity. Among the most faithful, the most unwaveringly enthusiastic of them, was Mr. John W. Forney, who never ignored any proper occasion to do public or private homage

to the great actor's genius and personal worth. Still, the last years of the American tragedian's life were as lonely as they were sad. The love of the stage flowed through his soul as passionately as the red river of his life surged through his body; yet, as the years rolled by he was compelled to witness his popularity depart, like some mocking phantom, and he whose mere name was once sufficient to crowd the precincts of a ticket office till thoroughfares became impassable, played night after night to a new generation that did not know how to appreciate him. Finally he took up readings, feeling heavily, perhaps, that the rostrum is to the stage but as "moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine." But the paralysis which had crept into his popularity crept also into his physique, and in his final months nothing was left of those robust and virile methods of interpretation which had been so eminently his own save that wondrous instrument, his voice, which was a genius in itself. His sudden and solitary death took place December 12, 1872, and four days after his remains were deposited in a vault of the old graveyard attached to St. Paul's Church. A New York critic said that he was a giant encumbered with an atom of genius. This was a mistake. His genius was a giant which his wonderful physique asserted into superb, adequate, and picturesque expressions.

SOME FORGOTTEN ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

If the old chroniclers are to be believed—and as a rule they are not—King Arthur was the first Englishman who sailed any great distance into the Northern seas; and although it must be confessed that the testimony borne to his travels is scant in quantity and far from unexceptionable in quality, that what there is is of the most decidedly thorough-going character cannot be denied. Take for instance the comparatively mild asseveration of the learned Doctor Galfridus Monumetensis, who, in his "History of the Kings of England," Heidelberg edition of 1587, calmly writes: "In the year of Christ 817, King Arthur, in the second year of his reign, having subdued all parts of Ireland, sailed with his fleet into Iceland, and brought it, and the people thereof, under his sub-

jection. . . . The winter being spent, he returned to England, and, establishing his kingdom in perfect peace, he continued there for the space of twelve years." This is certainly assured, but Master Lombard, in his "Testimonie of the Right and Appendances of the Crowne of the Kingdome of Britaine," goes further, for, after stating that "Arthur, which was sometime the most renowned King of the Britaines, was a mightie and valiant man and a famous warriour," he most unblushingly affirms that "his Kingdome was too little for him, and his mind was not contented with it. He therefore valiantly subdued all Scantia, which is now called Norway, and all the Islands beyond Norway, to wit: Island [Iceland] and Greenland (which are appertaining unto Norway), Sweueland,

Ireland, Gotland; Denmarke, Semeland, Windland, Curland, Roe, Femeland, Wireland, Flanders, Cherrilland, Lapland, and all the other lands and Islands of the East sea, even unto Russia (in which Lapland he placed the Easterly bounds of his Brittish Empire), and many other Islands beyond Norway, even under the North Pole!" This is coming it rather strong, even for an old chronicler, and modern skepticism leads one to include the account thus given of Arthur's Alexandrian progress toward and "even under the North Pole" in the same category with those other accounts in which the new King figures in company with Excalibar and the Knights of the Round Table. Mr. Tennyson might make an idyl out of it, but it wouldn't do to put in anybody's history of England. In like manner must we refuse credit to the voyage of Malgo, "who succeeded Vortiporius, which was the goodliest man in person of all Britaine, a prince that expelled many tyrants," and who, according to the veracious Monumetensis, "also obtained the government of the whole Island of Britaine, and by most sharp battailes recovered to his Empire the five Islands of the Ocean sea which before had bene made tributaries by King Arthur, namely: Ireland, Iceland, Gotland, Orkney, Norway and Denmarke."

Relegating Arthur and Malgo to mendacious shades, with a long step up through the centuries we come to the first genuine Arctic exploring expedition, which set forth from England in the year 1360, under the command of Nicholas de Lynna, a Franciscan monk, and "an excellent Mathematician of Oxford." That this voyage really took place, and was made purely in the interest of science, there can be no doubt, for it is vouched for by excellent authorities. Mercator, in a note to his General Map, states that "the description of the Northern parts" has been obtained from one, James Cnoyen, who, while in Norway in the year 1364, received full information concerning the Northern lands and seas from an English priest, resident at the Norwegian court, who, in turn, had derived his knowledge direct from de Lynna, "a Franciscan monk who had transported himself towards the pole by his magical art, described all those places that he saw and took the height of them with his astrolabe!" Master John Dee, in his "Discourse of the Brittish Monarchie," writes: "Anno 1360 (that is to wit in the 34 yeere of the reigne of the triumphant

King Edward the third) a frier of Oxford, being a good Astronomer went in company with others to the most Northern islands of the world: and there leaving his company together, he travelled alone, and purposely described all the Northern islands, with the indrawing seas: and the record thereof at his return he delivered to the King of England." There is something very wierd in this description of how the Franciscan, amidst the awful solitude of the icy North, endeavored "alone" to penetrate the then as now mysterious region surrounding the pole, and it is greatly to be regretted that no record—save that adapted into Mercator's map—has survived of the discoveries made by this most remarkable man.

Whoever may first have thought that a northerly passage existed between the Atlantic and Pacific, Robert Thorne, a merchant of London, was the first Englishman, according to Hackluyt, to put that thought plainly into writing and endeavor to have such passage surveyed and laid out as a regular channel of trade. In the year 1527, being then resident in Lisbon, he addressed a memorial to Henry VIII., in which, after descanting upon the natural and praiseworthy desire felt by every good sovereign to extend the boundaries of his realm, he continued: "Now, I considering this your noble courage and desire, and also perceiying that your Grace may at your pleasure to your greater glory, by a godly meane, with little cost, perill or labour to your Grace or any of your subjects, amplifie and enrich this your said Realme, I know it is my bounden duetie to manifest this secret unto your Grace, which hitherto, as I suppose, hath been hid—which is that with a small number of ships there may be discovered divers New landes and Kingdomes, in the which without doubt your Grace shall winne perpetuall glory, and your subjects infinite profite. To which places there is left one way to discover, which is into the North: for that of the foure parts of the world, it seemeth that three parts are discovered by other Princes. . . . And now to declare something of the commoditie and utilitie of this Navigation and discoverie, it is very cleere and certaine that the Seas that commonly men say, without great danger, difficultie and perill, yer rather it is impossible to passe, that those same seas be navigable and without any such danger, but that shippes may passe and have in them perpetuall cleerness of the day without any darknesse of the night: which thing is a great commo-

ditie for the navigants, to see at all times round about them, as well the safegardes as dangers, and how great difference it is between the commodities and perills of others which leese the most part of every foure and twenty houres the said light, and goe in darknesse groping their way. I think there is none so ignorant but perceiveth this more plainly than it can be expressed." Then, after referring to the manner in which the "Spaniards and Portugals" had dared all dangers, that of darkness included, in pushing their discoveries over the southern portions of the earth, he continues: "Which considered it will seeme your Grace's subjects be without activitie or courage in leaving to do this glorious and noble enterprise. For they being past this little way which they named so dangerous (which maybe two or three leagues before they come to the Pole, and as much more after they passe the Pole) it is cleere that from thenceforth the seas and landes are as temperate as in these partes¹ and that there it may be at the will and pleasure of the mariners to choose whether they will saile by the coastes that be cold, temperate or hot. For they being past the Pole, it is plaine they may decline to what part they list." The memorial then gives a glowing account of the great profit and honor which will accrue to the British nation if the scheme in it suggested is carried into effect: by reason of the time which will be saved in going to and returning from the countries upon the other side of the globe, and by reason of the new lands which will be discovered "situated betweene the Tropikes and under the Equinoctiall," wherein, without doubt, will be found "golde, precious stones, balmes, spices, and other things that we here esteeme most," and concludes: "By this it appeareth your Grace hath not onely a great advantage of the riches, but also your subjectes shall not travel halfe of the way which other doe, which go round about as aforesaid."

¹ It is not unworthy of note that the belief here stated touching the mildness of the climate in summer at a short distance from the pole, resulting from the constant presence of the sun, found other advocates. The same theory is maintained in Borne's "Regiment of the Sea" (published about 1577), and also by George Best—who sailed with Frobisher and ought to have known better—in a work published about 1578 to prove all parts of the world habitable. It was not until the publication of Blundeville's "Treatise on Universal Maps" that the absurdity of the proposition was demonstrated.

At the same time that Thorne sent his memorial to Henry, he addressed a letter to Doctour Ley, or Leigh, the "Kings Lord ambassadour" at the Court of Charles V. of Spain, in which at great length he set forth the details of his plan of operations. So very long, indeed, was this epistle that he felt constrained to conclude it in these words: "In other men's letters that they write they crave pardon that at this present they write no larger; but I must finish asking pardon that at this present I write so largely." His earnestness of purpose is well shown by the following extract: "So I judge there is no lande uninhabitable nor Sea innavigable. If I should write the reason that presenteth this unto me, I should be too prolix, and it seemeth not requisite for this present matter. God knoweth that though by it I shoulde have no great interest, yet I have had, and still have no little mind of this businesse. So that if I had facultie to my will it shoulde be the first thing that I woulde understande, even to attempte, if our Seas Northwarde be navigable to the Pole or no."

Henry seems to have been much impressed with Master Thorne's suggestion, and, acting in accordance with it, an exploring expedition was almost immediately sent into the north. Unfortunately but the barest mention of this voyage is made by contemporary chroniclers. Hall and Graston—both historians of the time—merely state that an expedition composed of "two shippes wherein were divers cunning men" set forth from out the Thames on the 20th day of May, 1527, but whether anything by it was discovered, or even whether it ever came back again, they omit to mention. Hackluyt, writing sixty years later, states that he "made great inquirie of such as by their yeeres and delight in navigation" might give him "any light to know who those cunning men should be which were the directors of the aforesaid voyage," but all that he could discover was that the expedition was commanded by a "canon of St. Paul's in London;" that one of the ships was called the "Dominus Vobiscum, which is a name likely to bee given by a religious man of those days;" that "sailing very farre northwestward one of the ships was cast away as it entered into a dangerous gulphe, . . . whereupon the other ship shaping her course towards Cape Britton and the coast of Norumbega, and oftentimes putting their men on land to search the state of those unknown regions, returned home about the beginning of October, of

the yeere aforesaid." Hackluyt is very naturally and very justly angered because of the paucity of information to be had concerning this voyage, and he inveighs strongly against the negligence of the writers of those times, "who should have used more care in preserving the memories of the worthie acts of our nation."

It is very certain that no important discovery was made by the clerical navigator, and his failure to light upon the short cut to the Indies seems for a while to have dampened the national spirit of enterprise; at least to have put a temporary stopper upon voyages to the North. Some twenty years passed by before another fleet sailed away from England towards the pole, and this time the expedition was not a national but a private enterprise, being undertaken by "the Myserie and Companie of the Marchants adventurers for the discoverie of Regions, Dominions and Islands, and places Unknownen." Of this comprehensive corporation Sebastian Cabot was chairman—or, as they then styled that kind of thing, "Gouverneur"—and by him exceedingly minute instructions were drawn up for the guidance of the admiral of the fleet; instructions covering not only the matter of navigation, but also the matter of trading with any friendly nations that might be discovered, and of stealing from the ships—if any such they were lucky enough to encounter—belonging to a foe. The general course was to be northeast until the Pacific was reached, and all persons skilled in writing on the several vessels, were to record very exactly the incidents and discoveries made during the voyage, and the cosmographers were directed to draw careful maps of the various coasts by which they passed. It was also charged that morning and evening prayer should be held daily in each ship; that no "blaspheming of God, or detestable swearing be used; nor communication of ribaldrie, filthie tales or ungodlie talke be suffered;" that "neither dicing, carding, tabling nor other devilish games be frequented;" all this to avoid "provoking God's most just wrath and sworde of vengeance." It was further ordered that the "sicke, diseased, weake and visited persons"—if any there should be—should be carefully tended and nursed, and in case of one of the party dying his effects were to be taken in charge by the "chief Marchant" and held subject to the claim of his family on the return of the fleet to England. In short, the expedition was to be conducted on truly Christian principles, even down to following out St.

Paul's injunction to be "all things to all men." One of the clauses commanded: "Item: disclose to any nation the state of our country, but to passe it over in silence, without any mention of it, seeming to beare with such lazarous rites as the place hath where you shall be." In other words: If a good trade can be got by going in and bowing down in the house of idols, then by all means go and bow!

On the 10th of May, 1553, the fleet, consisting of the Admiral ship *Bona Speranza*, the *Bonaventure*, and the *Confidentia*, under command of Sir Hugh Willoughby, Knt., sailed from Ratcliffe, and after sailing slowly along the coast, stopping at a half dozen havens to take advantage of favorable winds, finally got away to sea on the 2d of June. All went well until the 2d of July, when, being then off Finmarke, certain "whirlwinds" struck the squadron, driving them apart and separating the *Edward Bonaventura* from the fleet. The *Bona Speranza* and the *Confidentia* however, held together, and on the 23d of July a "Lowe land" was descried along which they coasted for several days, and finally, on the 2d of September—"the *Confidentia* being so full with bilge water and stocked"—they came to anchor in a haven running in from the sea about two leagues. In his journal Sir Hugh Willoughby writes: "Thus, remaining in this haven the space of three weekes, seeing the yeere farre spent, and the weather, as frost, snow and haile as had beene the deepe of winter, we thought it best to winter there," and the journal concludes with a statement that three parties were sent ashore in different directions into the land, each and all returned without discovering any people or any similitude of habitation." So, from all of their kind, far away in the bleakness of the cold and darkness of an Arctic winter, lay down upon the brave Sir Hugh Willoughby and his gallant men.

Three years passed by before anything was heard in England touching the fate of this portly expedition, and then the news came that the *Confidentia* of the Mocovie Companie had received intelligence that certain fishermen in Lapland had discovered two great ships, of which the crews were all dead, in a haven within their coasts. The ships were the *Bona Speranza* and *Confidentia*—every man on board them had perished with cold. In the journal of the sadly misnamed *Bona Speranza*, written in Sir Hugh's own hand,

the foregoing extracts are taken; the last being September 18, 1553.

Henrie Lane, writing to the worshipfull William Sanderson in 1586, says: "This [1553] the two shippes with the deade of Sir Hugh Willoughby and his people t unto by Master Killingworth," and he evident satisfaction that "much of the victuals were saved!" The ships themselves, with their entire crews, were lost on the homeward voyage.

Though the main body of the expedition thus perished, "the Myserie and Companie of merchants adventurers" did not lose money or investment, for the remaining ship of the *Edward Bonaventure*, commanded by Chanceler, Pilot-Major of the Fleet, had a very considerable success, brought in a fit, and opened a new and very satisfactory channel of trade. After the storm which the ships had subsided, Chanceler and his men were not a little troubled with cogitations and perturbations of minde in respect of the course, but they finally settled the matter by agreeing to continue onward towards the known part of the world for which they had finally set out from England. On this they sailed so far as to come at last to a place where they "founde no night at all, but a continual light and brightnesse of the Sunne clearely upon the huge and mightie Sea. Seeing the benefitt of this perpetuall light for many dayes, at the length it pleased God to bring them in a certaine great Bay, which was of many red miles, or thereabouts, over. Wherein they landed, and somewhat farre within it cast anchor. From fishermen who came out to the ships they learned that the country which they had discovered was called "Russia or Moscovie, and that Vasilwich (which was at that time their name) ruled and governed farre and wide places."

The remainder of Master Chanceler's discovery he enterprised on land, he having entered the country and visited "Mosco, the chiefe Citie of the Kingdome, and of the Emperor thereof," but his journeyings did not trend towards the north of the arctic circle, any account of which could here be out of place. In fact Master Chanceler's journal is somewhat prolix, and his conclusions made not wholly with judgment: as

may be inferred from the fact that he devotes considerable space to explaining that the Moscovits "use to ride with short styrrups;" that their "women paint their faces;" that "theyr moonks are marchants;" that they have "no lawyers, but every man is his owne lawyer," and describes at length "theyr ridiculous manner of marriage."

The result of the discovery of this rich country was of course an ample reward for the expense incurred by the merchants who had fitted out the expedition, and immediately upon Chanceler's return to England (1554) bringing with him the goods obtained in exchange for those which he had carried with him for barter, the Moscovie Companie was founded for the purpose of establishing a regular trade with Russia, and thenceforth there was a constant departure of ships to the north. The Pilot-Major had certainly missed his fire on a Northeast passage, but everybody seems to have been too well pleased with the result of his voyaging to twit him with having failed to achieve what he set out to accomplish. It was pretty well understood in those days among gentlemen adventurers that, while it was well enough to have some definite objective point advertised for each expedition that sailed away to sea, the real objective point was simply any place where money could be made: and if a fleet came home with plenty of treasure, no questions were asked as to whether said treasure had been obtained by the exercise of prudent premeditation, or whether it had been hit upon by mere blind luck: to ask whether it had been gained in lawful trade or unlawful thievings, never so much as crossed anybody's mind!

Satisfied with what had been attained, it was not until 1556 that any attempt was made toward fresh discoveries in the north. On the 23d of April in that year the pinnace *Serchethrift*, Stephen Burrough master, dropped down with the tide from Ratcliffe to Blackewall and after floating about from one port to another—as seems to have been the established custom among these ancient navigants—finally, on the 30th, got away to sea. The voyage to Norway was uneventful, and on the 7th of June the *Serchethrift* sailed out from Corpus Christi bay, and stood to the northward in search of new lands.

On Thursday the 10th, being then well up along the Russian coast, Captain Burrough sent one of his boats ashore, "she being leake and weake," to

be repaired by "the carpenter and three men more to helpe him," rough weather came on and it was not until Sunday that the party could get back to the ship. Their experience, meanwhile, was far from pleasing, for "all that time they were without provisions or victuals, but onely a little bread, which they spent by Thursday at night, thinking to have come aboard when they had listed, but wind and weather denied them: insomuch that they were faine to eate grasse and such weedes as they coule finde then above ground, but fresh water they had plentie, but the meate with some of them could scant frame by reason of their queazie stomackes!" The storm also endangered the ship, for "from Thursday at afternoone untill Sunday in the morning, the barke did ride such a roade sted that it was to be marvelled, without the helpe of God, howe she was able to abide it."

This peril passed, the Serchethrift bore to the north during the remainder of June, being accompanied during the greater part of the time by a friendly Russian named Gabriel, who—leading with his own vessel—acted the part of coast pilot. On the 21st of July, having then reached the 68th degree of north latitude, heavy ice was encountered, which rapidly closed around the ship and rendered navigation extremely dangerous. "Within a little more than half an hour after we first saw this yce," writes Burrough, "we were inclosed within it before we were aware of it, which was a fearefull sight to see: for, for the space of five houres, it was as much as we could do to keep our shippe aloofe from one heape of yce and bear roomer from another, with as much winde as we might beare a coarse." For several days this unpleasant state of affairs continued, and then the ice broke up and drifted to the southward. But scarcely had the ice disappeared when another trouble came upon them, for "on St. James his day the shippes companie was thrown into a state of mortal terror by reason of a monstrous whale, so near to our side that we might have thrust a sword or any other weapon into him." Thrusting weapons into him seems to have been about the last thing that they thought of at the time, for after much "musing" as to what manner of attack would be most like to free them from the danger, Burrough struck upon the original plan of assailing the enemy with the proverbial three hearty British cheers! Says he: "I called my companie to gether and all of us showted, and with the cry that we made he de-

parted from us. . . . God be thanked, & quietly delivered of him!"

Off Nova Zembla, on the 28th, the Serchethrift fell in with a Russian vessel commanded by a gentleman bearing the pleasing name of I. Loshake came aboard, and—with other information—acquainted Burrough with the fact that "in this Nova Zembla is the highest mountain in the world." The Englishman evidently thought that his Russian friend was rather pushing for he gravely adds: "but I saw it not,"—in vision which is scarcely, under the circumstances, to be wondered at. The day before this encounter took place the expedition reached its northern limit, having on that day, July 28th, attained to 70° 42' of north latitude. There was nothing at this time to prevent them from continuing their northerly course, but Master Burrough was a prudent man, and reflecting that the season being far advanced, while there was still trouble in getting in, there might be a worse deal in getting out, he gave the order to put about and from this time the prow of the Serchethrift pointed southwards. The wisdom of this decision was soon rendered manifest, for on the night of the 1st of August there was a "cruell storme" of wind and rain which continued throughout the day, and during the remainder of the month storms were frequent.

On Monday, the 3d, Burrough again encountered his quondam acquaintance, Loshake, and that worthy accompanied him ashore "to see the idols of the Samoyds," and there pointed out to him a heape of the Samoyds' idols, which were in number above 300, the worst, and the most unworkmanlike that ever I saw; the eyes and mouths of sundry of them were bloody, they had the faces of men, women and children very grossly painted, and that which they had made for other purposes was also sprinkled with blood. Some of the idols were an olde sticke with two or three blades made with a knife in it." With heathe blindness was so profound as to permit him to look down to such extremely mean specimens of work and stone as these, good Master Burrough with patience, and he therefore departed from the coast with all possible expedition; his departure being somewhat hastened by extraneous circumstances, for he states that "on Wednesday a terrible heape of yce approach neerer, and therefore we thought good with all speed

to depart from thence: and so I returned to the westwards again." On the 7th another "cruell storme" was encountered, which continued for two days, and on the 19th they got into a regular hurricane, "the like of which we have not seen since we came out of England." So fierce was the gale that it seems to have been about an even thing whether the poor Serchethrift would ever get into port again, for Burrough writes: "It was wonderfull that our barke was able to brooke such monstrous and terrible seas," and he adds that "without the great helpe of God, who never faileth them at need that put their sure trust in him, we would never againe have seen the lande."

And now, the 23d of August, as "the nightes waxed darke, and the winter began to draw on with his stormes," the course was shaped for Colmogro—where the vessel was to winter¹—and "the Lord sending a little gale of winde at South," good way was made toward that port, where on the 11th of September the stout little pinnace dropped her anchor, and her crew were at rest!

¹ The next spring—May 23, 1557—the Serchethrift was dispatched in search of the missing ships belonging to Sir High Willoughby's ill-fated expedition that left England in 1553; but, as has been previously stated, these vessels were discovered in 1556, and were sent home by Master Killingworth, agent of the Moscovie Companie at Mosco; so the voyage of the Serchethrift was abortive.

There is no lack of material to continue this article indefinitely, but prudence bids me cease; for in these latter days when the world has so many live heroes that it does not know what to do with them all, it is perhaps indiscreet to unearth those of a bygone age and demand for them fresh homage; and it is certainly indiscreet to unduly, or at intemperate length urge forward their claims. God rest them, those brave old sailors who so well wrought out their allotted tasks three centuries ago; who so fearlessly voyaged to the very ends of the earth in cockle-shell boats that a modern navigator would be afraid to cross a mill pond in; who dared dangers and overcame difficulties from which the bravest and stoutest might well have shrunk back in fear, and who, in almost every scheme in which they engaged finally conquered by that sheer main strength and indomitable pluck which seem to be every Englishman's inalienable birthright. In our day it is all but impossible to appreciate their daring. Faithful below they did their duty to their country, their king, and their God, and if there is such a thing as justification by works, surely they, at least, will

—find pleasant weather
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call Life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands!

LAVENDER.

How prone we are to hide and hoard
Each little token love has stored,
To tell of happy hours:
We lay aside with tender care
A tattered book, a curl of hair,
A bunch of faded flowers.

When Death has led with pulseless hand
Our darlings to the silent land,
Awhile we sit bereft.
But time goes on; anon we rise,
Our dead being buried from our eyes,
We gather what is left.

The books they loved, the songs they sang,
The little flute whose music rang
So cheerily of old:
The pictures we have watched them paint,
The last-plucked flower, with odor faint,
That fell from fingers cold.

We smooth, and fold with reverent care
The robes they, living, used to wear;
And painful pulses stir,
As o'er the relics of our dead,
With bitter rain of tears, we spread
Pale purple lavender.

And when we come in after years,
With only tender April tears
On cheeks once white with care,
To look at treasures put away
Despairing on that far-off day,
A subtle scent is there.

Dew-wet and fresh we gathered them,
These fragrant flowers,—now every stem
Is bare of all its bloom.
Tear-wet and sweet we strewed them here,
To lend our relics sacred, dear,
Their beautiful perfume.

That scent abides on book and lute,
On curl, and flower, and, with its mute
But eloquent appeal,
It wins from us a deeper sob
For our lost dead—a sharper throb
Than we are wont to feel.

It whispers of the long ago,
Its love, its loss, its aching woe,
And buried sorrows stir;
And tears like those we shed of old
Roll down our cheeks as we behold
Our faded lavender.

ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS, AS SEEN IN THE RELIGIOUS EDIFICES OF THE WORLD.

BY REV. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, D.D., LL.D.

II. GREEK ARCHITECTURE.

A TRAVELLER who would suddenly pass from a court or an inner cloister of an Egyptian, to the front of a Greek temple, would find that he had



ANCIENT GREEK MASONRY.

left sombre gloom, heavy massive members and quaint strange figures behind him, to gaze on a structure which was complete in the unity of its design, harmonious in the arrangement of its details, while the whole appealed to the spectator as an ideal of purity and beauty. The architecture of Greece, which reached its perfection in her temples, has extended over every land that was affected by Greek civilization, and it has continued to influence society in modern times wherever taste and culture prevail.

Before entering on a detailed description of the several styles which prevailed in Greece, it may be observed that as the darkness and mystery of Egyptian art have found their prototype in the cavern, and the forms of Chinese buildings can be traced to the tent of the Tartar, so Greek art has been traced to its origin in the rude and simple hut.

Among the cultivators of the soil a shelter from the elements was needed, and the process was as easy as it was obvious to drive stakes or the boles of trees into the ground to sustain the roof, and thus the origin of the column is determined; the beam resting on the heads of the columns became the architrave, while the capital was introduced in the form of a flat surface on the heads of the columns to form a bed for the crossbeam to rest on.

The base would naturally be introduced as a means of elevating the column so as to save it from the dampness of the soil. The joist of the roof rested on the architrave, the frieze being the space which they occupied in height; and as taste prevailed the ends of the joists were ornamented and called triglyphs or channels. For a considerable time the spaces between the rafters were left open, but afterwards they were filled up. The inclination of the rafters made the pediment or apex of the



LATER, THOUGH ANCIENT, GREEK MASONRY.

gable, and the elevation of the pediment was determined by the slope of the roof, which was usually low in consequence of the infrequency of rain in the fine climate of Greece.

It is difficult to fix the exact period when architecture in Greece may be said to have reached the condition of art. In fact it is impossible to do so now, as it is evident that every department of art is perfected by slow degrees; and many must have toiled in Greece as builders before the minds of

workmen began to recognize the forms and members of edifices which were worthy of adoption, and which in time became stereotyped into a particular style. Even in the time of Homer, the builders of his age had not adopted a uniformity of style. With Homer, style is not so much a matter of importance as material and magnitude, for he attaches far more importance to the polished stones of the palace of Alcibiades than he does to its style or form. Little is known of the buildings of this early period, the principal remains being circular walls around the sites of primitive towns and palaces, showing a peculiar arrangement of stones known as Cyclopean. These remains may still be seen in Greece, in Southern Italy and

in Sardinia, as the Greeks carried their habits with them into their different colonies. In these buildings the stones are not laid in courses, but in their natural shapes they are piled on each other, and by means of smaller stones the interstices are filled up so that the wall presents a regularly compacted external surface. A later style may be seen in which courses have been adopted, but in both

these periods there is an absence of mortar, and the antiquity of both is obvious to all spectators, as their rudeness indicates the work of an early age. The Doric order was doubtless the earliest of the Greek styles, but no reliable testimony can be found that will settle the period of its adoption.



THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.

It has been held that at an early age an influence from Mesopotamia had reached Greece, and as a result, an Eastern mode of ornamentation began to extend; but on the settlement of the Dorians, who brought with them a refined and critical taste, the elaboration of the East gave way to the chaste simplicity and grandeur subsequently developed in the Doric style. The name has led some to enter-

tain the belief that it was invented by Dorus, the son of Helen and king of Achaia and Peloponnesus, but the coincidence of the names does not settle the matter. It has been traced to the temple which this prince built at Argos to the goddess Juno, but it is probable that the example of the Dorians in holding to this style affected



A DORIC CAPITAL.

other parts of Greece, and that in consequence of its great simplicity and the striking harmony of its parts it rapidly spread among the founders of the temples which were erected in other parts of Greece. The earliest remains in this style are at Corinth, and the only difference between the structures of the primitive and the later builders is to be found in the proportion of the members, the columns in the older edifices being only four times their diameter in height.

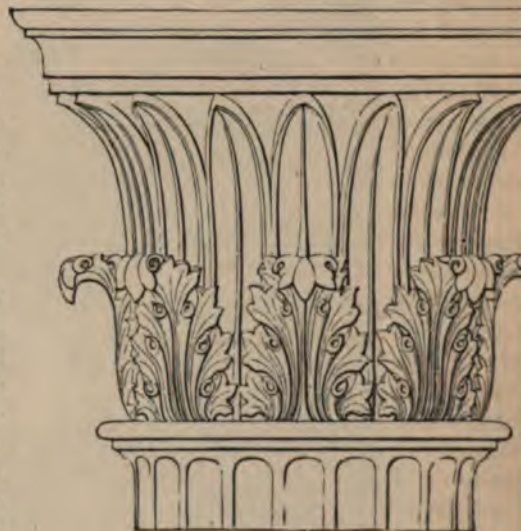
It is almost certain that the Doric attained to the condition of a style before the Ionic was perfected. It has never been settled, and cannot now be determined whether the Ionic style originated in Greece and was carried over the Ægean into Asia, or among the Ionians themselves. At any rate it is certain that in Ionia it assumed a form of delicacy and beauty which formed a marked contrast with the heavier and sterner Doric; and it is no wonder that among the Greeks, to whom beauty of form



HALVES OF IONIC CAPITALS.

and grace appealed with great power, this style of it, originated in Ionia, should have speedily been

adopted in Greece. The third style, that Corinthian, is traced to Callimachus, who to have introduced the leaves of the acanthus into the capital, and thus produced the luxuria of that order. The tale is well known records the adoption of this florid style by Callimachus. A nurse who mourned over the death of a young girl, had carried a number of tiles to her grave in a basket which she covered with a tile. The basket had been placed on an acanthus plant which grew up, the leaves expanding fully, and those at the corners of the tile entered it in the form of "volutes," thus presenting an object of rare beauty. The appearance of the basket and the leaves suggested to Callimachus the idea of a graceful capital, which he adopted as it was at Corinth that the incident occurred, and the style thus completed took its name from the city. Unfortunately this somewhat graceful capital has no foundation in fact.



AN EARLIER CORINTHIAN CAPITAL.

Before proceeding farther it may be drawn the attention of the non-architectural reader to an accompanying ground plan (page 180) will show the usual forms of Greek temple position of the columns in the different styles, and the scientific terms by which they were known.

A temple in *Antis* had two columns at the entrance end, while the ends of the flanking colonnade terminated on a line with the columns, and the pediment or apex of the gable was supported on them. The *Monopteral* building had

chamber, and but one row of columns, whether the building was circular or not. In the *Prostyle*

life, and the monuments which aggrandized the State, were evidences of the greatness of the individual. On the other hand, in modern times, society aims at the welfare of the individual and the family. In Egypt and in Greece families and individuals lived for the State, and



A FLORID CORINTHIAN CAPITAL.

form, the columns of the portico stood in advance of the building, while the *Amphi-Prostyle* had columns at each end, but not at the sides. In the *Dipteral* form a double row of columns ran across each end and along the sides, while the *Pseudo-Dipteral* wanted the inner row of columns. The *Peripteral* had an inner cell and a range of columns all around, while the *Hypæthral* was *Dipteral* as to the columns, but there was no roof over the cell or inner chamber.

The beginning of the sixth century before Christ has been recognized as the period when the Doric and Ionic orders were fully developed, and many buildings were erected about this time, among the most important being the temples of Olympic Zeus or Jupiter at Athens, of Apollo at Delphi, both being of the Doric order, and the temple of Diana at Ephesus, in the Ionic style. Temples were raised in the different States of Greece in great numbers during this period, and the little republics vied with each other in their efforts to display their culture and their wealth. No efforts were spared to provide adequate means for erecting these costly monuments, for the condition of society then was such that all the people lived for the support and glory of the national

hence it has come to pass that the national monuments of both lands yet remain, though in ruin, to attest their former magnificence; while of the habitations of the citizen not even a fragment remains. Rulers, artists and priests combined to extend the enthusiasm of the people, which spread to the islands in the Ægean sea, and extended to all the towns and cities in Asia, as well as to the Greek colonies in lower Italy and Sicily.



CORINTHIAN COLUMNS, STILL
STANDING AT EPHESUS.

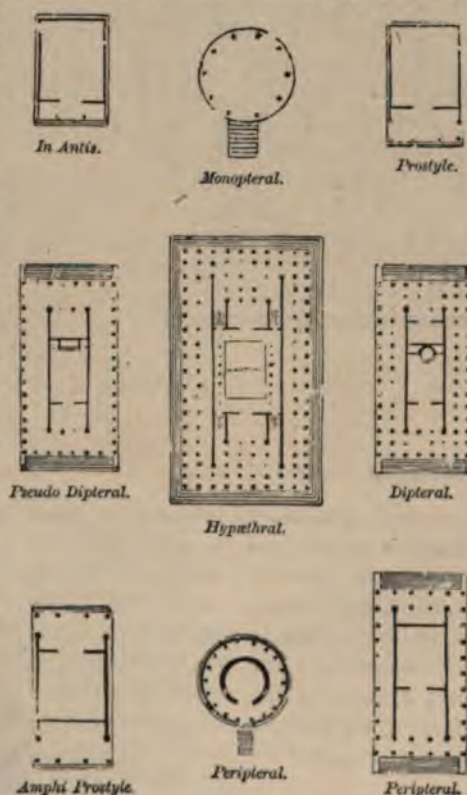
In these lands some of the most famous of all the structures of that age still remain. Pæstum in Southern Italy was founded five hundred years B.C., and shortly after the building of the city the vast temples were commenced which still remain, though considerably dilapidated, and which attest the boldness of design, the command of enormous resources, and the advanced culture

of the people who erected these great structures. At Pæstum (originally Posidonia, now Pesto), which lies in a plain adjoining the Gulf of Salerno, on the west coast, the remains of the great Doric temples still form the chief attraction to the educated traveller, after leaving Naples and Vesuvius. One of these, dedicated to Neptune, is a *hypæthral* building about two hundred feet long by eighty feet broad. Architecturally it is described as *hexastyle* and *peripteral*, having fourteen columns on each side, and six on each end. In the thickness of the wall which separates the inner portico from the body of the temple are steps which lead to the roof. The roof extends along two sides of the building, the centre being open or *hypæthral*, and the roofs on either side form a gallery and a roof. Thus,

at the height of the level of the walls is a gallery running along the two sides of the building, and supported by columns placed eight feet from the walls. Above this gallery is another set of columns reaching up to the highest point of the sloping roof. Another temple remains, which is hexastyle and peripteral, having thirteen columns on each flank. It is over one hundred feet long by about fifty feet wide, the columns being somewhat more than four feet in diameter and about twenty feet high. Another structure remains, the walls being gone; but a basement of one hundred and eighty feet long by eighty feet broad, showing that Doric columns ran along the

front, and that eighteen stood on each side, has led to the conclusion that that the edifice was a colonnade, roofed over, but open on either side. The greatness of Pæstum may be judged by these ruins. While, as Eustace, in his "Classical Tour," has said, in allusion to the city, its walls, and the scene around, "within these walls that once encircled a populous and splendid city, now rise one cot-

tage, two farm-houses, a villa and a church. The remaining space is covered with thick matted grass, overgrown with brambles spreading over the ruins or buried under yellow undulating corn. A few rose-bushes flourish neglected here and there and still blossom twice a year, in May and December, as if to support their ancient fame, and justify the descriptions of the poets. Amid these objects and scenes, rural and ordinary, rise the three temples, like the mausoleum of the ruined city, dark, silent and majestic." That the Greek colony in southern Italy had erected such edifices as these is an ample demonstration of the fact that their civilization had attained a wonderful degree of culture, of wealth, and of public spirit; and yet, imposing as these temples were, they yield to others that the Greeks in



PLANS OF GREEK TEMPLES.

Sicily had raised in several of their settlements. At Agrigentum, on the Southern coast, the fragments of walls and works in the basement remain of a temple which was undoubtedly one of the most imposing that even the magnificence and energy of antiquity had aimed at founding. Descriptions of the temple exist, and from these and from the researches of modern architects it is known that this building was about three hundred and seventy feet in length, a hundred and eight in breadth, and a hundred and twenty in height to the top of the portico, while the columns were upwards of sixty feet high. It was a Doric *after* temple; that is, the columns on the flank had the

spaces between them filled in with walls, and this was done, no doubt, because the spaces between the columns being thirty feet, no stones could be found long enough to reach from column to column to form an architrave.

The columns were of the enormous diameter of thirteen feet, and about half of their thickness projected out of the wall. The stones used for the capitals were twenty tons in weight, and on the inside of the walls were

flat pillars or pilasters twelve feet broad, corresponding in place with the pillars outside. Internally the area was divided into three parallel longitudinal portions, resembling the nave and aisles of a Gothic church, the central division being loftier and wider than the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral

and they supported another massive entablature at the height of a hundred and ten feet from the



TEMPLE OF MINERVA, AT CORINTH.



TEMPLE OF JUPITER (RESTORED) AT AEGINA.

in London. Right and left on the walls of this were sculptured figures twenty-five feet high,

ground. Such were the leading features of this temple erected by a people who were said to have "built as if they were to live forever, and who feasted as if they were to die on the morrow." Elsewhere in Sicily a similar loftiness of conception and affluence of means enabled the Greeks to vie with the inhabitants of Agrigentum. Thus, at Selinus, on the south coast, the remains of a temple supposed to have been dedicated to Jupiter Olympus, are of gigantic proportions. Three temples appear to have been erected on the hill on which this vast structure stood. The length was about three hundred and thirty feet, the breadth about one hundred and sixty-five feet, and it had seventeen columns on each flank, the style being Doric and hypæthral or open to the air in the roof.

Turning to Greece proper, it is well known that art attained the summit of its perfection after the close of the Persian war. When peace had been established, the necessity of rebuilding Athens became obvious, and thus moral and social causes combined to produce the number of splendid temples and other edifices which at Athens and elsewhere were erected. Liberty, love of country, and ambition, had raised Athens to be an acknow-

ledged centre of art, and thus after the repulse of Xerxes and the victory of Themistocles a general restoration of destroyed monuments began, which was continued until architecture, sculpture, and

the size of this memorable temple, the noblest monument of Greek art, and which has ever been accepted as the most perfect in this style. During this period the Ionic



TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE, PÆSTUM.

painting reached a perfection of form and beauty which had never been attained in any former age. To Pericles the Athenians were indebted for the temple of Pallas, on the Acropolis, and a gate called the Propylæa, which led to the Citadel. Much as had been done to reduce the Doric to perfection, it has been universally acknowledged that the Parthenon which, under Pericles, was erected by Ictinus and Callicrates, and adorned by the sculptures of Phidias, excels all former efforts of Greek art. It was about 228 feet long by 102 feet broad, and sixty-six feet high, having eight columns on the peristyle, and seventeen on each flank, the columns being six feet two inches at the base, and thirty-four feet high. Such was

found only in the interior of the Parthenon temple on the Ilyssus, and in the Erechtheion structure which is a union of the two styles, in one of which caryatids were introduced instead of columns.

From the time of Alexander the Great until the subjugation of Greece, the three styles of Greek art continued to prevail, but the Corinthian style was usually adopted in small edifices. In the Doric style, the proportions of the columns often varied. In the Ionic, the height of the shaft rose from four to six diameters at the base. In the Corinthian, the entire column, including the base, shaft, and capital, was about nine diameters in height. In the Corinthian column reaching to the entablature, the base taking up



PERICLES.

of a diameter, the capital a diameter and a third, thus leaving the shaft to be rather more than eight diameters in height. The volutes and the slender columns of the Ionic with its graceful entablature made the style much lighter than the Doric, while the leafy capital and lofty shaft of the Corinthian produced a richness of effect that, in after ages, was much sought after on the structures of the

were the Thesion, the Parthenon, and the Propylæum, in the Doric style; the Erechtheion, Panops, and Nike Apteros, in the Ionic order, and the temple of Jupiter Olympus, in the Corinthian style; at Eleusis, the Ceres and Propylæum, both Doric, another temple in the same style at Thoricus, and two, also dedicated to Nemesis, at Rhamnus. Olympia, Bassæ, Tegea, and Nemea had each a



THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS.

Roman period. In Greece proper, the edifices in the Corinthian order were usually smaller than those in the Doric and Ionic forms, but in monumental structures and buildings where great delicacy of the parts was required, such as the monument of Lysicrates at Athens, the Corinthian was adopted.

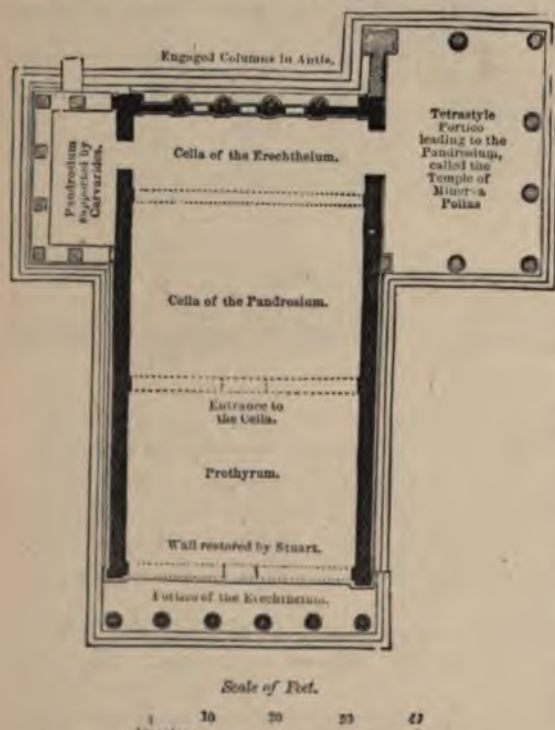
Our space forbids an attempt to enter on details in describing even the most important temples which adorned the lands affected by the spirit of Greece. An enumeration of the leading structures and an intimation of their localities and their styles must suffice. In Greece proper, and at Athens,

splendid Doric structure. Doric prevailed in Italy and Sicily in the great edifices erected at Pæstum, Agrigentum, Segeste, Selinus, and Syracuse. In Asia Minor the Ionic was adopted in the temples of Diana at Ephesus, Apollo at Miletus, Diana at Magnesia, Minerva Polias at Priene, Bacchus at Teos, and Juno at Samos.

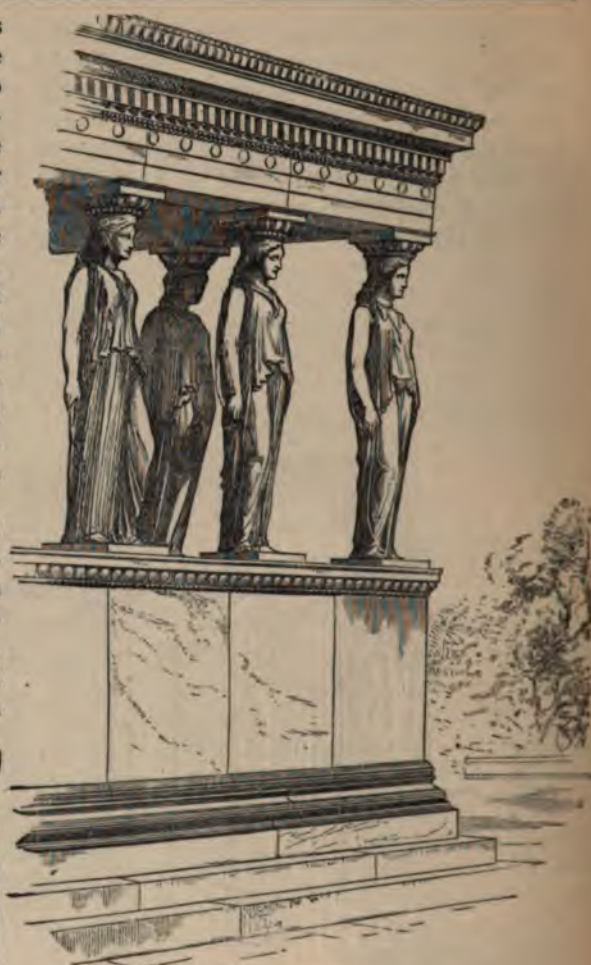
Greek temples require an elevated site to bring out the peculiar effect of their style. Placed on an eminence, their peculiar beauty stands out as the spectator contemplates the columns having the obvious purpose of sustaining the architrave and the roof, while all the parts combine to make up a

unit. Horizontalism, low pediments, columns near to each other, and a heavy entablature are Grecian characteristics which require elevation to bring out the effect of the edifice. In Greek temples the columns must be near each other because the size of stones to form the entablature can never be very long, and in this respect the Greek can never reach the width between columns that the arch enabled the Gothic architects to display. Simplicity of form and unity of the parts of Greek structures have always appealed to the cultivated mind as an ideal of beauty; while elevation, the upward range of the members, magnitude to any extent, solemnity and reverential awe, combined with great diversity, constitute the peculiar characteristics of the medieval style which yet remains to be described.

It is not to be overlooked if the reader would form a correct idea of Greek art, that foreign conceptions and ideas derived from external sources were never permitted to influence their great architects. The relation and harmony of the parts, size, ornaments, all were essentially Greek, and thus there was a blending together of details which



PLAN OF THE ERECHTHEUM AT ATHENS.



THE CARYATIDES.

produced a unity that secured a perfect plan. In Greek buildings construction was of stone for all the parts. Great magnitude was not so much aimed at as beauty of form and harmony of proportion. Much of the effectiveness of the Greek temple was produced by carrying out a principle which was directly the reverse of that which gives character and power to the Pointed Architecture of the Christian ages. The Greek temple had no windows, and the spectators looked on a dead wall behind the range of the columns which bore up the architrave and the low sloping roof. Behind the capitals, and underneath the architrave, there was an incipient shade, caused by the distance between the columns and the cella or temple house; and thus there was an idea of seclusion and separation, and a feeling of sanctity produced touching the

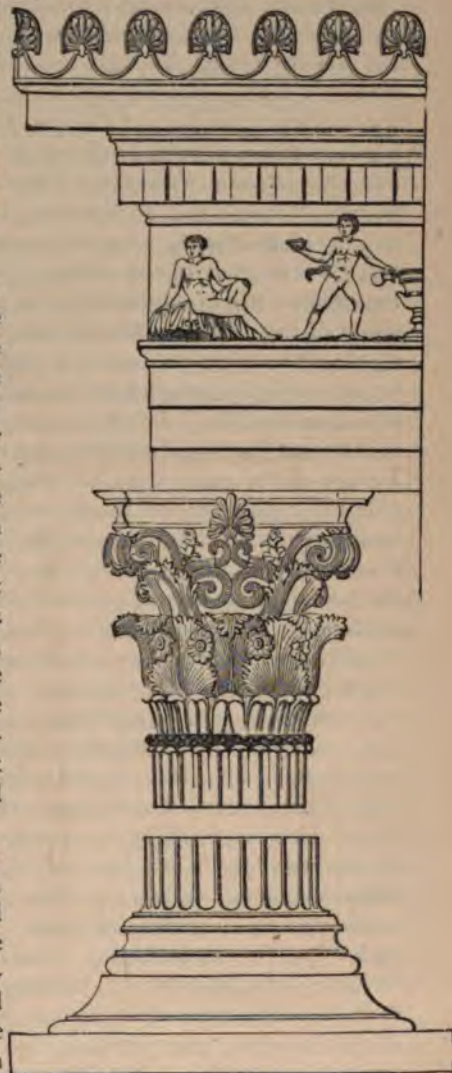


THE ERECHTHEIUM (RESTORED) AT ATHENS.

statue of the god or the goddess that might be enshrined within. The introduction of windows into the walls would have marred the effect of the structure, and, although there was a door under the pediment, yet the size of the opening when contrasted with the mass of the edifice attracted little regard. As the entrances of Egyptian buildings were conspicuous by their form, so in any Greek buildings when openings were introduced for light, the lintels of the windows were shorter than the sills, thus causing the side lines to lean inwards from the perpendicular, a principle which also prevailed in the forms of doors. Then, again, in consequence of the range of the low pediment, and the fact that even the most imposing temples were not lofty, the full effect of the Greek idea could only be realized when the edifice crowned a lofty summit, and the spectator beheld it from below. Much of the power of the Parthenon on the Acropolis, at Athens, and of the great temple at Corinth, placed on a similar elevation, was owing to their peculiar site. Placed in a hollow, and looked at from above, the Greek temple, though never presenting the appearance of meanness, would have failed to elevate the conceptions of the multitude.

Columnar architecture affected all classes of Grecian building. Of course, such structures as the Stadium, the Theatre, the Odeum, and others required for public uses by the community, were affected in their forms by the objects for which they were designed. The Stadium for gymnastic exercises was oblong in form, and the Hippodrome for chariot races was similar, but on a more extended scale. The Theatre was usually semicircular, the seats of the audience rising behind each other and facing the stage on which the performers were placed. The Odeum was smaller than the Theatre, and, as it was intended for music, it was covered with a

roof for acoustic purposes. Usually the slope of a hill was chosen for their site, the object being to save in the construction of the seats, and to secure a pleasing view in the distance beyond the stage. Even tombs had columnar adornments, while the basilicas or the halls of justice, the gymnasia for bodily training and mental exercises were all supplied with porticos under which the people might rest and enjoy the shade.

CORINTHIAN ORNAMENTATION.
From the Monument to Lysicrates at Athens.

BOB CHERIOT, ESQ.; OR, THE TRAGEDY AT CHELMSFORD.

BY WARREN WALTERS.

I INVITED Robert Cheriot, Esq., to Chelmsford to pass Christmastide. Chelmsford was my father's home in Lancashire. Emma and Angelica were the reigning deities of the place. My dear mother was sleeping in the quiet kirkyard, and my father was one of those quiet old gentlemen whose peculiarities are indigenous to the English nation. Mrs. Rulison, governess to Frank and Gertie, was the only other person beside myself who dined at the family table. It was two years since my mother's death, and my sire wished to celebrate the holidays after the old fashion, and had invited a great number of people to the manor—old friends and schoolmates with their full complement of wives and daughters. I, of course, had my friends and my sisters theirs. A goodly crowd there was, too. I was glad of this change, for at times I detected a little morbidness in the genial composition of my father. Bob Cheriot was the one of all others I desired to see, as I had not met him for four or five years, and he had just returned from a tour in America. Bob was quite the best style of a fellow one would wish to meet with. He and I were of the same class in college, inseparable "in the cups," on the race-course, at the battle, and over the precious little intellectual oil we consumed. It makes me glow when I think of those by-gone days, and it seems as if every character made upon this paper ought to dance at the mere recollection. Bob had saved me from "the Jews," carried me home when wine had caused my walk and conversation to be anything but correct. Bob had saved me from an almost certain death. God bless him! Bob had proved the best-hearted, loyal friend I ever had or expect to have among men. I do not think he was particularly brilliant in the way of studies, but his high spirits and bright manner gave him an *entree* into all men's confidence and regard, and made him a favorite with all of the opposite sex. I had, therefore, the liveliest anticipations of a thoroughly enjoyable time, and had unconsciously risen to a high pitch of excitement, and awaited his coming with feverish impatience. Bob Cheriot coming! What a thrill of emotion pervaded my thoughts. Father, Em, Angelica, Frank, and Gertie were thoroughly

impressed with accounts of Bob Cheriot, the best fellow in the world. The servants were incited to a proper reverence for Mr. Cheriot, the best horseman, hunter, and swordsman in the United Kingdom; and down to Tom, the rascally little stable boy, the most unbounded expectations were aroused. Bob coming! how his mellow voice would troll forth the rattling college choruses. What exploits and mishaps would mingle with the smoke of pipes and the fragrance of wine. How we would laugh and quote doubtful Latin and ragged Greek.

I drove to meet him at the Station with my best horses, and was about to turn away disappointed, as the passengers emerged from the coaches and he was not there, when a hand was placed on my shoulder, another extended to meet mine, and a subdued voice said: "Gus, my dear chum, I'm very, very glad to see your face again." I was amazed to hear that sentence, when I had arranged in my mind that I would be greeted with "Well, old fellow, I'm deucedly glad to lay fingers on you again," or "By Jove, Gus, its better than gold to see you." Bob Cheriot, *that* delicate, wasted, white-faced figure, robed in plain black clothing, without a single bit of jewelry, or one bit of color to relieve the pallid face! The blue veins were distinctly outlined on his small hands; his eyes were sunken and melancholy, while around them were sickly blue rings; the mouth once so expressive of all that was happy and cheery, was moulded in gentle, weary lines; his hair was brushed close to his head, where once it was wont to curl in profusion; the absence of a moustache, together with his attenuated frame, whose proportions seemed to have been chiseled down one-half, took away all semblance of my schoolmate. A morbid expression masked a once smiling face, and about the mouth were nervous twitchings. Was it opium or liquor, I thought; but I was too much bewildered to ask the reason of it all. I drove rapidly up the road to the house. As I thought of the impression I had created at home, I was quite embarrassed when I gave a sidelong glance at the figure by my side, whose whole appearance betokened a country curate. The youngsters came

shouting down the lane, evidently prepared to see quite the best of lively people. I explained to them that Mr. Cheriot was greatly fatigued, and they turned away disappointed. In the house the reception was much more cordial, as grown-up people are not so ready to undo previous anticipations. We had dinner, and yet this strange spell remained. After dinner and our allotted stay in the parlor he and I went to our bed-room. He touched neither wine nor tobacco I amazedly noticed, although I procured the finest brands of both in view of my friend's visit. I at once commenced to rehearse college anecdotes, and speak of old associates and associations, and for a time he appeared to brighten out of his sombre manner, but in such a different way from his old-time style. Instead of merry remarks, he coolly reviewed the past, pointed out errors in the system of education with the precision of a Dean, and turned every escapade and frivolous pastime into a subject for a homily; this, too, with a refined and forcible method so completely saturated with melancholy, that I was in doubt if the person before me was Bob Cheriot. It began to oppress me and wrought so upon my nerves, that I exclaimed:

"Bob, tell me, what have you been doing of late?"

He looked at me from his glittering black eyes, shook his head sadly, and replied:

"My life has been a dark stream, full of unsatisfied hopes and emptiness."

"Bob," I again exclaimed, "in the name of heaven what has changed you—are you suffering, and from what?"

Again those eyes turned towards me and seemed to search for a clue to the question, as he answered:

"Saul was possessed of an evil spirit—he had a David, and I—I have mine. Let us go to rest."

I was dreaming of a Mandarin dance in a joss-house, where the pig-tailed gentry, in the twinkling of an eye, were transformed into a host of kangaroos whose uncouth antics caused me much amusement. I was startled out of this comic sight by hearing Bob shriek:

"My God! Gus, what is that?"

He was seated upright in the bed, and by the dim night lamp I could see his eyes wild with terror. The palms of his hands were placed convulsively over his ears; his face was agonized and his whole body in a tremor.

"Do you hear it? Is it singing yet," he demanded before I had yet been quite clear it was not all a dream. Then I caught him by the arms and endeavored to move his hands, but he shouted, "listen." I did listen, while he kept his burning eyes fastened upon me. The night was quiet, and upon its bosom was borne a sad, wailing song, that quivered with lute-like clearness, and seemed now and then to moan like a distant surf. It was difficult to distinguish the words, but one verse, caught by reason of the greater energy of the singer, ran thus:

"Out, out are lights—out all!

And over each quivering form

The curtain, a funeral pall,

Comes down with the rush of a storm,

And the angels all pallid and wan,

Uprising, unveiling, affirm

This play is the tragedy Man,

And its hero, the conqueror worm."

I own to a sombre feeling, for the voice was charged with such intense passion that it was beyond the power of my nerves at once to allay it. I was not alarmed at the nocturnal music, but its melancholy close added no little to the excitement created by my friend's actions. I pulled the bell-rope, jumped from bed and turned up the light, and then again listened. It had ceased, and when I faced Bob I found him in a swoon, his face ghastly white, and bearing marks of intense pain. The servants by this time made their appearance, and were hastily despatched for medical assistance. The night passed on and morning found Bob able to walk about. I did not question him, as he had grown so sensitive that if you came upon him suddenly he started and gave signs of great excitement. A few days after this occurred I had occasion to drive to a neighboring town. As I expected to arrive home after midnight I left Bob to himself. He was in much better spirits than he had been since the memorable night. I drove off gaily, and shortly after midnight returned, had my "trap" stabled, and stole softly to my room. I glanced at my companion, turned to my bed, hastily undressed, and was soon soundly sleeping. It was broad daylight when I awoke, and called to my sleeping friend, "I say, Bob, it must be ten o'clock. Get up and let us take a stroll." No answer. I continued dressing, and again called. I stepped to the bed and shook the sleeper, all to no purpose. Pulling the bed clothing from around his neck, and shaking him more vigorously, I was

amazed to see how inert and rigid his limbs were composed. Looking closer, I discovered a narrow, red ring around his neck, and it flashed upon me then—Bob was dead! I shouted, rang the bell furiously, and in a moment had nearly all the male inhabitants of Chelmsford about me. They were astonished to see me half-dressed, leaning over poor Bob, hoarsely whispering: "Dead—Murdered!" Again the doctor was summoned, and his arrival established my fears. Yet it seemed too horrible. The doctor examined closely the red band around Bob's neck, and pronounced his death the result of strangulation. From the width and regularity of the mark it was surmised that some peculiar instrument had been used. Search was made throughout the premises, but nothing could be found by which such a mark could have been produced. When I sat down to think it all over I was overwhelmed. Robert Cheriot was dead and had come to his death by foul play under my own roof—it was too horrible.

The police and detectives made nothing out of the case, but asserted that some one in the house was guilty, either as principal or abettor. I could not bring myself to this conclusion for I could find no motive, but irresistibly the nocturnal singing was in some way connected with the tragedy. I tried to argue myself into the belief that poor Bob had himself committed the deed, but I could in no way then account for the red band around his neck. With what appliances could this have been made, and if Bob had wrought the work where was the instrument with which this mark had been made? No, it was not suicide but murder, I was thoroughly convinced, although Bob's melancholia favored the former theory.

Mathematics were my delight; in them I imagined I found the centre and basis of everything. Music, painting, sculpture, and everyday life found in my theory their groundwork in that exact science. Form, fancy and fact, were all but different shapes for figures—they were the *motif* of all things, and by them all things were solved. In them I found study and recreation, oftentimes amusing myself by forecasting from accident and life-tables the births, deaths and mishaps in my neighborhood. With this study in my thoughts it came across me one day that with the aid of figures I might find a solution to the dire tragedy at Chelmsford. Given a secret, the answer strongly desired, would my favorite study give me an in-

sight into its closed chamber? I was staggered at the thought, but rather than relinquish my pet hobby, I began to make a statement in algebraical symbols, somewhat in this form:

Let x represent the murderer.

Thus far I proceeded and came to a dead stop. Where was I to obtain the other parts of my theorem? I bethought myself of trying to enumerate those who were in the house liable to the slightest suspicion. Our guests and the family, after a most careful study of the probabilities, were not to be thought of for a moment. I then remembered the men-servants, and, although I could find no just reason to suspect them, for they had long been in my father's service, I put them down thus:

Let M represent Martin, the butler.

A represent Andrew, the footman.

a represent Alec., the driver.

T represent Tim, half-grown stable-boy.

R represent Robert, the gardener.

Tearing a card into pieces, I placed on each one of the initials as given above, and upon others plus, minus and equality signs. Before I was aware I became much enamored of my problem, and not at all listlessly arranged and re-arranged them on the table. After several changes, it flashed across me how foolish all this was, and, leaning back in my chair, I closed my eyes and inwardly laughed at my folly. For some moments I remained with my eyes closed, and when I unclosed them, I furtively glanced toward the cards lying on the table in the shape of an equation. I jumped from the chair as I read an answer to my problem which I never dreamed of, and before all other ideas came the thought that the cards told the truth. Here is what I read:

$$T + A + M + a + R = x.$$

Tamar was the given name of the governess!

Mrs. Rulison had attracted me not a little from the day I met her—a quiet, self-contained, intellectual woman, whose beauty was undeniable, notwithstanding a cruel mouth and eyes that seemed seethed in bitterness. In her society and conversation I found rare pleasure, for she was a fine conversationalist, and a woman with ideas. Her knowledge of books, and the doings of the present age, were not shallow.

With the revelations of the cards, as I before said, came the thought that she was indeed the guilty one; and reason with myself as I would I

could not rid myself of the idea. She and Robert Cheriot, as far as I knew, had never met, and I could find no motive for her participation in the crime. The suspicion was very distasteful to me, and utterly groundless, and I determined to throw it off. I belabored my mathematical whim with scorn and satire alike, but it was only mock passion, for under it all burned the feeling that she and she alone held the key to the mystery. Fight as I would against it, I found myself recalling her actions before and after the dread event. I questioned the maid who brought her the news, and learned nothing, since the maid herself was so agitated she had paid no heed to the emotions of the governess. I, too, had given her little attention at the time, nor indeed since, but irresistibly I found myself possessed of a strong desire to probe her heart, my reason at the same time asserting the absurdity of the suspicion. I would haunt her leisure moments and prove the falsity and folly of the premises. Unconsciously, the woman had interested me; with a little effort on her part, had she been so inclined, I would have taken a lover's place by her side.

The afternoon of the day following I found Mrs. Rulison in the library, and, seating myself by her side, engaged her in conversation, the latter part of which, however, being the only one with which I have here to do:

"May I ask, Mrs. Rulison, what you have been reading lately?"

"I have been re-reading some of De Quincey's *Essays*," she calmly answered.

"Then, indeed, have you been enjoying the felicities of well-chosen English." While speaking, I moved directly in front of the beautiful woman I was addressing, and resolutely looking into her eyes, asked between shut teeth, "What think you of 'Murder as a Fine Art?'" Something from within urged me to utter this in a cold, pointed manner—a tigerish instinct—although my reason and the half-acknowledged *tenderness* I bore the woman strove to choke down the brutal question. Before the interrogatory was half uttered, I was ashamed of myself, and conflicting emotions robbed my eyes of the acuteness with which I had resolved to watch the victim. My eyelids half-drooped, and instead of meeting her eyes, they caught naught but a little quiver of the lips. I was again urged from within to seek her eyes, which I involuntarily did, and whatever emotion

they had shown, if any, had nearly passed away as she quietly answered:

"I have no desire to cultivate the knowledge of such a study, 'fine art' though it be styled. Then, too, there is much truth in Pope's oft-quoted lines of the vice, first abhorred, pitied, and finally embraced."

"You do not think, I presume, Mrs. Rulison, that you would permit an operation of the mind such as he describes to lead you into the commission of a grave crime; say, for instance, would familiarity with the study of evil, lead you into the doing of a tragedy like that written within these walls not long since?"

"Oh, Mr. Augustus, you will oblige me by forever adjuring *that* dreadful topic," shudderingly gasped the governess, while in the study of her eyes I read a new-born hate and the knowledge of the fact that she felt that I connected her with the foul play.

Shortly after, Mrs. Rulison retired. When next I met her, I thought I discovered a new bearing towards me, and ere long I was so enraptured with it, that the hate I once imagined shone in her eyes was cast aside as easily as the old suspicion was driven to the wall. Each day found me more and more ashamed of my evil thoughts, and gentler feelings began to obliterate them from my mind. She discovered to me great taste in dress, and heretofore unknown capabilities for fine raiment. Her society was charming, and as a convert to my mathematical hobby she sought out and presented to me new arguments for my theory in musical structure that before I dreamed not of, for she was a thorough and ardent musician. I found her adapting herself to my every mood; her range of reading traversed fields unknown to me, and almost as a child I followed her through new ranges of thought. After the tragedy, my sisters fled to London, and their absence afforded me unlimited *tete-a-tetes*. "Tamar" came to my lips instead of Mrs. Rulison as the intimacy thickened. I laughed at my evil surmisings, and wondered how I had dared suspect so perfect and intellectual a woman. It was not, however, until the return of my sisters that I awoke to the true state of my feelings towards the wronged woman. They began to rail, half jestingly, at my preference and *tenderness* for Mrs. Rulison, and not until this did the scales fall from my eyes, and I found myself, as the result of three months' dangling about this beautiful and

accomplished woman, deeply in love with her. Yet there was something within me—some undefined and yet uncompromising mentor, that forbade the banns. Should I declare my intention to espouse Tamar, I well knew my father's opposition would follow, but that he would ultimately relent I had no manner of doubt, since my own mother was not the equal of my father in point of family. I allowed myself to drift on, not committing myself, but by association strengthening the bond between myself and Tamar. The presence of my sisters to some degree abridged the time we spent together, and I noticed Tamar applied herself diligently to gaining their affection and confidence. She went out of her way to draw them closer. I observed also, that in the matter of costume she must have expended every cent, if not more, and although she was as one of the family, I could not help thinking it would have been more becoming did she not outvie that of my sisters. Her toilettes were most charming, my sisters laughingly asserting that she was a disguised princess who had stolen into the family to carry off the heir.

I was surprised one day while walking in the grounds, to see Tamar in close converse with a tall, uncouth specimen of humanity. The man was no gentleman, I plainly saw, and Tamar's furtive glances around told me plainly that she desired no one to witness the interview. How long the interview lasted I did not find out, as I walked away, consoling myself with the thought that she would enlighten me in the evening. In this I was disappointed, and although the incident was susceptible of a hundred explanations, I could not repress my suspicious curiosity. I once thought to ask her, but with that suggestion came the thought that Tamar would not tell me the truth. I was startled to find the ease with which this disgraceful thought entered my mind—it took me unawares. I saw, too, that something about Tamar herself suggested it, notwithstanding the love I had for her. The next instant I scouted it, but what lover was ever so prone to evil thoughts as those? Not many days after this Tamar sought and obtained leave to visit London. I asked to accompany her, but she resolutely forbade it, up to the time I handed her into the coach. On her return, a few days later, she excused herself to me for some evenings on the plea of fatigue and headache. When she *did* quit her privacy, I was much surprised to see her in plain costume—just verging on

the precipice of shabbiness. Evening after evening she appeared in the same plain black dress. What had become of those marvelous combinations of color in which she was wont to array herself? I saw she still wore the neck-chain I had presented her upon her birthday, but with that exception she displayed no other jewelry. I alluded as delicately as possible to the change of plumage, but seeing the subject annoyed her, did not again refer to it. I longed to see her once more in "brave apparel," and dressed in becoming colors and unique jewelry. I began to blame myself for it, and argued that she had plunged herself in debt to dress in elegance; the man with whom she held an interview in the garden was probably sent out from a London house to collect a bill for her unpaid or partially unpaid for wardrobe; her visit to the city had resulted in the sale of everything to satisfy the claim. Another ugly suspicion here obtruded itself; she had calculated upon marriage before the debt fell due, and before I remembered I was her suitor, and such a thought was dishonorable, I found myself glad of possessing that birthright of every Briton—extreme caution and repression. I indignantly flouted this thought; but what manner of woman was this that constantly suggested such ideas!

Tamar's half year's salary as governess was due shortly, and I suggested to my father that so faithful and capable a lady should receive a larger salary, and it accordingly was increased, my father generously insisting that the increase should date from the last payment. My original intention had been to have taken her from such drudgery to my arms, but some fatality held me back. In the meanwhile her society grew to be more and more fascinating, and yet the impulse it gave me to at once claim her as my wife was as surely repulsed when I retired to the quiet of my own room. I deferred again and again the eventful question, although greatly enamored with her.

Once again I came upon her in conversation with the strange man, and this time I was so near that I heard him address her as "Mrs. Cheriot." My heart stood still at the revelation. Mrs. Cheriot! Could Tamar be the wife of my murdered schoolmate? If she were, then her complicity with the awful tragedy was almost a fact. Bob had never mentioned the fact of his marriage, and there *could* be other Cheriot's in the world, but argue as I would with myself, something impelled me to the conclusion that she was in some way

connected with the mystery. The revelation of my mathematical problem came more than ever distinctly before me. My manner to Tamar from this date began to change, and whereas once I was restless and unhappy out of her society, I now began to haunt my room and feel very much at ease, saving when my mind would revert to the tragedy of a few months ago.

Spring, with its balmy baths of air perfumed with the odors of many flowers, was heralded by the throstle and goldfinch from every bough, but my thoughts turned not to love. I still felt bound in honor to marry Tamar, and yet how could I give her my name while this dread suspicion hung over her—a suspicion I was not brave enough to give to another's keeping, or put to the test by asking the object of it to explain. I quoted to myself Carlyle's sentence, "How little do they see what it is, who frame their judgments upon that which seems."

I began to be a haunted man, and found my old spirits deserting me. My sisters rallied me upon the early indications I manifested of turning recluse and cynic, while Tamar battled with my seclusion and amiably received my *brusqueries*, although at times I imagined a depth of restrained viciousness in her eye which betokened smothered anger. I observed, too, that she grew pale and thin, was often distraught and easily startled. I thought, too, her gaits and efforts to arouse and amuse me were strained and unnatural. I, as well as the whole household, was startled one day near the close of her half year by the announcement that she was obliged to resign her charge from its effects upon her health, a statement borne out by her looks. The work was not fatiguing in an ordinary sense, and Tamar was treated more as one of us than a governess, but with all her freedom and comparatively short hours of duty, she looked "fagged out" and worthy of rest. She determinedly resisted my father's invitation to remain at an increased salary and shortened hours of labor, and even the pressing invitation to make our house her home. She required "change of place and new scenes," she averred. I began to reproach myself for her failing health and lassitude, and forced myself to propose correspondence during her vacation, my father having stipulated that she should resume her position as soon as she could regain her health; but I was scarcely surprised when she haughtily refused, and listless

scamp that I felt myself to be, I rather indulged the hope that she broke the engagement by this action, had I not been seized with remorse as I looked into her eyes and saw with pity the beautiful being before me. I clasped her in my arms, vowing to love her forevermore, to follow her with letters, and ending all by asking her to be my wife the following month. Her overwrought nature broke into tears, as she clasped her arms about my neck and I pressed burning kisses upon her beautiful lips. But she persisted in refusing me her address until such a time as she would write to me. In the glow of the moment and before recollections of Bob or her clandestine meetings could crowd upon me, I made known my betrothal to my father, whose startled ejaculation, "Thank God she's going," brought me to my senses again.

The day of her going came, and after privately bidding her adieu, she went out of the house with my kisses on her lips to bid me a formal farewell at the Station. Returning home with a feeling of relief, I must confess, Tom brought me a curious brass instrument, which he had found hidden under some shrubbery near the steps that led down from the front door. It appeared Mrs. Rulison's trunk had been clumsily handled, had fallen down the steps, breaking open and spilling the contents. The awkward men gathered up the articles as best they could, sprang the lock, and fearful of blame, had neglected to mention the matter. Tom was certain the strange instrument had fallen from her trunk—the supposition was entirely plausible. Before I placed my hands upon it I felt sure that fate had again interfered and placed another clue within my grasp. It was unlike any instrument I ever saw before, was elegantly made, resembling nothing so much as a pair of very strong calliper compasses, having at the pivot a curious combination of multiplying wheels, which caused the arms to close with terrible force. It was some time before I understood the use of the lever at the top, since the wheels, springs, and screw leverage were enclosed in a box. At first I imagined it was some new method of holding travelling wraps, and applied it to a large cushion from my lounge. After several turns of the lever, the arms leaped together with such force that it seemed as if the cushion must have been cut in two. At the exhibition of its marvelous contraction, drops of moisture stood upon my forehead; with a yell I started up and shouted, "This devilish contriv-

ance made the mark around Bob Cheriot's neck and caused his death." With this connecting link in my possession, it only remained for me to prove that it was the property of Tamar Cheriot.

Calling my servant I bade him drive me at once to the Station, and I followed Tamar by the next train to London, having previously telegraphed a detective to watch the train ahead for Tamar. Arriving in London some hours later, I was assured that I could be at once taken to her lodging. I was hurried on by a species of frenzy which would never be satisfied until I confronted the murderer, for such I felt certain Tamar Cheriot was. I resolved to meet her face to face, and being directed to the house to which she had been driven from the Station, I went straightway to it. I told the porter to announce me as "a gentleman friend." I entered the room, concealing with a smile, as best I could, my vengeful feelings. She gave a little joyous shriek and her face was irradiated with triumph. She was apparently almost beside herself that love for her had brought me so soon and so far to seek her. She was jubilant that I was so completely in her toils. Her conversation was wonderfully bright and blithe, her whole being seemingly thrilled with new-born hope. I fostered this gaiety as much as possible, and when at its height, I rose to my feet, drew the dreadful garrote from my pocket, saying:

"Tamar, murder is 'Fine Art,' indeed, but I did not dream you were its high-priestess."

With a piercing shriek she fell to the floor, the muscles of her face telling her secret, as they chased the radiant smiles and heightened color from her face.

A few words more close my story. She died before she was brought to trial. She confessed that she was once the wife of my friend, who had deserted her for an infidelity, of which, she averred, she was innocent, although appearances were much against her. I knew what complete desolation this caused Bob Cheriot, whose elo-

quent words were ever chanting the praises of true union, and whose chivalric soul entered into such an existence with bright anticipations of earth's completest happiness. I could conceive what ardor and æsthetic rapture he would bestow on the woman whose mind and person combined such graces as those of Tamar Cheriot. I knew what devotion he would lavish upon a noble woman, and how, like a goddess, he would hedge her life about with every luxury and comfort at his command. In my thoughts I traced the growing worship he gave his wife and the terrible reaction when his idol would fall from the pedestal on which he placed her. His proud nature touched to the quick, ever carried with him the gnawing secret, and when he heard of the birth of a son and its death within a few months, the once light-hearted man was changed into a misanthrope. In cool malignity Tamar followed Bob Cheriot to England, had the terrible instrument made in Paris, not despairing of using it on her victim some day. She it was, who sang Poe's ghastly poem in the stillness of the night, not dreaming that the requiem would reach our ears. She it was as well who stole into his room and applied the instrument, and with a few turns of the screw sent Bob Cheriot to his death. She also confessed that she was well-nigh persuaded to use it upon me before resigning her charge, believing me to have been trifling with her, had it not been for my proposal the day previous to her departure from the house. The man whom she met in the lawn was an American, who, in some way, had obtained power over her to extort money, which she paid him to hold his peace concerning some of her disreputable deeds in America. I never after saw her face, and her body lies in a desolate graveyard with a stone at its head, upon which the single word "Tamar" is graven. Locked in my cabinet is the death instrument, and whenever I feel tempted to marry I take it out, and, thinking on the tragedy at Chelmsford, all thoughts of marriage are put to flight.

LAFAYETTE'S LAST VISIT TO AMERICA.

BY REV. WILLIAM HALL.

THE beautiful ceremony and pageant of unveiling Bartholdi's fine statue of this illustrious friend of America, recently (September 6th) presented by French residents to the city of New York, was one of the most fitting and appropriate acts of the Centennial year. And it was one, also, that revives very forcibly in the breasts of old citizens the memory of his presence among us in 1824-25, as "the nation's guest." Many there are in every part of the land who then, as children or young persons, saw him and partook of the joy and enthusiasm of the grand ovation paid to the venerable hero as he returned to behold once more the scene of his sacrifices for liberty, in the great struggle of fifty years before. And how changed the scene that after such a lapse of time met his wondering view! The contrast was as great as that of the child and the man. "He left us," says a New York paper of that day, "weak, unorganized and tottering with infancy; he returns to us and finds our shores smiling with cultivation, our waters white with the sails of every nation, our cities enlarged, flourishing, and wealthy, and our free government, for whose establishment he himself suffered, perfected in beauty, unity, and experience." That happily-invited and lovingly-accepted visit to our shores was an historical event of lasting interest, and, viewed in its motives and national and moral aspects, was truly a sublime and most remarkable one. The sight of a great people, moved as by one impulse to tributes of love and gracious and grateful welcome to such a personage, coming from a distant land, after nearly a half a century's absence, to embrace them as it were with a father's heart, receiving the salutations of his ancient Revolutionary companions and of their children and children's children in every part of the land—where in the world's records do we find a similar event that can be at all compared to it in moral beauty and grandeur? His receptions in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and many other cities, during his stay in this country were a succession of joyous scenes, incidents, reunions, and recognitions to which neither pen nor pencil could do justice. The Marquis embarked for America about the middle of July, 1824, in the

ship *Cadmus*, belonging to the late William Whitlock, Jr., a well-known New York shipping merchant. He had declined the honor of a United States frigate, tendered by Congress to convey him to our shores, and had also received several invitations from captains of American packets to take passage with them, but had at length arranged for coming over in the vessel above mentioned, commanded by Captain Allyn. In France his doors had ever been as open to Americans as his heart. Quite illustrative of this is a little anecdote, found in a letter from Paris dated June 14th, 1824, and published in the New York *Commercial Advertiser* of that year. It was written to a gentleman in that city by an American, who with a party of fifteen or twenty of his countrymen, had just called on the veteran General, then in his 67th year. After stating that he was in company with the celebrated General Fucy; was very plain in manners, etc., the writer adds, that General Fucy, pointing to his American visitors, said to Lafayette: "Your children are the most affectionate in the world." "Indeed, you are my children," replied the noble old man, as he rose from his seat and took us all by the hand, the tears trembling in his eyes." And it was with such a spirit that he came to see us all and receive the tokens of a true Republic's gratitude fifty years ago. He arrived at the Narrows Sunday morning, August 15th, after a pleasant passage of thirty-one days from Havre, accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, Mr. Auguste Le Vasseur, a companion, and one servant. Landing on Staten Island, he was conducted to the seat of Vice-President Tompkins, where he remained during the day, and passed the night. The next morning a most imposing squadron of steamboats, having on board the chief civil and military functionaries, and about six thousand citizens, escorted him to the city of New York.

Of the splendor of his debarkation there, and of subsequent ceremonies there; of Mayor Paulding's tasteful and feeling address and the General's modest and impressive response, at the Governor's room in the City Hall; of his taking quarters at the famous Old City Hotel, with the scarcely less famous Jennings at the head; of his

dining there with public officials and distinguished friends as his guests, and of his visit to the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, etc., we are not here to speak. But several other scenes and facts of interest in the same connection there were which deserve more notice than they have yet received, or are likely ever to receive, but from the present writer. One was the meeting of the New York Historical Society, of which Lafayette and his son were elected honorary members. This institution was then located in a public building which stood in the rear of the City Hall. On that occasion the eminent Dr. Hosack, of all old New Yorkers perhaps the most majestic in stature, figure, and presence, who was President of the Society, made a felicitous address, in which he brilliantly associated the names of Lafayette and Washington as stars destined to shine forever in the same firmament of fame. And this suggests to us to say, *en passant*, that Bartholdi's admirable statue of the former has, with excellent taste, been erected near the grand equestrian statue of the latter, in Union Square. Over the chair assigned to the aged Marquis in the Historical Room hung his portrait, a fine picture, painted in 1784 for General Ebenezer Stevens, a Revolutionary officer and prominent shipping merchant of the City of New York, who died in 1823. It is said to have been executed by a French officer-artist, was taken in France when Lafayette was twenty-seven years old, and was presented to the Historical Society by General Stevens, soon after its formation in 1806. The contrasts of youth and old age, thus brought to view by the canvas above and the living original beneath, were striking to the eye. That unique picture still hangs in the Society's portrait gallery, in its present beautiful building in the Second avenue. And by its side hangs another of Lafayette, taken by Ingham from life, 1825, being the *original* head from which was made the full-length

portrait for the State, now in Albany. The picture was also a gift from the artist, and doubtless the best extant of the noble old man in the epoch of his final visit to America. In connection we add that the Common Council of the City of New York, during the General's visit there passed a resolution requesting him to sit for his portrait, to be placed in the Picture Room in the City Hall. This portrait was painted by Professor Morse, and it has lately been in the National Exhibition collection at Philadelphia. George Washington Lafayette was also made a freeman of the city, and a certificate thereto, handsomely engraved, was presented to him in a gift box. In his toast at one of the then public dinners, Captain Allyn of the Cadmus, pays this handsome compliment to this son and *compagnon d'age* of his illustrious passenger, "May they both equal the father in devotion to the progress of liberty, as he does in amiableness of character." That of the General at the City Hotel dinner was the following: "The City of New York, and all the nations who resort to this flourishing metropolis, reflect on the blessings of a free constitution and the dignity of a self-governed people!" Colonel Aaron Ogden, ex-Governor of the State of New Jersey, and one of his old companions in arms, gave this sentiment: "General Marquis Lafayette. His sun rose in glory, its meridian sheen and its setting orb now falls with splendour and gratitude on the hearts of ten millions of people beneath these Western skies!" As for this justly honored guest, he well knew how to turn, as well as gracefully to receive, compliments. In replying to the Mayor's welcome at the City Hall, he handsomely says that such demonstrations of regard "excite sentiments to which no human language can be adequate." For the reminiscence of the interesting event in our nation's record has been here recalled we crave a future opportu-

PHANTOM FACES.

BY GUSSIE DE BUBNA.

As oft one catches in a child's pure face
Some faint resemblance to one loved and dear,
And feels a strange desire to draw more near,
And touch caressing in a close embrace
That other which we see within its eyes;
Or hears, perchance, in ringing, happy voice,
Some tender note which makes the heart rejoice

In echoes, lingering through sweet memories;
So I behold in the fair face of youth,
And hear in her bright gladsome laugh and tone
A phantom girlish face and voice—my own!
And seeing this resemblance clear, in truth
It is this foolish fancy which to me
Makes loved and dear each girlish face I see.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

BY JOSEPH B. NORTH.

STRANGERS coming to this time-honored city, which was incorporated in the year 1736, do not leave without examining the grand old citadel of Episcopalianism (known as St. Paul's), erected in the year 1739.

Thus this venerable building has been standing the storms of one hundred and thirty-seven winters, and it bids fair to stand as many more, unless the rapid march of improvement, or a desire to erect a more modern and beautiful place of worship, compels its removal.

The first Mayor of the town, Samuel Boush, Esq., made the parish a present of the grounds, embracing about two acres, situated on the corner of Cove and Church streets. This is about the heart of the city. Upon the southern end of the building may be seen the initials of the donor's name in large capitals, and the date, 1739. These letters and figures are formed of projecting bricks, and, to make them more conspicuous, they are painted white.

There is really nothing attractive about it. You would not take it to be a place of worship without observing it very minutely. Though not in the least imposing, yet you would be forced to admire it. It is in the shape of a Roman cross. The four corners point respectively to the North, South, East and West. The windows and doors are arched, and there is a large circular window above the entrance in the northern end and also in the southern. The walls of this venerable building, as well as the enclosure of the cemetery attached, were built of brick brought from England. Every other brick in the building has a bluish caste, produced by extra heat in the kiln. The interior of the building is very plain. There are four galleries situated severally in the four corners of the church. The eastern gallery is occupied by the choir. On the northern side of the eastern wing to the left of the northern wing, is the chancel. There are two aisles, one running through the centre of the building from the western to the eastern wing. I should have stated that there is an entrance in the western wing, making three entrances. The other aisle runs from the northern to the southern wing, being on the left, entering

by the way of the southern entrance. The pews are plain, and grained to imitate oak, with walnut trimmings.

In the early part of the Revolution, Dunmore fled to the British fleet anchored in the harbor. A few days after the British were so signally routed in the battle of the Great Bridge, Colonel Woodford arrived in Norfolk. When Dunmore was informed by a boy of the defeat he swore that he would hang him. The soldiers opened fire upon the fleet. Dunmore sent word if they did not stop firing and send them provisions he would bombard the town. This they sternly refused to do.

Accordingly, on the 1st of January, 1776, between the hours of three and four in the afternoon, they opened fire on the town. A few dwellings escaped being totally destroyed. Old St. Paul's was one among the few. All the combustible parts of it were consumed, but the walls received but little injury. A cannon ball struck with great force about three feet from the eaves of the building, about one foot from the southeastern corner of the east end. If the ball had struck a few inches farther to the left it would not have ranged with the eastern wall. Hence it would have gone entirely through the building.

A good number of years elapsed before the lost ball was found. Captain Seabury conceived the idea that it might be buried in the ground near the southeastern corner. A man was set to work to find it, and he was successful. It corresponded with the cavity, and was believed to be the identical ball. It weighs about twenty pounds and a half, and measures about five and a half inches in diameter. Doubtless its original weight was twenty-four pounds, and its diameter six inches. This ball may be seen where it fell over one hundred years ago.

"On it Time his mark has hung;
On it hostile balls have rung;
On it green old moss has clung;
On it winds their dirge have sung:
Let us still adorn thy walls,
Sacred temple, Old St. Paul's!"

On the 22d of February, in the year 1800, the city of Norfolk was filled with people gathered to-

gether to pay funeral honors to our departed Washington. It was in this church that the services were held. The *Herald* of the 25th inst. says:

"On Saturday last, the 22d inst., agreeably to the notification of Major Ford, the different troops stationed at the forts and Navy Yard paraded in this borough, in order to form a procession to pay funeral honors to the memory of George Washington. At twelve o'clock they were joined by the different volunteer corps, in full uniform. In the Main street the whole formed in battalion, and received the word of command from the Major. The bier passed them, attended by the principal gentlemen of the town as chief mourners; then followed the Lodges of the Masons in their orders; then the officers of the Navy; the different artificers from the Navy Yard, and the citizens of Norfolk and Portsmouth in general.

The troops then reversed their arms and marched, the drums being muffled, and the music playing the Dead March, until they arrived at the church wall, when the ranks faced each other, and resting on their arms reversed; the bier, etc., passed between into the church (old St. Paul's), the troops following; but the church not being sufficiently spacious, a great portion of the citizens were prevented from seeing that part of the ceremony.

After prayers were given by the Rev. James Whitehead, Dr. Read, Mayor of the town, pronounced a handsome oration, well adapted to the occasion, and was followed by Mr. Blanchard, who delivered a beautiful monody."

We consider this ode to be part of the history of this church, having been delivered therein over seventy-six years ago. We have only part of it in our possession, and because of its great worth, we will place it in this article.

"TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, GENERAL OF THE ARMIES AND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

PROCL, O PROCL! ESTE PROFANI.

Let no obtrusive, no unhallowed eye,
On which the rays of virtue dimly beam,
Let no cold mind, fashioned by common themes,
No breast, that glows with patriot zeal,
Presume to violate the peaceful verse,
The pious offering to a Hero's shade.
I dare (since some must dare) to send abroad,
On every saddened breeze that sweeps the earth,
The plaintive accents of a general grief.
Then rising upwards from the vale of tears,
Essay, with rapid step, to mount on high
To the raised summit of the hill of praise.
But e'er the task begins, I lowly bow—

Not to some storied Muse or fabled god—
But with raised mind, fixed eye, and eager thought, I bow
to Him

Who from the mountains of omniscient light
Drew a strong ray, and lent it to the earth.
I ask some pitying spirit of the sky
To bend in silence o'er the honored theme,
To guide the pencil and direct the strain.

For thee, lost Washington, the new-born Babe
Wears on its tender form the dress of woe;
For thee the Infant shows its feeble arm,
Bearing for thee, the emblem of the tomb;
The Child, spurning the sports of early life,
Weeps, while its mother reads the tale of death;
For thee the Virgin rends her sunny robe,
And veils from day the radiance of her eye;
Pensive along the pebbled beach, the Youth
Muses in thought profound on deeds of thine;
For thee the Matrons pour the piercing strain,
And tell the stranger their great Son is dead;
For thee the Warrior piles his useless arms,
And waits in silence for the word—Depart!
For thee, great Chief, the Fathers of the land
Suspend their labors, and their minds unstring;
And sad Columbia sits, her bow unbent,
Her darts all scattered and her quiver broke,
And sends incessant on the passing winds
The sorrowing tidings on to distant worlds.

Ye blest companions of his early years,
Who saw the youth fast ripening into man,
Lend your glad praises to his spotless morn.
Virgins and youths, if e'er you hope to lay
Your hearts, high beating, to the breast of love,
Join in the chorus of my grateful verse!
Ye veteran bands, brave partners of his toil!
Who drove through frost and fire at his command,
Through all the changes of eventful war,
Sound the loud clarions to your General's praise,
The great "conductor" of your lightning arms.
Ye Sires! who frame the law, and ye who judge,
Rise from your seats, and on the Hero's tomb,
Plant with your reverend hands the honored wreath,
Rich decked and woven by a Virgin train;
And let the land, from all its mountains, send
A general echo to the great applause,
Till the long peal of praise, America,
Rolls o'er thy cloud-topped hills—sounds through thy woods—
Floats onward with thy streams—surrounds thy shores—
And, sweeping o'er the wide Atlantic waves,
Resounds the plaudit through the Eastern World!
Whether thy spirit, Washington, sits high
In the full centre of a dazzling orb,
Or risen far beyond the roll of stars,
Rests in the radiance of eternal light;
Whether it wanders through celestial space,
Or sits with seraphs on the hills of heaven,
Deign, with propitious eye, to view the land
That bears with reverence every mark of thee,
And from the 'unknown regions of the sky,'
With wonted kindness, shield Columbia's sons."

On the southwestern corner of the western wing there is a very old tomb-stone fastened. The words are perfectly legible: "Here lyeth y^e body of William Harris who departed this life y^e 8 day of March 1687 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Aged 35 years."

There is a brass plate attached to it with the words on it: "On the 1st July, 1875, this stone was brought from 'Wyanoke,' on James River. It was found amid the ruins of an old Colonial church."

OUT IN THE SNOW.

By SYLVA HESS.

How the snow fell, in myriads of tiny flakes hurrying, tumbling down with bewildering rapidity! That mythical personage, the oldest inhabitant, could not recollect ever having seen such a quantity of snow; the roads were impassable in every direction; trains were detained in snow drifts—travellers found it impossible to proceed; houses were almost buried; indeed, at Lyster Farm, it reached above the windows; yet still it fell steadily. It drifted—the wind by turns moaned and howled around the comfortable farm-house, as though it longed for an entrance.

Nellie Ross and Will Lyster were cousins. Ever since they had attained the height of the table, they had been regarded as lovers by the whole family connection. In truth, they did love each other dearly; but young girls will occasionally be willful, young men will occasionally grow jealous, and love affairs generally have a decided and perverse inclination for the crooked paths, instead of the straight ones.

Nellie was as fair and dainty a little maiden as the heart of a man could desire; but perfect as she was, she had two faults which Will Lyster had just decided are the two very worst faults any woman could possess. She was a coquette, and very high-tempered. Will was also of a haughty, impetuous disposition, quick to resent any fancied slight.

A few days before my story commences, there had been a gathering of the vicinity at a neighboring farmer's, and Nellie, flattered by the universal admiration her pretty face and engaging manner had excited, had tested Will's patience to its utmost limit. He had expressed his displeasure in lordly fashion, and the girl had resented it; a violent dispute had been the consequence. Just before the storm began, Nellie had come to pass a few days with her aunt; and by way of relieving the monotony of country life, the quarrel had been renewed. Will had assured the girl that he did

not love her; that she was a flirt unworthy of any honest man's love; harsh words, which Nellie, accustomed to the softest tenderness, could ill endure. Now she sat with hot, flushed cheeks, vainly trying to restrain her tears, for, after all, she was a soft-hearted little thing.

Presently she sprang up with a pettish exclamation:

"I am going home, aunt," she said; "mother will be wanting me. I have stayed too long already."

"Nonsense, child," quietly replied Mrs. Lyster. "You could not walk a hundred yards, much less two miles, such a day as this. Sit quiet, lassie."

Nellie did not answer, but left the room, and presently returned prepared to start. Will never even looked at his cousin.

"Are you mad, Nellie?" demanded Mrs. Lyster, sternly, "that you should wish to risk your life, by exposing yourself in such a storm. It is tempting Providence. I should not allow a dog to leave my house to-day, much less my own flesh and blood."

Nellie stood at the door; her aunt's words only excited her to opposition.

"He does not care," she thought. "If he asks me to stay, I'll stay; if not, I shall never come back to his house." Then she said aloud: "I can walk home quite easily; it is not snowing much now; besides, I am tired of being here. I must go home. Good-by, aunt."

"Tell her she must not go, Will," implored Mrs. Lyster; "it is certain death to start to walk two miles to-day. Willful as you have been, Nellie, I did not expect this of you. Speak to her, Will. If any harm befalls you, Nellie, your blood be upon your own head!"

"I am not wanted here. I don't care for the storm. I am not afraid," persisted Nellie, defiantly, as she turned to open the door.

O, how icy cold the air was, and the wind gave a great shriek, as though rejoicing that she was to be delivered up to its power; Nellie's heart failed her; she looked back; the fire blazed cheerfully; never had the room appeared so home-like; if he would only give in and ask her to stay!

"Good by, Will," she ventured timidly; and the clear girlish voice trembled. Will never raised his head, and vouchsafed no answer.

Poor Nellie felt she had made a concession which had been very ill received. Piqued by his seeming indifference, she was very deaf to her aunt's entreaties; and, regardless of the friendly warning, she rushed out into the storm. It was drifting, and the cold snow flying in her face almost blinded her. She could not see her way; there was no path, and at every step she sank almost to her waist; and still, with the energy of anger, she went on.

"He drove me out," she said to herself. "I shall never turn back. If he finds me dead in the snow it will serve him right."

She wandered first in one direction, then in another, but at each step sank deeper and deeper into the snow. The short winter day was drawing to a close; it was almost dusk now. A terrible dread took possession of the girl; she trembled convulsively. Would she, indeed, perish in the snow, and be frozen stiff? She thought of her mother, happy at home, unconscious of her child's danger. She thought of Lyster Farm, its warmth and comfort. She could not die, she was so young and beloved. Life was so beautiful, death was so terrible. Surely she could not be doomed to such a death. Then she cried aloud for help; cried with all the strength of one in deadly peril. The wind mockingly repeated her cries. Her strength failed her.

At length she fell against a tree; to it she clung as though it had been a friend. She had a dim idea that relief had come in the hour of dire distress.

She threw her arms around it, kissed it, as she would a living being; she did not feel the cold so painfully now, only a little sleepy and weary. She tried to repeat her prayers like a frightened child, but could not remember the words. Then, with the pure cold snow for a pillow, Nellie Ross sank gently into the sleep of death.

Nellie had not been long gone before Will's stubborn will began to waver, but it was some time ere the evil spirit could be exorcised, and that

time was full of peril for poor willful Nellie. At last, he could resist the pleadings of love no longer, and, casting the book he had been pretending to read impatiently from him, he rushed out, waiting not even for his great-coat, and heaving not the intense cold. Though he went direct in the course she should have taken, with the moon shining in all its winter brilliance, he found not his beloved. Reaching her home, he learned that she was lost by the way. He called to help some of Nellie's neighbors, who eagerly joined in the search, and a long search it was, terrible to Will in his anguish of remorse and love. At last she was discovered beside the tree, from which her arms had relaxed. Poor Will, he never through life forgot the sight that he now beheld so beautiful and awful; resting placidly, with face upturned, and hands folded upon her breast, an expression of pain on the marble features.

"Heaven help me, I killed her!" he cried hoarsely.

Then, raising her in his arms, he turned toward home. The rough farm laborers were weeping for the blithe little maiden, who had always a smile and a cheery word; but the man who loved her best of all, the very light of whose eyes she had been, was stunned by the sudden blow, and could shed no tears. He carried his unconscious burden into the house, walking like one in a dream, without a word, and laid her upon the bed.

Nellie's mother had hastened to Lyster Farm, and her wail of anguish rang out clear upon the frosty air.

The doctor was soon at hand and earnestly endeavoring to restore life to the beautiful corpse, but alas! was it all too late?

"Oh, Nellie, Nellie," cried Will, "I love you so dearly, and I killed you!"

Then, resting his head on his mother's breast, the strong man sobbed like a child.

But God was merciful, and when all seemed over, a gentle smile stole over the closely-watched features, and the loving watchers saw that there was life yet to strive for. Renewed efforts were at last rewarded; Nellie awoke.

Need I say, the lesson of these terrible hours was never forgotten. Will and Nellie lived long and happily, and usefully, too, for their hearts were ever full of gratitude to Him who had rescued her from death and him from a life of misery and remorse.

THE ANCIENT CHINESE; THEIR PECULIAR CHARACTERISTICS AND RELIGION.

By ALBERT A. L. TOBOLDT, M.D.

THE early history of the Chinese people will go far to help explain many of their peculiar characteristics. They did not migrate into the country now occupied by them as conquerors, hence did not bring a heroic or poetic spirit with them; they, from the first, had only to struggle for the mere necessities of life, and for them the struggle proved so hard as to annihilate any desire above the gratification of possessing enough to eat, drink and wear.

Higher spiritual striving was universally wanting, the whole Chinese spirit being absorbed by considerations for the material interest of a comfortable, or even meagrely-sustained life.

In the great barrenness of the Chinese mind, their language was a means of repression, since it allowed them but a certain line of thought, compelling their ideas to run in certain grooves; their system of writing is so difficult, consisting of over eighteen thousand intricate characters, that to acquire a knowledge of them commanded so much mental energy as to cause the mind to wither superficially, so that it is extremely rare to find their comprehension and appreciation sufficiently vivid as to rise to symbolism. Development of the mind, therefore, being very slow, partly from the poorness of the original heritage, partly from the absence of outward opportunities, and partly from the monotony produced by a similarity of manners, customs, and modes of life, as agriculture occupied old and young, rich and poor, the sage as well as the common man; the learned man passing from the cares of government to the plow, and even the Emperor descended yearly from his heaven¹ to plow a furrow in the earth.

Division of the people there was none, consequently there were no corporations, no exclusive communities, no tribes, no system of caste, no aristocracy above the common people. From this arose the peaceful social life, the repose, and the absence of wars.

Universal instruction consisted in acquaintance

¹ The land was originally divided so as to give to every eight families nine hundred acres, the centre acre being called heaven's acre, and destined to pay a tribute to the king; hence the word heaven instead of throne.

with the five cardinal virtues and duties towards parents, towards ancestors, the king, elder brothers and sisters, as well as the five elements, fire, wood, water, earth, and metal, which provide food for man; for sustenance is the heaven of the Chinese people, and unity and mutual assistance give prosperity. These rules were not only taught in schools, but were impressed upon the mind of the people by inscriptions, songs, and admonitions; the officials, and even the king, taking the place of teachers.

Their religion, consisting in a pantheistic worship of the elements, rivers and mountains, heavens, stars, and ancestors, merged itself into the affairs of the state; an especial priesthood did not exist. The sky was represented as the father—male; the earth, as the quiescent, impressible female. The sky, as the active, radiant existence being supposed to be so elevated, and the earth so subject, that the offerings brought were imagined as being destined to a celestial spirit, watching over all. In their orthography the symbol for air, breath, spirit (according to Haug), appears to be the fundamental portion of nearly all their ideas connected with religion. They have also especially distinguished spirits (powers)—the SCHIN was supposed to inhabit all natural objects. Schin means, generally, spirit, God, man. They have a specially distinguished spirit for heaven—the lord, or highest, called SCHANG-TI, who was supposed to be able to see without eyes, hear without ears, and who was always waking, guiding the dreams of the sleeping; and continually wandering over the earth, arranging the weather, the seasons, the crops, and presiding over and directing the actions of men as well as animals.

This arrangement was considered as heavenly reason itself, and to acknowledge it was wisdom, to confide in it, *i.e.*, blindly to follow nature, was virtue, which never remained without reward, as rebellion against heaven and its decrees never escaped punishment, for above all was Schang-ti's severe justice. This being so engrafted upon their minds, namely, that punishment immediately followed wrong-doing, that man was supposed to draw everything down upon himself as being the maker

of his own destiny, that all ills of nature and the kingdom, such as floods, malformations, droughts, etc., were supposed to be the direct result of some transgression of men, and per contra, rain and warmth at the proper time, ripening of fruits, peace and prosperity of the kingdom resulted when man kept to the right course, and remained true to nature and the divine germ implanted within him.

By the Chinese, their king was supposed to be monarch over all men and of the whole world. "Since," they argued, "all people are Schang-ti's children, but the king, being the first-born (from his sacred title, Tien-tse—son of heaven), represented the father, hence his dominion must not only be over the Chinese people, but over all men (Schin, 'man,'—Chinese, 'men'); even over spirits, nature, and all ancestors, who had not gone to heaven at the side of Schang-ti by their virtues; even over the earth, although venerated as a mother, the first-born was supposed to have undisputed sway."

The will of Schang-ti, or the Most High, was supposed to reveal itself in dreams, the phenomena of nature, the eclipses and the position of the stars, the oracle of the tortoise, or the Plant Tsché; and the king who microcosmically represented the human race in fortune or misfortune, consulted these, to be guided by them.

Under the reign of Emperor Hwei Ti, A.D. 304, a mystical sect arose in China, calling themselves the teachers of the "emptiness and nothingness of all things;" they pretended to go into a sort of ecstatic state, when they ceased being men, and were dead to all outward influence of the senses, when they meditated on the mysteries of the God-head. This state was called by the mystics of Japan *SAFEN*. The priests of Xaka throw themselves in this state, and Dorma, one of the followers of Xaka, cut off his eyelids, thinking they disturbed his ecstatic meditations. He is one of the saints of Japan. At Siam, in a peguanic temple, a colossal statue of Xaka is worshipped, representing him as sunken in profound meditation. The priests sit daily for a certain time in the same posture, during which they think themselves to have ceased being men.

Lao-tse (A.D. 604), one of the deepest speculative thinkers of his time, taught that "Reason (Tav) is the first eternal, perfect, incomprehensible, without matter or shape—a square without corners; it stands above heaven, and is its measure, as heaven is the measure of the earth and the earth

of man. It has produced the *One*, this the *two*, this the *three*, then the universe, which receives its light and life from the *Three*. From it the soul proceeds, which strives to return to its origin through ever-changing shapes, to which self-government, freedom from passions and want, seclusion from all the outward world is the way." After trying in vain to influence his fellow-men he withdrew into solitude. "Men," he said, "who no longer exist will be called upon in vain; the sage must only care for himself and his age, and if this care not for him he must not trouble himself, but enjoy his treasure in secret and seek within himself the highest good—repose of the soul."

Kong-fu-tse, Confucius, was the next, who by many has been supposed to have determined a perfect system of mythology and heroic tradition for the Chinese; but to think so is to misunderstand the character of the Chinese people, who, according to Haug, have a "heavy, childish, cold, sensual nature, to whom true poetry and heroism have ever been totally wanting. Its heroes are peaceful sages, fathers and benefactors of the people." (Haug, "Universal History").

Kong-fu-tse was of the royal house of Schang (A.D. 552), and born on the peninsula Schang-tung; he studied the ancient history of his fatherland from his infancy; deploring the degeneracy of his age, he strove with his whole energy to counteract the evil. He was in every respect a Chinese, who does not search for the secret of heaven and earth, but regarded nothing but self-knowledge the advancement of his country founded thereupon; he was convinced that only with the restoration of the ancient principles of simplicity and unity, the dignity and happiness of his native land could be restored; first, and above all, the ancient family relationships were to produce this; that virtue consisted in a childish obedience and in willing subjection to the heavenly decrees, as had originally been the case. The Kings are his works, and are considered sacred by the Chinese; they contain speeches, proverbs, and songs, with a history which has been continued. His writings are the essence of the ancient traditions. He teaches that "above all things the celestial nature implanted in the heart, the inner light, is to be followed; that man must maintain a just medium in all things, and subject his inclinations and passions, a difficult task, only to be performed by unrelenting endeavors—the fruit borne being peace and cheerfulness."

THE FAIR PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY DAVID MURDOCH.

CHAPTER XXI. THE TRIAL AND ITS RESULT.

THEY entered on this new stage with anything but feelings of confidence. Already disgraced, at least degraded, they were from their real position in society. Young officers accustomed to walk in Brttannia's livery, were in American homespun, worn yesterday by the youth whose corpse was now laid out in Holland sheets. This was the first object which met their eyes, and went further to their hearts than a hundred balls would on the battle-field. The room was crowded with men, who looked daggers at the prisoners; but all were under restraint, for in the centre of the room stood a round table, at which sat nine men, who had the authority, and who, from their gravity and honest faces, seemed worthy of it. This was after the manner of the kirke of Holland. The Dominie sat as president, and could not be mistaken from the rest, who were all dressed in the common garb of the country, while he wore a large black coat that came to his heels, and over his capacious chest hung the true Geneva bands. He was a dignified man, and would have commanded respect anywhere. The young men were prepared, after what they had both heard from Gabriel, to yield him reverence. The men near him were his counsellors, though he seldom asked counsel. His word was law with all, except with one Geordie Cockburn, a shrewd Scotchman, who had found his way hither, first as a teacher, and then as a surveyor; and had, by degrees, climbed well up towards the top of the heap. Possessed naturally of the controversial spirit, he ever asserted his right to speak his mind.

"The criminals have entered," said some one, addressing the president.

"No one can be criminal," said that worthy, "till he is found guilty. Doth our law condemn any man before it hears him and knows what he doeth?"

This was said with great tartness, and to gain time, for the president saw at a glance that the young men were of a superior class, though in disguise, so he asked in a dignified manner:

"Has any one here charges to table against any person or persons for burning Sopus, and

killing Ik and his brother Benjæ Snyder? It is a case of Fama Clamosa."

"Wouldna it be as weel," said the Elder Cockburn, who took speech in hand here, "that we speered the names o' the twa youngsters, before we gang any further in this business? In my kintra they aye put down the name with three or four aliases to the tail o't."

"Take down the names of the prisoners," said the president, at this suggestion, as he turned sharply on Cockburn, saying, "thee always art careful to instruct the Dominie in his duty."

"In many counsellors there is safety, you ken," said the Elder, "as Solomon the wise man said langsyne. What is your name, callants?"

"May we inquire," said Bertram, being the elder of the two, "by whose authority we are here placed as prisoners?"

"At the instance of Dominie Doll, Præses of the Consistory of the Protestant Reformed Dutch Church of Sopus," said the chief man, with some dignity; "and if you be not ready to tell, we will try you under the names of John Doe and Richard Roe, of London. Be you ready for trial?"

"We decline pleading before this court, if court it be," said Bertram, "and claim our privilege as subjects of the king of Great Britain."

"I told you so," said the president to the others who sat near him. "British subjects in disguise, and within the line. Make out the charge against spies and murderers, art and part."

"You will surely grant us time," said Bertram, who saw that he had made a grievous mistake, and who wanted leisure to consider their future course. "We may be able after a day to bring exculpatory proof in our defence."

"Proof!" said a little short, dumpy man, who rose as he spoke. "What need of more proof that this here patch on the knee of these tubbs, that I put on with my own fingers on Benjæ Snyder, the day before he left with his gun on his shoulder. That's as true as I learned the tailor trade with Gideon Noble, of New Milford, Connecticut. That's my say."

"Sit down, Eph Sly; you are one good witness and here is another," said a rollicking, red-faced

man, with a sinister twinkle in his eye. "These are witnesses enough," and he opened a bundle which contained the two coats of the young officers, which Petrus had hidden away. It was impossible to see this and remain unmoved. The prisoners felt all the shame of their present disguise, and the company broke out in a perfect storm of indignation, which was stopped only by the Dominie, who rose and pointed to the body of the dead man, saying solemnly, "We are in the presence of Death, a greater King than George III. Do the prisoners want any more proof?" he added, looking toward them in some pity for their condition.

It is impossible to say what would have been the effect of following up the disposition of the company, had not Cockburn, whose clear mind saw the difficulty, and who determined upon unravelling it by cutting the knots asunder, and by making a set speech of some length, which he was rather fond of doing. The sum of his speech was, that "we shall be in danger of violating the place of the Safety Committee, by taking this business in hand. I doubt if the matter comes under our jurisdiction, for if thae men be spies, what have we to do with them?"

While this speech was making, there was a little by-play going on that interested some of the parties. The man who had brought in the coats of the prisoners went off into a corner, and began rifling the pockets, which was observed by the Dominie. When he had got all out, the Dominie called to the searcher just to hand all the things over for safe keeping. As they lay upon the table before the company, the eyes of the two officers were scanning their property which they had inadvertently left behind. There was the locket which contained a miniature of Clarence's mother, Bertram remembered that on changing the coat he had slipped the ribbon which held the portrait of Margaret, and now it lay before his eyes, and he could not obtain a glance at it. Clarence was fixing his eyes upon the note which his mother had thrust into his hand just at parting, along with a small parcel which lay there with the rest, and marvelling much in his mind what effect it would have on this reverend man. It was addressed to "Governor George Clinton, of what was now called by many, the State of New York." He remembered looking over his mother's shoulder and laughingly asking if she supposed he was

going to present that as a letter of introduction to the rebel governor; but she continued to on, saying: "Dear cousin, this is my son — ence, and here is the amulet you sent to Margaret as an evidence." At that instant his father to the cabin, and hastily signing her name, thrust the whole into the hand of Clarence, with equal haste put them into his breast pocket where they were now found. A tear trickled down the cheek of the youth as he saw Dominie read the note and examine the amulet. A change came over his face, and by the time Cockburn was done with his speech the president was prepared to accede to his motion; for he was something which demanded time and reflection. So saying something to himself, he called out: "The Consistory is adjourned till to-morrow, in the Consistory room, at ten o'clock. Take the prisoners where they came from, and prepare for the funeral."

The large barn-floor had been cleared out for the company. Pipes and tobacco lay around trays which were soon reeking, so that the door sent out "smoke like a kiln loggie," Cockburn said. Then came in bottles of cider, branched baskets of bread and cheese, followed by slices of ham and pieces of sausage; sour krout, choice rum, with corresponding edibles, of which all partook with a hearty good will. Prayer and exhortations were the accompaniment, not the main part of the occasion. It was a regular feast and almost a fight in one corner, and a frolic in another. Liquor will bring out human nature whether at a marriage or at a burial.

After prayers, funeral address and singing, forming themselves in a row, men, women and children, the pastor in front of the coffin, the father and mother of the young man immediately after it, and then the people scattered.

CHAPTER XXII. DARKNESS, DEATH AND DELIVERANCE.

THE two young Englishmen during the time of the burial feast, had a portion sent them of which they stood in need. Hunger made it savory and good to the taste. Old Dyann had taken a great fancy to the prisoners, especially to Clarence. Her heart melted for him when she saw the tear trickling down his cheek at the sight of his mother's picture.

Petrus came in telling them to prepare for walking. It seemed that the Dominie had taken Cockburn's words to heart, for he had left orders to have the prisoners removed to the care of Captain Languendyck, whose company was garrisoned at Catsbaan church; and to that point the two disconsolate young men were moving by sundown. It was not the fact of their being prisoners, nor yet the fear of what might result from their separation, but the hindrance which this delay threw in the way of their overtaking Kiskataam with the one whom they both loved with equal though different love. They must give her up as lost, for as things appeared they were lost themselves, and that without the power of resistance or defence.

"I will fulfill my part of the bargain, for all that has happened," said Petrus in the ear of Bertram, as they came down stairs; "keep a quiet tongue in your head and don't be blabbing of your loyalty everywhere, lest you get a lead pill through your belly, before you have time to return the compliment."

Bertram scowled a dark frown, that said plainly enough, "I will fulfill my part of the bargain with you at least, you hypocrite, the first chance that comes up." As they passed through the door-yard, they saw little knots of men and heard the jabbering of Dutch, loud and confused. As they could perceive, their own case was the subject of discussion, and, however anxious they might be to find out public opinion, there was no way of ascertaining it except through the medium of their guard, and with him, in their present mood of mind, they were not inclined to hold any communication. Their road lay along the base of the mountain, on one of those steppes which run nearly due north, and which are called Vlatts, extending from half a mile to two miles in breadth, rich and deep in soil; having beautiful trout streams running from different points toward the main river. The mountain seemed close at hand, and the two prisoners, rested and in the open air, felt all the fire of youth as they saw how near they were to the region of their hope. But they were guarded too closely to think of escaping. After marching about four miles, they came to a stone building, which they were told was a church, now turned into a fort and garrisoned by the Ulster militia. Here they were to be kept till further orders arrived from the governor. As they were

gentlemen, Captain Languendyck said he would take their word of honor, and let them range at liberty. Both Bertram and Clarence were averse to so pledging themselves, and set down like men determined to make the most of their conditions by taking a survey of this singular outpost of defence. Surrounding the building were tents, and wagons with oxen and a few horses. Smoke was rising among the trees at different places where cooking and chatting were going on. Two old cannons were fastened to logs by an ox chain, while about fifty muskets were stacked before the door. An endless collection of pots and pans, casks and benches, with other trumpery, were scattered in indescribable confusion everywhere, and yet the eye of the soldier could perceive that with at most ten minutes' notice the men would be on the lookout, north or south according as the alarm might be given. The inside of the venerable building was the scene of similar confusion. All around the sides of the walls were settles for beds, on which were spread the heavy blankets and coverlets that the good wives and mothers had furnished them in abundance from their heaped piles at home. In the walls were driven hooks on which hung armor and harness; with clothes and skins from different animals, tanned and used for riding, or covering out of doors. The gallery overhead held the ammunition and the more precious stuff, watched by a sentinel separate from the rest; and the very desk in which the good man had stood on the Sabbath, during many years, dispensing the bread of life, was now changed into a pantry where the choice bits sent from home were kept from the rats and mice that had followed in their wake.

The two prisoners had the belfry allotted to them. The orders were that no communication should be held with them. Everything seemed to bear the aspect of great caution and watchfulness on the part of their guard. A loud laugh would have been grateful to their ears, had it only betokened carelessness on the part of their guard; but there was just enough of motion heard to keep them aware that all were on the *qui vive*, and would do their duty to the death.

As night went on, the silence grew more heavy, the scene which they had passed through during the last twenty-four hours became more confused to their vision; at last sleep stole softly over them, and the two anxious men were, a moment after-

ward, calm and peaceful, and would doubtless have remained so till the morning had not a voice, which they had come to know well by this time, said, "Young men, get up; you have other business than sleep before you;" and a hand shook them both by the shoulder, while a small lamp showed them the face of the Dominie, that they had met so often of late, whom they had come to regard both as their good and their evil genius.

Surprise was pictured on both their faces; but they were too well trained to lose possession of themselves by a sudden waking; so starting to their feet, they waited further development; for already they perceived that something new was on the tapis. There was not a sleeping nerve in their body by the time they stood upright.

"Sit down there," said the good man, "and give me an honest account of your condition; and let me have nothing but the truth."

Bertram saw that kindness and severity were struggling in the face of their inquisitor, and he began by telling what was true, but what to a more experienced courtier than the Dominie was would have sounded like flattery.

"We were told," said Bertram, "to put ourselves on your mercy, should we get into trouble; and to tell you all, and if you will listen to me, I am willing to trust a man whom I am now certain will not take advantage of our condition by turning the information we give him against us."

"Young man," said the Dominie, "those who advised you to trust yourself to me, did me no more than justice, for God forbid that I should hurt one innocent hair of your head: nevertheless, had I seen you about this time last night, near to Sopus, a ball would have gone through your pate, as sure as there is one in that thing there at this moment;" and with that he fingered a horse pistol in a very carnal manner.

"There is an armistice between us now, young men; so speak;" and the clerical soldier put his piece up, and Bertram proceeded to give a full and detailed account of the cause and the consequence of their apparently mad adventure.

"I find that you have spoken truth, and I am now," said the Dominie, "about to take upon me what must subject me to much misapprehension when it is discovered, and perhaps to the getting of my own skull cracked, but I must run the risk, so follow me."

The astonished prisoners were about to say a great deal about honor, and gratitude, and reward, but were stopped by a motion to silence and quiet, as he led them down a way he could tread himself in the dark; for, after blowing out the light, he took hold of Bertram's hand behind him; telling Clarence to do the same by his companion, he led them out to the north of the church, where stood a man holding a horse, who seemed to be expecting their coming.

"Here is your guide," said the Dominie, "and he will tell you the rest. Be sure that you keep silent forever about this night and whom you have seen, and God Almighty bless you, and make you successful in your race after that scoundrel Kiskataam." With these words he had vanished, and they found themselves standing face to face with their old friend Gabriel.

They almost forgot themselves in their surprise at the meeting, but he being prepared for their astonishment, immediately whispered, "let us be off, out of earshot, lest we have a ball sent after us." Gabriel mounted the horse and told them to keep one on each side by the stirrup-irons, as he knew the way. On they went in silence, increasing in their speed as they passed out of the sentinels' hearing; their hearts beating with joy both at their escape and at the prospect which they felt must now be opening for them towards attaining the end of their journey. It was now an hour before midnight; and in the morning they hoped to be on the side of the mountain, out of danger from the rebel Whigs.

Under the charge of their former guide they now were moving along through the darkness. The relation in which he now stood to them was more of guardian than guide. The two young Englishmen, in that easy way by which those accustomed to command become subject to superior law, or to circumstances beyond control, gave themselves up at once into the hands of their servant. They perceived he had some authority and a deep interest in them; but they were anxious to know all before they yielded up all. On their way he intimated his desire to reveal to them the exact relations in which he stood toward them. He was in the employ of Lady Clinton. He held from her a secret message to the provincial governor, who had retired with the Congress after the sack of Sopus to Hurley, which was said to be defended by the Dominie and the old vrows of

the place. Thither Gabriel hastened ; sent in the sign which he knew would call the governor out ; and his own words will best tell the rest :

"When he saw me he lowered his voice to a whisper, looking this way and that way ; and when he saw there was no man, he said, 'Are you the man who sent me in this ring?' And I said, 'Yes, your Excellency, a noble lady committed it to my care.'

"And for what purpose have you brought it to me?"

"A case of distress, sir, in which your help is demanded,' I said, promptly, looking up in his face.

"What distress can there possibly be with them at this moment, when they have all their own way? I am sure they burned and harried the town, and got off with clean heels to their ship without one life being lost or a prisoner left behind. The distress is all on our side.'

"Not so sure of that, your Excellency. Two prisoners are in the hands of the people of Vlatt Bush, and their lives are in danger at this moment.'

"They must be some persons of note when Lady Clinton interests herself so much as to send this token, which was only to be sent on the last extremity.'

"They are none else, your Excellency, than young men of the family.'

"Good God! and what can I do in their case? How could they be so foolish as to allow themselves to be taken by our people?"

"I then gave a full and fair account of the whole matter, beginning at the stealing of the young lady, with your pursuit after the robber, and ended at the place where you were lying yesterday. Never did I see a man thrown into such distress of mind. 'Come this way,' said he, and he walked in the greatest agitation around the house, till he got me into a patch of wood, where he gave vent to his feelings in bursts of exclamation that would have sounded well in Ireland.

"Enthusiastic little fool! She wrote me that I might look out for her some fine fall morning ; and how can I help these young madcaps after what has taken place? Blood is thicker than water. I wonder if the knight of the garter would help plain George, were he now in the hands of his Majesty's bulldogs. I rather think I might

not be known as belonging to any other family than Adam's. Ha! things change in this world. Let them take their course. That basket of deer meat and turkeys was well enough ; and the basket filled with those bottles of cognac back again were all well ; but this is a new matter. It would be as much as my head is worth were Washington to hear of my interfering. No, young man, take the ring back where you got it.'

"Here he held it out to me, looking at it all the time. Then asking me, 'who knows of these young men!' With that I told the whole story, and mentioned the name of Dominie Doll. The countenance of the governor brightened up at this ; a lucky thought was evidently finding its way through his mind. Taking a leaf from his note-book, he proceeded to write, all the time swearing at the insolence of these British Tories, who threw out their requests upon us colonists, as if we were bound to listen and satisfy them, because we belonged once to the same national family.

"Wait till I put my seal to this,' said he ; for he evidently was not inclined to trust me. 'Now take that, and see that these young fellows keep out of my road, for I will shoot them as truly as my name is Clinton.'

"I took the letter to the Dominie, and you are here. What next, gentlemen?"

The question now, what should be done? was one not easily solved, where there were different means of reaching the end sought after. Brandt, the faithful ally of the king, was in their immediate neighborhood, and by his help Kiskataam might be overtaken and punished ; but, as there was unquestionably an abler mind in the plot of abducting Margaret, it would be dangerous to let matters be known in that camp immediately. Caution was necessary to obtain the ear of the great Mohawk, who certainly would listen more favorably to an officer bearing the commission of his Majesty than to men who had the appearance of stragglers. By the time his mind might be assured the dense forest would hide the abducted lady. Doubts gathered so thick upon the minds of both Bertram and Clarence that they voluntarily gave themselves into the hands of Gabriel as captain.

"If you promote me to that place, then," said that worthy, "I command you, Mr. Clarence, to be off to Kaatskill, taking this letter with you, to

secure the assistance of the Dominie of that place. If the mountains must be scoured, help is necessary, so that the retreat to the west side may be cut off. You see that fire burning on the face of the hill; there lie Brandt and his men. Let Kiskataam be prevented from escaping, and we can boldly go to the Mohawk and demand his aid in behalf of the king. We must trust to the current of events, and as good Dominie Doll said, 'leave the rest to Providence.'"

"True," said Bertram, "for I am more adrift here than I would be in an open boat at sea. My sailanship is all useless on these mountains. Some wisdom higher than my own is needed, and a power above King George must control this rash adventure. Breakers are ahead, and we on an enemy's coast."

"A stout heart will climb the steepest hill," said Clarence. "Give the most difficult part to me; I am ready for it. I go with a better conscience than I did to that dastardly burning, where we did not deserve to succeed. The people are better than their betters. What are our captain's orders?"

"Mount you this nag," was the word given. "He will carry you at least seven miles an hour. He belongs to old Cornelius Wynkoop, as stiff a Whig as ever smoked a pipe. He loves his horses next to his wife; she says he thinks more of them than he does of her or the kinderen. If he supposed at this hour that a king's man was putting his leg across his back, he would rise out of his bed, dearly as he loves it; and I believe out of his grave, if he were in it, with a thick stone slab over it; so look out, sir. You will ride along full twelve miles, till you come to another stone church, not unlike the one you have just been in. Ask for the Dominie's house, and give him that missive. Whatever he asks, tell him freely, and follow his advice."

By this time, the young soldier was on Charlie's back, a stout animal, with a small head and a long tail, that he whisked around night and day, as a warning to the flies.

Gabriel, holding the impatient horse by the bit, gave Clarence his last advice, saying, "You must not linger on the road till sunrise. This is the king's road to Albany that you are now travelling; keep on it till you come to the kerke; stand at the door looking east; you will see among fruit-trees, on a knoll, a stone house, covered with Hol-

land tiles; turn to that, and you will be sure to find the man you seek—a strong built man with keen eye. Bid him a good morning; then, as he answers, turn to the mountain, and ask if the old vrow's nightcap be on yet. He will bid you mind your own business till the old vrow has had her morning meal and said her morning prayers. Follow him in-doors; put the letter in his hand on the way; sit down to the table, as if you were one of the family; wait patiently till his family have worshipped with him. He will let his pleasure be known sooner than if you press him."

"Well, that is plain speaking; I think I can remember that. Let me see—the king's road—right on—sunrise! Oh, yes, I know it all," said the rider.

"One word more, as the Dominie says, and to conclude. Meet us at noon the day after tomorrow at Kauterskill Falls—mind the name, Kauterskill Falls—and there is a whistle that will answer this one that we have."

Here both put their bone whistles to their mouths, and made the midnight air on all sides resound the shrill sound.

"We must be softer than we are now," said Gabriel. "Go."

And away the horseman went at a good round gallop. "At this rate," said Clarence, "I will be at the end of my journey long before sunrise. But in times like these, who can foretell the adventures of a single night, within a short journey of twelve miles, even on the king's road?"

But our story, to be clear, must just now follow the course of the two who were left behind. They having a shorter distance to travel, and a more difficult path to tread, moved slowly along.

"It is but a short hour past midnight," said Gabriel, "and our part in this business is to search all tracks. For that, we require daylight. What say you to a couple of hours' sleep, and then we shall have time enough?"

"You may require it indeed, my friend," was Bertram's answer in words, though his impatient heart said go on. "We have had plenty of time to sleep, in yon garret all day."

"Well, if you are agreed," was the reply of the guide, "we shall turn into Cornelius Wynkoop's barn. To tell the plain truth, I am cowardly as well as sleepy. There is an enemy in these parts not easily guarded against. Hunter as

I am, the painter and the wildcat, in the dark, are dangerous critters, as the Yankees say."

"Is there much of that kind of game up in these regions?" asked the young Englishman, who had seen some hunting in his day, in his own country, and also in the East Indies. "It would be good sport, to have a chase after these western tigers. The panther of this continent I have been told is a powerful animal. What of these wildcats?"

"Oh, there are swarms of them all through these hills. These mountains have their name from them; so many and so large are they, that a single man finds himself in danger of his life in attacking one of them."

"Ha! a man killed by a cat would make a great story for a picture-book in Christmas time. Since you are so skilled in names, why do they call that church we were at the Catsbaan."

"That means the cats' race-ground," said Gabriel, laughing at his own conceit. "In the holidays the big boys and girls for ten miles round here meet and have a regular hunt. After scaring out fifty or a hundred of the screamers, they set the dogs after them on this flat. And let me tell you it is a scratching time when one of these creatures happens to fasten on a dumpy fat Dutch girl, and the boys come round for her rescue."

"That must be fun in a small way; but these painters, as you call them, must be the very thing to rouse the blood in a man's heart."

"You may meet them soon enough, sir," was Gabriel's answer, "for unless my ears deceive me there must be some wild creature up there now in South Peak; I hope it is far off, but in the dark one cannot tell, and my counsel is that we go at once into this fortress until the enemy be off, or we be in a fitter condition to meet him."

For some time past they had been turning more to the westward, and nearer to the mountain, as the dark shadow against the sky showed. A large building, which looked still larger in the night, rose plainly before the eye of Bertram, who was at this time seized by the hand, and led through the door, which yielded to the touch of his companion, as if he were the owner himself. Gabriel led his fellow-traveller to a ladder, whispering in his ear, "follow me to the yards;" a hint which the young sailor took at once, and mounting, he found a softer hammock than any in the British navy. Gabriel was asleep in a few minutes, but

his companion was too excited to pass easily into the land of dreams; so he lay and mused.

At length the old rooster of true Holland breed, heavy behind and double combed before, gave out his first trumpet sound, becoming louder as Gabriel snored responsively, and deeper at every crow. Bertram became impatient to be away, where the dangerous Whigs would not venture near them. So giving the sleeper a dig with his elbow, he succeeded in making him conscious of where he was, and of what was required of him. A few whispers earnestly blown into his ear, were enough to a man accustomed to lie down in the midst of dangers. So keeping quiet a few moments, just to recover his full balance, he started up, saying, "Remain here till I make a visit to Dame Wynkoop's cellar, where I am sure of getting something good to eat." And before his companion had time to remonstrate with him, he was off, and already down the ladder on his way. Bertram followed so as to watch against surprise. There was no ground for fear. Old Cornelius was in his soundest sleep yet; and even had he been awakened he would not have suspected an intruder, but would have supposed it to be one of his dozen blacks moving along the floor. Besides, Gabriel was as familiar with all as if he were going over his mother's kitchen. All Dutch cellars are the same in size and the same in arrangement. Butter pots and firkins on the floor, a cider barrel in the corner, and a vinegar jug on a shelf. He moved about easily. The pies, the cold meat, and the bread all stood in a pantry on the left hand; it was but the work of a moment for the pirate to clear the whole away. He knew that the old wench who ruled the lower regions would lay it all to that cussed Ebo, who came home hungry after one of his night rackets. However, the cautious Gabriel walked as if on eggs, reaching the barn with his forage, and well pleased with his success.

"There is some of the staff of life," he said to his friend. "You will need it before we get to the top of these hills, where there are no loaves growing on hemlock branches, nor roasting pigs on bare rocks. I only wish that we had some of old Kaarney's Holland gin, now. It makes the staff limber as well as stronger on the hills."

"You are a daring fellow to venture where a hungry wolf would not," said Bertram, under his breath.

"What is that I hear gurgling down your throat?" said Bertram, laughing inwardly; "have you hold of the old farmer's gray-beard after all?"

"Try it yourself," was the answer, and a square bottle about a gallon's size was held to the mouth of the thirsty inquirer, who tasted, and then swallowed with right good will. He found it strong cider brandy mixed with juniper berries; a most agreeable, but a heady drink.

"Hush!" said Gabriel, and he put his head over the loft, for they had both mounted again to their former place of rest. "Some one is coming in at the big gate. I hear the old wooden hinges squeak." The two gourmands rose to their feet to be ready for any emergency; when the stable door was opened with great caution; and some one leading a horse entered, and a second horse followed. The negro, for his voice betrayed him, began to talk to them just as he would to his fellows in the field.

"Ole Black, you'd stop de snuffin; te be' bout Ebo's business; see dat no stories be told but de big trut."

Then coming into the other stall he commenced in the same way.

"Brown, poor Brown, been on de king's business, s'pose; vere's de fellow dat own dis saddle? will see in de mornin sun-light. He be gentleman dat spok dere to us at Phoebe. Me know an English offisher by his neck, might had left a yallow Jeegey wen he ent off to de Squire Burhause himself."

At these sounds Gabriel pricked up his ears. "Something has befallen him, I fear," he whispered in his companion's ear. "The horse he rode has returned with his mate."

"Who do you mean?" said Bertram, suspecting himself that trouble had come to his friend.

"Why, the lieutenant, to be sure, Mr. Clarence—some difficulty. Hear him speak of the Squire Burhause. I have a mind to make the splay-footed vagabond tell. We may be able to remedy the evil."

Bertram saw the folly of this, and put his hand on the other's mouth as a warning, while Gabriel, feeling the influence of the cider-brandy, and knowing the superstition of the negro race, out of pure mischief gave a squeak through the fingers held on his mouth, which made the hostler call out, "Oh, Lorra, have marcy on poor nigger," and without stopping a moment, he ran out

slamming the doors after him, and rousing up all the dogs in the house.

"We are long enough here," said the mischievous fellow as soon as he got over his fit of laughter; "let us move before we get a few drops of old Kaarny's gun. There he is lighting a candle now with a coal at his mouth;" and gathering up the fragments of their breakfast for future use, they left their hiding-place with good heart and nimble feet.

Before the heavy half-door of Cornelius Wynkoop was opened to let him and his dog Gates out into the yard, the two adventurers were well away on the road that leads to the Clove. Having no cause to fear immediate danger, they moved on at a moderate rate, discussing, as they went, the events of the last twenty-four hours.

Gabriel had an uncommon flow of spirits for him. He had been taciturn, and dark in his speech and in his looks. He had got a good draught of the inspiriting liquor; but that was not the cause. He had paid a visit to his mother, and now he was beyond the reach of bodily danger, which he had been in ever since he came up with the marauding party. To wile away the time, as well as to gratify his curiosity, Bertram led his guide to the discussion of his own affairs.

"I have no objections to the telling of it all," said the countryman, "though it is a longer story than a stranger would care to listen to, except for amusement. You see, I left old Sopus and my mother's house in a fit of ill-nature. I cared no more for King George than I did for old Mat Van Guisen; but I had taken a heart's hatred to some that called themselves Whigs, and particularly to one purse-proud old Jew, who had a lovely daughter, who loved me but durst not move in the shadow of my shape. To get me out of the way he made up his mind that I should go off with Arnold to Canada. I took the opposite road, and have been in all the places south of this where fighting was to be done; for I found there was more quiet for me in war than in peace. I jumped at the chance of coming on this expedition. My love of adventure, my love of revenge, my love of Nelly Labagh, and I may say it truly, the love of my mother, all urged me on board the *Vulture*. Standing as sentinel on deck, I soon discovered the aim of Kiskataam. I had long known the fellow to be a villain, and determined first to watch, and then unfold his designs. We

had met before the war broke out, in Stony Clove, where he attempted to steal my good gun Meg, when I chased him and struck him down. So you see there was ill blood between us; our glances of defiance said—another time. When he slid overboard, carrying Miss Clinton with him, I was not there; but of all on the ship I was the man to have headed a party of pursuit; but you know it is not for us to offer advice to our betters. But I did what I could afterwards in an interview with Lady Clinton. I offered my services, and they were accepted on condition that I should await your pleasure after the Sopus business was through. There lies the secret of my knowledge of your intentions, and of my present interest in you. I own that I hate an Indian, and that I would travel any time a thousand miles for the mere pleasure of shooting one. Dirty, abominable wretches! how any young lady can sit and hear their soft cunning tongues close to her ear, I cannot understand. And blood-thirsty devils! how gentlemen, like you, can fight with them, or employ them to fight for you, is amazing. I am ashamed of having ever drawn a trigger under King George when I think that Kiskataam and his like, have fingered the same bounty."

"Have you seen your mother?" said Bertram, anxious to turn the mind of the excited colonist away from a theme which burned on his own tongue. The effect of the question was all that was expected, and more, for the Englishman was almost sorry he had encroached into that sanctum of Gabriel's bosom.

"Seen my mother! Yes, but I all but wish I had not ventured over that holy threshold. Blessed woman, how she gazed on me, drinking in my soul through her old dim eyes, that lighted up with the same love she had always felt for me—prodigal as I have been. I had resolved to stand it through, but how soon all broke down, when she said, 'My own Gaby!' Well, I feel better that I went. Before, I could have killed an army, now I would not hurt a fly."

"Always excepting an Indian," said Bertram, sily. "Where did you meet her? Was it at home, in her own house?"

"You must remember, after I left you at the stile we were standing at, that I walked softly on to the cottage window, where I stood listening for a few minutes, when I heard the well-known voice, low and soothing, as if she was comforting some

one. She spoke as if it were to a child. But that is her way to all sick people; so I did not expect to see a child; and yet I was startled when I saw a man's head rise up from the pillow and scream. I could stand at the door no longer; so rushing in, I flung myself into her arms. She kissed me quietly; but pointing to the bed, said, in a whisper, 'Petrus is sick.' That was my brother, and as I feared, he had been out in the attack, and was hurt in defending the hearthstone. A cruel fellow of ours had struck him on the head with the butt end of his gun, and now he was delirious. He recognized me, and gave a wild shriek that froze the marrow within me. Springing on the floor, he seized me by the stock on my neck, twisting it till I became like a child in his hand. I could not have resisted him had he tried to kill me. My mother's voice, however, served to make him release his grasp, as she came between him and me.

"Is it here," the maniac cried, or rather yelled, 'that the cursed Tory would dare to show his face; and in the colors of the king? Ha! ha! ha! Come to burn the house, and his own mother in it? Look, see here where your bayonet is sticking yet?' and he tore away the bandages from his head, bloody as they were, and flung them at me, they falling on my face, so that the marks of blood were left all over me.

"Then exclaiming, as he looked at me, 'You bloody-faced traitor, you come home in your true colors. Take the bayonet out of the hole he put it in. Take it out, I tell you, till I put it into him.'

"At length, through loss of blood and fatigue, he became weak and quieted down, so that he fainted. This gave me some relief, when the good Dominie came in, to my great shame and mortification. He has always had a power over me more than any other man: not even the General himself could command me as that man of peace can at this hour, when I come near him. His surprise gave way, at seeing me, to great indignation, and even reproaches at first, which cut me to the heart. Then he would mellow down to a kindness, which was worse to bear; so that I stood really between two fires, and durst not resent either side.

"O ye vile boy! Ye Absalom, rebelling against parent and country. O Gaby! Gaby! I am sure you did not find any ground for your sinful conduct in the good Heidelberg that I taught

you. Sit down there, like a good lad, and see if you can say it. What is thy only comfort in life and death?"

"Just as I was beginning to reply, my brother gave a shriek that made us all start to our feet. 'Send him to the gallows, I'll be hangman.'"

"'Hear you that, Gaby?' said the Dominie, when the raving man had quieted down again. 'That's a voice calling upon God for judgment on your head; your brother has spoken his last words, and you hear them yet ringing in your ears.'"

"It was true; Petrus had sunk into the arms of death, and I stood there, as I thought, his murderer. I felt that it must be so, while the Dominie continued to pour out maledictions upon my poor head, till I sank on the floor.

"'O Dominie! Dominie! have pity—have mercy on my poor misguided boy,' was the cry of my mother. 'My kind-hearted Petrus, my first-born, the image of his father gone, and none left to me now, but this my poor wanderer;' and here she fell into my arms, and cried only as a mother can.

"'Gaby,' said the Dominie, after a few moments' pause, 'you are too long here, unless you be seeking the gallows. As sure as there is a rope in Mark Snyder's barn, if he catches you within the town of Sopus, you will have to swing for it. Up, and be off with you.'

"After that I met him, and told him all about you, and succeeded in interesting him in your affairs. So that you are here, and your friend away yonder."

"Well," said Bertram, "he must have drunk deep into the spirit of his religion, when he can so help the outcast, and forgive such injuries as we put on his people. God grant that the time may yet arrive, when I may do something that will show I am still a man and a gentleman."

In this way the two went on slowly, till they reached the head of a narrow valley, up which the road ran, when they came suddenly upon Hoogenhuisen, still smoking and in ruins.

"What!" exclaimed they, both at once, "more misery from war."

"O, God!" said Bertram, "this solitary case makes us feel more than if we walked through a sacked city. Domestic happiness in a single family we can understand, and feel a sympathy with. How many happy hours have been spent around that hearthstone!"

"Yes," said Gabriel, who was tran-
grief. "Happy hours indeed have been
around the fireside of Martin Schuyler.
not have believed, had I not seen it, that
could be so cruel as to level this ho-
ground. Black ruins! There is the
old Anshela kept as bright as a button, but
The cellar always so well filled, now a
charred barrels and broken pottery, and

Gabriel's heart was full at the sight; and
ing up on the rock opposite, he sat
rock to indulge his grief, mingled as it
burning tears of remorse—let us hope
ance, in some degree. So long did he
clined to sit, that Bertram found it ne-
remind him that the day was advancing
knew best how far they had to go, and
be done.

Gabriel said, "It is time we were gone
these ruins tell us that Brandt and his crew
am ashamed to say our friends, are not
and are likely lurking about here. Be-
may now be within cry. Let us then,
guide, "prepare ourselves for friend or foe."

With that they both proceeded up the
road, intending to cross at a point oppo-
falls of the Kauterskill, and there to lie in
till the appointed time for action came
how, both the young men had a kind of
ment that the centre of attraction was there.
doubt it arose from two ideas floating in
minds, Margaret's well-known romantic
next the disposition of the Indian to select
prominent scene in nature, as a mark for
To that celebrated place they now eag-
their steps. Here an occurrence took place
interrupted their progress, and but for the
age and experience would have put a stop to
expedition forever.

CHAPTER XXIII. A PANTHER OR A CAT?

GABRIEL, sunk in reverie over the ruin
genhuisen, left the responsibility of the search
to his companion, whose senses were
keener every moment to the sounds of
objects rising around him. He was sure
wild animal must be in the neighborhood
caring to disturb his guide, he merely
awake, and continued more watchful. The
were becoming louder and louder, till a
fearful roar roused up Gabriel, who ex-

he started to his feet: "A catamount! run for that rock." And they both sprang to one that was near, and balanced on the hillside so nicely, that two men in earnest, with a stout oaken lever could have turned it over, and sent it rolling down the gorge into the stream. To this they both ran, and on the lower side entrenched themselves, waiting for their enemy, who who being above them on the hillside, came down upon them with tremendous fury. Their case seemed desperate, since all the advantage of superior position was on the side of the animal. Retreat was now impossible, and their fortress was insufficient should he choose to besiege them by merely keeping watch. But they were not men to yield without a struggle. Bertram had seen the real tiger slain, when there was a host against him. Gabriel was a hunter from his youth, but this was the first time he had met the catamount along with a single companion.

On the creature came, leaping from height to height, and evidently bent upon taking his next spring to the top of their defence, which bent over them slightly, and was only about five feet high on the upper side.

"We must fire together," said Bertram, "if we would make sure, and then spring up on the rock just as he leaps from it."

"Then captain, give him your shot in his burning eyes, while I aim for his heart."

"Have your knife ready," was the quick answer of Bertram.

"Tighten your belt, captain," said Gabe, as he drew up his own buckle one hole more, pulling his rough cap tight over his ears, and looking where he might take hold of the stones, in case he must spring to the top of the rock. The sailor was not behind in his preparations, and stood ready.

In the meantime the animal watched his foes, lashing his tail from side to side. When, crouching, he gave his threatened spring, landing fairly on the rock, where he received the contents of two pistols, which only made him more furious with pain. He gave a roar that was heard as high as the Dog's Pool, where Angelica sat smoking her pipe, till she rose in her terror and mewed the wildcat's mew that alarmed Elsie.

The two skillful men had retreated to the two ends of the rock, so that their enemy's attention was divided. Falling down gracefully on his haunches, he seemed to plan carefully his next

attack, and Bertram appeared to be the object of it, for the faces of man and beast were within four feet of each other.

"Keep close to the rock, and more to your right," was the cry of the other man; "he will leap soon; let it be as far down as possible." And the warning was scarcely given, when, with another roar, the spring sent the catamount down so far that by the time he recovered himself, the two men were on the upper side of the defence, waiting for their foe. The advantage was now all on their side, and the discomfited creature, as if ashamed, turned his head away a moment, half inclined to retreat. It was then that the bark of Rover from above attracted his notice, and roused him to his feet, evidently with the determination of renewing the attack, but with more caution, for taking a circuit, he moved up the side of the ravine, as if to regain his former vantage-ground. The two men were debating whether it would be best to allow him to come on to their rear; and like all divided commands, the council might have proved fatal.

"You may stand here if you please," said Gabriel; "but I am for that tree. I hate to have an enemy above me;" and with that he sprang up and sat on a branch which overhung the very rock on which his companion was ensconced. The animal came cautiously, when both fired, and their shots told; but, raging with pain, he sprang upon the rock, over which Bertram slid, but only to encounter his foe, which was in close quarters with him at once. Out came Bertram's sharp knife, which played havoc with the beast; still the result might have been doubtful, had not Gabriel come down and finished the battle by a ball which he planted in the ear, so well given that the catamount turned himself on his side, and gave his last gasp.

The two adventurers, wiping the sweat from their faces, mingled as it was with blood, sat down on the rock, surveying their fallen enemy with gratitude.

"A panther," said Bertram, at length, "and nearly as large as the Bengal tiger we shot at Bombay, in the East, when there were fifty of us in at the death. What powerful limbs he has; and these horrible claws; see where he has torn the flesh from my arm here."

"Not a panther, sir, as you may see by these black rings on his tail. A catamount, if you

please; but so far as the fierceness and the power of the creature goes, there is but little difference. The painter is sometimes seen in these mountains; but of the difference, old Frederika Sax could discourse with you a whole day, and not be tired then."

"My poor carcass, Gabriel my boy, would, be quite as sore after the description as it is now. See how these holes bleed; come, tear off a piece of my shirt here, and act the surgeon on me, lest I bleed to death."

This being done after the most approved hunter's art, the busy Gabriel commenced immediately skinning the dead animal. "Of what use is it? for you cannot use the skin here, and you would not burden yourself by carrying it away," asked Bertram.

Gabriel replied coolly: "You see, sir, it will serve two purposes, and more besides. It will prove good luck when we show these claws, and obtain bounty when we fetch those ears home. They are good money anywhere while fresh; and the man who has killed a catamount, as that tail will show, is not to be despised on these mountains. He will respect himself, and others will respect him.

These events took place within a few miles of the Dog Pool, where the three women in whom we are interested had their hiding-place; but in these wild regions, a thousand men moving singly through the thickets, would be like ships in a dense mist at sea, within hail of each other, but in ignorance of being near any one. A mile more to the westward would have led the two men to the very spot on which their minds were bent.

Weary and worn with the fatigue of their late contest, they sat down on the verge of the ravine, and commenced eating the fragments of their supplies, which Gabriel had carefully gathered up at the close of their morning meal in the barn, draining at the same time the last drop of Hollands from the square bottle.

"Squeeze the sides of it," said the humorous guide, as he saw his companion holding up the vessel, so that the drops fell into his mouth. "There is more where that came from, though we are not likely to taste it till we earn it; and if my ears don't betray me we shall have more work of the same kind before an hour passes. Hark!"

The attention of Bertram was called to what his guide was saying, when a roar went up through

the Clove in the mountain, which chilled him and made him start to his feet as if he had been shot.

"The mate of our dead enemy," was the answer to his fears. "She had found him, and the skin is not so warm as it was last night. Well, it sounds mournful, and there is a humanity in that scream."

"I declare," said the other, "I wish they could have found the living body rather than the dead carcass; sorrow, even in an animal, comes one. It is nature."

"Up," said the eager Gabriel, "for the creature comes at full speed; let us to the top of the mountain here, and have at least the advantage of high ground. Load as you run, and see that your priming be good. We will need all our wits."

Doing as he bade, he put Bertram up first. Walking almost backward himself, he watched the creature shaking among the bushes, looking out for some point which might, in case of need, be a place of defence. The old rock was in his mind, but for lack of that, he was ready to climb the first tree which afforded a favorable harbor; and had communicated his plan to Bertram, when another roar told them that the creature was upon their wake. She had seen their track and was hastening toward them.

"Spring to that pine-tree," was the command of Gabriel, and at the same time he took a step close by. When nearly half way up they turned back with more security to the path up which the creature had come. Listening with great eagerness, late experience told them that something was stirring the animal below them. She was making forth low, dull growls. In a moment more the report of a well-loaded gun came up to them in full volume, accompanied by a yell which showed that the ball had entered some vital part, and that life was far from extinct. Before Bertram had time to speak a word, he saw that Gabriel had slipped down from his perch, and was already on his way to the scene of action; and in duty he must of course follow his captain. To men accustomed to danger, the mere prospect of seeing fair play was enough to entice them to the place.

When Gabriel arrived, he saw at a glance that all matters stood: a single man was in close combat with an enraged animal; and the beast had evidently the best of it, for the man lay on his back

as grasping the throat of the catamount, her tongue pressed from her mouth, discharging foam mixed with blood on the prostrate man's face, finding him completely.

"Hold on," cried Gabriel, the moment he came near; "hold on, and I will put my pistol in her ear."

"To her heart, to her heart," shouted the man, "she will choke me with blood."

Quick as thought Bertram took the opposite side of Gabriel, and putting his pistol to her heart, while Gabriel applied his at nearly the same time, the great creature, with a scream almost human, fell over on her side.

"Are you hurt?" was the first question put to the rescued victim. Rising up, he shook himself, as if he were not sure that he was the same man who had been lying under a catamount a minute before.

"I do not feel any way injured," was the answer of the man in the full mock dress of an Indian; "but I think I must be, after such a struggle. I forgot to thank you, gentlemen, for your timely help. My throat would have been in her vicious jaws but for you; for I could not have held out three minutes more."

All this time the stranger was panting for breath, and trying to stand on his feet. Bertram and Gabriel earnestly united in doing all they could to restore the rescued man to calmness and strength. The three sat down to survey their fallen foe and talk over the combat.

"It appears to me," said Gabriel, "that notwithstanding your evident disguise, your voice and eyes are in my memory, like some old tune that I have heard snatches of in my young days. I am about to asking your name at such a time, but our late battle has put us all three on one side."

"And you might command me just now, since you are two to one."

"Any man," said Bertram, "who can alone fight a catamount is not to be despised even on his back."

"I have recognized you from the first moment you came in sight," said the stranger. "You are Gabriel Smith, and my name is Teunis Roe."

"Ha!" said Gabriel, "who could have thought; and yet I might have known that the son of a father would be on the side of the king; for I see that you are wearing one of his liveries."

This did not sound very agreeable to the other,

but he merely replied, "I have heard that Gabriel Smith had on the king's livery for a year past; how comes it that he has doffed it in these hills which are all under his Majesty's power?"

"Reasons for all things, and you are the very man that can help in this matter, Teunis Roe; and as I knew you before to be honest, and now to be brave, I or we would ask of you a favor."

"You may command as a right, since I am indebted to you for my life."

It is easy to imagine the mutual surprise of all the three when the whole story was communicated. Bertram of course was the most astonished, the most enraptured, and the most affected with fear lest all their labor should be lost.

"So near and we cannot find them! Oh, if we had but a few days to ourselves, we could hunt them. One thing we should be thankful for: she has escaped that villain Kiskataam."

"He is now hunting for them, and perhaps before you are aware of it he will be at your back, aiming his gun at your ear. It is time that we got under cover. I have seen the snake this morning already, and I have not been able to leave the camp once but he has been at my heels. Let us go up nearer to the Kauterskill Falls."

"Have you made up your mind as to the course you will take when the Indians are carrying off the prisoners," said Gabriel to the mock Indian: "for you know we can claim to be on the same side with Brandt and carry off our prize in the teeth of Kiskataam?"

"That is if the man called Colonel Clifford do not succeed in putting in a stronger claim and have a stronger hand in it than two men like you, in the dress of the common colonists, are likely to have with the Mohawk."

"Colonel Clifford!" both called out at once. "He here! then our case is hopeless, unless we can obtain her by force or stratagem; which do you suppose to be the most feasible?"

"When I met that fearful animal," said Teunis, "I was on my way to consult a man of more wisdom than I have myself; though till this morning, I was better able to judge of hunting through these mountains than a stranger possibly could be; but I now am at my wit's end, and am willing to be led by any one in this matter. Perhaps I ought to have gone to him beforehand; still it may not be too late."

"Who is this person, Teunis, that you are now

about to counsel with, if I may ask, for if we are going to take the same work in hand, it will be proper that we act together, intelligently."

"Let me here," said Teunis, "tell you candidly that my life and happiness are alike bound up in the deliverance of Elsie Schuyler, and if the young lady be the same as I have seen, your interests are are mine; and so far you must trust my word. I have a plan which was in my mind before we met. It can be carried out all the better by three. Hear this and tell me your mind. The party on the rock I believe are waiting for more prisoners whom they expect. Some say it is the Dominie of Kaatskill. My own notion is, that it is nobody else but your Lady Margaret; and to-morrow there is to be a regular surrounding of the hills as far west as possible; now if I can get up a party of surprise it will either send Brandt off, when Elsie will come out of her hiding-place, or it may become a rescuing party, should they succeed in discovering the spot where I am quite sure she keeps her charge."

"And what did you wish from the friend below?" said the over-cautious Gabriel.

"I wanted encouragement: for my judgment has become scattered. Between this false dress, my father's wishes and my own likings and

dislikings, I am like a dog that has lost its scent ready to be whistled off by any straggler on a road that will call him master."

"Unless you have confidence in the man, not go near him. Your plan is excellent, and your encouragement let me tell you," said Gabriel, "that one of our party is down at the Dominie at present, soliciting his advice and aid."

"You mean a king's man like yourself, in disguise?"

"Yes, the brother of the young lady, and he carries documents with him of such a kind as will insure his reception."

"And a warm reception it will be, as I am a living man. Your friend's neck is not worth a bushel of beans in Dominie Schuneman's hands unless it be on the authority of General Washington himself. It would not surprise me if he were hanging like a scarecrow to the first tree he find outside of the church."

"He would not dare to do such a thing in the king's dominions, and in the face of the authorities he carries."

"My dear sir, you are an Englishman, and very loyal, no doubt; but our Dominie has more power in his parish than all the kings in Christendom; but come, we have not a moment's time to lose."

WOODED AND MARRIED.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY,

Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Wee Wife," "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," and "Robert Ord's Atonement."

CHAPTER XXV.—A FRAGMENT OF THE OLD, OLD STORY.

DYM was not without courage. The day after the wedding she set herself to take up her old duties again with a tolerable amount of determination and steadiness. It was dull; but life was dull, she said to herself, with a stoical shrug of the shoulders. She knew what Ingleside without Mr. Chichester was; and, though she sorely and persistently missed him every hour of the day, she resolutely banished all painful regrets, and bore herself at least with outward cheerfulness.

Perhaps Humphrey's unselfishness had taught her something; but it was certain Mr. Chichester's last words sunk deeply into her heart. "I leave you a precious legacy," he said to her, with one

of his winning smiles; and from that moment there was something sacred to Dym in the trust reposed in her. She would prove herself worthy of it; if possible, she would redouble her loving services to his mother, content if, on his return, he would reward her with one of his approving looks.

Guy Chichester had acted wisely in committing his mother to Dym's care. Dym had always been willing and affectionate, but her work lacked enthusiasm; Guy's words had lent impetus to it. Mrs. Chichester soon felt the change in her young companion. Dym never complained of weariness now; she read, and wrote, and stitched with laborious zeal; she sang little Scotch ballads in the evening, or drew her low chair to Mr. Chichester's side and beguiled a tedious hour

Listening to stories of her friend's girlhood; she read Guy's and Honor's letters aloud over and over again, and kissed away the tears that sometimes stole down the mother's cheeks when any of their expressions of affection moved her more deeply than usual.

Now and then her old restless fits would return; but she never spoke of them; when the oppression became too great, she would quietly steal out of the room, and, muffling herself in her old plaid shawl, go out into the garden and shrubberies with Kiddle-a-wink. Dym had begged hard that Kiddle-a-wink might be left with her, and Humphrey had willingly agreed.

"Are you not afraid of taking cold? these spring evenings are very treacherous," Mrs. Chichester said to her once, when the girl came in, fresh and bright, to take up her work again.

"Oh, no; Kiddle-a-wink and I have had such a run," answered Dym, "down to the church porch and back again, and we met Mr. Nethecote."

Dym was always meeting Mr. Nethecote. Humphrey seemed to know intuitively the time for her rambles.

Mrs. Chichester smiled to herself, but she made no observation.

Dym seized every leisure moment for going over to Woodside; there were always two or three afternoons in the week when Mrs. Chichester did not need her; and she began regularly to go over for an hour or two and give Rupert and Edgar their Latin lessons.

The work was partly pleasure; but she had an odd feeling growing on her of late that it was better for her to be employed. A few verses by Carlyle she had read in some book haunted her, and she was ever repeating them:

"So here has been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?
Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night will return."

"This 'blue day' will bring nothing to me, but it may to others," she got into the habit of saying when she woke in the morning. Many people would have thought it a beautiful life; plenty of books, plenty of sunshine, a little work, piles of clever letters to read and answer, the great garden blooming with roses and lilies, the sleek

horses coming round every day at the same hour, the luxurious equipage, the dainty five-o'clock tea, Dorothy coming in to warn her mistress it was time to dress, the quiet dinner, the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room. "Now read Guy's letter over again, my dear," Mrs. Chichester would kiss the thin foreign paper, with the well-known characters traced on it; but she was growing more blind every day. It would not be too much to say that she and Dym lived in those letters; Dym could almost hear Mr. Chichester's voice as she read those racy descriptions.

What wonderful glimpses they opened to her of Continental life! Sometimes it was an old Belgian town, with grand churches and grass-grown streets, where they lingered for a day or two; now it was the blue Rhine, or some great city on the banks of the Danube. With the advanced summer Guy meant to make a *détour* into Switzerland, and so into the Italian Tyrol; there their wanderings must cease, Guy said, with some expressions of regret; for, much as Honor wished to see Rome, she thought they ought to be home early in October. "Five months; it is a long time," sighed Mrs. Chichester; "but Guy was so bent on showing her all those places. How happy they seem, my dear! Now let us read Honor's." Honor's were always shorter than Guy's; but they were beautiful womanly letters; a sort of light seemed to reflect from them as Dym read—the pure radiance of a love that felt itself satisfied. Guy was evidently perfect in her eyes: Guy had taken such lovely old rooms, with a wooden balcony, looking over the river. Guy had stopped a day longer, because one day she had been tired, and she had missed the picture-gallery. In every few lines it was, "My wife;" "My husband." "All the artists are raving about my wife's beauty," wrote Guy. "One fellow, with a big yellow beard, has been praying me, with tears in his eyes, to let him paint her; he wants her for a 'Beatrice,' I believe. I suppose I must let him do it. If he manages to make a good thing of it, I shall buy the picture myself. Fancy Honor, in a quaint green-velvet dress, 'and her hair studded with stars.'" "You must take this letter to Humphrey: he will like to see it," said Mrs. Chichester, as Dym folded it up; "you will be sure to see him to-morrow, when you go over to Woodside."

Dym checked a refractory speech that was rising to her lips. See him! was she not weary of see-

ing him? The fields between Ingleside and Nidderdale Cottage were haunted by this big burly figure with the broad-brimmed hat. Dym would have escaped him over and over again, but for Kiddle-a-wink, who never failed to greet his friend with a loud bark. Humphrey caught Dym once trying to scale a hedge, only her white dress gleamed through and betrayed her.

"Were you trying to run away from me?" asked Humphrey, with his sad kind smile; but Dym was confused, and would not answer him. She hung down her head and walked by his side, and never once contradicted him. Humphrey certainly had the best of it that afternoon.

I wonder what Dym would have done if any one had told her Humphrey Nethcote was to be her fate—whether she would have called out loudly against the injustice, the impossibility of it, and have resigned herself to it after all? Many young creatures have had to put up with rough protectors, without a tithe of Humphrey's goodness, and have ended by becoming devoted wives. What was there about Dym that made this so impossible to her—that caused her to bridle and flush up at the least approach to tenderness on Humphrey's part, and to invest her sweetness with a hundred thorny prickles?

Mrs. Chichester's request was tantamount to a command, and there was therefore no reluctance in Dym's manner the next day, when she saw Humphrey coming down the road to meet her; on the contrary, she hastened her own footsteps.

But as she came up to him, after the first few minutes, her uneasiness returned. What was there about the fashion of the man that looked so altered? Humphrey was in the habit of wearing an old gray suit and leathern gaiters; the straw hat would be the worse for age, and brown with the sun; to-day his clothes were new, and fitted him; he had a white waistcoat and dark felt hat, and a jaunty little rose in his button-hole; he looked less angular; the old rusty air had left him; he looked what he was, a gentleman farmer in good condition. His honest freckled face had quite a bashful glow on it as he came up with Dym.

"I hardly knew you," said Dym, dryly, as she handed him the letter. The new clothes, the rose, the picturesque slouched hat—what did it mean?

"I will read it presently," returned Humphrey, putting it in his pocket. "Mrs. Chichester shall have it back this evening."

"It will not take long. I would rather back," replied Dym, with a touch of her old tradition. It was bad enough to have her companion of all her walks, without his coming to spoil their evening. Dym was turning decidedly restive.

"When do they come home, eh?" he wrinkling his light eyebrows at her, but the letter safely in his pocket all the same. He had not yet found out Humphrey could be so late too.

"Not for six weeks. Let me see; it is now—the summer seems as though it will end," exclaimed Dym, fractiously, as she pulled out the folds of her light muslin dress, and her discontented air smelt the roses Humphrey brought her.

Humphrey was always bringing her roses—bunches of delicious creamy roses, with a ground of fern and heliotrope. As she smelled their fragrance, she suddenly remembered in the long narrow school-room at Lansdown House, and Edith coming in and heaping her with these same roses.

Humphrey looked a little anxious over the discontent and abrupt answers.

"When they come back you will have away," he said, with a touch of sorrow in his voice, which somehow moved her in spite of his humor.

Yes, she will have to go away, she tells herself sadly enough now. There is no room for her at Ingleside. Honor will take her place and no one will want her—no one—no one. This was the start to the girl's eyes as Humphrey takes her hand and makes her sit down on the little bench near him.

Oddly enough, it is the very bench where Dym and Guy sat that May afternoon. It is August now; the gorse is as yellow as ever, but the heath is out, and the common is full of tender violet-blue. The geese came up waddling as usual, stretching out their long white necks and yellow bills; in the sky the lark is singing near a little white cloud.

"My dear," says Humphrey, with a break in his manly voice, for Dym's words are very plain. "Somebody wants you—I want you."

Dym draws her hand away, a little startled.

"You are very good," she answers, with an effort, "I don't deserve it." She is conscious that her words are tame—that she has hard-

answered; but what did he mean by saying that he wanted her?

"Don't go away from me," says Humphrey, humbly, for in her odd confusion she is moving as far away as the bench will allow. "I have been wishing to speak to you all these months, and have never been able to summon up the courage. I want to tell you that you need not go away."

"I must go," returned Dym, hurriedly. She was getting quite nervous now. Somehow her old friend was changed in his aspect this afternoon. It was not this sort of grave serious Humphrey she had teased. "I must go; there is no room for me at Ingleside. You do not know what you are talking about," she went on, trying to pluck up a little spirit with which to answer him; but it was a miserable failure.

"Yes, I do," replied Humphrey, quite gravely, but speaking as gently as though to an infant, for he had no wish to frighten her. "But there are houses besides Ingleside that will be glad to have you. I am all alone, Dym; why should you not come to me?"

"How—why—what do you mean?" she asked, breathlessly; even now she does not understand him, and why—how dare he call her Dym?

"There is only one way in which you can come to me, dear. May I tell you what that is?"

But Dym jumps up from the seat and covers her face with her hands: her cheeks are burning now.

"No, no! Mr. Nethecote, why do you frighten me so? why are you so unlike yourself? You must not call me that. Oh, I am so unhappy!" But Dym was trembling, so that she was obliged to let him draw her again to her seat.

"Does it make you unhappy to know I love you?" asked Humphrey, mournfully. "It seems to me now that I have loved you ever since I raised my eyes and saw you peeping over the paper that day you came to Ingleside. I have gone on loving you every day since then, and it is not in my nature to leave off, I am afraid."

"Oh, please do!" Dym begged him. She was sobbing with agitation now. "It seems so dreadful, when I cannot—when you know I cannot—do it in return."

"Do what—love me?"

Dym nodded.

"I did not expect it—don't misunderstand me—how could you care much at first for such a rough fellow? But you say it makes you unhappy to go

away. Will you"—his voice almost giving way with his earnestness—"won't you trust me? won't you let me take care of you? I would be content if you could only give me a very little, and let me love you."

"Please don't, Mr. Nethecote." The tears were fairly streaming down her face now. The good, generous Humphrey! "Oh, how sad, how dreadful it all seems! I like you so much that it makes it all the harder; but indeed I must go away."

"The Cottage is empty," he went on, in his simple way. "I am almost a rich man now; Providence has been pleased to bless me. Do say you will come to me, dear; you don't half know how lonely it is, and how I am always thinking about you. There is not a hair of your head that is not dear to me—a man's love can be so strong."

But Dym only hid her face and cried.

"Will you not try to like me a little?" There was no help for it: he would have her answer.

Dym gave him a childish pitiful look as she put her hands down.

"Oh, I do like you very much, you are so good to me, Humphrey!" speaking his name for the first time. "I cannot bear to think that this has happened, and that you will cease to be my friend."

"My dear, I could not turn against you, whatever happens. I wish I could," he returned, with a faint smile. Poor Humphrey, how white his face had grown!

"And you will be my friend still?"

"Without doubt."

"Ah, how kind you are! I wish I could have done this, but it would not be right. I would not love you in that way. I am not what you think; I am foolish and vain. I should not have pleased you."

"You would have been good enough for me." How the big faithful heart was laboring with its pain! but not even now could he make pretty speeches. Good enough! Were not her words perfection? was she not pleasant to his eyes, the dearest, the sweetest? Something came up in Humphrey's throat and choked him as Dym made her honest little protest; she had spoken it in all good faith and humility. A few weeks ago she had been wondering if any one would love her; and now this man had come, and was almost overwhelming her with his tenderness. Oh, how good he was! Why could she not love him? How could she make him understand that she was thrill-

ing with gratitude and sorrow, that his friendship was precious to her, and that she prayed never to lose it?

"Forgive me; do not be angry with me; I cannot help myself or you," she said, humbly stretching out her hand to him.

Humphrey pressed it gently, and laid it down. It would never be his—never—never!

"Why should I be angry? A woman's heart is not always to be won. I can't promise to give up loving you, Dym, but at least I will not trouble you with my sadness. By and by, when I have got over this, it shall be as usual, and we will be friends."

"Yes, yes," she replied, eagerly.

He had risen, and seemed waiting for her, and they walked silently on together. How Dym's head ached! how she longed to break the silence! to bid him leave her alone to her own thoughts! but she could not muster courage to address him.

Now and then she stole secret glances at the grave sad face; but Humphrey seemed lost in his sad thoughts. At the trysting-stile he suddenly stopped, and asked if she wished to go on alone.

Dym timidly answered, "Yes."

"Then good-by, dear. I am hardly myself just now, and perhaps it will be better. Try to forget all about this the next time we meet. I shall be your old friend Humphrey. Will you remember that?"

And as Dym looked up in his face with sorrowful assent, he stooped down and kissed her brow as a brother might have done, and then, looking back with another kind smile, went striding home through the fields.

Dym had a very tender heart in spite of her faults, and it was nearly broken by Humphrey's last kind smile.

Mrs. Chichester wondered what ailed the girl that evening.

Dym was quite speechless and distraught.

After dinner Mrs. Chichester beckoned her to take the low chair at her side; her fine woman's instinct guided her to subtle conclusions. Dym's voice had new startled tones in it; a little artful questioning, a few soothing caresses, and then it all came out.

Dym could not keep her pain to herself—she wanted to know if she had been very wicked; she put down her head on Mrs. Chichester's lap, as though she were a veritable child, and told her tale

in agitated whispers. She had wounded the blest heart—she should never be happy again—Humphrey loved her, and she could never be wife—never—never!

"Is it very wicked of me?" cries poor Dym, laying her cheek against the kind hand; "I cannot make oneself love. I never thought of it, and I have often been so cross and ill-tempered with him, and he has borne with it all. Oh, what shall I do? I can never look him in the face again—never—I have made him so very, very happy."

Mrs. Chichester sighed, as she set herself to comfort the little culprit. Humphrey was an especial favorite, and she thought he deserved better fate. She had set her heart on seeing Dym installed in Nidderdale Cottage; it would be so pleasant to keep her near them; and, to do her justice, she believed that Humphrey would make her an excellent husband.

It cost her something to relinquish her pet scheme. Under these circumstances perhaps it would be better for her *protégée* to leave Birstwith altogether. Humphrey would never be cured of his hopeless attachment while Dym remained at Ingleside. If only Dym was certain of her own mind! Mrs. Chichester was not quite so sure of it. She saw Dym was startled and repulsed by it now; but might she not bring herself to look upon it in a more sensible light? Humphrey's good qualities would make themselves felt after a time. These young girls require management and soothing, so Mrs. Chichester was not altogether sure of her hopelessness.

But Dym must be comforted at any cost, and she hastened to assure her that she had not been very wicked. These things were not always to be helped. On the whole, she had behaved very well, and said all she ought to have said.

"We must leave it now; of course it is a great pity, and I am very grieved for poor Humphrey; but you must not make yourself ill with crying, my child; men have these troubles sometimes, and they always get over them. By and by Humphrey and you will be the best of friends." But in this Mrs. Chichester lied to her own conviction; and Dym sorrowfully shook her head—she, on her part, did not think Humphrey would get over it.

Poor Humphrey! His honest heart would only have cleaved to her the more if he had known the grief with which the girl bewailed her own hard-

ness of heart and his disappointment. To a true woman there can be nothing more sorrowful than to know that she had saddened some brave heart that had failed to win her love. The attachment may cause her some secret pride in the retrospect, but she will never boast of her conquests.

Humphrey was too humble and sweet-tempered to rail over his evil fortune. After a time he bore his trouble with his old stoical fortitude; good and ill had come to him, and he had accepted both with the same pious submission; it was not his way to complain. In his and Honor's veins there was a tinge of Scotch blood. His mother, Elspie Nethecotte, was descended from the old Covenanters; among his ancestors were stern red-bearded Highlanders, who had fallen before the sword of Claverhouse, who were massacred in glens and wildernesses for adhering to the simple formulas of their national faith. In spite of his soft-heartedness and slow gentle ways, Humphrey at times proved himself worthy of the noble stock whence he had sprung. Life had taught endurance to both him and Honor. Though his heart was sore within him for many and many a long day, and his cheerless hearth became more cheerless, he would have scorned to be crushed under his misfortune. "Happy or unhappy, we must do our duty," was his and Honor's motto; and nobly did Humphrey fulfill his.

Early and late he worked as heretofore; there were fields to sow and harvests to reap, though the dark-eyed girl he loved would not come to him and make his home pleasant to him. Sometimes, as he looked round his richly-stocked garner, and saw himself adding acre to acre, and knew that he should die wifeless and childless, the sad thought would cross him, Of what good was it all, when none should come after him? True, Honor might have children, but they would not need his wealth. What should he do with the good things that came so freely at his bidding? And the answer seemed vague and distant enough.

Humphrey meant to keep his word when he promised Dym that he should remain her friend. It would have been simply impossible to avoid her, even had such an intention ever formed itself in his mind; he must have come upon her again and again in church, in the village, in the fields that must be crossed and recrossed at morning and evening.

Dym went a long way round the road the next

time she went to Woodside. She started and turned pale at every long shadow thrown over the sunny path. If she missed seeing Humphrey for the next few days, it was not because he intended to avoid her for his own sake—it was only his thoughtfulness that shielded her from a chance meeting till the wound had a little healed over, and he could say the ordinary friendly words that should set her at her ease. "By and by, when I am old, the pain will die away," he thought; "when she is married, perhaps, and has children of her own, she will not be afraid of her old friend then." And then came into his simple mind a score of pleasant pictures, for all their background of sadness: how he would befriend her and them; how the one with the mother's eye should be his favorite, and grow up upon his knee—should inherit the broad acres, perhaps, of Nidderdale Farm; he thought how proud he would be of them, and how he would be called Old Humphrey among them, and how she and her husband—"and, whoever he might be, God bless him!"—thought Humphrey, should find in him the truest friend.

Ah! peace with thee, honest Humphrey; the dream goes on, and the aching sadness goes on, and fresh troubles cloud the horizon, and stormy days are in store for thee and all thou lovest! Oh, when the heavens are black with clouds and darkness, and one gallant vessel founders on the rocks, I can see thee bravely taking thy part, and battling with conflicting elements; and I know that the dream will come true, and that thy battered bark shall come into fair haven at last!

CHAPTER XXVI.—"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE."

DYM turned quite white when she saw Humphrey next: he came into the drawing-room at Ingleside one evening when Dym was reading to Mrs. Chichester.

"I have brought the letter back," said Humphrey, quietly. He did not stammer, or blunder over Mrs. Chichester's footstool in his usual luckless fashion. He shook hands with Dym very gravely as he noted the whiteness. If it had been in his power, he would have saved her this awkwardness. "Have you been quite well, Miss Eliott?" he asked presently, with his old kind smile. Humphrey was bearing himself quite bravely, while pale Dym was shrinking into her corner.

"We have had another letter since then," ob-

served Mrs. Chichester, with a sigh: she was very sorry for Humphrey, and Dym too, but her mind was full of other things. "I have had a great disappointment, Humphrey, but—but you must read it for yourself."

"They are not coming home," Humphrey argues shrewdly, as he unfolds the letter; it is written from Salzburg, and is in Guy's handwriting, but, as usual, there is a little note from Honor.

Guy's letters had always been perfect in his mother's eyes, but this one was unusually loving, as though the writer wished to soften some great disappointment he felt he must inflict. "My dearest mother knows we are longing to see her," he wrote, "and that no consideration but one could induce us to defer our return. Honor was dreaming of Ingleside last night; she is always talking of our home and you, and what we are to do when we are together again; we have both decided there is nothing like Old England after all; and I am afraid Honor is just a trifle homesick"—a "For shame, Guy, with you!" scored under, in Honor's large firm handwriting.—"But, darling mother, there is a 'but' to all this. Dr. Guthrie (you may know his name in the London Directory) is staying at our hotel here. Honor has been ailing with a cold lately, and I thought it best to consult him. He gave us his opinion, which coincides exactly with Dr. Grey's—by the by, he speaks very highly of him; they were friends and fellow-students in the 'auld lang syne'—they both say Honor's chest was weakened by that illness of hers, and that an English winter would be very trying to her; however, he recommends us, by all means, to do Rome and Venice *en passant*, and then to winter either at Nice or Mentone. I can assure you, dearest mother, we both looked very grave over this advice. There can be no doubt as to what we ought to do; but it goes so hard with both of us to disappoint you; we had set our hearts on spending Christmas at Ingleside. You will be so dull without your children; and then there is the chance for that operation in February. If we do this, you will not see us till we have celebrated the anniversary of our wedding; for I could not bring my wife home till I knew the cold spring winds had died out of our valley." Honor's letter, too, was full of anxious tenderness; the wife's heart was evidently yearning for her husband's home and the loving duties that awaited her.

"I think this has come to teach us that our hap-

piness is almost too perfect," wrote Honor. "It does us good to have our wishes crossed just now, if only you were not to be included in our disappointment. Guy sighs, and says, 'Poor mother,' and then scolds me because I echo the sigh; he will have it I am homesick, because I dream so often of dear beautiful Ingleside. But it is not my home? Keep our places warm for us, mother; I wish I could put my arms round you, and kiss away the tears which I feel will come when you read our letters and know Guy is not coming back to you yet. Guy sends his love to Dym; tell her we shall both love her better for taking such care of you."

Poor Mrs. Chichester looks at Humphrey for comfort as he reads both letters slowly. "Christmas without them; and I was beginning to get their rooms ready." She sighs, and another heavy wrinkle crosses Humphrey's brow. As he sits there, under the lamplight, Dym can see the light frizzy hair is streaked with gray, and so are the rough whiskers and beard; Dym wonders she has never noticed it before. She reddens as Humphrey raises his eyes and sees her looking at him; and Humphrey draws his hand nervously across his mouth. "It is best as it is," he says, with a blunt attempt at consolation; "The Duchess's chest has not been too strong, of late years, and when two doctors agree we have a chance of getting at the truth. Depend upon it, the squire's right, and it is no good fretting ourselves over what can't be helped." Humphrey's voice was a little husky over his philosophy. Mrs. Chichester shook her head as she detected it.

"You always speak cheerfully, Humphrey; but you know the winter will be long to you as well as to me."

"Madam will have her say," replies poor Humphrey, with a smile at Dym; but somehow Dym is not ready for it, and meets it very gravely. She breathes more freely when Humphrey gives her his hand and goes away. She shuts herself up in her room for a long time afterwards, but Mrs. Chichester wisely forbears all inquiries. Dym cannot look at her friend yet with sorrow; his gray hairs, the coldness of his hand, and those slow gentle smiles of his, are continually before her. Nothing comforted her so much as a long letter from Will, when he heard of her trouble. Will said nothing about his disappointment at the news; he did not even reproach her with her strange blindness, or

say a single word as to Humphrey's virtues. He saw the girl's tender heart was bruised by the pain she had inflicted, and, like Mrs. Chichester, he strove to comfort.

"Be always my honest tender-hearted Dym, and tell me all that troubles you," he wrote. "I liked your letter, dear; it made me feel proud of my sister as I read it. I think it is noble and really womanly to feel as you are feeling; I would not have my child a whit less humble and child-like. All is as it should be; now you must try to forget it. Put away from you every thought, except that you have a very good and faithful friend. I do not like that expression, 'When I think of Humphrey I feel as though I should never be happy again.' My dear, the good God never meant us to bear other people's burdens in that way. Leave Nethcote to do his part and battle through his disappointment; and remember it is a real duty now as heretofore to 'cultivate cheerfulness.'"

Dym used to read out bits of Will's letters to Mrs. Chichester. Mrs. Chichester used to say they were as fine as some of St. Francis de Sales's. Both women had lately elevated the pious Bishop of Geneva to be their favorite saint. "He is so cheerful, my dear," Mrs. Chichester would say. Poor lady! what with her blindness and the long lonely winter that was approaching, she had much ado to preserve her cheerfulness, especially as she had such an unreasonable dread of the operation which every day became more inevitable.

The mischief had been slowly working for years. It was wonderful how long she had contrived to deceive her son. Dorothy used to read to her mistress before Miss Elliott came. Dym's refined voice and clear modulations were a perfect treat after Dorothy's high-pitched rasping tones. Most of the household were conversant with their mistress's misfortune long before it became a subject of conversation at the vicarage. "You know now why Miss Elliott came," observed the vicar, a little reprovingly. Katherine shrugged her shoulders; it was a habit of hers to find fault with most of Aunt Constance's sayings and doings. "I call it flying in the face of Providence, going about alone as she does," she replied, severely. "She actually wanted me not to send Kenneth up to the house with her the other afternoon—was sure she could find her way alone; and when I asked where Miss Elliott was, I found she was over at Woodside, as usual, teaching those boys; as though Guy

gives her a hundred a year to teach Rupert Grey Latin. I call it downright robbery and neglect," finished that lady, in her most virtuous tones.

"I don't think you ever will approve of works of supererogation, Kitty," returned her husband, sleepily: "if any one but Miss Elliott had done it we should have heard a different version. How you two women hate each other!" And the vicar lounged off to his study and his sermon, thinking what a pity it was Katherine had such strong prejudices, and had taken such a dislike to that nice pretty Miss Elliott.

In November Mrs. Chichester took Dym up to London with her; and they stayed for a long time at Lansdowne House. Dym sat in the long narrow school-room again, and made friends with Mrs. Vivian's successor, and once, by special favor, spent an hour alone in her old garret. Anna Freiligrath, the young German governess, found her curled up there among her boxes, and staring with dim eyes over the strip of gray sky and the tall white shining roof, behind which a dull red sun was sinking.

"*Ach Himmel, liebe Freunde*, thou wilt be starved with cold," cried the warm-hearted Anna, as she rubbed Dym's blue little hands. She was an honest, good-natured girl, and was always ready to *tut* and otherwise pet Miss Elliott.

Dym struck up an alliance with the sturdy little German. Anna's flaxen plaits, her round blue eyes, her pale freckled face, were a great contrast to Dym's dark eyes and graceful little figure. Anna's voluble tones, a little guttural, the gray stocking, bristling with needles, always produced from her pocket, her long stories about her brothers Albrecht and Rudolph in the Prussian army, and her anxiety that Dym should know they were Von Freiligrath, were highly amusing to Dym. When Mrs. Chichester could spare her, she always joined Edith and Fräulein von Freiligrath at their tea. To-night a bright little fire burned in the grate, a kettle gossiped on the hob, the round table was dressed with cake and preserves; Caroline, in her blue ribbons, hovered near. "Shall we light the candles, Fräulein? Oh, here is Miss Elliott, dear Miss Elliott!" cried Edith, joyfully, springing to her friend. "Do you know 'Lamentation' has kittens, and I am going to call one of them 'Joy,' and another 'Snowball'? Don't you wish Cousin Guy were here to choose the names?"

"Hush, chatterbox, and come to tea," says

Anna, holding up an admonishing finger. "*Meine gute* Catherine, place the chair for Miss Elliott near the fire; she is starved with cold, and looks as though she had seen ghosts." And Anna pours out tea, and knits and prattles in a cosy fashion; and the flaxen plaits shine in the firelight.

Has she seen ghosts? What kindly spirit looks out of those glowing flames that are leaping and crackling over the logs? Humphrey's sad eyes are looking at her! No, it is years ago; she is sitting in Anna's place; she is a friendless governess, without a creature to love her but Will; some one with broad shoulders is lolling against the fireplace; a brown face, with rough tawny beard, looks round at her. "Ah, are you there, my little friend?"

"I am only spinning in the moonlight," breaks in Dym, quaintly. "What tale is it to be to-night, Edith?" Edith clamors for "*Undine*." *Fräulein* tells it charmingly, and the child listens breathlessly to the pranks of *Kühlehorn*. "Poor *Undine*! it was better to be without one's soul than to suffer as she did," says Dym, with a sort of shudder, when Anna had finished.

"Not so, dear heart," returned the little German, piously; "for so there would be no future for the *Undine* with her beloved after she had wept him to death, and the tale would lose its moral."

"But she is very unhappy in her crystal palaces," says Edith, sighing. "It is a sad story. I like the part about the dwarfs pelting each other with gold-dust best."

Anna promises a more cheerful story next evening, and hums a plaintive little tune, as her needles cast off row after row. Dym knows the words that belong to it; they are Goethe's:

"Kennest Du das Land wo die Citronen blüh'n
Im dunkeln Laub—die Gold-orangen glüh'n—"

Anna misses the intermediate lines, and finishes with a sort of mellow hum—

"Dahin—dahin,
Möcht' ich Mit der O mein Geliebter ziehn."

and Dym remembers it as one of the songs Honor used to sing in the old house at Kensington.

Dym saw Colonel Delaire riding in the Park once, and he reined up his horses when he saw the Tressilian liveries; he gave Dym a very cordial smile.

"I am glad you have got over your accident so well, Miss Elliott. Beatrix ought to have been over to Lansdowne House this week, Mrs. Tressilian, but she has been so busy with those tableaux—she

and Adelaide Beauchamp seem to have time for nothing else—though I am bound to say Miss Beauchamp is the more sensible of the two."

"What a pity her wedding is put off on account of Colonel Lintot's death, Frank!" observed Mrs. Tressilian, languidly. "George seems a nice steady fellow, though he has round shoulders and stoops so dreadfully. I think Adelaide might have done better, though she is no beauty, and seems to fancy no one but George. Well, give my love to Trichy; it is a great pity she is always too busy to come and see her mother."

As Mrs. Tressilian delivers herself of this unusually long speech, she sinks back exhausted on the cushion, and Colonel Delaire canters off. As he lifts his hat, Dym sees he is getting very bald, and his face has the same pale harassed look it wore at Ingleside last Christmas. People say the beautiful Mrs. Delaire has a temper, and does not always show herself very submissive to her husband.

Dym had the good fortune to see a great deal of Will. Mrs. Chichester would send her off to spend long days with him. Dym always found him busy and cheerful, but looking thin and with a cough, and not always able to hide from her anxious eyes that his strength was not equal to his work.

That visit to London did her great good, and partly for her sake, and because her blindness made her shrink from the long winter and the emptiness of Ingleside, Mrs. Chichester made her sister promise to spend Christmas with her.

Dym was very glad to have Edith again, and to see more of *Fräulein von Freiligrath*. Mrs. Fortescue always cut off the ridiculous "*Von*;" she called it "such nonsense in a governess who has to earn her bread;" but, on the whole, she was far more gracious to Anna than she had been to Dym.

"*Mein Liebe*, she trains after one like a great white serpent," Anna remarked, confidentially, when they returned one snowy winter's night from the vicarage, where the young people of the neighborhood had been invited to play charades and forfeits. Humphrey had been there, and Anna had distinguished him with a great deal of artless favor; he was like Albrecht, only both Albrecht and Rudolph had great big sandy moustaches. He had a great benevolent heart, Anna was sure; and he had an empty niche in it for some one. "O thou little *Marmorbild*," cries Anna, embracing Dym, "this great distinguished farmer loves thee, and thou carest for him not that

—nothing,” snapping her little plump fingers—“forsooth, because he has rough looks and a gruff voice. Go, you are a cold-hearted girl; you do not deserve to be betrothed.” Either Anna’s eyes were shrewd as well as round, or Humphrey could not quite control his looks.

Dym was very glad to have Anna as companion in her walks to Woodside; it saved her a good deal of awkward embarrassment. Those walks were drawing to an end, however. Before the snow quite died off from the high land about Birstwith, gentle Esther Grey laid down the burden of her sufferings, and Dr. Grey was a widower.

Dr. Grey bore his heavy loss with fortitude, but it aged him. People said the Doctor would never be the man he was again. Friends rallied round him in his trouble, and an unmarried cousin offered to keep house for him and his children: there was nothing for him but to accept it. Dym was there when she arrived. She was of French extraction, Dr. Grey told her; had lived in Rouen most of her life, and was therefore unknown to her English relations; he heard that she was a most exemplary creature, and had tended her mother lovingly to her death. Her name was Bergamotte—Louise Adrienne Bergamotte—and she had a little income of her own, sufficient to maintain herself.

“Louise was a pretty girl once, before she went over, but I do not know what she is like now. I only know she has given up her home and all her little belongings to do me and my children a kindness.”

Dym comes away presently, quite contented. She and Mrs. Chichester are to go up to London the next day for the dreaded operation. When she comes again, she finds Cousin Louise ruling the little household very happily. The children love her. Dr. Grey respects and confides in her. She is only a lean little shriveled woman, with prominent teeth, with a shrill voice; yet Dr. Grey blesses the day when Cousin Louise came to his motherless children.

If it had not been for the cause, Dym would not have been sorry to find herself back at Lansdowne House again, and in the society of the friendly Anna. It was the end of February; the worst of the winter was over. Dym carried the first snow-drop in to Mrs. Chichester on the morning they started for London.

It was with intense thankfulness that Dym wrote to Mr. Chichester a few days afterwards, announcing that the dreaded operation had turned out a very simple affair after all; both eyes had been suc-

cessfully couched, and Mrs. Chichester now lay in her darkened room, exhausted and thankful, and dictating all sorts of loving messages to her son and Honor. A heap of soft pink and white wool lay on the couch beside her. Dym was always picking up stitches and rectifying rows now.

“If we work hard, do you think it will be in time?” whispered Mrs. Chichester; she was forever holding endless confidences with her young companion on the comparative merits of fringe or tassels; all the news of the three kingdoms would not have interested the placid woman half as much as the soft ribs of the quilt that were forming under her skillful fingers. And why? Because a wonderful secret was mixed up in those skeins and balls of wool!

The little quilt lay ready and finished in the Blue Room at Ingleside long before the news came, which Mrs. Chichester was able to read for herself.

“Oh, my dear, come here. Is he not happy? Dear, dear Honor!” And as Mrs. Chichester held out her son’s letter to Dym, tears of gladness coursed down the mother’s cheeks.

“Darling mother, thank God for us!” wrote Guy. “To-day they placed our little girl in my arms—such a tiny girl, with Honor’s eyes. I have just kissed both mother and daughter. Honor would not rest till I laid her baby in her arms. I wish you could see my darlings together—they both look so happy. Honor sends her dear love; I will not let her excite herself by delivering a longer message.”

“Is he not happy!” exclaimed the poor mother, again. “Neither he nor Honor seems disappointed that it is a girl, Guy’s little daughter! Well, fetch me my desk, my dear. I must write to him myself, and to Honor too.”

Mrs. Chichester’s cup of happiness seemed literally brimming over; the good news fully repaid her for the inevitable delay. It was the middle of April now, and Honor could not travel till the end of May. Guy wrote with some regret, a few days afterwards, that the little one was so frail that they thought it better to have her baptized by the English chaplain there. There was no time to write severally to the sponsors, but Honor wished her brother and Mrs. Chichester and Dym to stand by for the child—Humphrey was to telegraph their answer—and the doctor and his wife had promised to act as proxies. Dym was greatly moved when she heard Guy’s message. To stand sponsor to his and Honor’s child—to be thought worthy of such a privilege! For a little while she

was almost too overcome to signify her assent. How strange that Humphrey was to stand with her! "Tell him there is nothing I would not do for you and him," she wrote, in the fullness of her heart, to Honor.

Guy had told them that Honor's favorite name was Florence. Florence Honor Chichester was to be the little maiden's name. Guy wrote a touching account of the whole affair. The service was held in the room adjoining Honor's, so that the mother might join in the prayers and thanksgivings. In defiance of all usages, Guy had insisted on holding his little daughter himself, and had only given her up when obliged to do so. She had cried when the clergyman touched her, but had been quite quiet and good when she was in her father's arms again, and lay cooing and opening her eyes, "just like gray flowers when the sun throws a shadow over them," wrote Mr. Chichester.

"I hope they don't let her do too much," sighed Mrs. Chichester; and Dr. Grey, when he heard of it, hoped so too.

A few days after the receipt of the last letter, Dym was sitting one evening reading to Mrs. Chichester. May had set in unusually cold and wet—a compound of March winds and April showers; this day in particular had been cold and gusty. The valley was full of driving rain, a vaporous gloom clung to the hills, the fields were steaming, a wet glistening of sunbeams had alternated for a short time at sunset, but the clouds had closed in heavily again, and the steaminess and the rain prevailed.

Mrs. Chichester shivered as Dym put down the book.

"Ring for lights, my dear, and tell Stewart to bring another log. It makes one dreary to hear nothing but the rain beating on the terrace. Just now I fancied I heard footsteps outside the window; it must have been my fancy."

"Of course it was," replied Dym, cheerfully. "No one but Mr. Chichester ever goes round to the conservatory-door, and we should have heard the great door open if it had been a visitor: the idea of any visitor coming on such a night!"

"Yes, it must have been my fancy," repeated Mrs. Chichester, thoughtfully. "I think the wet weather makes me nervous; everything makes me that to-day. I could almost have believed it was Humphrey coming up the terrace, the footsteps sounded so like his."

"I will ask Stewart to close the shutters, and then we shall lose that dreary patter-patter. Why, I could almost believe I heard it myself," laughed Dym; but she was nevertheless glad when Stewart appeared with the tall silver candlesticks.

"I think Phyllis wants you, miss," said Stewart pointing over his shoulder to the hall. Was Dym getting fanciful too, or was the lad's ruddy face a little pale? "Phyllis wants you particular, miss," stammered Stewart, putting down the candlesticks awkwardly enough.

"Take care; you are dropping the wax. Why can't Phyllis come to me here, if she wants me?"

"You had better go to her, my dear," observed Mrs. Chichester, shivering, and drawing her shawl close round her; "and shut the door; there seems such a draught outside."

Dym found herself in a perfect whirlwind when she left the drawing-room; and no wonder, for the conservatory-door was open, after all. Dym had half a mind to call Stewart, only she was ashamed of her fears.

"Where are you, Phyllis?" she exclaimed. "Why don't you shut that door, somebody?"

"It is only I," returned Humphrey's voice, outside. "Wait in the conservatory a moment, please; I will be with you directly."

It was very mysterious, but Dym did as she was told nevertheless, and a moment afterwards Humphrey made his appearance.

"I was only speaking to Miles," he said; "you were so long in coming, my dear. Did not Stewart tell you?"

"Stewart told me Phyllis wanted me. What—what is the matter, Humphrey?" faltered Dym, growing suddenly pale over her words. Humphrey's clothes were dripping with water, the rain-drops hung on his whiskers and beard, his face had a white ashen look on it, and his lip trembled strangely. "Oh, Humphrey, I see it in your face—something dreadful has happened! Tell me quick, Humphrey, dear Humphrey," catching hold of his arm and speaking in a frightened voice. "You have heard something—Mr. Chichester—Honor—who—"

A shudder seemed to shake Humphrey from head to foot, and for a moment he held the little hands so tightly that Dym could have screamed with agony.

"Give me a moment," he gasped. "It is true. They told me so, for I could not read it for myself—Honor is dead!"

NOTES AND QUERIES.



INTERIOR OF FANEUIL HALL TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Faneuil Hall.—In the November number of the MONTHLY, in the twenty-second of his capital papers on "The Historic Buildings of America," Dr. Lossing gave a most readable and valuable sketch of old Faneuil Hall, which was illustrated with an excellent large engraving, and a small one giving different views of the exterior; I enclose a good view of the interior as it appeared a quarter of a century ago, which may prove worth engraving for a place in the department of NOTES AND QUERIES.

THOMAS W. SMALLEY.

REMARK.—Our correspondent probably was not aware that the picture he reads appeared in the *American Historical Record*, December, 1873, accompanied by a brief article on the wonderful Boston Tea Party of a century ago. But the engraving is excellent, and to very many of our present readers it will be new; hence, we republish it as a farther illustration of the paper alluded to by Mr. Smalley.—EDITOR.

George Washington Parke Custis.—In the February issue of the MONTHLY, Dr. Lossing speaks of Washington's adopted son, in correcting a mistake of Mr. A. E. Lancaster in the preceding number. This called to my mind a short article by the Doctor in the *American Historical Record* of July, 1872, in which he gives a concise sketch of that remarkable man—remarkable not only because of his peculiar relation to Washington, but also by reason of his own peculiar gifts and graces. The writer of this frequently dined and supped with him a few months before his death, and has a warm recollection of his genial hospitality and no less of his winsome conversational manner. The monument over his remains is singularly suggestive in its modest simplicity of one of the most striking characteristics of him whose virtues it commemorates. Cannot the Editor of the MONTHLY induce one of its excellent contributors to furnish a sketch of Mr. Custis? Doubtless it would oblige others besides

JAMES R. HUNTER.

VOL. VIII.—15

Van Braght's Martyr's Mirror.

—In the MONTHLY for March, 1876, p. 226, Mr. Turner, whose address we have not at hand, inquired "Where can I procure and what shall I have to pay for a copy of Van Braght's 'Martyr's Mirror?'" In reply, Samuel W. Pennypacker, Esq., of this city writes: "If the inquirer will come or write to me, I can put him in the way of procuring one."—Address 209 South Sixth St., Phila.



MONUMENT TO G. W. P. CUSTIS.

Archbishop Carroll, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton.—Our friend, Robert Coulton Davis, Ph.G., of this city, has most remarkable success in finding rare and valuable manuscripts and prints connected with men of note in our country's early days. He has consequently a perfect mine of such treasures, and, as our readers have no doubt judged from the many gems we have given from his collection, he is ever generously willing to afford others opportunities to enjoy any of his good things. We give below two capital specimens, a manuscript and a print, from Mr. Davis's collection.

Some time since Mr. Davis heard that a very old house was about to be demolished, and, from what he knew of its past occupants, he thought there might be some valuable "rubbish" in its attic or some of its huge closets. He went thither, on an exploration intent, and on the stairs met an old-rag-and-paper man with a well-filled bag. Accosting him, Mr. D. learned that the bag was full of "old rubbish," which the old "collector" had gathered "lying around upstairs." The bag was forthwith emptied upon the floor of one of the rooms, and Mr. D. was not surprised to find a goodly number of treasures; having secured these, he permitted the old man to rebag the rest and depart. Among these treasures were an old manuscript sketch of Archbishop Carroll and a copy of the *United States Catholic Miscellany*, of November 24, 1832, containing a notice of the death of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, with the action of the mayor and councils of Baltimore. We deem both worthy of a place in these NOTES AND QUERIES.

The manuscript was undoubtedly written for one of our Philadelphia papers, upon the arrival of the news of the Archbishop's death, which occurred in Baltimore on the 3d of December, 1815:

"Arch-Bishop Carroll was born at Upper-Marlborough in the State of Maryland in the year 1735, and was sent at the age of ten or twelve years to a grammar-school at Bohemia. Even at this early period he gave striking presages of his future worth & eminence, by the mildness & innocence of his manners, his docility & assiduity.

From this school he was sent to the College of St. Omers in France, where, after going through the studies of that celebrated institution with the most distinguished success & honors, he was transferred to the College of Liege; & was there ordained a priest: and after surrendering his patrimonial estate to his brother, became a member of the Society of Jesus. Upon the dissolution of that society he acted as the secretary of the dispersed fathers, in their remonstrances with the court of France respecting the temporal interests of the abolished order. For this station he was peculiarly qualified as well by his distinguished learning & talents, as by the remarkable purity & elegance of his style, in the French as well as Latin languages.

He then went to England & was selected by the late Lord Stourton (a Catholic nobleman) to accompany his son, the present Lord Stourton, as his preceptor & governor, on the tour of Europe. During this tour he wrote a concise and interesting history of England, for the use of his pupil—still preserved in manuscript. He also kept a journal of his travels, which strikingly displays that good sense, sound judgment, & enlightened intelligence which ever distinguished him.

Upon his return to England he resided for some time the family of Lord Arundel (another Catholic noble) but upon the approach of the revolutionary war he with the earnest & pressing solicitations of his noble & benevolent patrons, & came back to his native country.

Shortly after his return, at the request of the American Congress, he accompanied Dr. Franklin, Charles Carroll (his relation & friend), & the late Judge on a political mission to Canada. And through the arduous & hazardous conflict which ensued, he remained fervently attached to the cause of his Country.

He did not at any time, however, neglect his clerical duties, the primary object of his care and solicitude. Upon his arrival in his native country he lost no time in taking himself the laborious care of the General Catholic congregations, widely separated from each other, where his ministrations were cherished with the most enthusiastic affection.

He also found time, notwithstanding his numerous occupations, to write an able & masterly vindication of the Catholic faith, in reply to an address of the Rev. C. Wharton, who had abandoned it, & become a member of the Church of England.

Sometime after the establishment of our independent Catholic body in this country (before that time subject to the spiritual hierarchy in England) solicited the pope to erect the United States into an episcopal see; and the subject-matter of the memoir was nominated to the Sovereign pontiff as the fittest person for the task. There was no hesitation on the part of the pope,—to whom his character and talents were well known,—in concurring in the nomination. At a later, and recent period, at the suggestion of the Catholic clergy of his diocese, he was raised to the dignity of Arch-Bishop.

In the exercise of his sacred functions he displayed a spirit of conciliation, mildness, and Christian humility greatly endeared him to those under his charge.

His manners & deportment in private life were a model of the clerical character;—dignified yet simple, pious but austere. This secured him the affectionate attachment of his friends—and the respect of all.

In him religion assumed its most attractive & venerable form. And his character conciliated for the body over which he presided respect and consideration from the liberal & enlightened & the virtuous of all ranks & denominations, for they saw that his life accorded with the benign doctrine of that religion which he professed.

The members of his own church—to whom he was as a truth a guide & a father—who daily witnessed the kindness of his beneficence, and the tenderness of his heart—who saw the purity of his doctrines & precepts saw the purity of his unsullied character—who saw him on his death-bed, with the meekness, the patience, & and the cheerfulness of a saint & a martyr, view the sure & rapid approach of his own dissolution; concerned not for himself, but anxious for the welfare of those whom he was so soon to leave, will long remember him with the most profound, best grief, gratitude, and veneration.

He taught us how to live,—and oh too high

The price for knowledge—taught us how to die

Death, the terrors of which he had so often dispelled

the minds of others, had no power to disturb his serene and tranquil soul.

But long will his bereaved and disconsolate flock mourn the loss of him, who was the succour and support of the wretched;—who when this world could afford them nothing on which to lean, turned to him for consolation, as their spiritual father.

Long will the poor mourn for one who always relieved their wants to the utmost extent of his means,—& even extended his care of them beyond the bounds of his own existence. They will long weep for him who watched, & wept, who prayed, & felt for all.

Those helpless orphan children—to whom he was indeed a father—& who flocked around his dying bed to receive his last advice & blessing, may well weep,—for their loss is irreparable. The church may well weep—for their loss is incalculable."

The *United States Catholic Miscellany* was an eight-page weekly paper, the pages being $8\frac{1}{2}$ by 13 inches each; it was published in Charleston, South Carolina, by Rev. R. S. Baker, and was edited with marked ability, maintaining a conciliatory, kindly tone towards Protestants:

"CARROLL IS NO MORE!!!

The last cypress is at length entwined around the imperishable record of our freedom. The last of the signers is gone.—CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON sleeps "the sweet sleep of the patriot brave." The genius of liberty at length mourns o'er the urn of the last of the banded host, who in the hour of her despair levelled the lance in her behalf, nor withdrew from the contest, till her own banner rose, and floating on the breeze, told "o'er land and wave" that Freedom's battle was fought and won. Yes, CARROLL is in the tomb! But HE "shall not wholly die."—No! The sceptre of the Monarch—the glittering diadem—the purple of the throne shall moulder as the solemn mockeries of liberty; and their pageants be forgotten. But not so with the Patriarch. Whilst gratitude shall swell the bosom of Republics—whilst the flag of our own confederacy shall wave on the sacred wall of our capitol, Carroll shall live—not alone on his canvas or in marble bust—but in the memory of virtuous freemen. His name, with that of Hancock, Franklin, and Washington, shall in after ages be hymned to the lyre of the minstrel; whilst the Muse of History shall point to the knight quaternion as the fadeless monument of American wisdom in the cabinet and valour in the field.

The devotion of the venerable patriot to the principles of freedom was only equalled by his adherence to the Altars of his Fathers. The memorable oath of "LIFE—FORTUNE AND SACRED HONOR," well attested the one; as a Catholic his practical piety and unsullied morality, well proved the other. The blended rays of both shed a halo round his name whilst living; sweetly tempered the evening of his virtuous life—till, the object of the veneration of twelve millions of freemen, he tranquilly breathes his spirit to his God,—and consigns, for a while his remains to the tomb of his ancestors. Around that tomb the rank grass may wildly wave; but over it the future pilgrim shall drop the tear as its record tells him it holds the ashes of THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS.—*May he rest in peace."*

Robespierre—Singular Discovery.—In the February MONTHLY I find an interesting NOTE on "The Key of the Bastille," which calls to my mind the account given not long since, in a French paper, of a singular discovery of a secret chamber occupied by Robespierre some years after the destruction of the Bastille. The account is as follows:

A curious discovery has lately been made, while repairing the house formerly occupied by the Jacobin Club during the great revolution, and known as the Hotel de Londres, in the Rue St. Hyacinthe, St. Honore. The Club, which guided the destinies of the revolution during some few years, had often boasted of allowing the ambition of Robespierre and other leaders to progress so far, and no farther; and the members by vote had passed a law which entitled the majority to exclude from any particular *seance* any particular member whose interests might lead him to sway the opinion of the Club. Robespierre, whose ambition had rendered him an object of suspicion, had often been voted out of the assembly; and it has been a matter of surprise to the historian of the time, that he could so long maintain his influence in spite of the violence of the opposition thus permitted. The secret is now revealed. A small room—a hiding-place in the thickness of the wall—has just been discovered, opening by a trap-door into the very hall where the deliberations were being carried on, and whence he could listen to the measures to be taken against him, and, thus forearmed, have power to defeat them. It is evident that this hiding-place must have been occupied by Robespierre; and when first entered by the workmen the traces of his presence were still visible in the journal which lay upon the table, and the writing-paper, from which had been torn a small portion, as if for the purpose of making a memorandum. The only book which was found in the place was a volume of Florain, open at the second chapter of Claudine. It was covered with snuff, which had evidently been shaken from the reader's shirt-frill, and bore testimony to the truth of history which records the simplicity of the literary tastes of Robespierre. His presence seemed still to hang about that small space, as though he had quitted it but the moment before; and, singular enough, the marks of his feet, as though he had recently trodden through the mud, were still visible on the tiles of which the flooring is composed. JAMES STEELE.

Nugget.—I see in a work on Australia the following explanation of a frequently-used word—is it correct?

"The word Nugget originated at Ophir, New South Wales, and is probably a corruption of the word lingot—'a little tongue'—derived from the word used in Hebrew to designate the wedge of gold, which Achan purloined. See Josh. 7: 18 et seq." E. OAKS.

Domesday Book.—In the MONTHLY for last September, page 218, speaking of Domesday Book, you say, "This most remarkable work was formerly kept in the Exchequer under three distinct locks, but was some years since removed to the Chapter House, at Westminster, where it is guarded with jealous care."

At the time of this removal was a fac-simile of the Domesday Book published by the British Government? I remember there used to be a copy of it in the Historical Library in

Portland, Maine, sent thither by authority of the Crown. If I mistake not a similar copy was sent to other historical libraries. Can any of the readers of the MONTHLY verify this, and inform us at what time the copy was published? Was it issued because of the many claimants of property in England by American heirs, and sent here that old families might trace their lineage, or simply in furtherance and aid of history? When in England I saw the original work, and it struck me that the one in Portland looked the same even to the style of binding.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

William Cobbett and Robert T. Conrad.—I write to inquire and make a few suggestions in reference to your articles on "Wilmington" and "The American Drama." In the article on "Wilmington" it is stated "a French teacher of note, William Cobbett, lived on 'Quaker Hill,' now Fourth and West Streets, in 1794, and later went to Philadelphia and founded Peter Porcupine's *Gazette*."

William Cobbett was an Englishman of the most inveterate type, who hated and detested everything French, and I am confident that, as well from that as from his defective education, he was never a French teacher. His biographer gives no account of him in such a character. He commenced in 1794, not later, the publication, in Philadelphia, of *Porcupine's Political Censor*, not Peter Porcupine's *Gazette*, on Second Street opposite Christ church.

In the article on "The American Drama," the writer in speaking of Robert T. Conrad, says he is "the author of two of the finest plays ever produced in this country. We allude to 'Jack Cade' and 'Aylmere.'" Further on he says: "These two plays, 'Jack Cade' and 'Aylmere,' are sufficient to preserve Conrad's name from oblivion, and they will always be considered an honor to our dramatic literature." While I agree with the writer in his estimate of Conrad's writings, I cannot agree with him in the fact that "Jack Cade" and "Aylmere" are two distinct plays, or that he wrote two plays with these names.

There is but one play, called by him "Aylmere, the Bondman of Kent." Aylmere, the leading character, was known as "Jack Cade" also, and was believed to be and called "Lord Mortimer," "The Commons' King," "The Rightful King of England," defrauded of the throne.

What I wish to inquire is, am I right in the view I have taken and the facts I have given, or are the writers of these articles in your February number correct? I write with a copy of *Porcupine's Political Censor* and also a copy of Conrad's Poems before me, and hence am well satisfied that I am correct, but I would like to know the fact if I am in error.

What I have to suggest is this, writers on historical subjects should be very careful of their dates and facts. Popular articles, such as these, are read by many without examination, and the facts stated are believed to be just as stated. Hence errors get abroad and attain a currency that they should not have, and the facts of history become anything but facts. I lay no blame to the writers of these articles, for I believe they wrote what they believed to be the exact truth; but a little more care on their part would have avoided these errors.

STEUBEN JENKINS.

The Old South Church, Boston.—An enthusiastic meeting of the Old South Preservation Committee was held in Boston recently, President Eliot, of Harvard, in the chair. The treasurer reported that the total cash amount received by him was \$24,649.49; amount of subscription, less cash donations, \$50,382.86; unpaid subscriptions, \$28,496.03; cash and subscriptions due, \$50,476.34. There is also a subscription of \$100,000 contingent upon \$100,000 being raised before the first of April next. Total cash and subscriptions, \$150,476.34. The present condition of affairs of the church, as stated by the treasurer, is as follows: "To avert its immediate downfall, and to give the people, far and near, time to collect and bring in their contributions, a few persons have purchased the meeting-house and the vacant land around it, and have placed it in trust to await for a reasonable time the response of the public. I am able to state that one hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been promised for the preservation of the building, provided that the further sum of one hundred thousand dollars is contributed before the first day of April next." It was resolved that each member of the committee should raise \$1000.

F. P.

The First Book Printed in England—An Interesting Question.—It has been often stated that the first book printed in England was, "Ye Book of ye Chess." In the History of Westminster Abbey it is so stated as having been printed under the auspices of the Abbot. *The Athenæum* seems to cast some doubt upon the subject. It states that the first book printed in English was "The Recuyell of the Historie of Troye," which was translated by Caxton in 1471, but was issued without any date of printing. This was followed by "The Game and Playe of the Chesse," "Fysshid the last day of marche the yer of our lord god. thousand foure hundred and lxxiii." These two books were printed at Bruges, the first book printed in England being it is believed, the "Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophre" bearing date November 18, 1477, "emprynted by me, William Caxton, at Westmestre." Mr. William Blades has disposed of the popular belief that the art was introduced into England by Caxton in 1474 very satisfactorily:

"At the end of Caxton's 'Chess-book,' he says, 'is the date of translation, 'Finished the last day of March . . . 1474.' According to modern reckoning, this was really 1475, because, as I have shown in my 'Life of Caxton,' p. 9, the new year in the Low Countries did not begin till until Easter day. Now Easter day in 1474 fell upon April 10, and therefore Caxton did not finish his translation of Bruges till March 31, 1475. As the book was printed at that in Bruges, and before Caxton came to England with the new art, we must, I think, arrive at this conclusion: Caxton probably came to England in 1476, but the first indisputable date we have to stand on is the printing of 'The Dictes,' in 1477."

Adopting, therefore, 1477 as the date of the introduction of printing into England, Mr. J. S. Hodson, of the Pension Corporation, which will be fifty years old this year, suggests that the quater-centenary of the introduction of printing should be celebrated by an exhibition, in London, next June, of antiquities and curiosities connected with the art.

J. WILSON RHETT.

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

The Presidency "Crisis" Past.—The newspapers have sufficiently chronicled the successive phases of the "crisis" that is supposed to have imperilled our land. We have never been much alarmed, because we did not believe that the noisy threateners and blusterers meant fight; it is a well-established aphorism that "barking dogs seldom bite;" we have felt very confident that *the people* of neither the North nor the South, nor the East nor the West would consent to a war merely to gratify the political place-seekers of either party, and we have felt equally confident that these place-seekers were not to be feared in this direction; this *genus* of bipeds is not of the fighting spirit or build, and never indulges in such dangerous sport except by proxy. Indeed, the professional politician, whether you call him Republican or Democrat, knows nothing but *self*, and that self is so precious in his esteem that it must not be placed in jeopardy; nay, for that self he will sacrifice his—soul, we were about to say, but he has so little that the sacrifice would be inappreciable; for that self he will sacrifice his—honor, we cannot say, for he can't sacrifice that which he cannot possess. We will not farther attempt to say what he will sacrifice for that precious self; suffice it to say, self is to him beyond friends, family, home, country and God, and he will scruple at nothing that promises to pander to that self. The place-seeker will not fight unless so effectually cornered that he can't squirm out or crawl away; he believes in the expressive couplet,

"He who fights and runs away
Shall live to fight another day,"

with amendments—striking out "fights and" in the first line, and substituting "run" for "fight" in the second—he is so used to "running" in one way that it comes natural in the other.

But it seems that the "crisis" has passed and we may breathe once more the balmy air of peace, unapprehensive of Mr. Watterson's one hundred thousand "unarmed" friends, and assured that even *his* feathers have ceased to stand erect like the quills of the proverbial "fretful" quarruped. A happy compromise scheme has been perfected, and doubtless before this article is in print the new Presidential tribunal will have advanced in their labors far enough to make it as clear as mud who has been elected President of the United States.

The "Tripartite Commission," as some of the dailies call the new court, though a non-constitutional, if not an unconstitutional, body, is unquestionably and fortunately a very strong one in its composition, and equally so in the degree of confidence apparently felt by the people generally in its ability, fairness and patriotism—as a whole. As our readers know it is composed of five Justices of the United States Supreme Court, five Senators and five Representatives; these are: Justices Clifford, Miller, Field, Strong and Bradley; Senators Edmunds, Frelinghuysen, Morton, Thurman and Bayard; Representatives Payne, Hunton, Abbott, Garfield and Hoar.

Justice Nathan Clifford was born in Rumney, Grafton

County, N. H., August 18, 1803. After his admission to the bar he removed to Maine in 1827. After serving in the Legislature, in 1834 he was appointed Attorney-General for the State of Maine, and was elected a Representative in Congress from 1839 to 1843. In 1846 he was appointed by President Polk Attorney-General of the United States, and after the Mexican War was sent as Minister to that country. When Judge Curtis resigned his place on the Supreme Bench in 1858 Mr. Clifford was nominated by President Buchanan to fill the vacancy.

Justice Samuel F. Miller was born in Richmond, Kentucky, April 5, 1816. After practicing medicine for a few years he turned his attention to law. Being in favor of emancipation, he removed to Iowa in 1850, devoting himself to his profession, and becoming a leader of the Republican party in that State. In 1862 he was appointed Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court by President Lincoln.

Justice Stephen J. Field was born in Haddam, Conn., November 4, 1816; was graduated at Williams College; studied law in New York with his brother, David Dudley Field; went to California in 1849; was a member of the Legislature; in 1857 was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court of California, and afterwards attained the position of Chief-Justice. President Lincoln in 1863 appointed him a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Both parties in California, on account of his ability and character, united in asking his appointment to the vacancy on the Supreme Bench.

Justice William Strong was born in Somers, Tolland County, Conn., May 6, 1808. After graduating at Yale, he was admitted to the bar in Philadelphia in 1832, and began to practice his profession in Reading. He was elected to the Thirtieth and Thirty-first Congresses. In 1857 he was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for fifteen years, but resigned the position in 1868. In 1870 President Grant appointed him Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

Justice Joseph P. Bradley was born in Berne, Albany County, N. Y., March 14, 1813; was educated at Rutgers College, New Jersey, and began the practice of law in the latter State in 1839. He was engaged in the active duties of his profession at Newark when appointed Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court by President Grant in 1870.

Senator George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, was born in Richmond, Vt., February 1, 1828; was admitted to the bar in 1849, and was a member of the Vermont Legislature, in each branch for several terms. On the death of Solomon Foot he was appointed to his place in the United States Senate, taking his seat in April, 1866. He was elected to fill the remainder of the term, and reelected for the term ending in 1875, and again for that ending in 1881.

Senator Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, was born at Millstown, Somerset County, New Jersey, August 4, 1817; was graduated at Rutgers College; was admitted to

Representative James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was born in
Cuyahoga County, Ohio, November 19, 1831; was
Williams College, in Massachusetts, in 1859,
Ohio Senate; entered the

or devices. Judge Edlin said that summary convictions must show on their faces the words of the statute giving magistrates jurisdiction. The conviction, therefore, was bad on its face, and as counsel for the Crown stood by it, and declined to ask the court to amend it, they must quash the conviction, and the appellant was discharged.

Algeria.—The French colony of Algeria is slowly but steadily progressing. 2,950,000 hectares of cereals were sowed in 1875, the product of which exceeded that of 1874 by 70,000,000 of francs. 20,000 hectares of vines were planted in 1875. The phylloxera has thus far not made its appearance in Algeria. The fever-expelling eucalyptus is being planted in all the malarious districts to the signal benefit of the public health. The colony furnishes every year 3000 horses to the army; the sheep are valued at 10,000,000 of francs. Tobacco of a very superior quality is grown; the annual crop is about 6,000,000 kilograms. Since 1866 the commercial movement has increased every year 10,000,000 of francs. The importations amount to 193,000,000 of francs and the exports to 144,000,000. Roads are in process of construction wherever the country is settled. Of railroads in activity there is the great line from Orleansville to Oran, 420 kilometers, and that from Philippeville to Constantine, 87 kilometers. Several others under construction will be opened in the spring. The Arabs begin to recognize the benefits of French rule in the increased prosperity of the country, the impetus that has been given to agricultural and manufacturing industry, and the efforts making for the planting of waste places, and the procuring of water for irrigation and domestic use in the sinking of artesian wells. With the extinction of some of the nomadic and brigand tribes on the coast, the natives no longer disturb the peace of the colony.

Population of Paris.—*The American Register*, a weekly paper issued in Paris, had an interesting article recently on this subject, from which we learn that at the close of 1876, the census then made up, showed the population of Paris to be 1,986,748, being an increase of 133,956 inhabitants over the official enumeration of 1872. This increase had been in the suburbs of Paris, Passy, Montmartre, Popincourt, Batignolles, and Monceaux. There had been a falling off in the locality of the Louvre. It may be inferred, from the small increase in four years, that the population of Paris may be regarded as numerically stationary. The opening of new boulevards, which increase the beauty and improve the health of the great metropolis, drives the poorer classes, constituting the bulk of the population, more and more out of the city. *The Register* says: "This fact alone is likely to check any great increase in the population of Paris, which is fast becoming a foreign city in the midst of France. Another cause which militates against an increase of population is the octroi system. Paris is at the present moment the dearest city in Europe, and as it is not a manufacturing and trading centre, like London or New York, wages and salaries do not augment as rapidly as the cost of living. The consequence of this state of things must be a stationary population, which will, unless the octroi system is modified, soon become a decreasing one."

American Beef in England.—An English journal recently contained an interesting letter upon this subject. The correspondent says:

"A novel feature at this year's market was the introduction of American cattle, and the American breeders are to be congratulated on the result of their initial effort. Their consignments were none the worse for their long journey, and we doubt not the experiment will be followed up in future years to a far larger extent, and with even greater success. . . . There is a sudden rage for American beef. A little while ago, when the weather was bad, American beef was selling at two cents a pound at Smithfield, and from ten cents to fourteen cents a pound at Birmingham. To-day I hear it has risen to the same price as English beef, and a well-known West End butcher, whose customers are almost exclusively aristocratic, has purchased no beef but American. This looks as if Brother Jonathan were going to beat Brother John out of the field. If it has the effect of lowering the price of English beef I shall not grumble; but if fashion is going to run it up to the price of a luxury, I don't know that we shall be much better off after all."

Bismarck's Prospective Troubles.—The new German Parliament promises to be a much-mixed assembly. So far, it seems that many shades of political and religious opinion will be represented therein. Among the members already elected are 105 National Liberals, 95 Clericals, 28 Imperialists, 19 Progressists, 11 Poles, 10 Socialists, 6 Alsatian Autonomists, 3 Alsatian Protectors, 4 Particularists, and 4 gentlemen whose politics cannot be exactly classed. It will require all the tact, skill, and audacity of Bismarck to manage such a miscellaneous legislature in these stormy times.

In its marvellous growth, San Francisco may fairly challenge comparison with Chicago. A village of huts in 1848 has developed to a stately city of palaces and warehouses in 1877. The commerce of Asia floats through the Golden Gate, opening a source of future wealth richer than ever gathered at the wharves of Venice or Amsterdam. In its banks and churches, schools and scientific institutions, social and literary progress, San Francisco already ranks with many of the older cities of the East. It has a debt of only \$3,000,000, which is amply justified in parks, public buildings, and other municipal property. Its splendid harbor and vast mining interests form the basis of an enduring prosperity.

The Centennial in Court.—The issue between the United States and the stockholders is soon to be decided in the Supreme Court of the United States. There is little reason to doubt that the decision of the Circuit Court awarding the fund to the stockholders will be affirmed. The able opinion of Justice Strong so thoroughly evolves a plain, common-sense construction of the acts of Congress and meets the equity of the case as to make an affirmance of it a reasonable certainty. Under the rules of the court a case of this nature can be speedily heard and settled, and no doubt this will be done, and the question finally set at rest.

General Robert E. Lee's monument seems to be now now a thing assured. The treasurer of the Monument Association reports that he has in hand, in cash and estimated assets, the sum of \$14,993.

The Indians.—Again the telegraphic columns of the daily press tell of great victories over the fighting Indians. These Indians appear to bear a great many whippings without being seriously checked in their warfare; indeed, they may one day be named with the Cuban patriots, who are the most marvelous fighters on record—every few weeks or months we read that their Spanish oppressors have achieved a tremendous victory and are just about to crush the rebellion, and yet the patriots survive the victories, fail to get crushed, and fight on. In the case of the Cubans we confess we are too thoroughly American in our sympathies to wish to see them fail in their grand struggle for liberty; in the case of the Indians, however, we can scarcely define to our own satisfaction our views and wishes. We cannot rid ourselves of the conviction that they are more sinned against than sinning, and with this conviction we cannot quite decide that we wish them badly whipped. We believe, as we have long believed, that the Indians would be more easily managed by exercising towards them some little honor and fair-dealing. The peace-Quaker plan would prove far more effective, if our Government could once convince the Indians that we mean to deal honestly by them; as it is, they see or suspect in our peace

plan only a screen for fresh attempts to deceive and over-reach them. It may be we fail to comprehend the facts in the great Indian problem, but we have watched with keen eyes the course and conduct of Indian affairs for many years, in the sincere hope that the supposedly superior race would learn to be just and true in their dealings with the savages, but we cannot say that we have ever been quite satisfied on this point. We want to believe that the Government means rightly to conduct Indian affairs, and do in a measure so believe; but on the other hand we as truly believe that it shows culpable disregard of rascality on the part of those it could and should control.

Specie Payments.—We have recently had quite a brisk little breeze on the question of resumption; it seems to be subsiding, however, with nobody hurt. Though not of the paper-money persuasion, we cannot believe it wise to attempt undue haste in resumption; if President Grant and everybody else will be still and let "well enough" alone, financial affairs will doubtless adjust themselves in good time, but these occasional agitations of the matter only retard resumption.

LITERATURE AND ART.



LAMENT OF THE HEBREW MINSTREL.

The Hebrew Minstrel and the Hebrew Maidens.—In its February issue, the MONTHLY gives, under the head of "Literature and Art," an engraving and poem on "Rizpah," the Editor stating that he does not know the name of either the artist or the poet. I cannot supply the latter name, but the original of the engraving is by an excellent painter of Bible themes, John Tenniel, who, though not extensively known, has produced a number of creditable works in his chosen line; he is more remarkable for his common sense and understanding than for brilliance of execution. His "Rizpah" is a good illustration of this characteristic of Mr. Tenniel, and as a farther illustration I would commend his "Lament of the Hebrew Minstrel." The artist is not more suggested than the Bible scholar by his pictures. There is another English painter who deserves notice for the same peculiarities: I allude to F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., whose "Lament of the Jewish Maidens" is an appropriate companion picture to the "Minstrel," in harmony, while eminently different in treatment. Mr. Pickersgill has produced numerous Scriptural pictures, equally striking in their truth to their respective subjects; his "Visit of the Magi" is bolder than any other of his works that I have seen, and yet it does not contradict my comment. Of course, the two "Laments" are illustrative of the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm.

NELLIE HESS MORRIS.

REMARKS.—We give herewith engravings from the paintings specially referred to above, and also copy, as appropriate to accompany the engravings, two fine poems, one upon "The Captivity in Babylon," by an anonymous author, the other upon "The Visit of the Wise Men," by Captain David Vedder, who, Allibone tells us, "rose from the post of cabin-boy in the captaincy of a ship; subsequently entered the revenue service, and from 1820 until about two years before his death, at Newington, near Edinburgh, February 11, 1854, was a Tide-Surveyor of Customs."

THE BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY.

Along the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd;

When Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,—
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

The tuneful harp that once with joy we strung,
When praise employ'd and mirth inspired the lay,

In mournful silence on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.

Our proud oppressors, to increase our woe,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;

Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons the sacred anthems raise?

O hapless Salem! God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!

If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,

Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame!
My hands shall perish, and my voice shall cease!

Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
Overtake her foes with terror and dismay;

His arms avenge her desolated walls,
And raise her children to eternal day.

SONG OF THE WISE MEN.

Son of the Highest! we worship Thee,
Though clothed in the robe of humanity;
Though mean Thine attire, and low Thine abode,
We own Thy presence, incarnate God!
We have left the land of our sires afar,
'Neath the blessed beams of Thine own birth-star,—
Our spicy groves, and balmy bowers,

Perfumed by the sweets of Amra flowers;
Our seas of pearl, and balmy isles,
And our crystal lake, which in beauty smiles,
Our silver streams, and our cloudless skies,
And the radiant forms, and the starry eyes
That lit up our earthly paradise!



LAMENT OF THE JEWISH MAIDENS.

We have turn'd us away from the fragrant East
For the desert-sand and the arid waste,—
We have forded the torrent, and pass'd the floods,
And the chilly mountain solitudes,
And the tiger's lair, and the lion's den,
And the wilder haunts of savage men,—
Till Thine advent Star its glories shed
On the humble roof, and the lowly bed,
That shelters, Lord, Thy blessed head!
Son of the Highest! we worship Thee,
Though Thy glories are veiled in humanity!
Though mean Thy attire, and low Thine abode,
We hail Thine advent, eternal God!

A Valuable Antique Inscription.—According to the *Contemporary Review*, in the Hippodrome at Constantinople may still be seen the remains of a venerable trophy of the Persian war, the bronze serpent which, with the gold tripod it supported, was dedicated to the Delphian Apollo by the allied Greeks after the victory of Plataea, as a tenth of the Persian spoil. On the bronze serpent, which served as a base for the tripod, the Lacedaemonians inscribed the names of the various Hellenic States which took part in repelling the barbaric invader. The golden tripod perished long ago in the sacrilegious plunder of Delphi by the Phocians, but the bronze serpent remained in its original position till it was removed by Constantine the Great to decorate, with other spoils of Hellas, his new seat of empire at Byzantium. Here it has remained in the Hippodrome till our own time, not unscathed, for the last of the three heads of the serpent has long since disappeared; but the list of Greek States inscribed on the intertwined folds of the body remains perfectly legible to this day, having been fortunately preserved from injury by the accumulation of soil in the Hippodrome. This earth concealed about two-thirds of the serpent till the excavation made in the Hippodrome in 1855, when the inscription was first brought to light. As the date of the battle of Plataea was B.C. 478, it may be assumed that the setting up of the tripod took place shortly afterwards. Thus the inscription would not be later than B.C. 476. Of hardly inferior interest is the bronze helmet found at Olympia early in this century, which, as its inscription tells us, was part of a trophy dedicated by Hiero L., of Syracuse, after his great naval victory over the Tyrrhenians, B.C. 474. If the German excavations now going on at Olympia continue to yield results as promising as the discoveries which have distinguished the first months of this enterprise, we may hope that many similar records of Hellenic triumphs may be found in the rich soil of the Altis.

Dr. Schliemann.—According to *The Press* (Philadelphia), the discoverer of the site of Troy and of the tomb of Agamemnon, was formerly a citizen of the United States. After having made \$93,000 in the banking business in Moscow, he resolved to visit California, and towards the close of 1851 sailed for New York in the steamer Atlantic. He arrived in America after a stormy passage of six weeks, bringing with him a draft from Rothschild on August Bel-

mont for the capital he had acquired in Moscow. He established himself as a banker in Sacramento. The miners had confidence in him, and deposited their treasure with him. Four years later he returned to New York with a capital of \$400,000 but in impaired health. In 1857 he was again in business in St. Petersburg. The climate not agreeing with



THE VISIT OF THE MAGI.

(See preceding page.)

him, he made a voyage around the world, and landed in New York in a state of extreme prostration from an attack of Panama fever. By the careful treatment of Dr. Tellekamp he recovered and returned to the Old World, where he has since occupied himself with antiquarian investigations. They are for the most part carried on at his own expense.

Lancaster, Pennsylvania, has an association called the "Schiller Verein," devoted to the critical study of the German classics in the original. They are now engaged in reading Goethe's "Egmont."

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

Wall Papers—Influence of their Colors on Health.

—When doctors disagree—men in whom we have had entire confidence—how are we to decide in matters appertaining to our health? If they fail us, on whom are we to rely to settle momentous questions that are brought directly within the range of their observation, but which are still left open for discussion? It has been generally understood, that house-papers stained with certain greens are injurious, in that the greens are neither more nor less than preparations of arsenic; and yet the London *Lancet*, admitting that in some papers arsenic may be found, holds that if such papers are well made and carefully sized, they may be safely used in papering our rooms. But a room so papered, it adds, should not be used for a few days, or until it has been well ventilated; giving as a reason that during the operation of papering, some of the arsenical pigment becomes detached and remains suspended for a time in the atmosphere of the room. This being the case, we not only run the risk of getting a paper that is imperfectly made, but have also to take the chance of inhaling the minute particles of arsenic floating in the air, ready to be drawn into our lungs the moment we open the door of our newly-papered room. Better would it be to eschew paper-hanging altogether, or, at least, to have nothing to do with paper in which we can detect the presence of this pernicious color.

The question does not admit of a doubt, that persons living or sleeping in rooms papered with hangings stained with arsenical preparations, in however minute quantities, suffer in health, even if they do not die from poison, or an aggravated attack of diphtheria. Even birds hung in cages in a room so papered, sicken and die, and children exposed to such an atmosphere drop away at once.

There are all sorts of theories as to the manner in which the poison is set afloat. Many, whilst they admit the presence of the poison, maintain that the arsenic is only freed when the walls are brushed or rubbed. The *Lancet* apparently holds to this view. Admitting it to be true, who is willing to expose himself and family to so subtle a foe? A child, picking at a wall, may set arsenic enough afloat to end its days, even if it does not convey to its mouth bits of the paper it has pulled off in its restless desire to pluck the bright colors that compose the design.

Arsenic has been found in a number of colors, but it is generally confined to a light green. This green is not a natural color, or one that can be used to represent the green of nature; but it is very popular on account of its brilliancy. It is produced from arsenite of copper, and is sometimes known as emerald green; but it is recognized by chemists as Scheele's green, after its discoverer. Its use is not confined to staining house-paper. We find it wrapped around our cake of chocolate, and in the fancy boxes that contain dried fruits and confectionery. It also has a conspicuous place in the manufacture of artificial flowers, and to many light gauzes this color is imparted. The safest, or, in fact, the only way is to reject all papers stained with it either in large or small

splashes. But if one would use paper of this color, let him at least test it before hanging it on his walls. This can be done by placing a piece of the paper in a saucer, and pouring over it half a teaspoonful of the solution of ammonia. If arsenical green be present, the solution will become of a rich blue color; and if, on placing a bit of nitrate of silver, the size of a pea, in the solution, a yellow ring or crust of yellow arsenite of silver forms around the caustic, it will show unmistakably the presence of the poison. Dark green is composed of wholly different materials, and is in no way injurious.

Great care should be had in putting on house-paper, whatever the quality of the paper may be. If put on carelessly or hurriedly the effect will be injured and much of the beauty of the design lost; and if bad or lumpy paste is used, we run the risk of impairing our health. Paste, to be good, should be clear and thin; if well made, even though thin, it will be perfectly adhesive; but coarse or lumpy paste will mould and become offensive when it is exposed to dampness from the external air. This is objectionable at all times, and it is particularly so when, through carelessness or a desire to hurry the work, the new paper is put on without removing the old. Sometimes a part of the old is torn off—all that will yield readily—and then the new is put on, but the edge of the old will show through, and with this annoyance we have a double quantity of paste to scour and become offensive whenever the weather is damp and lowering. Better do without the paper altogether, and paint our walls instead, than to employ it in this way. But a good paper hanger can, if he will, put on our paper-hangings in a way that will give us no trouble.

GEORGE C. MASON.

A New Wall Paper.—It is proposed in Germany to make wall paper which will adapt itself to the degree of illumination of the room, becoming darker as the room is more lit up, and *vice versa*. The *Papier Zeitung* suggests to this end paper printed or coated with oxalate of copper, which acts in the manner above described. It is believed that very curious and novel effects of color and shade may in this way be produced on wall papers, and possibly on other materials.

Testing Iron and Steel.—Government Experiments which should be Continued.—Colonel Laidley, of the Ordnance Department; General Gilmore, of the Engineers; Chief Engineer Smith and Commander Bairdsley, of the navy; General W. S. Smith, Mr. A. L. Hall, and Professor Charles Thurston, compose the Commission appointed by the President under an act of Congress to conduct experimental tests of iron and steel. By the last Sundry Civil Bill the Commission was discontinued at the end of the present fiscal year. The Commission have just gotten ready for operations at Watervliet Arsenal one of the most complete testing-machines in existence, and are anxious to carry out the provisions of the act under which they were appointed, as it would be impossible for any private enterprise to make adequate tests, and they have asked Congress for an appro-

priation of thirty thousand dollars to carry on the experiments through the next fiscal year. The President has sent a special message to Congress embodying the views of the Commission on this subject, and urging that the appropriation asked for be granted. These experiments are of great importance to the coal and steel trade. They not only propose to determine the amount of strain which iron and steel will bear, but make a thorough test of the theory of crystallization in iron, as set forth in the opinion of the engineers who investigated the breaking of the Ashtabula bridge. A large number of iron bridges are now used on the railways, and thousands of human beings whose lives are hourly risked upon them render these experiments of vital importance.

The Message.—The President's capital message is as follows:

I desire to call the attention of Congress to the importance of providing for the continuance of the board for testing iron, steel, and other metals, which by the sundry civil appropriation act of last year was ordered to be discontinued at the end of the present fiscal year. This board, consisting of engineers and other experts from the army, the navy, and from civil life (all of whom, except the secretary, give their time and labors to this object without compensation), was organized by authority of Congress in the spring of 1875, and immediately drafted a comprehensive plan for its investigations, and contracted for a testing machine of 400 tons capacity, which would enable it to properly conduct the experiment. Meanwhile, the sub-committee of the board have devoted their time to such experiments as could be made with the smaller testing machines already available. This large machine is just now completed and ready for erection at the Watertown Arsenal, and the real labors of the board are therefore just about to be commenced. If the board is to be discontinued at the end of the present fiscal year, the money already appropriated and the services of the gentlemen who have given so much time to the subject will be unproductive of any results. The importance of these experiments can hardly be overestimated when we consider the almost endless variety of purposes for which iron and steel are employed in this country, and the many thousands of lives which daily depend on the soundness of iron structures. I need hardly refer to the recent disaster at the Ashtabula bridge in Ohio and the conflicting theories of experts as to the cause of it, as an instance of what might have been averted by a more thorough knowledge of the properties of iron and the best modes of construction. These experiments cannot properly be conducted by private firms, not only on account of the expense, but because the results must rest upon the authority of disinterested persons. They must, therefore, be undertaken under the sanction of the Government. Compared with their great value to the industrial interests of the country the expense is very slight. The board recommend an appropriation of \$40,000 for the next fiscal year, and I earnestly commend their request to the favorable consideration of Congress. I also recommend that the board be required to conduct their investigations under the direction of the Secretary of War, and to make full report of their progress to that officer in time to be incorporated in his annual report.

U. S. GRANT.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, January 30, 1877.

The Sea-Serpent.—The London *Spectator* gives full credit to the last reported observation of the sea-serpent:

"In the Straits of Malacca the sea-monster, so repeatedly seen and so repeatedly declared to be mythical, appears at last to have been carefully observed by competent witnesses. The creature was seen by the passengers and crew of the ship *Nestor*, on her voyage to Shanghai; and on her arrival at Shanghai the master of the ship, Mr. John Keiller Webster, and the surgeon, Mr. James Anderson, made a statutory declaration of what they had seen before a magistrate, as a mode, we suppose, of formally attesting that they spoke in good faith. The creature (which resembled a huge salamander, only that, instead of being about six or eight inches long, these dimensions must be multiplied by at least 75 or 100, the body being from 45 feet to 50 feet in length, the head 12 feet, and the tail, it is said, no less than 150 feet) was first seen at half-past ten o'clock on the 11th of September, fifteen miles northwest of the North Sand Light-house, in the Straits of Malacca. The weather was fine, the sea smooth, and the air perfectly clear. The Chinese on deck were terribly alarmed and set up a howl. The whole watch and three saloon passengers saw the creature clearly and observed its movements. It travelled for a long time about as fast as the steamer, appearing to paddle itself by the help of 'an undulatory motion of its tail in a vertical plane.' The body and tail were marked as those of the salamander are marked—with alternate bands, black and pale yellow in color. 'The head was immediately connected with the body, without any indication of a neck.' Both witnesses state positively that the only resemblance was to some creature of the frog or newt kind, while one of them (the surgeon) says that the longer he observed it the more he was struck with its resemblance to a gigantic salamander. Its back was oval in form. No eyes or fins were seen and it did not blow or spout in the manner of a whale. The greater part of its head was never seen, being beneath the surface. Probably the creature is of a race which survives from that very different world in which creatures of gigantic size seem to have been so much commoner than now. There appears to be no manner of reason for doubting the very express evidence so succinctly and soberly given."

Poisoned Arrows.—There has been some difference of opinion whether the North American Indians use poisoned arrows or not; but it seems to be pretty conclusively shown that they do not. According to Major Powell, who has carefully examined the subject, in connection with various tribes of the Rocky Mountain region, there is a very weighty reason why such should not be their practice. The Indians do not understand diseases to be bodily ailments, but to be entities, evil spirits, which take possession of the body, or parts of the body, and all their therapeutics is sorcery. Their Shamanistic ceremonies are well known. Hence, they would not arrive at the notion of inoculating disease by means of poisonous substance—in fact, have no idea of material poison, as such. They do not seem to know, for instance, that the sac of venom on a rattlesnake's jaw furnishes the substance which produces the effect of the reptile's bite. When the Indians use what are called in jargon "medicine arrows," they indicate weapons which have been charmed with fatal power by means of

sozcery. These supposed "deadly" arrows are prepared in various ways: by being made with a charmed tooth, or with a piece of stone found by revelation in a dream; by the use of certain magical preparations, which latter are often made in rattlesnake skins. It is quite possible that white men may have taught some Indians the power of the rattlesnake venom, which may have occasionally been used for poisoning arrows; but, so far from such being a custom, Major Powell has never known of an instance.

Petroleum.—Important Facts.—In a careful article on the production of Petroleum, the *Titusville Herald* says:

"One of the most remarkable features of the Petroleum situation to-day is the decrease in the average of new wells. The average of wells completed in November last was ten and four-tenths barrels, and in December nine barrels, against fourteen and five-tenths barrels in January last, and twenty-four and one-half barrels in July, 1875. In January, 1876, we had 142 wells drilling, against 618 in November, and 493 in December, and to-day we have fewer wells drilling than during the past four months. But, looking still further back, in January, 1875, with a production of 27,489 barrels per day, there were forty wells drilling, and in January, 1874, with a production of 37,648 barrels per day, there were only thirty-seven wells drilling. Thus it would seem that, notwithstanding the present apparently large number of wells completed, they are, taken altogether, by no means equal to those completed in previous years. The area of territory over which new developments are now scattered is also greatly in excess of that of any previous period of our history. The falling off in the yield of producing wells is no less extraordinary. While 3300 wells produced in January, one year ago, 23,000 barrels per day, it now takes 6000 wells to produce 25,000 barrels. Whereas it took last year an average number of 190 wells to be completed each month to maintain the production to an average of 24,500 barrels per day, it will at the present ratio of decrease require a very much larger number of wells to be completed each month than ever was known before, and a proportionate and constant increase in the number of drilling wells. In regard to the yield of the entire wells of the region, we find a falling off during the year 1876 from an average of seven barrels to the well in January to five and six-tenths to each well in December. This decline in the average yield of drilling and producing wells and proportionate advance in the price of the article was fully predicted in our columns in January, 1876. If we look at the past it is for the purpose of learning the lessons of the future, and the question coming closely home for consideration is whether, in view of the above facts, the price of our great staple will not in the year 1877 advance in a like proportion to what it did in 1876.

New Remedy for Baldness.—We find the following in the *Full Mail Gazette*:

Persons afflicted with baldness will be glad to hear that a luxuriant growth of hair may be produced by a very simple process, described by British Consul Stevens, in his commercial report on Nicolaef for the past year. In the summer of 1875 Consul Stevens's attention was drawn to several cases of baldness among bullocks, cows, and oxen and the loss of manes and tails among horses. A former servant of the Consul's, prematurely bald, whose duty it was to trim

lamps, had a habit of wiping his petroleum-besmeared hands in the scanty locks which remained to him; and, after three months of lamp-trimming experience, his dirty habit procured for him a much finer head of glossy black hair than he ever possessed before, in his recollection. Struck by this remarkable occurrence, Consul Stevens tried the remedy on two retriever spaniels, that had become suddenly bald, with wonderful success. His experience, therefore, induced him to suggest it to the owner of several black cattle and horses, affected as above stated; and, while it stayed the spread of the disease among animals in the same sheds and stables, it effected a quick and radical cure on the animals attacked. The petroleum should be of the most refined American qualities, rubbed in vigorously and quickly with the palm of the hand, and applied at intervals of three days, six or seven times in all, except in the cases of horses' tails and manes, when more applications may be requisite. This news will create a profound sensation in hair-dressing circles, particularly among wig and chignon makers.

A Prepared Codfish Patent Litigation.—The *Scientific American* says:—The patent of Mr. Elisha Crowell, under which he claims a royalty on all cod and other fish deprived of skin and bones and packed in boxes, etc., for transportation, is to be contested by the wholesale fish dealers of this city. Mr. Crowell has heretofore issued stamps, which the trade purchased and affixed to the boxes of fish, at the rate of $\frac{1}{4}$ cent per pound. The dealers now claim that this tax inflicts injury on their business, and that Mr. Crowell has no legal right to exact it. As a large number of merchants are associated in these legal proceedings, and as it is reported that other fish dealers throughout the country will coöperate with them, it is probable that Mr. Crowell's claims will be vigorously fought in the courts.

Open Polar Sea.—A veteran Arctic explorer, James Lamont, writes to the *London Times* on the subject of an open Polar sea. He ridicules the idea of a vast, illimitable open ocean reaching to the Pole, and says: "Now, surely, it is time that all this nonsense about an open Polar sea was knocked on the head. I have been deceived twenty times myself by what looked like an open sea when in reality it was only a pond of water a few miles broad. We are all liable to be deluded in like manner, because, in our eagerness to see what we wish to see we are apt to lose sight of three very simple facts: First, that ice lies very low in the water; secondly, that it is only a very small horizon that one sees from the masthead of a vessel; and, thirdly, that only half a mile beyond our horizon may lie not 'a vast, illimitable ocean,' but a vast illimitable ice-field reaching to the Pole."

Up to the 24th of December last, of the 44,700 feet of the entire tunnel through Mt. Gothard, in Switzerland, 22,188 feet had been excavated. Such progress having been made in four years, it is fair to infer that the whole work will be finished in 1880.

A Sinking Island.—The Island of Heligoland is reported to be gradually disappearing. It is now, says *Iron*, less than a mile in superficial extent; but in 1649 it was four miles in circumference, in 1300, forty-five miles, and, in 800, a hundred and twenty miles. The encroachment of the sea is effected almost entirely from the northeast, owing to the set of the currents and the direction of the prevailing winds.

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

Noise is the arch-enemy of the overworked brain, and one of the effects of culture is to subdue social noise and all clamorous expression. But noise is by no means the universal evil modern ultra-refinement would have it. There are conditions of life where silence is so prevailing that the ear craves sound, and the spirit becomes sluggish for want of it. Sound is often a stimulus, and is absolutely necessary to a full sense of existence. In country life, the craving for noise often leads the rustic to turbulent scenes. We may imagine the charm of market-day to dwellers in rural solitudes. The confusion of sound brings a new sense of life and brotherhood; the crack and crash, the rattle and grinding of wheels, the multitudinous cries, the snatches of talk and laughter, the tread of numbers, and, over all, clocks and chimes and bells, each sound demanding, insinuating, clamoring to be heard, and diverting the thought for the moment to itself, and yet all harmonizing into a busy-bee-like unity of purpose. The idea of religion, even, in the unlearned mass who pass their lives in silent, solitary occupations, is so inseparably associated with noise that it is almost impossible to instil the one without some aid from the other. But noise, in the progress of civilization, is losing its mission. Modern nerves recoil from the rude charm of mingled discords. We cannot now discover the spirit-stirring quality of the *ear-piercing fife*, as described by Shakspeare. We are amazed that the word *shrill* should have been used by old poets as complimentary. We are puzzled that Sir Walter Scott should have enjoyed "the frenzied rivalry of contending bag-pipes." The riot and din of revelry in ancient times confound us. All that clatter which once was inseparable from high spirits seems to us now simply savage, and what was once to us a sympathy has become an antipathy. But, where there is great vitality there is sure to be noise. Mirth is always outspoken. In houses where noise is an offence, the children grow up losing a tonic. We miss a flash in the eye, a spring in the step, a ring in the laugh, which a little noise, indulged in at odd times, might have instilled into the system. Noise, therefore, is a part of education. Too much silence makes us morbid and sluggish; the ear has its necessities, like other organs, and the brain, if often oppressed and wearied with noise, is as frequently stimulated and invigorated by it. Lawful, recognized noise, is one of the most important elements of healthful life, along with fresh air and pure water.

"Auntie Thtomach."—A little three-year-old had heard that it was inelegant to say "legs," "limbs" being the fashionable substitute, and had learned other like lessons; a little playmate had an Aunt Isabella, whom she called "Auntie Bellie;" little Miss Primp one day rebuked her thus: "You muthn't thay 'Auntie Bellie;' you mutht thay 'Auntie Thtomach.'"

Tree-Love.—A Remarkable and Curious Case.—No one who has ever shared the hospitality of the late Gerritt Smith will ever cease to remember the simplicity and order that prevailed in the fine household; the genial hospitality of

the noble host, or the many acts of beneficence that sweetened his every day life. My object, however, is not to eulogize my friend, whose excellence is known to an extent commensurate with his world-wide philanthropy, but to preserve a singular display of fraternal woodland growth, that would seem to realize the classical belief in the Hamdyodes of old, and which Mr. Smith was at considerable pains to bring to my observation.

It was one of those beautiful mornings of our Indian summer, so marvellously soft and tender, a sleepy haze toning down the gorgeous hues of the October landscape into a spiritual holiness. Mr. Smith appeared at the door with his fine barouche and splendid horses and proposed a ride. "I will show you," he said, "what we consider a great curiosity, and see if you can account for it."

It was a pleasant drive over roads made smooth by the supervision of a man who, while intent upon the great interests of our humanity, was not the less mindful of the arts that were to make the wilderness to blossom like the rose. A luxurious pleasure it was that genial morning, under the soft sky, with a well-trained team faultlessly mounted, and a gentle companion full of wise utterances, and having also that fine quality that fitly estimates the grace of silence. Some miles of rare scenery in that upland country was passed over, when our horses stopped by the wayside and Mr. Smith pointed out two fine trees of similar size, shape, and general appearance.

"What do you think is the cause of that?" he said. "One is a maple, the other an elm, and any way, how did it happen?" pointing with his finger.

Strange enough, less than three feet from the ground was a bridge, as it were, between the two trees, which may have stood three feet apart. The bridge, extended arm, or whatever else it might be called, was covered with bark, was of the same size throughout except where it emerged from each tree it was a trifle larger than at the centre. It was, in fact, a Siamese ligature, a bench—perfect, though rounded—to delight a school-boy. I should say, while the trees may have been a foot and a half in diameter, the connecting link was not a third of the parental bulk, being in the proportion of an arm to a leg.

How shall we account for this fraternizing in the wild woods? In the stress of wind and storm, did each instinctively lend a hand to the other? Did the sap of each mutually circulate in the veins of the other? Did this endearing companionship impart a grace and completeness to the existence of each, which we, in our imperfect comprehension of the marvellous heart of nature, are incapable of understanding?

It is well known that trees planted in groups thrive better than when solitary, but this is the only instance which has come to my observation of a tree-love.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

An Expressive Epitaph.—In a country churchyard in England, according to a lady friend of the MONTHLY, is

found the following epitaph upon a stone marking the "resting" place of a husband and wife:

Their warfare is accomplished.

Speaking of an epitaph, some of our readers may recall the sensation of some years since, in and near Newburyport, Massachusetts, aroused by the circulation in manuscript of Hannah F. Gould's epitaphs upon living characters; they were marvellously witty though not unkind. One of the most amusing was upon Caleb Cushing, noted for his energy and "push;" it ran thus:

ON C. C.

Lay aside, all ye dead!
For, in the next bed,
Repose the ashes of C—g,
He has crowded his way
Through the world, as they say,
And perhaps now he's dead, may be pushing!

Mr. Cushing took this in good part; but retorted by writing the following, which turned the tables on Miss Gould:

ON H. F. G.

Here lies one whose wit
Without wounding could hit;
And green be the turf that's above her!
Having sent every beau
To the regions below,
She herself has gone down—for a lover.

The Sumner Tree.—A reader of the MONTHLY sends us the following, which he says he copies from his "scrap-book," and he asks what the tree is and where it stands:

"There is a tree in the east Capitol grounds which was the object of Charles Sumner's especial admiration. Mr. Scrivener, who resides near by, gives the following as the history of this tree, which, he says, he related to Mr. Sumner: 'After the close of our last war with Great Britain Commander Bainbridge was sent by the Government to England to bring home our prisoners of war. While in Great Britain, and when visiting Edinburgh, Scotland, he saw a class of beautiful trees, grown for ornamentation, especially in cemeteries. He had one dug up and brought to Washington. Having landed it here safely he extended invitations among the men of note in Washington to be present and participate in the ceremony of planting this tree which he had imported. The ceremony, which partook more of conviviality than solemnity, was participated in by Generals Brown—then Commander-in-Chief of the Army—Scott, Jessup, and Townsend; Commodores Bainbridge, Decatur, and Porter, and many distinguished statesmen and citizens of Washington.'"

The Tea-Kettle.—A lady, whose contributions have often added to the interest and value of the MONTHLY in the past, and we hope will in the future, sends the following:

I sat listening to the low undertone of the tea-kettle, simmering before the fire at twilight, when for the first time I noticed its peculiar shape, broad in base, and as Milton would say, "aquat like a toad," convenient, safe, unique. Can the "gossips" of the MONTHLY inform me as to its origin?

A sick man, slightly convalescing, was asked by a pious friend who his physician was. He replied: "Dr. Jones brought me through." "No, no," said his friend, "God brought you out of your illness, not the doctor." "Well, maybe He did, but I am certain the doctor will charge me for it."

John B. Gough, in his recent address on "Temperance," at St. Louis, said he had spoken on the subject 5680 times. He remarked in conclusion that this was his last appearance in that city.

Mary Clemmer, the accomplished correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, says, in a recent letter: "I have another neighbor whom I think of with great tenderness, Mrs. Lippincott—'Grace Greenwood.' This country has not produced a woman of deeper or richer nature, and were she to pass away I should think of her with long regret as one whom the barrier of ill health and of unkind circumstances held back from the highest achievements possible to her rich intellect and heart. She does nothing that she does not do well."

A Remarkable Widow.—Our little daughter solemnly declares: "I'll never get married; I'll be always a widow and stay at home with papa and mamma."

Mr. Moses Titcomb, of Bangor, who recently resigned the office of superintendent of the Senate document room, was one of the oldest officials in Washington, having been in the service for thirty consecutive years. He went from Boston at the invitation of his cousin, John Fairfield, then Senator from Maine. Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were in the Senate when he entered office, and he is full of interesting reminiscences of those distinguished statesmen and their associates.

To-day will be yesterday to-morrow.

The Japanese minister's wife, Madame Yushida, is said to be quite well known in her native country as a writer. She has readily adapted herself to the customs of Washington, but acquires the English language slowly. Her infant daughter is named Sfumi, which in the Japanese language signifies "Literature."

Justice David Davis, the United States Senator-elect from Illinois, is a millionaire, a second Daniel Lambert in size, very jolly, very genial, and very agreeable.

An Iowa paper tells of a smart wife that helped her husband to raise seventy acres of wheat. The way she helped him was to stand in the door and shake a broom at him when he sat down to rest.

Colonel A. D. Steinberger, ex-Premier of Samoa, and an early resident of Colorado, the *Denver News* states, writes to a friend in Baltimore that he expects to reap a rich bonanza from his recent adventure and experience on board an English man-of-war. He was taken prisoner by a British man-of-war, and forty days was in irons. He finally worked his way to a British province and secured passage to London, from which point he threatens the British government with a million-dollar damage claim.

A Boston boy: Hub-bub.

"I live by my pen," said a poet, wishing to impress a young lady. "You look as if you lived in it," was the reply.

Religious Notes.—The Chicago churches have gathered in 1792 members, as the fruit of the Moody revival meetings.

The German Baptist churches of the United States have 7516 members.

When Father Boehm died, at the ripe age of 100 years, Dr. Lovick Pierce, of Georgia, became the oldest Methodist minister in the United States. He is now ninety-two and filled a preaching appointment for his son, Bishop Pierce, the other day.

Virginia appears to be a Baptist State. One out of every nine of the population is a Baptist, making a total of 173,960 members, against 11,754 Episcopalians, 89,000 Methodists, and 17,000 Roman Catholics.

Rev. Dr. Richard Newton, of Philadelphia, will soon begin to preach to the Mussulmans through his books for children, now being printed in Arabic.

It is announced that one-half of the proposed endowment fund of \$500,000 for the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary has been raised. Indeed, the Baptists have been very successful, considering the hard times, in raising centennial endowments for their educational institutions. The agent of Shurtleff College says \$75,000 of the \$100,000 which it is intended to raise for that institution has been secured, and it is now proposed to ask for a jubilee fund of \$50,000 in addition.

The "Catholic Directory" for 1877 reports that the number of Catholic churches is 5292; of priests, 5297. The estimated Catholic population is 6,200,000.

According to Dr. Cushing, on an average fifty Congregational churches die yearly, and twice that number are annually organized.

Bishop Herzog has confirmed 1583 persons since he became bishop of the Swiss Old Catholics in September last.

According to the official return, there are in Prussia 17,674 Old Catholics, and 22 Old Catholic priests.

Rabbi Blake, in an article in *The Christian at Work*, says of the differences between the Reformed and the Orthodox Jews that "neither party has preserved Judaism as it originally was; but has reformed it—the latter by increasing its burdensomeness, the former by casting off not only these additions, but much that is essentially Jewish. The tendency of these last is towards absorption by Christianity, and in a few years we might look to see these very advanced Hebrews in the fold of the Church, were not signs apparent of a reaction toward the older faith." He believes that the two parties will yet be united, and that there will be "peace again in the camp of Israel."

The Wesleyans established the first Christian mission in the Friendly Islands fifty years ago. The pioneer was the Rev. John Thomas, and the king of Tonga last summer issued a proclamation appointing a public holiday in commemoration of the jubilee of Mr. Thomas's landing in Tonga. Mr. Thomas is still living, at the advanced age of eighty-two. This mission has been more than self-supporting several years, adding each year from \$5000 to \$10,000 to the funds of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

Mr. Moody, says the *Boston Globe*, is but a rugged orator, but he so evidently means what he says that no mere fine pulpit scholar can have such an influence as this plain, warm-

hearted man will exert in Boston. Mr. Sankey's singing is sweet in the lower tones, and often expressive and tender. But at other times the strain upon the voice is painfully evident, and the singer sometimes pays scant attention to the rules of time and rhythm.



DR. LOVICK PIERCE,
The oldest Methodist Minister in the United States.

Mr. Ario Pardee, the liberal patron of Lafayette College, has presented a \$40,000 church to the Presbyterian congregation of Hazleton. Mr. Markle, of Philadelphia, has added an organ and bell costing about \$5000.

REMARK.—The above has just started on the newspaper rounds, but, if we mistake not, the munificent deeds recorded were done some seven or eight years ago, when Mr. Markle was a citizen of Hazleton, and before Mr. Pardee's noble benefaction to Lafayette College cast into the shade his former good works.

Interesting Political Figures.—Some interesting facts are revealed in the Congressional election returns as published in the *Tribune Almanac*. The largest vote polled in any one district for Congress was in Nebraska, 52,686, and the largest vote cast for any one Congressman was for Mr. Welch of that State, 30,900. Mr. Throckmorton, of Texas, had the largest majority of any candidate, 22,855. The Mormon Delegate, Mr. Cannon, of Utah, had a majority of 17,689. Mr. Buckner, of Missouri, comes next, with 16,893; Mr. Cox, of New York, next, with 16,658; Mr. Hatcher, of Missouri, next, with 15,699. The largest Republican majority in any one district was 13,485, for Mr. Ryan, of Kansas, whose district, in number of votes cast, is second only to Nebraska. The third district in number of votes cast is the Sixth Michigan, which cast 44,971 votes for a member of Congress.

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THE OLD COEYMAN HOUSE, SOMERVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

By REV. WILLIAM HALL.



OUR attention was first drawn to this ancient New Jersey mansion—one of the few of the better class of its colonial domiciles still standing—by an article concerning it published in the *Elizabeth Daily Journal*, December 8th, 1874, from the pen of the late Mrs. Harriet Woodward of that city. This house was for many years the residence of her father, the Rev. John S. Vredenburgh, pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church in Somerville, and it was the endeared home of her childhood. Her reminiscences of it as such, went back to nearly the beginning of the century, and were of touching and beautiful interest. And, whenever she visited the old manse, now neglected and decayed, its every room had its tender souvenir to her eyes. Here was the nursery or corner where the little ones played merrily together; there was the father's dear familiar library and study, which he so often paced when committing his sermons to memory. So also it brought tenderly to mind the image of a sainted mother, who long presided in that domestic sanctuary, and who suddenly left it and ten

orphaned children, for one of the heavenly mansions. And she was the daughter of that eminent Revolutionary patriot and pastor, the Rev. James Caldwell, who, with his devoted wife, fell victims to the murderous shot of foe and traitor.

The old parsonage, thus associated with sacred and pleasant family memories in the mind of the venerable lady to whose record of it we have referred, was also photographed for her parlor wall in Elizabeth. And its picture there—a large and

finely-taken one—must have been a cheering companion in many a lonely hour of her declining years. She loved to show it, and tell its story to her friends, and hence our knowledge of the same, and, subsequently, through the kindness of her much bereaved husband, Dr. M. W. Woodward, the copy—reduced in size—procured by us for this periodical. In her memorial article, Mrs. Woodward speaks of the original interior architecture, ornaments, spacious hall and parlors of this house, at the time of her father's occupancy, as betokening the residence of a family of wealth and high social position, in the olden time. And such its history shows it to have been, as more recently learned from the Rev. Dr. Messler, who has been the pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church in Somerville for the last half century and upwards. He informs us that "the date on the old house is 1736. It was built by Andrew Coeyman, a brother of the owner of the Coeyman Manor, below Albany. The last of the name was Lieutenant Staats Coeyman, of the Navy forty years since. One of the granddaughters was Mrs. George Paterson, and another descendant, Mrs. Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany, was a great-granddaughter."

A centennial fact in the record of this historic house was also mentioned by Mrs. Woodward, viz.: that in its parlors, oft scenes of joy as well as of sorrow, an old friend of hers, a lady of Revolutionary associations, had the honor of dancing with Lafayette, who was in New Jersey so much during the War of Independence.

What is above given formed the substance of an article under the heading of "An Ancient Parsonage," from the hand of the present writer, published in the *Christian Intelligencer*, November 9, 1876. And to this were appropriately appended some very interesting additional particulars, by C. D. Deshler, Esq., its then acting editor, received from his near family relative, Mrs. Theophilus M. Holcombe, an aged lady residing in New Brunswick, New Jersey, who is of the Coeyman lineage, and the best living authority in the matters of its genealogy. Her statement, slightly abridged, is as follows: "Andreas Coejiemans," the original Dutch of the name, "built, or caused to be built, this house, and he imported both the building materials, and in part, the furniture which adorned it. He was the son of the widow Gurtrud, who came hither from Holland, with two sons, Andreas and Pieter. She purchased a patent of land on the

Hudson River, where the now town of Coeymans is, which was named in honor of her. He settled in 'the Jersies'—so then called. He married the daughter of Dr. Samuel Staats, of Albany, and had, born of her, one son and five daughters. The son, Samuel Staats Coeyman, inherited the homestead, and also, as was the custom, the family relics. He married Ariantze Schuyler, of New Brunswick. They had two children, Andrew and Gertrude, the mother of Mrs. Holcombe, the wife of the late Capt. George Farmer, of Albany city. Andrew, as male heir, on the death of his father came into possession of the place, and died there, deceasing in 1804. Under the name of the modern manufacturing village of Rensselaer, which now covers the ancient Coeyman farm of several hundred acres, and on the beautiful slope, he sleeps, with three generations before him, the last of his race in Somerville." And the old worn monument made mention of to us by Mrs. Woodward, within the ample house grounds, has left a lasting impression on the memory of the inhabitants of the Vredenburg parsonage, and what a change time and the hand of modern improvement have wrought in all the former surroundings! The old orchards, gardens, fruit shade trees, and old residents, all gone; none left to tell the tale of that silent past, but the old house. And it too, will, no doubt, soon follow the rest, and disappear from the face of the earth. But its picture is now destined to live in perpetuity, thanks to the conserving care of the excellent Mrs. Woodward, and the illustrative engraving in POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

May this engraving of the substantial, faithful, enduring domicile of her honorable Hollanders' ancestors in New Jersey—so typical of their national character—long be a pleasant memento of the house of her earthly pilgrimage, the venerable lady whose historical and genealogical knowledge her family, and also the antiquarian public, now have so much real value.

Nor can we better close the present record by here quoting entire the graphic concluding paragraph of her opportune supplement, than by Mr. Deshler, her son-in-law, to our first number of this ancient house, given in that ably-conducted organ of the sound old Dutch Reformed Church in America, the *Christian Intelligencer*:

"I recollect making a visit at this house,

me it was in possession of the good Dominie Vrenburgh. It was, I think, in 1819. While visiting in the vicinity, where we had many friends, a donation party was gotten up for the minister; and we, being farmers' daughters, were solicited to

spin a half-pound of flax for the party, to which we readily assented, and by which means I became one of a party at that donation visit; and it was the last time I ever visited that venerable residence of my mother's ancestors."

A BIBLE LESSON.



SLOWLY, slowly fade, fair picture,
Yellow lights and purple shadows,
On the valley, on the mountain,
And sweet Ruth among the meadows!
Stay awhile, true heart, and teach us,
Pausing in thy matron beauty,
Care of elders, love of kindred,
All unselfish thought and duty.
Linger, Boaz, noble minded!
Teach us, haughty and unsparing,

Tender care for lowlier station,
Kindly speech, and courteous bearing.
Still each softest loveliest color
Shrine the form beloved and loving,
Heroine of our heart's first poem,
Through our childhood's dreamland moving,
When the great old Bible open'd,
And a pleasant pastoral measure,
As our mothers read the story,
Fill'd our infant hearts with pleasure.

DURING FORTY CENTURIES—FROM THE PYRAMIDS TO THE ST. GOTTHARDT TUNNEL.

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

WHEN yet the inhabitants of our planet were sparsely scattered over its surface there was little or no opportunity for intercourse between the isolated communities wherein they dwelt. Thus it came to pass that the discoveries of wise men, discoveries which might have been productive of blessings to all posterity, were lost with the decay of the community in which they had been known, and the entire weary process of investigation must be gone through with later before similar results could be again attained.

The ancient Egyptians, for example, understood how to fuse the most diverse metals directly from rude ore. They were most skillful metallurgists; but this art was lost during the long period of decay which followed the golden age of civilization. The art of casting bronze over iron, which has recently come up among us, was already known to the ancient Assyrians. Of late we hear of the reestablishment of the manufacture of a malleable glass which was known in the days of Tiberius. At that time, as Pliny tells us, the laboratory of the discoverer was destroyed in order that copper, silver and gold should not be dishonored, as it was feared they would be through the introduction of malleable glass.

Our technical scientists are constantly liable to fall into the grossest blunders if they do not keep themselves informed on the history of discovery.

In the lengthy disputes which preceded the completion of the Suez canal, a prominent rôle was played by a supposition that a difference of some ten metres existed between the altitudes of the Red and the Mediterranean Seas. Laplace declared this to be an impossibility, proving the level of the sea's surface to be the same all over the world; but it was not until after repeated experiments that the engineers would be convinced that their instruments instead of his statement were at fault. Precisely the same point had been argued by the engineers of two thousand years previous, during the opening of the Corinth canal, and then it was Strabo, supported by the authority of Archimedes, who settled the dispute.

At that period of antiquity, to be sure, science

was confined to the favored few, and mathematicians, as well as astronomers, priests, architects, sculptors and painters, were obliged in the public interest to execute work which in our day is entrusted to the common laborer. With the advance of civilization and the accumulation of wealth and power in different localities naturally arose a division of labor, and kings and rulers, striving after glory and magnificence, undertook the erection of costly palaces, superb temples and gigantic monuments. The post of court architect then became highly honorable and lucrative. Thus we see graven on the most ancient quarries of Egypt the pedigree for twenty-three generations of one of the Psammetic court architects. All his ancestors had been architects like himself, and all had been endowed with high priestly honors. Whether the calling which they represented was fraught with blessing thereby, deponent sayeth not. As much as seven hundred years before our era royal architects had been appointed in Assyria, as we are thoroughly apprised by ancient tablets, and as for the ancient Roman architects we recognize their status in the magnificent works which they have left behind them, and which serve as models for modern architecture.

And, as architecture had its origin and first brilliant prosperity in the East, so was it also with the science of engineering. Whether the Chaldeans and Babylonians independently developed the latter or whether they borrowed it from the ancient Egyptians remains an open question. Each were an agricultural people, inhabiting a fruitful plain, traversed by a mighty stream, which only required irrigation to be productive of almost exhaustless grain harvests. Under like necessities were devised in both places, some four thousand years ago, the most ingenious means of irrigation, whose ruins fill us with astonishment unto this day, when even the names of the engineers who planned them have been long lost in oblivion.

Religious motives, the foundations of so many marvelous structures, were the impelling powers which guided the works of the engineers of those ancient times. For the temples and sacred edifices

were selected the largest, most enduring stones, in order that the structures they were to compose might defy the ravages of time. Engineers were called upon to lend a helping hand in removing the stone from the quarry to the place of its destination, metal-workers had their part to play in preparing the implements of transportation, and thus architecture, engineering, and metallurgy all gained an important impetus from religious workings.

The most ancient stone structures, the date of whose erection we can approximate, are the pyramids of Gizeh. They were sacred edifices, esteemed even more sacred than the temples and royal palaces, erected as places of concealment for the earthly remains of the kings, whose souls, in accordance with ancient Egyptian belief, would return to take possession thereof after the lapse of three thousand years. Although constructed four thousand years ago, the masonry of the pyramids, aided by Egypt's propitious climate, is to-day in a state of perfect preservation, a miracle to all beholders. Almost beyond computation was the amount of human power brought into requisition by the kings in the transportation of the needful blocks from the quarries to the building sites, and even the statue of Rameses the Great, which weighed 800 tons, was moved by men, as the well-preserved panel representations show us.

When the numbers of the objects to be moved increased, when they became heavier and more colossal in proportions, mere human power must of necessity have become exhausted in the effort of transportation. Flesh and bones alone no longer sufficed. When the huge block, weighing 1200 tons, on which now stands the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, in St. Petersburg, was carried to its place of destination, it was found almost impossible to supply a sufficient amount of power; even the iron cylinders on which it was rolled were crushed, and must be replaced by a harder metal. The old Egyptians, in order to further the progress of their huge granite blocks and colossal statues, made granite roads from the shores of the Nile to the place of erection, and Herodotus, who saw these, admired them more than he did the pyramids.

While we find the old Egyptian mode of moving colossal statues frequently depicted, we have no authority upon their manner of erecting obelisks weighing 400 tons, certainly a far more difficult task than the transportation of the heavy blocks.

Monolites, similar to those of the Egyptians, were erected by other nations; none of them, however, were as tall as those of the ancient inhabitants of the Nile valley, and the Egyptian obelisks in Paris and Rome are the tallest of their kind in Europe. In the temples of Baalbec, erected under Roman government, we find the largest stones which have been used since the structures of the Pharaohs; but they do not by any means equal these. The removal of these stones must constantly have given rise to reflections concerning the feasibility of replacing the enormous expenditure of human strength by mechanical contrivances. Putting such thoughts into practice, however, was dependent on metals.

Often has the question been started whether the ancient Egyptians were acquainted with steel; yet there seems to be no reason for supposing this not to be the case. Iron was known from the earliest historic period to the races within our horizon; it is copiously mentioned in the Bible and in Homer. On the wall-paintings of the Egyptian tombs in Thebes we see butchers sharpening their knives on pieces of metal of a bluish coloring which unquestionably represent steel. Iron is found in enormous quantities about the ruins of the Assyrian palaces, and the inscriptions on the tiles tell us of the iron fetters of the prisoners. Even in the Great Pyramids is found a piece of iron which must have lain there four thousand years. Certainly a great age for a metal which is so liable to be destroyed by rust!

The iron which the Africans of the present day prepare by simply melting the ore over charcoal, is most nearly related to our forged iron; and similar to it we must conclude was the simple preparation of iron employed by the ancient Egyptians. There is required but a slight addition of carbon to such iron and the result is steel; indeed steel is often unintentionally retained in the primitive clay ovens of the Africans. Why then should it have been unknown to the Egyptians? It was unquestionably discovered and employed by them in their masterly works, as is assumed by Sir John Hawshaw, who is our authority for the historic dates of this paper.

A second basis for the impetus to our industry and technical skill is coal. As early as 1611 a patent was taken out in England for smelting iron ore by means of stone coal; but this method did not become common there until the last century.

Until then charcoal had been used, and in certain forest regions of Germany it still serves for the fabrication of a most excellent iron. But only since the use of stone coal has been thoroughly established has the iron industry received a truly vigorous impetus. Here we cannot avoid giving a table of figures which will represent better than any multiplication of words how great this impetus must be. The increase of the yield of coal during twelve years may be represented in tons, as follows:

| | 1860. | 1872. |
|---------------------|--------------|-------------|
| Great Britain . . . | 80,706,391 . | 125,473,273 |
| German Empire . . . | 12,347,828 . | 42,324,469 |
| United States . . . | 9,388,758 . | 41,491,135 |
| France . . . | 8,303,700 . | 15,900,000 |
| Belgium . . . | 9,610,895 . | 15,658,948 |
| Austria . . . | 3,503,895 . | 10,443,998 |
| Total . . . | 123,861,467 | 251,291,823 |

The explanation of this fact is simple enough: it results from the rapid replacement of hand labor by machinery and the consequent growth of manufacturing industries on the one hand, and the colossal development of railroad and steamship traffic on the other. Notwithstanding the enormous increase in the yield of coal throughout the entire world, the product has increased instead of decreasing in value, and always finds a ready market. If one merely estimates the approximate value of the annual yield of coal in the world, one attains the gigantic sum of four hundred and sixty million dollars in gold. This estimate has merely reference to the price of coal at the mines, which, of course, by the time it is delivered at large factories and elsewhere in our great cities, must be represented by a much higher sum.

Side by side with the growth of the coal yield moves onward the development of the iron industry; closely related causes, not requiring any special explanation, unite the interests of these two giants of the world's industry. During the year 1866 the iron production amounted to 10,500,000 tons, and in 1873 it had increased to 15,000,000. That the reader may form some idea of the approximate monetary value of this yield, it will suffice to estimate the worth of the iron manufacture of Europe alone. Of the 11,400,000 tons of iron ore which was its share of the yield in Europe during the year 1873 were produced about 1,500,000 tons of cast iron, about 1,200,000 tons of steel and some 7,500,000 tons of bar iron, tin, etc. Now the very lowest estimate of the cast iron would be \$2.37

per ton, that of steel, \$4.74, that of bar iron, etc., \$3.31, and according to this the annual production of iron in Europe must amount to about six hundred and eighty million dollars in gold. According to the same estimate, that of the United States must be about one hundred and fifty millions, and that of the entire earth about nine hundred and thirty millions.

In the iron now prepared in such enormous masses in the anthracite coal blast-furnaces which moderns possess a material for construction of which the ancients had no conception. True, this iron having been thus employed but for a comparatively brief space of time, cannot with justice be compared in durability with the old staple of construction which the ancients, without remodeling, took direct from the bosom of mother earth.

While, in Egypt, as we have seen, architecture attained its highest perfection four thousand years ago, the art of building with bricks flourished ten centuries later, in the fruitful lands of the twin streams Euphrates and Tigris. Buildings of baked clay erected at this time, and preserved intact unto this day, give evidence of a high degree of technical skill. If the superb palaces and temples of Mesopotamia lie now in ruins, the fault is not due to their builders; for three thousand years they have served as a sort of stone quarry for neighboring people, and tiles having inscribed on them the names of ancient Assyrian and Babylonian rulers, or costly ornamentation, are found to-day in the houses of the dwellers on the Euphrates and the Tigris.

The labor called into requisition in building the temples of Babylon and Assyria must have been enormous. Layard's Kouyunjik excavations alone afforded a yield of 14,500,000 tons of bricks and brickdust, and represent, according to the most moderate estimate, the labor of 10,000 men for twelve years. The palace of Sennacherib, which stood on this site, was unquestionably the largest palace ever built for monarch; its walls were half a league long, inlaid with most exquisitely-carved alabaster plates, and entrance was gained into it through twenty-seven magnificent portals, flanked by colossal sphinxes and bulls.

If we reflect on the inexhaustible sources of human labor at the disposition of the rulers of those lands, these mammoth works no longer seem to have been erected by miraculous agency. Whole lands were depopulated and their inhabitants forced to do villanage work. What the Bible tells us of

the brick-making which occupied the people of Israel in Goshen, gives us a faithful picture of the employment of entire nations in similar labor. The tile inscriptions of Assyria afford us a faithful estimate of the amount of booty and the number of prisoners resulting from each war, and in Egypt very frequent mention is made of the work executed by the prisoners. Herodotus tells us that in the building of the temple of Sennacherib 360,000 men were employed. What marvelous talent for organization must have been called into requisition to control such a mass!

It were strange if architects who could conceive of such temples and palaces as we find in Egypt and Mesopotamia should not have produced other useful works, and indeed traces of such do exist, proving that war and conquest did not alone occupy those ancient people. Egypt, for example, was in the days of the Pharaohs better watered than to-day. It is no easy matter to perfect a system of irrigation, and requires immense engineering skill. The Egyptians possessed decided surveying knowledge, and Eustathius tells us of charts in which were marked all their roads and marches. Lake Mœris was one of the most significant works of the irrigation system of Egypt, a reservoir which stored up all the surplus waters of the Nile inundation to give them out again when needed. To this day admiration must be excited by the sluice-gates of this inundation regulator, which was built by Amenemha III., surnamed the "Sea-King." And equal in excellence to the canals for irrigation were those for navigation purposes.

The sources of knowledge whose outpouring was so abundant in Babylon and Assyria became at an early period exhausted. With the fall of Babylon and the destruction of Nineveh disappeared the people who had migrated from the fruitful plains round about, and in the region where extended a broad desert before the construction of the works of irrigation, the yellow sands blown by storm-winds gained once more dominion, veiling the former glory from human ken until the European investigation rescued it from oblivion.

Not so in Egypt. Long after it had attained the pinnacle of its splendor and majesty, it remained the sparkling fountain whence the ancient Grecians and Romans quaffed wisdom. The Hellenic philosophers, the first minds of the nation, wandered over to the wonder-land of the Pyramids as to a great and high school, and from Alexandria

learning and wisdom flowed in broad streams over the West. Yet the lands of the Euphrates and the Tigris contributed in no small degree to the foundation of old Hellenic culture; indeed, the distinguished Assyrian scholar, Smith, does not hesitate to state that the classic nations "borrowed far more from the valley of the Euphrates than from that of the Nile." In astronomy the ancient realm of the Chaldeans stood preëminent; an astrolabe was found in the palace of Sennacherib, also tablets showing the divisions of the year according to seasons, in which account is taken of an intercalary month. The Chaldeans possessed constellation charts; they knew the course of the planets, watched the courses of the comets; they computed eclipses of the sun and of the moon, and fixed the signs of the zodiac.

Through the seafaring Grecians, whose ships swarmed the Mediterranean Sea, the intellectual treasure-stores of the East reached the West. Its geographical position alone would naturally have acquired for it the rôle of mediator. But the earliest architecture of Greece, about seven centuries before Christ, formed a strong contrast to the works of art of Egypt and Mesopotamia. The so-called Pelasgian structures, monstrous walls of rude stone, are wholly wanting in the architectural beauty which later in the golden age of the Greeks, beneath the laughing skies of Athens, was revealed in the highest form ever attained.

To-day, when the question of public health is widely agitated, and the sanitary regulations of large cities are so zealously prosecuted, it may not be amiss to recall the fact that twenty-three hundred years ago the city of Agrigentum possessed an extensive drainage system, as we are informed by Diodorus. Nor is this by any means the only city of antiquity of whose drainage we are assured. Fully two hundred years earlier the Cloaca Maxima was constructed in Rome; also among the palaces of Babylon we find mighty vaults which have served as public sewers.

The palmy days of Rome alone can compare with ours in regard to useful public works. This, however, is not the place to do honor to the public works of ancient Rome, which, in a measure, extend to our day. Fortunately they are nearer to us than the monuments which we have been descanting upon, and it is therefore easier to form judgment upon them. The Romans were conquerors of the civilized world as it was known at

that time, and their capital on the Tiber was decorated with all the treasures of subjugated lands; yet they by no means neglected the development of the auxiliary sources of the most remote provinces.

Fearful as are the immediate consequences of war, it often proves indirectly a benefactor to humanity. During the long sieges carried on by the Grecians and Romans, was incited the spirit of invention of battering engines and machines of defence; the most able philosophers and mathematicians of their day devoted their energies to the service of war; and the great Archimedes, who invented the catapult which he used in the defence of his native city, Syracuse, against the Romans, fell himself in the same battle. And so it is unto the present day, when the most skilled engineers vie with each other in the construction of deadly fire-arms and implements of destruction; when they are constantly improving on the swiftness and impenetrability of ships of war, and when these marine inventions are constantly reverting to the advantage of the civil fleets.

In those old days when commerce and traffic gave no impetus to the construction of roads and bridges, these were built by the soldier for military purposes, and actually tended to serve as a promoter for peaceful traffic, especially in ancient Rome. Wherever the Legion made its way, arose, even in the most barbarous provinces, superb roads, whose remains fill us with astonishment even unto the present day, and which "all lead to Rome." No less than the roads were the water-works marvellous efforts; and while our modern cities were not supplied with water conduits until this century was well advanced, Rome possessed during the first century of its existence a system which could supply ample water for seven million people. Nine aqueducts carried it from the surrounding hills; later, five new ones were added to these; but three of these old aqueducts suffice to supply modern Rome with water.

With the fall of Rome arose a pause in the progress of culture; the barbarous hordes which were let loose on our part of the earth had no need to construct bridges and great highways. New impulses then arose through the Arabian men of learning, especially in the province of the astronomical and mathematical sciences.

From the tenth to the fourteenth century and onward was inaugurated the great period of church-building, during which were erected our

superb cathedrals with their heavenward aspiring towers and domes, and then came to be neglected, except perhaps in Italy, works serving to further the public weal. In Italy a strenuous effort was made, during the revival of the arts and sciences in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, to employ largely once more on the construction of harbours and the canalization of streams. In 1481 the first canal sluices were constructed; Leonardo Vinci, great also as a painter, was a prominent engineer, and it was he who designed the sluice gates.

It would almost seem easier to conduct water to places where it is needed, than to restrain its overflow where its encroachment would be productive of wretchedness, want, and devastation. In the last respect the people of Holland have accomplished the most of all nations; actually compelled to unwonted exertions by the sea-encompassed land in the northwestern part of the realm, which for centuries has been wholly dependent on man's art. How early this people began its struggle with the sea is not precisely known, yet there are evidences of dykes having been built in the twelfth century, for the purpose of keeping back the ocean from the lowlands. When, in consequence of bold voyages and successful commercial enterprises in the spice-lands, and daring ventures of the whale fishermen in the Arctic waters, the prosperity of the Netherlands grew and the population increased in numbers, works of the most magnificent proportions were undertaken; defiance was offered the sea, canals were made, and gigantic machines constructed to pump dry entire seas, if needs be. Until quite recently the North Holland canal, completed in the year 1825, was the largest of its kind extant; the Suez canal was the first which exceeded it. But already has the Netherlands completed another work, which is in every respect the peer of the Suez canal—we mean the canal from Amsterdam to the North Sea, with its colossal sluice works. After pumping dry the Harlem sea and transferring its bed into a fruitful plain, the colossal question is agitated of the feasibility of doing the same by the Zuyder Sea.

As the Hollanders became teachers of the world in canal enterprises, so the French have, at least since the last century, become authority on the construction of roads. From thence to the provision of other facilities for intercourse was naturally but a step. Wooden clouts were first used in the Hartz mining works in the seventeenth century;

the first iron ones came up in England in 1738, thus laying the foundation for our railroads.

The greatest revolution in the commercial world, however, was brought about through the introduction of the steam-engine. At first, to be sure, the magnificent rôle to be played by Watts's invention was not foreseen, and great was the wonder felt at its actually controlling water and wind-mills, and replacing horse-power in the tread-mill. Deep mines from which the water had hitherto only been removed through the excavation of costly galleries, were now pumped dry. The slow work, in a word, of hands and fingers, of bones and sinews, was directed to other provinces, and thus was obtained the equivalent of a thousandfold increase of hands.

Thus, long before steam was rendered available as a means of facilitating intercourse, it became serviceable to industry. The most subtle and remarkable effects of all were produced by its application to spinning and weaving. What miracles has it not worked in the manufacture of cotton goods! Known in the Indies already in the earliest historic times, cotton did not make its appearance in Persia and Egypt until about the time of the birth of Christ. In Spain it was woven in the tenth, in Italy in the fourteenth century, and Manchester, to-day the greatest cotton market in the world, first became acquainted with it in the seventeenth century. A falling off of good old honest linen was inevitable. Its pedigree extends back to the ancient Egyptians, and many mummies are found wrapped in linen cloths of exquisite fineness. The Babylonians, too, besides woolen materials, wore fine linen garments of superb coloring and beautiful patterns. Our generation has witnessed the introduction of steamboats, telegraphs, and railroads.

Only forty years have elapsed since a celebrated Englishman of science declared that a steamer would never succeed in crossing the Atlantic Ocean. Shortly thereafter, in the year 1838, the passage from Bristol to New York was made in seventeen days by the *Sirius*, the first vessel which ever crossed the ocean by steam alone; the ship *Savannah*, two years previous having made the passage from America to England, partly by steam and partly by sail. The *Sirius* was followed by the *Great Eastern*, which made the transit in thirteen and one-half days. Thus was inaugurated the era of steam travel on the ocean.

Comparatively brief as has been the period since

the birth of the transatlantic steamer intercourse, the steamers begin already to supplant sailing vessels. Toward the latter part of the year 1800 the number of European ocean steamers was 2974; that of the sailing vessels, 92,272. In the year 1873 the number of ocean steamers had increased to 6228; while in all Europe could be estimated but 92,778 sailing vessels. Thus, during a space of thirteen years, European marine commerce gained an addition of 3254 steamers, and only 506 sailing vessels, leading to the inference that six times as many steamers as sailing vessels are built. With the increase of steamers is, of course, abbreviated the term of delivery as well as increased the amount of freight possible to be carried; for every ton of freight which a steamer has capacity for carrying is equivalent to four tons of a sailing vessel, because the steamer can make about four trips to the sailing vessel's one.

A comparatively long time was required by the electric telegraph, after its invention, before it came into universal use; Munich and the observatory at Bogenhausen were connected by the first perfectly adjusted electric telegraph; in 1838 the London Blackwell railroad introduced it, and since then the electric telegraph has conquered the world. Telegraphic wires now, fearing neither ocean nor desert, encompass nearly the whole earth, and there is prospect that the missing link between San Francisco and Yokahama will at no far distant day be supplied. The cable connection between Europe and America is now so thoroughly insured through five concurrent lines that there can be no question of a possible break in the telegraphic intercourse between the Old and the New World; and with Australia, since 1872, we stand in regular telegraphic communication. The length of the telegraphic wires of the world now measures some 95,000 geographic miles.

From a scientific standpoint we must rank the invention of the electric telegraph above that of the railroad. The results arising from the enormous increase of railroads, however, far exceed those of the telegraph, for the railroad is serviceable to a vastly greater number of people, and the name of George Stephenson, the railroad inventor, will be placed among the greatest benefactors to mankind, until perhaps one day some more stupendous invention renders the railroad superfluous.

Just fifty years have elapsed since the opening of the first railroad—in 1825, between Stockton

DURING FORTY CENTURIES.

ton. The victories of technical skill, our day find no mountain-wall too break through, are so universally known, are scarcely in place to dwell thereon; the union of capital and labor the boldest have been brought into realization. As Europe as in North and South America are of this kind undertaken of a magnitude must surely awaken the wondering admiration of posterity. To the two Alpine passes, Cenis road, with its tunnel 12,236 metres in length; and with the fourth gigantic enterprise, Gotthardt railroad, is work progressing from the Swiss and Italian sides which such rapidity that its completion will scarcely be delayed after the prescribed time. But far beyond any of these is the prospect of a submarine railroad-tunnel between France and England.

The northern and eastern railroads of Europe may, to a large degree, be viewed as pioneers of culture. The project of a railroad running through Lapland belongs no more to the realm of fancy, for the tracks of Norway and Sweden are forcing their way onward. Russia too stretches out her iron arms further and further northward as well as eastward, and Turkey of late contributes her mite, through the main line reaching to the Bosphorus, traversing her confines from east to west, and through the projected road which is to penetrate Asia Minor as far as Angora. Russia possesses already six lines terminating at the Volga, and pointing to Asia. From the terminus, Zarizyn on the Volga, the steamer makes its way in two days to Astracan, at the mouth of the stream in the Caspian Sea, and from thence in four days more to Enseli on the Persian coast. In Southern Caucasus, since 1872, the Black Sea has been opened to Tiflis, and a railroad follows the sloping banks of the Kur, scaling mountains far above the snow-line, through lengthy tunnels, and across four hundred and thirty iron bridges spanning ravines and flood-tides, the city of Tiflis is reached. In its eastern continuation this road leads to the Caspian Sea. And now that our railroads touch on Asiatic confines, projects of the greatest magnitude have been afloat, plans to cross diagonally the largest of continents, to unite the Russian roads; with the terminus of the Indian roads; the enterprise has been even so bold as to propose a railroad which would be the most

populous land of the East, with its four hundred million inhabitants, and the three hundred million inhabitants of Europe. What prospects would be open for traffic and intercourse were these two most thickly populated sections of our planet brought thus into immediate contact; could human beings, merchandise and ideas be transported in a fortnight from European metropolises to Peking! Thus far, however, the Chinese oppose the construction of this road; they shrink from having the sacred soil, in which rest the ashes of their forefathers, torn up and desecrated by the hands of the foreign workman. Quite different from the Chinese are their near relations the Japanese, who have plunged with zeal into the stream of Western culture, and since 1873 have possessed excellent railroads.

In the United States railroad building has been prosecuted with the utmost enthusiasm. The most stupendous undertaking was the Pacific Railroad completed May 16, 1869, spanning the continent from ocean to ocean, and so soon as the present complications in the money-market are swept away the other projected transcontinental routes will be doubtless completed. In the Kansas Pacific road there will be a tunnel exceeding twelve miles in length, but in its excavations it is believed that valuable veins of metals will be found whose products will more than defray the expenditure of this part of the work.

Nor has South America remained backward; the Andes road, from Lima to Oroya in Peru, merits the highest commendation; destined to render available the rich agricultural lands on the east slope of the Cordilleras, to open a transit to sea-ports of the Pacific border, and to lead to development of the mineral resources of mountains. This road penetrates an apparently impenetrable barrier by means of a tunnel at least as high as the summit of Mont Blanc.

The length of the combined railroad to the world was, in the year 1873, estimated at 171,061 miles; of this number 81,461 in Europe, 80,210 in America, 6622 in Asia, Africa, and 1496 in Australia. According to the computation of Prof. F. X. Neuman, doubted authority on this point, the railroads of the world have invested about fourteen thousand million dollars, and the monied value of the locomotives and rolling stock used equals about twelve thousand million dollars.

A GENTLEMAN'S PORTRAIT, AND HOW IT WORKED MISCHIEF.

BY AGATHA CHANDLER.

I HAVE no words for her sweetness; I can't describe her; perhaps, were I to do so, or even could I place her picture before you, you might not see her as I did or do. Every eye makes its own beauty, and to me she was more beautiful than any other living creature. Nellie Brodie, I mean lovely Nellie Brodie, whose father was the sexton of our church, a good old man, but prosy, and prone to tell one or two long stories about ghosts, which proved not to be ghosts after all, whenever one met him. Many and many a time I've listened to them, out in his little porch, of a summer's night, with the moon bright above us, and mysterious chirps and cries in the bushes, and the smell of the evening primroses growing far sweeter and sweeter, and Nellie, still and quiet as a mouse, sitting with folded hands between us.

We were busy folks enough by day; but we idled away the long summer evenings together, and thought no harm of it. It is good to be idle sometimes, in that happy sort of way; and to tell the truth, I like it. No man can say I neglected my duty. A better farm no man ever had, and larger crops none gathered, and no starved cattle grazed in my meadows. As for my dairy—but that was sister Jane's doing. A good house. A pretty, bright-eyed girl, with a warm heart, and a laugh that seemed to be catching. Alone together we two were, and we were fond of each other.

I never told her I liked Nellie Brodie, but I did not hide it from her. Nellie and she were great friends. Over and over again I tried to find out from Jennie what she said about me—Nellie, I mean—but the girl would never let a word slip out. A true woman hides another woman's secrets. I knew that and I built on it.

"For," said I to myself, "if Nellie disliked me Jennie would give me a hint, sister-like, and save me from mortification. Either she knows nothing, or she knows Nellie likes me."

After that, I may say I courted Nellie. She knew I loved her, I'm sure of that; even if I had not said so out and out, she could not help knowing it.

But there were other young men in the place of course, and many willing enough to listen to old

Brodie's stories for the sake of looking at his daughter; and many a jealous pang I had in those days, for Nellie had the same pretty, kindly ways to all, and the same for every one.

I used to think that a "no" from Nellie's lips would go straight through my heart like a bullet, and I found it hard to risk the hearing of it. She must say it to all but one of us, and I was not so handsome as one, and not so witty as another, and not so rich as a third. I think I never knew how plain I was though, until I had my photograph taken one day, by a man who had a gallery in the village. I thought at first he must have made too much of my mouth and too little of my eyes, but he showed me plainly that the machine must take a good likeness, because it was a machine and couldn't make a mistake. I took the things home and put them in a drawer, and showed them to nobody; but they took the little vanity I had out of me, though I kept saying over and over again, "What do looks matter for a man?"

I'd meant, you see, to give Nellie one for her album, but I thought if I looked like that it was best not. I've heard other people speak of the same feelings since, in regard to photographers; and I am not sure now that they are always perfect.

Waiting and watching, hoping and fearing, I let the time slip by; and winter came, with its frost and snow, and old Mr. Brodie told his stories by the fire, instead of in the porch; and the lamp-light fell on Nellie's yellow hair, as she sat knitting, making the prettiest picture you ever saw; and I made up my mind to put my fate to the test before Christmas, and didn't. You see when a fellow is in love he loses courage. But one thing I vowed—Nellie should take a sleigh-ride with me.

Tom Armstrong had said—I had heard him—that he meant to drive the prettiest cutter, the prettiest pair of horses, and the prettiest girl in New Bridge. He meant Nellie by the prettiest girl. His turnout might be what he chose, but Nellie should never go with him. She should go with me.

The snow fell fast; and by morning you could see nothing for miles around but great white drifts, though the sky had grown as clear as though it

had been summer. I called for Nellie in the afternoon, and she was ready, and away we went. She looked charming, with her rosy cheeks and bright eyes and sunny hair; and I was happier than ever I had been in my life.

Going out of the village we met Tom Armstrong with his splendid cutter. He looked daggers at us both—or at least I thought so; and he went, as I heard afterwards, to invite Sue Nichol to ride with him. As he drove out of sight, I made up my mind to ask the question that would settle everything on our way home.

Man proposes and Heaven disposes. Things happened that evening that I had not thought of. We were going back, in the moonlight, when I put my hand on Nellie's, and made her turn her eyes towards me.

"I had been trying to say something to you for a long while," I said. "Perhaps you guess what it is."

But before I could utter another word my horses became frightened at something, and away they went like mad things. Nellie clung to me and screamed. I did my best to stop them. They left the road entirely and took their way across a field, and striking against a stump the snow had hidden, the sleigh was overturned, and we were thrown out together.

I was not hurt; but Nellie lay insensible. I lifted her in my arms and clasped her to my bosom, and begged her to open her eyes and to speak one word to me. But she was like one dead, and in my terror I dared not take her home. I carried her, instead, to my sister, who, frightened half out of her senses, came forth to meet me. She took Nellie into an inner room and bade me bring a doctor, and he was there soon.

I spent an hour of agony such as I had never felt before; but at last Jennie came to me, all smiles.

"There is no danger," she said. "She has come to herself; she only fainted from fright. You haven't killed her or even hurt her much, you foolish boy."

And I burst into tears. Jennie bent over me.

"But to think that she should be so sly," she said. "A gentleman's portrait in her bosom all this while, and not a word to me of it! I'll punish her for it now."

And away she ran back to Nellie, but my tears were all dried up, and my heart was like gall. She was engaged to some one else, then, this girl who

was so dear to me. Some one had been before me, and she wore his portrait next her heart. Fool that I was not to guess it.

I never asked whose portrait it was—Tom Armstrong's or Jack Mayden's I did not care. When Nellie was well enough to go, in the course of an hour or two, I drove her home and bade her good-by.

I said, "I regret that I should have been the means of alarming you so, Miss Brodie," and she looked up into my face with her great blue innocent eyes, and said: "It was not your fault; you could not help it. I was so foolish to faint away."

And I thought to myself, "what deceitful creatures women are!" for the look she gave me was as sweet as if she had not worn another man's portrait in her bosom.

A week from that day I went to New York, and sought out an old ship-owner, who had been my father's friend.

"I'm tired of farming," I said, "and want to try the sea as a common sailor."

The old man would have laughed me out of the notion; but when he found me firm, he gave me what help he could.

I went on board a vessel bound for China, and wrote to sister Jennie, telling her to send for Uncle William and his wife to manage the farm, which I knew they would be glad to do; but I never told her where I was or what I had done. I meant, you see, to throw myself away, and be heard of no more by any one. Of course, I was mad for the time; that is the only excuse for me.

So I led the sort of life a sailor in the merchant service leads—no very pleasant one I can tell you for a year or two, and I grew no better for it, and no happier. The other men had mostly some one at home—mother or sister, or wife or sweetheart—to get a letter or a message from at times. I, of my own act, had no one. And all the while, at work or at mess, or in the hours when watch was kept on deck, I thought of Nellie; saw her as she looked when she sat by her father's side in the summer moonlight; saw her with the firelight on her golden hair, beside the winter hearth; saw her smiling at me, as we whirled through the snow drifts on the last bright day, and saw her as she lay like a dead thing in my arms. And fancy painted other pictures. I saw her as Tom Armstrong's wife. I saw her—oh, good heavens!—with his children on her knee!

I am not sure but that I should have turned idiot, had not something happened to alter the circumstances of my position. This was nothing else than the total wreck of our vessel, and my narrow escape from drowning, but with an arm broken by the falling of a spar. For a month I lay on a sick bed; and then, with a softened heart and a feeling that I was sick of the sea, I went home to sister Jennie, to be a farmer again if I could.

In those two years she had never had a line from me. Not an angry word did she give me, but ran into my arms and wept on my bosom like a child; and then she showed me the wedding-ring on her finger, and the baby lying asleep in the cradle, and told me whose wife she was.

She was Mrs. Tom Armstrong, and I had never guessed they liked each other.

"And I'm as happy as the day is long," she said, "only fretting about you. How could you go away so, Ned? If you did not think of my feelings you might have remembered Nellie Brodie's."

"Nellie Brodie's feelings!" I cried. "Nellie Brodie's! Don't laugh at me, Jennie."

"Laugh at you!" she cried. "Laugh at you, dear! I haven't thought of it. Did you quarrel that night? It must have been a quarrel, I think, whose fault was it, yours or hers?"

"Miss Brodie and I never had a quarrel," I said.

"Oh, Ned," she resumed, softly, "don't try to hide it from me; when I saw your portrait in her bosom, I told you so, I know, and thought it was all settled and was so glad."

I started up and caught Jennie's wrist. "My portrait?" I cried.

"Why, Ned, Ned, don't look at me so," screamed Jennie; "what does it all mean? Your portrait, of course; one of those photographs you had taken—I found the rest after you went away. Oh, Ned, don't—don't look so, dear!"

"I thought you told me she wore another man's picture," I said—"That drove me away; that, and nothing else. Oh, what a wretched fool I've been! I did not know she had my picture; and I might have cast her away! I, who loved her so, and have pined for her all these years."

But Jennie, dear Jennie, with her kind, motherly face, and loving woman's eyes, came close to me, and putting her arms about my neck, whispered, "Don't despair, Ned. She has never liked any one else, and I know, for certain, that she wears your picture still."

And those words brought my youth back to me; the years seemed blotted out, and I was the Ned Brown who fell in love with Nellie Brodie, once more.

Well, Jennie told the truth. I went to see Nellie Brodie, and found her sweet and beautiful as ever; and we were married when the spring came and the birds began to build their nests in the green orchard. Afterwards, when she had been my wife some time, Nellie told me under those very apple-trees, how she had found my picture one day, when no one saw her, and worn it afterwards for love of me—wore it and wept over it while I was far away, trying to forget her—trying, but never succeeding.

DANCING.

BY LOUIS T. HARDUIN.

FEELING finds its first and most natural expression in a gesture, a posture, a pantomimic action. The child who has not yet learned to speak, like the animal who must remain forever dumb, dances and frolics, and capers to show its joy; or writhes and twists, and flounces, to declare its grief and anger. Rude and savage races, who never get beyond the stage of childhood, instinctively develop the impulse for action into set rythmical movements of various character, according to the emotion that governs them; and

thus we have the origin of dancing. It is coeval with the history of the human race, and will continue in practice so long as mankind are capable of untrammelled and spontaneous action—we hope it may be through eternity. There is scarcely an individual so staid, so demure, and self-controlled, even among the most straight-laced sects of the Quakers and Puritans, who have not, at some moment of gay excitation, yielded to the sudden passion for cutting a pigeon-wing, and felt the better for it. Until the freedom and

frankness and fearlessness which spring from the innocent, happy, and childlike emotions have become utterly alien to us, there will recur passages in every lifetime when the only perfect utterance of the feelings will consist in some lively, fantastic swaying motions which come under the denomination of dancing.

In most of the ancient nations dancing composed a part of their religious ceremonials. The Egyptians danced in honor of their god Apis, who symbolized the sun, and moved in circles and evolutions, indicative of sorrow at sunset and rejoicing at sunrise. The whole Greek population met on certain days at the market-place, and joined in hymns of thanksgiving and in dances consecrated to their divinities. In the Jewish records there is frequent mention of dances of a sacred character. Moses and Miriam danced to their song of triumph after the passage of the Red Sea, and David danced before the Ark on its rescue from the Philistines. Among savage tribes, at the present day, dancing is one of the chief observances on all occasions where religious rites are performed.

We read in Homer that dancing as well as reading was customary at entertainments, and, from his time on, the Greeks manifested an extreme fondness for this pastime. It accorded with the genius of this beauty-loving people, and afforded them an ample opportunity to exhibit their graces of person and their elegant action. Aristotle ranks dancing with poetry, and, carrying this idea into a figure, the art has been prettily defined as "the poetry of motion."

The sedate Romans preferred to look upon social dances rather than to perform them, and deemed it derogatory to their dignity to join in its mazes, except in religion. Professional dancers, who were generally slaves, were employed to amuse the company at banquets and private entertainments. It is still the fashion in the East to secure the services of professional dancers on all festive occasions. In Egypt and India dancing-girls are a necessary adjunct to every entertainment.

The religious dances of the ancients may have given rise to the Greek drama, but they cannot be considered the source of the ballet. The first indication which we have of the modern ballet is at the Court of Leo X., in Italy. It was, in the beginning, connected with the crude theatrical exhibitions which took some Scriptural or sacred

theme for illustration. But it soon lost its religious association, and became a purely secular form of amusement. From Italy it spread to other countries, and in the reign of Henry VIII. was introduced to the English Court. Henry himself, and his young daughter, the Princess Mary, found pleasure in this species of pastime.

When the Great Prior of France and the stable Montmorency visited Queen Elizabeth, she entertained them with a ballet, the subject of which was "The Wise and Foolish Virgins," which was performed with elaborate scenic effects by the ladies of the Court. Dancing was a favorite amusement with Francis I., and the fair, fragile Valois acquired a wide repute for her exquisite grace in its execution. Don John of Austria, paid a visit to Paris for the sole purpose of witnessing her skill in the art. Louis XII. was fond of the ballet, and sometimes condescended to tread its measures. Louis XIV. particularly favored the ballet in his youth, and, at the advanced age of sixty-one, appeared on the stage in the character of Flora. Masked balls became the fashion of this monarch, and were given with great splendor. After the death of Louis XIV. the Regent abolished the masked opera-ball, which has since been a notable feature in the dissipated life of Paris. In 1739 a masked ball was given by the City of Paris on the celebration of the marriage of Menebeth with Don Philip, for which fifteen thousand invitations were issued.

In 1765, Almack, the keeper of a fashionable gambling-house in London, opened a magnificent assembly-room in his establishment for the convenience of the lovers of the dance and the pleasures of gay society. A series of balls was inaugurated at the rate of one a week for several weeks. Admission to these balls was procured by a subscription of ten guineas; but the patronage was so great that it soon became an exceedingly difficult matter to obtain tickets, and many persons of both sexes, whose claims on account of rank and wealth to admission into high society were not slight, failed to get entrance to this exclusive resort. The popularity of Almack's continued for upwards of seventy years, with occasional periods of intermission; but, in 1836, it reached its final decline, and now its prestige is irretrievably lost. During the last twenty-five years, balls have from time to time been made to revive, but with indifferent success.

GUNNING BEDFORD, JR.

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON.

GUNNING BEDFORD, JR., of Delaware, one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States, was born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in the year 1747. He was of English descent on his father's side, while his mother was of a French Huguenot family, and he was a first cousin of Governor Bedford, of Delaware, who distinguished himself in the French War, and also during the Revolution as Lieutenant-Colonel of Haslet's regiment. Gunning Bedford, Jr., entered Nassau Hall, New Jersey, in 1767, numbering among his classmates James Madison, fourth President of the United States, and Philip Freneau, whose patriotic poetical lines inspired his countrymen in the very darkest days of their struggle for freedom. Bedford had no superior in his class, and carried off the honors, being selected to deliver the valedictory oration at Commencement. During his second year in college he married, and among the audience who listened to Bedford's eloquent address was his young wife, who travelled with her eldest born from New York to Princeton for that purpose. The child was kindly cared for by Mrs. Wither- spoon, the wife of the President, while the mother went to listen to her student husband. She was the daughter of one of Dr. Franklin's friends, who encouraged him in giving her a good education; and when her father edited a paper in New York aided him by writing and translating from the French. Her name was Jane B. Parker.

Having graduated in 1771, Bedford studied law with Joseph Reed, an eminent lawyer of Philadelphia, the same who, in 1778, said, "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it;" and having been admitted to the bar he removed to Dover, in the State of Delaware, where, after a brief residence, the unhealthiness of the town induced him to remove with his family to Wilmington. During the war he was for a short time acting aid-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief of the army. On one occasion he was sent by Washington on a secret and hazardous mission from Trenton to New York, and the General, fearing that he was not sufficiently armed, presented him with his own pistols, saying, "If you return, keep these pistols

as a memento." They are preserved in the Smithsonian Institute.

Resuming his practice after the close of the war, Bedford, by his agreeable manners, his legal abilities and eloquence as an advocate, soon won the esteem and admiration of his fellow-citizens, who, in the course of a few years, elected him by large majorities to the State Legislature, to the Continental Congress and as a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution. In the deeply exciting debates upon the question "Whether or not the States should be equally represented in the Federal Legislature," Bedford, by his fluent, eloquent and earnest appeal in behalf of Delaware, on a question of vital importance to her, was chiefly instrumental in obtaining two Senators for his geographically diminutive State. His name appears as the second among the six signers from Delaware, the others being George Reed, John Dickinson, Richard Bassett, Jacob Brown and James McHenry.

The next position of honor conferred upon Bedford was that of Attorney-General of Delaware, which office he filled with fidelity until, upon the organization of the government, he received from the hands of Washington the commission of the first Judge of the District Court of Delaware. This high office Judge Bedford continued to occupy with distinction until disabled by disease, which terminated his honorable career in the month of March, 1812, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Over his grave in Wilmington is a beautiful monument erected to his memory by the last survivor of his children.

Judge Bedford, it may be added, was in all the relations of life a man of spotless character. He was a consistent Christian, and for a quarter of a century an elder in the Presbyterian Church. His spacious residence in Wilmington was the resort of many of the most distinguished men of the nation. Mrs. Bedford spoke French fluently, and when Wilmington was filled with French emigrants they were frequent guests at her house. It is to be regretted that the voluminous correspondence of Judge Bedford with Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin and other founders of the Republic, was totally destroyed in the destruction by fire of his historic mansion.

ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS, AS SEEN IN THE RELIGIOUS EDIFICES OF THE WORLD.

BY REV. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, D.D., LL.D.

III. ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.

Two elements were combined in producing the style of architecture which prevailed in Rome in the days of the Empire. At an early period Italy adopted as the embellishments of such objects of taste as their workmen fashioned. This tendency to approach Greek art in matters of social economy



TEMPLE OF AGRIPPA, AT ROME.

From the Superb Painting of the great Master, Hubert Robert.

was inhabited by a branch of the same Pelasgic race which settled in Greece; but owing to the peninsular shape of Italy and the barrier interposed by the sea, the intercourse of the two populations soon ceased, and middle Italy yielded to the Etruscans, who had risen to influence and power about the time when Rome was founded. It is probable that the Etruscans were of a northern origin, but little is positively known of their early history. Once settled in the country they soon began to display a fondness for Pelasgic art, as their remains attest, Greek myths being usually

was also apparent in architectural structures, although they had a distinctive character of their own which was displayed for many ages, and which was visible in buildings erected as late as the first century after Christ. The oldest monuments of this Etruscan period are the remains of walls in which great blocks of stone were placed above each other in horizontal strata. In some cases these blocks were reduced to an oblong shape, thus showing progress in art, while in others the blocks were rude and polygonal in form, thus exhibiting an accordance in style with the earliest and rude

forms of building in Greece proper. Examples of walls raised with hewn blocks may be found at Cortona, Fiesole, Populonia, Rosella, and Volterra, which show that the Etruscans were making progress in style, while farther south below the Tiber, among the Sabines and the Latins, the ruder practice continued to prevail of using polygonal or unhewn blocks. It is worthy of note that in these primitive Etruscan remains there are evidences

times. Though the arch was known to the Etruscans, it seems to be an established fact that in houses or temples or large buildings it was not introduced. Their edifices were simple in style, undecorated and suitable to the wants of a primitive people of warlike tendencies and as yet unaffected by habits engendered by luxury. The unadorned style of the Etruscans long continued to affect the buildings of Rome. The people were



THE PANTHEON AT ROME—INTERIOR.

that the use of the arch was known, as may be seen in the gate at Volterra, in the gate at Perugia, and in the Cloacæ at Rome. The greatest of these sewers, the Cloaca Maxima, built in the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, is twenty feet wide, and it has always been attributed to an Etruscan architect. To conclude, however, that the Romans were indebted to the Etruscans as the inventors of the arch, would be contrary to the evidence which is supplied by excavations in the ruins of Assyria, which carry the antiquarian back to the remotest

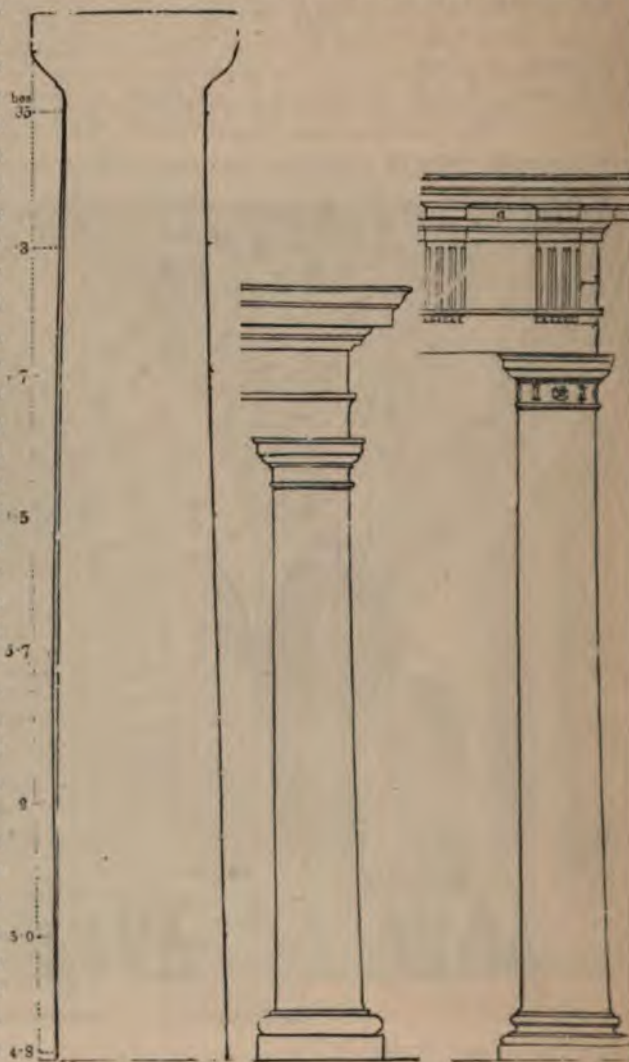
Vol. VIII.—17

engaged either in extending and consolidating their sway over surrounding regions, or they were contending in all the bitterness of civil war as to who should rule and by what forms the state should be managed. Palaces, vast temples and edifices of a public character held a secondary place in the popular mind for ages, and it has even been held that such temples as they had were often protected from the seasons by a covering of straw and clay. Magnificence and slavery entered Rome together at a later age. Vitruvius is the only

reliable authority on the elements of Etruscan art that passed into the Roman style. The simple Doric of Greece, the earliest of the purely Greek styles, commended itself to the Etruscan mind, and it was soon adopted, but with decided alterations. The columns were reduced in their diameter, the elevation of the shaft being about seven diameters, while a base was added. The columns stood farther apart, intimating, what no doubt was the fact, that wood had been used instead of stone in the architraves. The tie or cross beams projected considerably over the architrave and supported a very prominent roof. Then, again, the ground plan of the temple differed from the Greek, which was oblong, while the other approached the form of the square, the front part resting on pillars, thus forming an extensive portico, while the rear end of the building was divided into three parallel cells or apartments, each entered from an opening under the portico. The Etruscan influence affected the character of Roman buildings for ages, but in the time of the Scipios the popular taste had become imbued with a love of Greek art. In the long-continued struggle with Carthage, the Romans were brought into contact with Greek art in Sicily, and when the Macedonians, dreading the growing power of Rome toward the East, cast in their lot with Carthage, the result was inevitable; for the final overthrow of the great African power necessarily opened the way for Rome to deal not only with the Macedonians, but also with the other fragmentary powers into which the empire of Alexander had become divided. No sooner had the Roman eagles spread their wings over Greece, than the civilization of Greece began to assert its influence in Rome. Greek architects were soon brought into Italy, "*Grecia capta ferum victorem cepit*," for it very speedily came to pass that Roman architecture, Roman art, and Roman philosophy were dominated by the civilization of the people who had bowed to the power which was marching onwards to the mastery of the world. And now, as in an earlier age, the Etruscans had left their impress on Roman buildings, the second

element which made the architecture of Rome what in its palmy days it became, began to assert its power.

The mental characteristics of the Romans



Entasis of a Greek Doric Column.

TUSCAN.

ROMAN DORIC.

SPECIMENS OF THE FIVE "ORDERS."

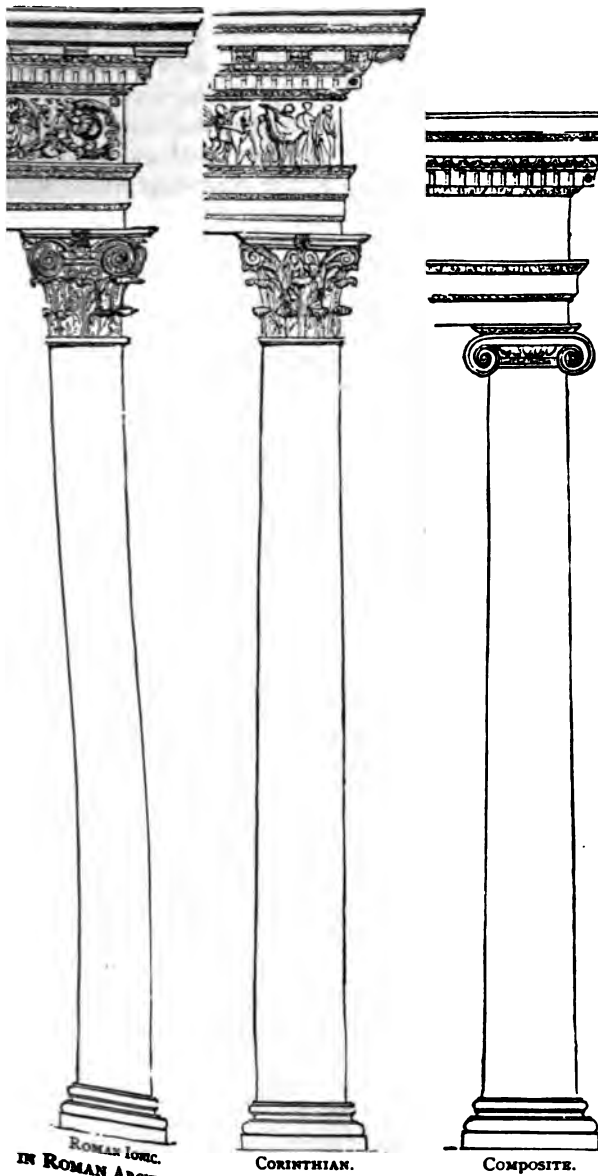
influence in Rome. Greek architects were soon brought into Italy, "*Grecia capta ferum victorem cepit*," for it very speedily came to pass that Roman architecture, Roman art, and Roman philosophy were dominated by the civilization of the people who had bowed to the power which was marching onwards to the mastery of the world. And now, as in an earlier age, the Etruscans had left their impress on Roman buildings, the second

as decidedly displayed in their handling of art as in other departments of social life. In main, their temples were Greek, but they were Greek with Roman modifications. During the last century of the Republic much was done in the department of building at Rome and elsewhere, not so much in the introduction of new and styles, as in the greater magnificence of the which they raised; and the work thus beg-

n, until it reached its greatest glory in the days of Augustus, who may truly be said to have found

matters connected with taste and the external magnificence of the Capital. The palmy period of architecture and this devotion to art which he introduced continued to prevail during the reigns of the earlier Cæsars. It was under Augustus that Vitruvius produced his celebrated work on Architecture, the only ancient treatise on the art which has lived to our day, a work the merits of which are such that it will unquestionably continue to be a text-book in years to come as it has been in years that are past. Succeeding emperors aimed at exceeding the works of their predecessors by raising structures of vaster size and richer ornament. The Pantheon, one of the grandest of the famous edifices of Rome, was built by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus. Not satisfied with the fame of the Pantheon, Agrippa resolved on displaying his public spirit and on securing the popular favor by introducing baths on an enormous scale, and to them he added fountains, temples, and other works which gave a character of splendor and magnificence to Rome.

Purity of taste and correctness of design soon became apparent. The order of the succession of the *twelve* Cæsars of history, as they are usually called, was Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian, the last of whom died or rather was murdered because of his cruelty, in the year A.D. 96. As early as the reign of Titus peculiarities were introduced which tended to vitiate the public taste; still the general characteristics, so far as ground-plan and external form which had prevailed in large temples still continued, but the tendency to decline had set in. It was during this era that the amphitheatre,



ROMAN IONIC.

CORINTHIAN.

COMPOSITE.

IN ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.
Rome a city of clay or brick, and to have left it a city of marble. Livy complimented him as the restorer of temples, "Templorum omnium conditorem ant restitutorem." His liberal patronage was designed to bring the most skillful Grecian artists to Rome, as he aimed at a policy which would withdraw the popular mind from politics and the principles on which he sought to rule, to

usually known as the Colosseum, was erected at Rome. Commenced by Vespasian and finished by his son Titus, it is the most stupendous edifice ever raised by any monarch for the gratification of any people. The Romans acquired their taste for such structures from the Etruscans, to whom are attributed the first gladiatorial fights; and like the Etruscans, the Romans preferred such displays as

gold which this house contained were not so much a matter of wonder (being quite common at that period) as the fields and pools; the woods too in one direction forming a kind of solitude; while here again were open spaces with commanding views."

The buildings erected during the reign of Trajan exhibited a magnificence of conception which indicated the greatness of his character. The column, the triumphal arches and the forum which he constructed show how auspicious his influence was towards art, and under his patronage the architect Apollodorus was enabled to display the loftiness of aim which still characterized the builders of Rome. So also during the reigns of Hadrian, the Antonines and Marcus Aurelius a love for the great and bold in art prevailed. Hadrian himself gave practical attention to art, and so enthusiastic was Marcus Aurelius that he became a pupil of Diognetus.

The rage for extensive palatial establishments continued to prevail, and to vie with the "folly" of Nero. Antoninus Pius built a country house at Lanuvium, of which the ruins remain to astonish the beholder and attest the ability of the emperors to control the wealth of the people for their personal ends. That architectural taste



ARCHITECTURE IN THE FORUM.

may be seen in the arch of Trajan, and the sculptures on that structure, and the time of Marcus Aurelius had been steadily down-

ward. The fostering hand of Alexander Severus for a time arrested the decline which became



HALF CORINTHIAN. HALF COMPOSITE.
THE CORINTHIAN AND COMPOSITE CAPITALS COMPARED.

general on the fall of the Western Empire, for the arch of Gallienus affords sufficient evidence to show that taste had died out, and the true principles of art had departed. Still huge structures arose from time to time as in the case of the baths of Diocletian, and in his palace at Spalatro. In the distant provinces a powerful impulse was felt for a time as if the life force of the empire had worked its way to the borders: for about the time of Diocletian and Aurelian the enormous edifices were built at Baalbec and Palmyra, which, though long in ruins, still astonish the spectator by the boldness of conception, the magnitude of their size and the command of means which must have been available by their builders. Many things in their arrangement appear unusual and peculiar while ornament is unduly used in the details, but the vastness of these structures, now great in ruin, display the splendor of design and the amount of energy which characterized their founders.

Such is a brief review of the rise, progress and



THE COLOSSEUM.

decline of art in building at Rome, in the temples, palaces, baths and forums, which made that mighty city a worthy capital for the ancient world. All the architectural designs of the Romans were on a magnificent scale, in unison with the greatness of the

buildings impressed the beholder with their size. Domestic architecture in Rome was generally poor and monotonous, and consequently the eye was surprised and pleased by the effect of the contrast between the mean and irregular home of the citizen and the lofty columns, the foliage of the capitals,

mass of the entablature and the great bulk of the great Corinthian temple. As stated in a former article, the Corinthian style was usually adopted in the smaller edifices of Greece; but in Rome the Corinthian at once became the prevalent type, and



LONGITUDINAL ELEVATION OF THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME.

Roman power. In Greece there was a succession of styles, but in Rome the florid Corinthian at once commended itself to the popular taste by the richness of its adornments. In Greece the eye was pleased by the correctness of style, while Roman

it was used in the largest edifices. As in Roman architecture the column was derived from Greece so the art of vaulting or the use of the arch was derived from the Etruscans, and in the hands of Roman builders it was used with such effect that



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME.



TEMPLE OF THE SIBYL, TIVOLI, ROME.

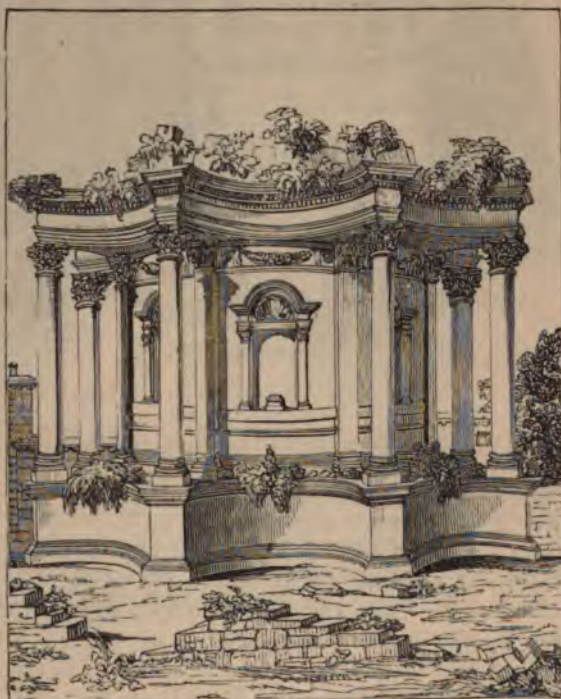
became the most peculiar element of their style. Thus the Roman building embodies the characteristics of both people. The introduction of the arch at once affected the forms of ground plans as well as the size of the spaces which were covered or roofed over. In the great temples the length of stones in the entablature determined the distances of columns, and in the great structures the centre of the roof had to be left open to the sky. On the other hand the use of the arch enabled the Romans, by simple bricks and mortar, to cover in great spaces, and thus protect the interior as well as to modify the shape of buildings, and to make them suitable for baths and palaces of any size as well as for the largest temples. Hence the column which in Greece was an essential became in Rome a matter of detail and ornament, and accordingly the columns in Roman buildings soon began to change in their proportions as taste and fancy dictated.

No better illustration is needed of the power of the arch and the value of the principle of vaulting than that which is supplied by the Pantheon. This monument of the taste of Agrippa presents a marked contrast to the oblong Greek temple,

which, though outwardly magnificent with ranges of columns, was not protected by a roof; while the vault of the Pantheon covers a space of one hundred and forty-four feet in diameter, and it rises to as great an altitude from the floor to the central opening which serves for light. Thus a vast audience was accommodated in a comparatively small space, all able to see or to hear in the Roman building; while the Greek temple would be utterly unable to contain such an assembly.

The Roman capital became richer than the Greek, and instead of using the tendril-shaped volute of the Greek style the Romans boldly introduced the heavier volute of the Ionic; thus forming a heavier capital, which was in accordance with the larger building of which it formed a part.

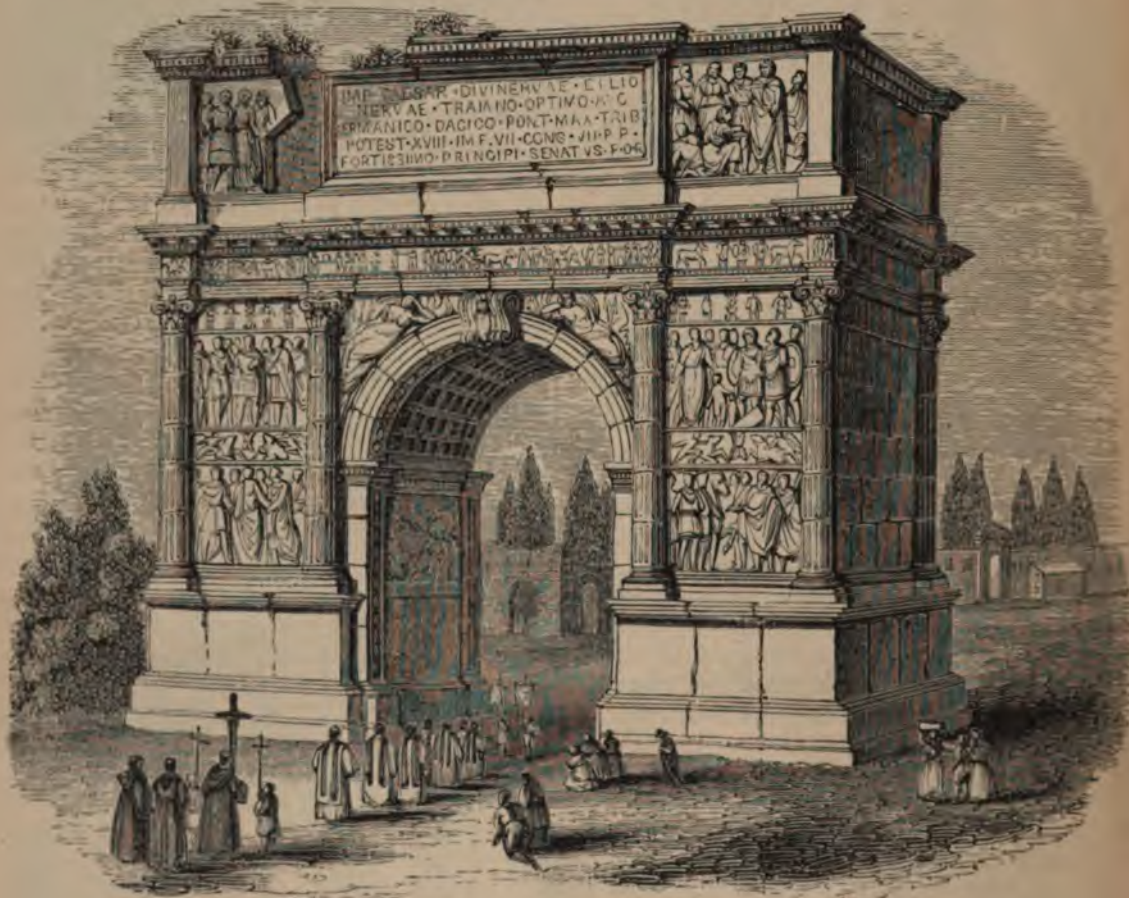
In time changes were introduced in the forms of the shafts and other details of the column, as may be seen in the illustration displaying the Greek and Roman styles. In some specimens the fluting, which always prevailed in the Greek shaft, was omitted in the Roman; while in others, two-thirds of the upper part of the column were fluted, while the lower third was left plain. The Roman entablature was also richer than the Greek, inasmuch as Ionic ornaments were added to the



THE CIRCULAR TEMPLE OF BAALBEC.

Corinthian. Half columns and pilasters are sometimes found in Greek work, but they are very commonly used as external embellishments in Roman structures. The Tuscan order was a modification of the Doric and other forms derived from the Etruscans, the shaft being more slender than the Doric. It rested on a base to which it was united by a fillet, and the forms of the capital were

had a prostyle or portico formed by a single or double row of columns. Half columns were placed in the flank walls corresponding to the columns of the portico, and the walls of the flanks were continued forward so as to include the ends of the steps, as may be seen in the illustration of the temple at Nismes. The manner in which the pillared portico was made to shade the entrance

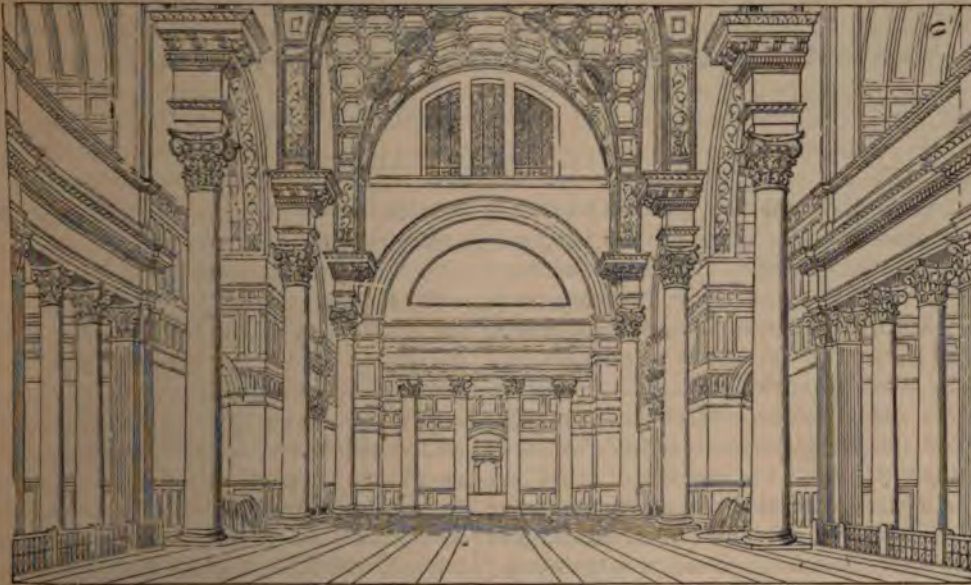


ARCH OF TRAJAN, BENEVENTO.

reduced in their proportion from the Greek model. The ground-plan of the Roman temple departed from the Etruscan, which admitted three internal cells, and generally conformed to the Greek plan of a single cell or chamber. So also externally the Roman temple was peculiar, inasmuch as columns were not carried round the edifice as in the Greek peripteral buildings. Usually a flight of steps led to the temple on the entrance end, which

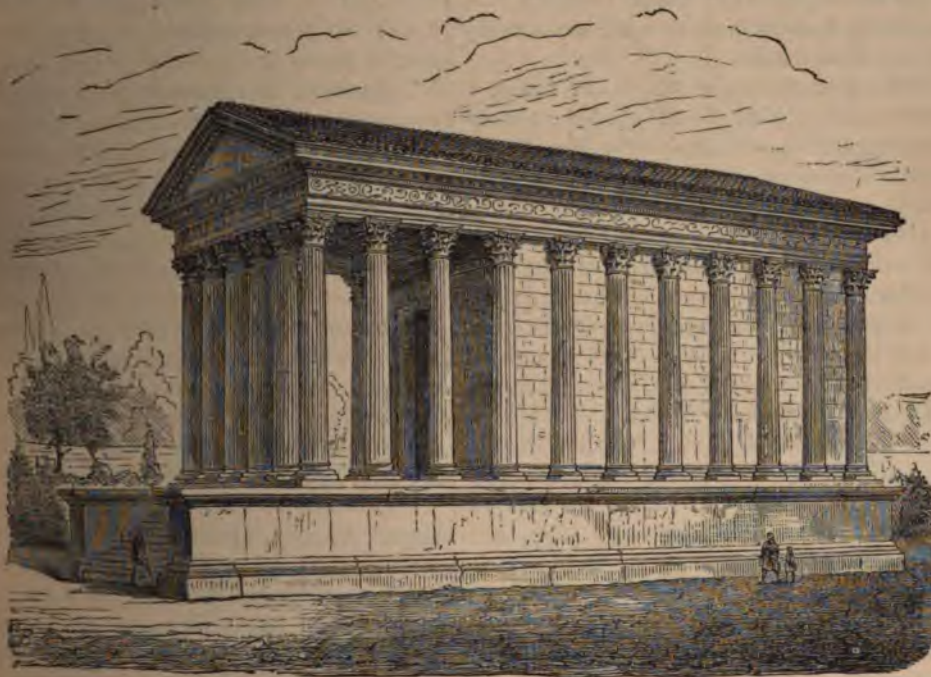
and give it prominence may be seen in the illustration of the Pantheon as well as in the view of the temple at Nismes.

Into the details of palaces, baths, triumphal arches, circuses and such buildings, it is not the object of this article to enter. Triumphal arches were generally constructed in the same style, may be seen in the illustrations which are given with the text, and the circus and the amphitheatre



GRAND SALOON OF THE THERMÆ, OR WARM BATHS, OF CARACALLA.

approximated each other. As the temple in Rome | that in a Roman building, not yet noticed, the
has been shown to differ from the temple in | germ is found out of which the subsequent styles



"LA MAISON CARRÉE," AT NISMES.

Greece, while the Grecian ideal was different from | arose which have prevailed in the different ages of
Egyptian, so it remains for another article to show | Christian architecture.

THE AMERICAN DRAMA—ITS SUCCESSES AND FAILURES.

By A. E. LANCASTER.

THE THIRD PAPER.

WE have seen, in the two preceding articles, that American dramatic literature was very productive during the first half of the present century. Many admirable plays that will live were then written; and such names as Conrad, Bird, Steele, Willis, and others too numerous to mention, will always be remembered with mingled feelings of admiration and gratitude. From the year 1850, however, the native drama seems to have declined; few works were thereafter produced that stand out, like "Jack Cade" for instance, as representative of the period. We have had clever adaptations and some good original comedies and melodramas; but few contemporary authors have made any brilliant additions to the long list of dramas written during the first period. At the same time our later records have not been uninteresting. In the present paper we can only allude to plays that achieved decided success, or that are noteworthy for some special reasons.

One of the first dramas to which our notice is called was entitled "Kate Woodhull," the plot of which was founded upon events of the Revolution. This play was one among many of the same school, although it possessed some merits over several others. It was the work of Charles Edwards Lester, and, on the first occasion of its production, in November, 1848, it ran a week—not an inconsiderable success in those days. About the same time the celebrated actor, Mr. F. S. Chanfrau, made his first appearance in Mr. Grattan's adaptation of a popular sensational novel, "The Mysteries and Miseries of New York," which, thanks to Chanfrau, became a popular success. But this admirable comedian was yet to make his greatest success. On the 15th of February, 1849, Mr. Chanfrau appeared for the first time as Mose in Baker's famous dramatic sketch, "A Glance at New York." This characterization took the town by storm. Mose was a perfect portraiture of a type that every one recognized. Never was an actor welcomed with more unbounded praise than Chanfrau in this piece. With the rôle of the fireman he afterwards became so closely identified

that two more plays, in which this part was centre of attraction, were written for him; were "Mose in California" and "Mose in C

In the same year John Brougham's successful adaptations from Dickens and Thackeray, "Haunted Man" and "Vanity Fair," were produced. We may here pause to speak of men whose names have become indissolubly connected with our dramatic literature, and who as truly Americans as anything save birth make them. We allude to John Brougham and Dion Boucicault; both of whom were born in Ireland, and both of whom have apparently made America their home. If American science claim Agassiz, the American drama may claim Brougham and Boucicault.

On the 21st of September, 1849, Boucicault's "Knight of Arva" was first produced in New York. In the month of January of the following year a drama entitled "Spirit of Gold," by H. Rodwell, was brought out and achieved moderate success. A good idea feebly treated to characterize this piece; otherwise, it is notable as being the first American play produced in the second half of the present century.

On the evening of February 25, 1850, a farce and satirical comedy entitled "Extremes," by The author was a Mr. Sperry, of Baltimore, whose name, we believe, is not connected with any work of this kind. As a comedy, "Extremes" had decided merit, and its success was immense. It ran twenty-one successive nights. On the 4th of May, 1850, Mrs. Farren brought to the Broadway Theatre, New York, John H. Payne's tragedy "Remorse," which never became popular. We must allude in passing, also, to an anonymous drama known as "New York Fire" and the Bond Street Heiress," which obtained immense success about this time. On the 18th of June, 1850, a comedy entitled "Upside-Down" by J. Fenimore Cooper, was played for the first time; its merits may be imagined when we remember that it was very quickly forgotten. Not so

cicault's "Love in a Maze," which was warmly favored by the public—not an unusual result with his productions. On May 14, 1850, a new American play, "Fortunes of War," by J. Wallack Lester, was acted successfully at Brougham's Lyceum. Later in the same year Isaac J. Pray's tragedy, "Poetus Cæccina," was produced, and proved in many respects a very meritorious work. We may here allude to Mr. C. P. S. Ware as one of the industrious playwrights of that day.

A work that deserves notice is "Nature's Nobleman," a comedy in five acts, by H. O. Purdey, the initial performance of which was successfully given October 7, 1852, and which was very often repeated. But the great event of the season of 1852-53 was the production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at Purdy's National Theatre. This version of Mrs. Stowe's celebrated novel was Aiken's, although another version by C. W. Tayleure was then extant. To say that the play was a success would be to give but a faint idea of it. It was acted two hundred successive nights, and afternoon performances were often demanded in addition. The cast comprised Mrs. G. C. Howard as Topsy, and her little daughter Cornelia as Eva. Few dramatic works ever gained such a hold upon popular sympathies, although in artistic merits "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was woefully lacking.

During the season of 1853-54 several successful dramas were introduced for the first time to the public; of these Sterling Coyne's comedy, "The Hope of the Family," was the first to win favor. George H. Boker's carefully written drama, "Leonora di Guzman," was brought out by Julia Dean. Boucicault came forward with three comedies now well known: "The Fox Hunt," "Peg Woffington," and "Love and Money." A new play by Brougham, "The Game of Life," was also produced at this time. Finally, J. E. Durivage's clever comedy, "Our Best Society," founded upon George William Curtis's "Potiphar Papers," attained considerable success.

The following season, 1854-55, was scarcely less prolific. J. H. Wilkins's "Egyptian," Robinson's "Love and Loyalty," and C. W. Tayleure's "Fashion and Famine," founded upon Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's well-known novel, and written expressly for little Cornelia Howard, were all brought out and favorably received. Three other comedies may be added to this list, namely: Durivage's "A Nice Young Man," G. C. Foster's "Now-a-days,"

and Barnett's "Our Set." We must allude particularly to a drama by T. B. de Walden, called "The Upper Ten and Lower Twenty," which achieved great popularity. Boucicault's local satire, "Apollo in New York," and his drama, "Janet Pride," also saw the light at this time. Brougham's comedy, "My Cousin German," and a two-act comedy, "A Gentleman from Ireland," were highly successful, above all the latter.

Four good plays, though by no means perfect ones, ushered in the season of 1855-56. These were Boker's poetical tragedy, "Francesca di Rimini," which has great literary merits; Sterling Coyne's comedy, "The Man of Many Friends;" a comedy by Cornelius Matthews, entitled "False Pretences;" and a clever drama by Charles Gayler, "Taking the Chances." These plays were all moderately successful, and the three last named, especially, showed the touches of experienced playwrights. During this season, also, was produced that ever-popular and ably-constructed burlesque, by John Brougham, "Pocahontas," in which the author himself sustained the leading part.

On March 16, 1857, a tragedy in five acts, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, entitled "Leonora," was first performed, and ran nearly two weeks. Like all the writings of this celebrated author, "Leonora" contained much that was beautiful and elevating, and its merits were appreciated by the public. During the same year, an excellent comedy in three acts, "Self," by Mrs. Bateman, was produced. Two new plays by de Walden and E. G. P. Wilkins, called respectively "Wall Street" and "Young New York," were favorably received; and a new domestic drama by George H. Miles, the author of "Mohammed," entitled "Mary's Birthday," achieved some success. Charles Gayler's "Love of a Prince," written for Laura Keene, may be added to the foregoing list.

During the season of 1858-59 a few noticeable plays were produced. Mr. Wallack opened his season in New York with a new comedy by Sterling Coyne, who was rapidly gaining a reputation as an English playwright. This last work by Mr. Coyne was entitled "Nothing Venture, Nothing Win," and was favorably treated by the public and the press. In January Mr. Lester Wallack brought out his own drama, "The Veteran," which has since been occasionally played. We may here allude also to a drama due to the pen of an Eng-

lish writer, Tom Taylor, because of its identification with the American stage; this was "Our American Cousin," which was first performed at Wallack's Theatre, October 18, 1859. It proved an immense success, establishing the reputation of Joseph Jefferson, and making the fortune of Southern, who found in the rôle of Lord Dundreary a part eminently suited to his abilities.

The season of 1859-60 was more productive than the preceding one. A new comedy by Sterling Coyne, "Everybody's Friend," was successfully brought out. On the 29th of March, 1860, Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn" was represented for the first time, and proved to be one of the most attractive of the works by that prolific dramatist. It ran triumphantly until the end of the season. Mr. Jefferson, the actor, then took control of Wallack's for the summer season, and produced two new plays, "Our Japanese Embassy," and "Tycoon; or, The Young American in Japan."

The Winter Garden Theatre, New York, opened in September, 1859, with Boucicault's "Dora" ("Cricket on the Hearth"), which filled the theatre for over a month. Later on, the "Octoroon," an admirably constructed drama, was presented. In February the dramatic version of "Oliver Twist" was first performed, and in the following month Miss Bateman's adaptation of "Evangeline" was successfully produced. A few more plays of small importance were brought out during the season, with the titles of which we will not burden our pages.

In a measure, the season of 1860-61 was a remarkable one. Wallack's Theatre opened with a new comedy by John Brougham entitled "Playing with Fire," which was one of the best things the versatile dramatist had written. It had a brilliant success, and it was often repeated. A good subject, bright dialogue, and able construction were shown in the elements of this drama. In the month of February Lester Wallack's "Central Park" was performed, a play with which most of the older theatre-goers are familiar. Later on, a third American drama, "Henriette," by E. G. P. Wilkins, was very favorably welcomed by the public. The third season witnessed the first representation, at Niblo's Garden, of Watts Phillips' powerful drama, "The Dead Heart," a play full of vigor and passion, and treated in a careful and delicate manner.

The season of 1861-62 opened at Wallack's

Theatre with a drama to which no author was attached. This was "The Magic Marriage," a play at once ably constructed and in its execution. It was received so favorably, that the author made himself known in the person of Mr. Gayler. However, although we do not lessen the credit due to Mr. Gayler, the chief merit of the piece was questioned, and the weakness of the plot was speedily discovered. The treatment of the subject was effective, and the "Magic Marriage" Mr. Gayler can lay claim to having written an interesting drama.

On Monday, April 7, 1862, "Sibyl," an Irishman's tragedy, by John Savage, was produced at the Winter Garden, New York. This play was based on the celebrated Beauchamp tragedy "The Luck of the Irish," and, besides its real merits as a dramatic written work, certain peculiar circumstances gave it an additional interest. It was well received and was warmly welcomed by the public, who recognized in Mr. Savage something more than an ordinary place talents. In the month of February, 1862, Laura Keane produced at her own theatre an adaptation of Banim's well-known Irish play "Macarthy," in which Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Deane made their first appearance. The drama showed considerable constructive ability, and it was a popular success. In the following June, at the same theatre, "Fanchon," a drama adapted from the German by A. Waldemar was presented for the first time, and, it is almost useless to say, it made a very powerful impression upon the public. During this season, also, two new plays by Mr. Gayler, "Bull Run" and "Hatteras Inlet," were performed at the old Bowery, New York. Neither of these had any permanent value, and they have been well-nigh forgotten.

The first important theatrical event of the season of 1862-63 was the production at Laura Keane's Theatre of a new drama written expressly for her by Laura Keane. It was entitled "Jesse McLane," and proved a lucrative investment to the theatre. On Monday, January 19, Miss Kate Bateman made her engagement in New York, where her great drama "Leah," adapted from the German by Augustin Daly, was first produced at Niblo's Garden. Miss Bateman's acting in this play was exceedingly fine, and this single performance raised her to the front rank of our tragediennes.

The season of 1863-64 was commenced

lack's by the production of "Rosedale," a drama by Lester Wallack, the incidents of which were taken from various sources and cleverly worked into a good acting play. The success of "Rosedale" may be inferred from the fact that it ran one hundred and twenty-five consecutive nights. Even at the present day it is still popular, and in all probability it will long remain a favorite with the New York public.

The next American play that attracted much attention was a comedy entitled "Pure Gold," the author of which was Dr. Westland Marston, who wrote several good dramas. The plot of "Pure Gold" was somewhat conventional; but the situations, though in a manner forced, were powerful. The dialogue was clear and bright, and, in short, the advantages outweighed the faults. This play was a decided success, and it paved the way for better efforts.

On Monday, August 22, Olive Logan made her appearance at Wallack's in her own play, "Evening." The plot of the latter was sensational and complicated, but the treatment showed tact and literary ability.

The season of 1864-65 was opened by a new play by Boucicault, "How She Loves Him." This comedy was ably constructed and abounded with wit; its success was assured from the first night.

We may stop here to call attention to a clever playwright who was rising into notice about this time, namely, Mr. Frederick G. Maeder. This gentleman wrote several plays, most of them of a sensational character; but he occasionally gave proof of the possession of excellent literary ability. We shall have occasion to speak of him further on.

Boucicault's admirable Irish drama, "Arra-na-Pogue," was produced at Niblo's Garden in July, 1865, and ran very successfully. It was announced as by Dion Boucicault and E. H. House. The connection of the latter's name was only to secure an American copyright for the play.

During the following summer season at Wallack's, another Irish drama, the joint production of T. B. McDonough and F. G. Maeder, entitled "Shamus O'Brien," was successfully performed. In August, 1865, John Brougham's stirring romantic drama, "O'Donnell's Mission," first saw the light. On Monday, October 9, Mr. F. S. Chanfrau produced the celebrated play, "Sam," by T. B. de Walden, in which Mr. Chanfrau and

Olive Logan sustained the leading parts. The success of "Sam" was immediate.

In the beginning of the season of 1866-67, Mr. Wallack brought out "The Favorite of Fortune," written for Mr. Sothorn by Westland Marston. This play was beautifully written, and, although its action was somewhat quiet, the public received it favorably.

One original drama, "Hunted Down," and three adaptations were brought out during the season. These adaptations were Boucicault's "Long Strike," taken from a novel by Mrs. Gaskell; Augustin Daly's "Griffith Gaunt," founded upon Charles Reade's well-known work; and Olive Logan's "Armada," the plot of which was borrowed from Wilkie Collins.

The only original plays presented during the season of 1867-68 were, "Maud's Peril," by Watts Phillips, a very effective play; "A Flash of Lightning," by Augustin Daly, a commonplace and improbable melodrama; F. G. Maeder's "Black Sheep," a well-written drama founded upon a novel by Edmund Yates; and "Under the Gaslight," which ranks with "A Flash of Lightning."

The season of 1869-70 brings us down to a period at which most theatrical records end. The first play produced at Wallack's this season was a comedy-drama, by Captain Leicester Vernon, entitled "The Lancers." This comedy was well written, smooth, and sparkling; it was very favorably received by both critics and public. In July, of the same year, Charles Gayler's combination of whimsicalities, "Fritz," served to introduce Mr. Emmet as a good character actor. John Brougham's successful drama, "The Red Light" also dates from this period. In February, 1870, Mr. T. C. De Leon's burlesque of "Hamlet" was brought out, Mr. G. L. Fox playing the title rôle, and proved highly successful; as a pure burlesque, Mr. De Leon's "Hamlet" was an excellent piece of work; full of quiet humor and satire, it never offended delicate taste. A few more like it could do no harm.

On Wednesday, January 12, 1870, a new play, by Olive Logan, was presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre; this was "Surf," a five-act comedy, dealing with farcical incidents, into which was woven a thread of melodrama. It had been previously acted in Philadelphia. [We are compelled most reluctantly to close this valuable paper here, and defer the rest until our next number.—EDITOR.]

COTTON SPINNING.

BY EMMA L. PLIMPTON.

IN passing through certain portions of our country there is nothing that forces itself more conspicuously upon the attention of the traveller than the number of mills and factories scattered along the route. They crown every waterfall, and nestle along the banks of so many streams that few, indeed, are reminded from how small a beginning all this industry sprung, or of the days when every thread used in the manufacture of cotton, worsted, and flax throughout the world, was spun singly by the fingers of the spinners, with only that classical instrument, the spinning-wheel, to aid them.

It is little more than a century ago that the possibility of one person working more than a single spindle at a time first entered into the mind of man; and this idea was suggested by a mere accident. How many of our most useful inventions were born of happy chance? As one has already said, "chance happens to all, but to turn chance into account is the gift of only a few."

James Hargreave, an illiterate artisan in Lancashire, was one of that chosen number. At this time, spinning was the employment of men as well as of women. To Hargreave the slow process of making welt on the thread-wheel was most irksome, and he was continually trying to devise some quicker and easier method of performing his labors.

Having little mechanical genius, he at first failed to make any improvements. But one day, a party of young people having assembled at his house for a frolic, the wheel upon which one of the family was at work was overturned by accident, and the spindle thrown from a horizontal to an upright position. He noticed, as a curious fact, that notwithstanding the misplacement, the spindle and wheel continued to move, and it occurred to him that if several spindles were placed upright and side by side, a number of threads could be spun at the same time.

With this idea in his head, Hargreave constructed a frame to hold eight spindles, which he called a jenny; little thinking that the rude machine, made with the aid of only a common pocket-knife, was yet to revolutionize the whole art of cotton spinning. With what honest pride he must have shown his simple contrivance to his fellow-work-

men! but only to be overwhelmed with abuse and execrations; for it was supposed that such an economizer of labor would throw thousands out of employment. Discouraged by this outbreak from bringing it again before the public, Hargreave used it secretly in his own business, his wife and children acting as operatives.

The doors of the little cottage in Lancashire were now closed, and the walls resounded with the whirl of many wheels and the flutter of great achievements. As these became manifest, in the fast-growing welt, the difficulty of keeping the secret confined to his female auxiliaries increased.

But this was not the end of the invention. The opposition to it only impressed Hargreave more with its value. He may have remembered, too, that by lack of nerve and perseverance he had combat the prejudices of the workmen, a greater scheme than his, conceived by the gentle John Wyatt, of Birmingham, was lost to the world; though forced to flee from Lancashire by an angry crowd, he perfected the jenny in Nottingham where he again suffered great persecutions.

By the aid of Hargreave's invention, however, twenty and even thirty threads could be spun once; but this was effected by muscular force until the year 1767, when a master spirit revived and improved the self-acting machine, which Wyatt thirty years earlier, had despaired of introducing. This was the work of Richard Arkwright, a barber by trade, and of so mean an exterior that when applied for pecuniary assistance in the construction of his engine for spinning cotton, help was refused him on account of his unpromising appearance. His nature had been prodigal of gifts to him notwithstanding, and destined him for a great work, while he labored assiduously to accomplish, consumed so many hours from his legitimate calling that his wife, fearing that his mechanical schemes would starve the family, broke up some of his experimental models of machinery and bade him "go to shaving beards again."

It is not strange that this mill attracted great attention. It was not absolutely the first in England, for a few silk-mills had been erected there in imitation of the silk factories of Italy.

cotton spinning, however, had been principally accomplished in the cottages of the operatives; but Arkwright's complicated machinery necessitated a separate building wherein it could be inclosed. Not that the noble Arkwright accomplished this all at once. It required prodigious industry to perfect the system which he introduced, laboring from five o'clock in the morning until nine at night, for many years. His great service to the industrial interests of his country raised him, at last, from obscurity to high rank; and we read, that, finding, when over fifty years old, that the defects of his early education brought him many mortifications, he determined upon overcoming them; but not willing to spare the time from his life work for these elementary branches, he encroached upon his sleep, spending one hour every night in learning English grammar, and another, in improving his writing and spelling.

Arkwright's invention received a fresh value by being combined with the principles of the jenny. Crompton effected this only five years later. He called his machine a "mule."

While all these improvements were in progress in England, our own progenitors were too busy in clearing our forests and subduing their savage foes to engage in manufacture. During the early days of the settlements, they were perfectly content to receive their supplies from abroad. It was not until it became only too evident that the mother country was abusing our dependence, that the colonists determined to manufacture their own necessities; but to lose the large revenue which trade with the States brought to England, was not the policy of her government. It finally tied the hands of American manufacturers by passing a law prohibiting the erection or continuance of any mill or engine for splitting or rolling iron, or any plating forge to work with a tilting-hammer, or any furnace for making steel in the Colonies, under a penalty of two hundred pounds. This was a part of the grievance which finally wrought out our independence. When the colonists talked of war, it was to the great merriment of the English Parliament. "The Americans cannot make even a razor to shave themselves," one said there, and with truth.

During the struggle, however, manufacturers increased, but our machinery was of the most elementary character. Rumors of the great progress in mechanical inventions on the other side of the

Atlantic, made the despair of our manufacturers; for Great Britain, according to her selfish policy, had prohibited the exportation of machinery, or the departure of a mechanic for America.

Such, indeed, were the discouragements attending home manufacture, and so rapid its decline, that the Legislature of Massachusetts, alive to the fact that the wealth of the State was dependent upon it, granted both money and land to the little cotton-mill in Beverly, and even with this assistance it was only sustained by the patriotic self-sacrifice of its proprietors. Though the Beverly mill was said to be the first in the country that used the jenny, we find records of mills in Philadelphia, New York and Providence, Rhode Island, before 1790; but all of these were in the same desponding condition.

Yet, unknown to these disheartened proprietors, help was near at hand, and this is how it came about. Several years earlier, a lad at work in one of Arkwright's mills in England picked up an old Philadelphia newspaper. It had travelled over leagues and leagues of blue water, and was laden with the enterprises and struggles of a new nation. Samuel Slater glanced with a keen eye over this waif from a new republic, and noted, with surprise, an offer made by a society in Philadelphia for a machine to make cotton rollers; for it showed the primitive state of machinery in this country and the anxiety felt by Americans to promote manufactures.

The tone of the paper, too, was congenial to his own enterprising spirit, and the thought came to him that the United States would be a good field for his own ambition. He said nothing of his plan, however, but applied himself to get a general knowledge of the business; then, one bright autumnal day, he bade a cheery good-by to his friends, with the ostensible purpose of running down to London. He took no papers with him except his indenture, for fear of being stopped by the officials, who were ordered to search every passenger to America. Young Slater's robust appearance justified the officers in supposing him a farmer's son. So one more ardent, ambitious soul landed on our soil; but even the newspaper had not prepared him for the crudeness of our machinery.

NOTE.—We are, for want of space, obliged to defer the completion of this interesting subject until our next issue.—EDITOR.

SOME SAVAGE VIRTUES.

BY H. M. ROBINSON.¹

TOWARD mid-afternoon of an intensely cold day in the month of February, of a year not long passed, the writer was sitting on the end of a fallen log in the dense wood bordering the second or lower bank of the Red River of the North. The temperature was somewhere in the forties below zero. Under the force of the fierce blasts, a little eddy of loose snow rolled into the timber from the plains beyond; at first a mere puff, not larger than one's hand. Another followed; miniature coils of snow circled about over the smooth surface, and sank back invisibly to the level again. Drifts of larger proportions rolled over the expanse, until the atmosphere became filled with crystal, scintillating, minute, almost imperceptible particles of snow, drifting on wings of air, impalpable and fleeting. The outlines of the trees were lost, and the range of vision limited to a few yards. Nearly beneath me was a fire, which, originally built upon the surface of the snow, had sunk under the influence of its own heat to the level of the earth, some four feet below. A few yards on one side stood a shaggy Indian pony, shivering under two buffalo-ropes; on the other, a half-dismantled sledge, or jumper, with its drift-covered load of blankets, camp equipage, and provisions. A short distance away a huge snow-drift and a projecting sledge-runner marked the presence, or rather absence, of a companion who had disappeared into the wrack and tempest in quest of a second unkempt pony, which, an hour before, had succumbed under the fatigues of a protracted and terrible journey. The situation, upon reverting to it after this lapse of years, seems possessed of certain dramatic features; at the immediate time, however, it suggested only a favorable opportunity of preparing dinner against the return of my attendant; hence my attitude and altitude upon the splintered end of that prostrate log.

Armed with a long-handled skillet, made still longer by the insertion of a stick into the handle, and muffled as to body and hands in many wraps, I sat upon the log and carried on my culinary operations at a distance of four feet, in compara-

tive serenity of soul. No contiguity of bough threatened to scorch the cuticle, nor character of the *plat* necessitate those frequent frantic dartings fireward to rescue some fry or blackened roast, which so often obtain when man usurps the place of deft-handed woman. The *menu* was pork—an aromatic comestible sizzled, and crisped, and curled into delicate morsels of delicious hue, and sent an appetizing breeze abroad upon the wings of the storm.

Lost to the howling wind, the wrack of the sense of isolation, to everything, in fact, but the suggestive odors of the nearly-done pork in the skillet in hand, until an intuitive but definite sense of companionship suddenly possessed me. I felt that I was no longer alone; I could make a bodily presence beside me; yet I had heard no sound of footsteps, had seen no shadow to relieve the gloom. Nevertheless, I was as certain of human companionship as if its visible presence stood before me. For a moment the paralyzing fear forbade my looking up. When I did look up, I found standing beside me, so near that I could place my hand upon him from where I sat, an Indian! He was a gigantic fellow, of more than six feet high, and the bones of his huge frame stood out conspicuously at the joints and the muscles showed distinctly in his meagreness. His aspect was positively horrible. His large nose had been driven sideways from his face; over one eyeless orbit was a black patch; while in his gums two long canine teeth alone remained. The man was in what seemed to be a hopeless state of destitution. A few pieces of blanket were all the protection he had against the intense cold; he had no gun, ammunition, knife, or other appliances required of a hunter, except a small hatchet and a pair of moccasins.

All these things I took in at one quick glance. My own situation also flashed before me with conceivable quickness. The man was a Plover of the Ojibway tribe, whose tender mercies to lone strangers are cruel. I was alone, unaided, and far from aid. A murder in those then unpopulated solitudes would be easy of concealment. T

¹ Late Vice-Consul at Winnipeg, British North America.

was armed with a hatchet, I with a skillet. So I dropped that utensil into the fire, with one bound reached the nearest sledge, and, grasping an axe, turned about and assumed the defensive. To my utter astonishment, I found the Indian down in the fire-hole, rescuing the pork from the blaze. This done, he placed the skillet carefully on the snow, clambered to the surface again, then usurped my seat upon the log and broke into a hearty laugh. It was no simulated laugh, either, but a rollicking, thoroughly amused, good-natured laugh, coming from the depths of his soul. The uplifted axe gradually dropped, as I gazed upon this gigantic son of the forest and plain, unbending at the sight of my fright and discomfiture. A sense of the utter futility of all attempts at resistance gradually stole over me, as I considered the opportunity presented him for the perpetration of crime in my entire unconsciousness of his presence for an indefinite period. At last the ludicrous picture of my flying leap, the hastily dropped skillet, the quick awakening from reverie to horror, and, above all, the sight of the savage himself, as he gazed amusedly at me for a moment, then relapsed into uncontrollable paroxysms of laughter which shook his huge frame, proved too much for my philosophy; and I joined in the merriment until the laughter rang out above the voice of the storm. Civilization and savagery united in common hilarity, and demonstrated their relationship in an equal appreciation of the ridiculous. It revealed at least one link in the chain of unacknowledged brotherhood.

I know there are many people who regard the Indian as an austere savage who never laughs save at the agonies of his bleeding victims, and who, like Mrs. Merdle, has "no begad nonsense" about him; and I have related this incident to show that one red man, at least, was as ready to place a bent pin upon the seat of his fellow as the most civilized among us. Indeed, a considerable experience leads me to believe that the Indian is possessed of a vast fund of mirth and humor, although in later life, perhaps, tempered somewhat by the vicissitudes of his existence, and the stamp which his nature receives from the regions in which he dwells. Young savage life is full of a certain wild hilarity, of practical jokes, and of the humor pertinent to its age; and it may be seriously doubted whether the youth of our own race entertain more kindly feelings towards each other, during the sports and games of

boyhood, than are developed by the errant children of the prairie and stream. I have seen nothing more tender among my own kindred than the treatment of helpless little ones in an Indian camp by their elders in years. True, there are exceptions to all the savage virtues which it is the purpose of this paper to note; but the exceptions may be fairly regarded as no more frequent than would be found among the uneducated of our own race, and only prove the general correctness of the rule.

It has been charged against the Indian in his domestic relations that he is a brutal husband and a hard taskmaster, exacting an amount of labor at the hands of the females of his family from which he shrinks himself. Indeed, it is quite the fashion to picture the red man as sitting at an abundant meal and flinging, from time to time, a refuse bone over his shoulder to the wife of his bosom; and as marching at the head of his following of women, encumbered only with a gun, and not always even that, while they toil painfully along under the weight of all the household goods. To any one, however, who has witnessed the arrival of a party of starving Indians at the buffalo-grounds, during the winter season, the reverse of the picture presents itself. Day by day, family after family come straggling in—a spectral cavalcade; the men gaunt and wan, marching before skeleton dogs, almost literally skin and bone, with hide drawn tightly and unpadded over "crate and basket, ribs and spine;" dragging painfully along sledges as attenuated and empty of provisions as themselves. The women and children bring up the rear, who, to the credit of the men, are in far better case; indeed, tolerably plump, and contrasting strongly with the fleshless forms of the other sex. Although the Indian squaws and children are kept in subjection, and the work falls principally upon them, it is erroneous to suppose that they are ill-treated, or that the women labor harder or endure greater hardships than the men. The Indian is constantly engaged in hunting, to supply his family with food; and when that is scarce, he will set out without any provision himself, and often travel from morning till night for days before he finds the game he seeks; then, loaded with meat, he toils home again, and whilst the plenty lasts, considers himself entitled to complete rest after his exertions. Much in the same manner does the merchant or hard-worked mechanic repair to his home after the day's toil, assume his gown and slippers and settle down to

absolute rest, while expecting of his wife the continuance of her household labors.

The red man, as a rule, manages his family admirably. A child is seldom heard to cry, and matrimonial squabbles seem unknown. He is an affectionate husband and father, and his wife and children obey him at a word, evidently looking up to him as a superior being, to be loved with respect. In return, the red man's first thought is for his little one. In the barter of his furs, the first purchase is blanketing for tiny backs, a capote for some toddling papoose, a bright handkerchief for little Thisbe; then come the powder and ball, the flints and fishing-tackle for his own use; and lastly the wife gets her share, not because least in estimation, but on account of the importance of the first two; the children's outfit being a matter of common pride, the ammunition a matter of common necessity to the existence of all. That the love of man and wife is deep and lasting, is capable of ample proof, and instances would only serve unduly to extend this paper. In one of the graves in a certain burying-ground, near one of the forts in the north country, is fixed a pole, from which are suspended several buttons, a tobacco-bag of bark and beads, a piece of tobacco, and a human hand dried and stuffed. This is the grave of an Indian's wife. She was young, handsome, and apparently healthy, but a concealed disease affected her heart, and one day she fell down in a fit and died. Her husband was absent at the time, but on returning his grief was terrible. He refused all sustenance, lingered about the grave of his wife, and was finally found lying across its head with his arms extended over it, stone dead. Another Indian, meeting with a similar loss, went away into the mountains and lived there for two years without seeing a human being. A Blackfeet chief, in speaking to a missionary, said: "If you wish to do anything with my people, you must no longer order them to put away their wives. I have eight, all of whom I love, and who all have children by me; which shall I keep, and which put away? Tell those who have only one wife not to take more, but do not talk about putting away wives already married." The Maiden's Rock, on Lake Pepine, bears similar testimony. The hand of a beautiful girl was sought by two lovers; the one a brave warrior, the other a quiet hunter. The latter she loved, the former her friends would constrain her to marry. The intensity of her affection chose death rather than

the life of the brave's wife. And she cast down from this rock into the blue waters, and the warmth of her love with her life.

Nor is the Indian indisposed to toil, hold. His aversion to agricultural and mechanical labor is almost invariably attributed to idleness. Those, however, who have lived much among them know this to be a mistaken idea, derived from a limited observation of that class of aborigines frequenting the frontier, who, in adopting the vices of the white man, have been degraded into loafers. But the Indian of the plain is not a lazy man. No man labors harder than he is accustomed to do in the chase, in carrying his family to the camps, or in trapping or fishing expeditions. But the necessities of nomadic life are such that when these wants are satisfied, the Indian regards no arduous toil. Sufficient for the day and the night's labor, for, has he not the same forests, the same streams, the same prairies from which to get his sustenance for the morrow? Continually he would fill his lodge with robes and peltries, dried meat and pemmican; but, if he does not, he merely accumulates provision for distribution to others. We blame the red man for not laying up supplies against the inevitable rainy day of winter, circumstances where it is impossible for him to do so. He is the only perfect socialist or communist of the world. Everything is held in common by the tribe: the prairies, the forest, the streams, the bison, and the deer. The camp is starved when an Indian kills a buffalo. Instead of claiming the carcass as his own, the coveted food, to the extent of his share, is shared by all. A war-party takes a ride by a raid into an enemy's country; and the spoils of the tribe are free to help themselves to the best of the largest *tepees*, the brightest blankets, but the captors touch an article of the plunder. If there is but a single fish, a thin badger, a scrap of pemmican, the lodge, and a stranger comes and asks for it. He is given his share first, is first served, and is attended. Nor is this simply tribal custom, but often true generosity. A missionary is met on a long winter's journey. As guides and interpreters he takes three Indians, as yet outside the influence of religious influence. Their provisions are exhausted, and for two full days they have nothing. At last a single fish is caught by the Indians. Instead of eating it at once, the intense hunger would dictate, they bring it to the missionary and insist upon his eating it.

they touch it until he has divided it. If a child starve in an Indian camp, one may be certain that want reigns in every lodge and hunger dwells in every stomach. Why should he lay up a store of robes and provision for others to consume? His is a gregarious and communistic state, merging his individuality into that of his tribe.

Suppose, however, that the red man advances somewhat into civilization, thus weakening the communistic bonds of his tribe, and supplanting them by a disposition to assume a certain degree of individuality, and a desire to accumulate property and found a home for himself. And just here I beg leave to quote a pertinent illustration from an article upon a kindred subject in a contemporaneous review.¹ The Indian "has seen the comforts of civilized life and earnestly desires them. By years of toil and self-denial he has built himself a comfortable cabin, and gathered into it a crop sufficient to feed himself and family until he could raise another. It is winter, and his neighbors, who, while he was working hard, were lounging about, abusing him for violating the religion and customs of his people, ridiculing him, and calling him a woman and a slave, now have nothing to eat. They come to him and ask him if he has. He answers in the affirmative, and they tell him they are hungry. If he feeds them, they will come again till he has nothing left. If he refuses, they say he is a bad man, and deserves to suffer for violating the customs of his people, and kill his team. If that does not bring him to his senses, so as to give them food, they destroy his home and its contents, or they say he is incorrigible, and kill him."

Such is the result of the red man's attempt to accumulate property by continuous labor in his natural state, as brought to my own observation in a number of instances; although the victim was seldom suffered to attain so high a degree of prosperity before being despoiled as here described. When he is taken under the protection of the Government, the law refuses to recognize the robbery of one Indian by another as a crime within its jurisdiction, and so affords no security for the safety of his property or the inviolability of his life. And yet, with that dull brutality which denies its enemy the possession of one atom of generous sensibility, we stigmatize the Indian as a lazy vagabond because he will not sow that others

may reap. We do this, too, recognizing the fact that a white man will not labor industriously, if at all, save when expecting a reward for his labor. Nevertheless, we insist upon the red man's doing so, and call him lazy and worthless when he does not. In effect, the possession of the same noble qualities of independence which we affect to reverence in other people, makes us kill the Indian.

But there is another obstacle to the performance of agricultural and mechanical labor by the Indian, of a more serious nature. Not only does he know that he has no reward, and labors only for others if he accumulates, and dares not at the risk not only of his standing in his tribe but of life itself, refuse a division of his property, but his conscience, his religion, forbids the forms of labor in which the white man engages. He sincerely regards it as wicked and dangerous. And this is fully attested by the fact that as soon as, through conviction, he forsakes his religion for that of the white man, he is ready to take up the toil of the white man and adopt his habits. The red man believes that his only avocation is to hunt and to fight; and, while finding no fault with the white man for laboring as he does, yet for himself he considers such labor not only degrading but certain to be followed by punishment. He believes that, were he to do so, he would die at the hands of his incensed gods. This feeling is real, and any scheme for his civilization which ignores its existence will assuredly fail of success. The same man who will undergo all manner of hardship and toil in the chase, cannot be induced to perform any manual labor of a different and lighter character. To this, however, the writer before quoted recognizes some exceptions: "For though the red men are more generally religious than white men, there are infidels among them as among ourselves; and such might be hired to use a hoe, or an axe, when and where there was no probability of being seen by any of their own people. I will mention a single case in illustration. The late Major J. R. Brown, who, as United States Agent, first succeeded in inducing heathen Sioux men to engage in cultivating the soil, and began this by hiring White Dog, a well-known brave, and brother-in-law to the celebrated chief Wabashaw, still living, to have his hair trimmed, and dress as a white man, himself acting as barber, and subsequently, as United States Marshal, adjusted the halter on his neck when White Dog was hung at Mankato, Minnesota, for partici-

¹ Dr. J. P. Williamson, in the *Princeton Review*.

peating in the massacres of 1862, often said that this Indian evinced far more terror when his hair was being cut than when the halter was being adjusted on his neck. I was present at the execution of him and the thirty-seven others executed at the same time, and conversed with him, after he knew that his last day had come and the time of his death was very near, and I never doubted the truth of Major Brown's report; and I think it was not doubted by any who were present at the time. White Dog constantly, and I, after considering all the evidence brought against him, suppose truly, affirmed his innocence of the crime with which he was charged, and feeling innocent, death was less terrible to him than had been the idea of offending his gods by becoming an agriculturist."

But in order to fully understand the circumscribed light by which we measure the virtues of the red man, perhaps, after all, the best possible illustration is the reverse of the picture—the light by which the red man measures us. He has his own standard by which he determines truth and falsehood, misery and happiness, and all the accompaniments of life, and it is difficult to make him look at the white man from any other point of

view but his own. From this standpoint everything is Indian. The different peoples of the earth are so many tribes inhabiting various parts of the world, whose land is bad, and who are not possessed of buffalo and beaver. For these last articles (provisions and furs) the whites send merchandise, missions, etc., to the red man. "Ah," they say, "if it were not for our buffalo, where would you be? You would starve, your bones would whiten the prairies." With the Indian seeing is believing, and his world is the visible one in which his wild life is cast. To the white man, the Indian has no dislike; on the contrary, he is pretty certain to receive him with kindness and friendship, provided always that the newcomer will adopt the native system, join the hunting camp, and live on the plains. This is the Indian's view of the white man; is the white man's view of the Indian one whit more generous or liberal? Do we acknowledge that he is a man, and allow him all those rights which at the origin of our nation we declared belong to all men, and make him, before the law, equal to an immigrant from Asia, Africa, or Europe? If we do, why is it that in so many of our laws for the security of person and property occur the words, "except Indians not taxed?"

JOHN ROSE.¹

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

It was during that gloomy winter at Valley Forge that a Russian gentleman of prepossessing appearance, pleasing in manners, and apparently highly gifted, appeared in the cantonments of the American army, vainly soliciting a Continental commission. The general opinion was that he

¹ Garden, in his "Anecdotes of the American Revolution," alludes briefly to a Russian by the name of John Rose who served on the side of the Colonies in their struggle for independence. The fact, however, that this person was the only Russian, as far as is known, who was in our "Seven Years' War," seems to justify a more extended notice of him. Learning that there were manuscripts still in existence relating to his career in America, I wrote to Dr. William A. Irvine, of Irvine, Pennsylvania, who, with great kindness, at once placed at my disposal such family papers as related to the subject, including also the entire manuscript correspondence of his grandfather, General Irvine, with Washington and Rose. It is from these original and authentic sources that the following narrative is derived.

was as certainly a man of rank as he was acknowledged to be of high attainments and finished education, but on this point he always maintained the most profound silence. His exemplary conduct and pleasing carriage, however, soon won the general esteem of the army, and obtained for him the position of surgeon's mate in the hospital at Yellow Springs. It was at this period that General William Irvine, who had been recently exchanged having been taken prisoner in Arnold's expedition to Quebec, rejoined the Pennsylvania line in camp. The many noble personal qualities Rose immediately attracted his attention, though having himself served in the British navy as a surgeon before the war, he very soon discovered that the young Russian possessed but a very limited knowledge of the medical art. Believing, therefore, that his bravery and intelligence could be made more available to the Colonies in another

position, he procured his transfer the same year into the staff of his brigade, and afterward obtained for him a lieutenantancy in the Pennsylvania line. A feeling of jealousy, however, soon arose toward him on the part of some of the American officers, which, though slight, was sufficient to arouse his extreme sense of honor, and he therefore left the regiment, in 1780, and volunteered as a surgeon in the navy of the United States, only to be taken prisoner and carried to New York the same year. From this point he addressed to his old patron a letter, which is here given entire, both as corroborative evidence of tradition and as showing the wonderful mastery he had already acquired over the English language. The punctuation and spelling of the original letter, which is written in a beautiful flowing hand, are strictly preserved:

"NEW YORK NOV. 6th 1780

SIR:—Since my last letter to you from Philadelphia, the scene is wonderfully changed. My greatest expectations are annihilated, and I am inclosed by the unpenetrable walls of the Prevost. If I do but continue in health, I shall merrily dance through the various scenes of this tragic comedie, in hopes to accomplish my latest engagements, which shall always remain sacred on my side. I am told a general exchange is to take place immediately; but should this not be the case, the thoughts of an approaching winter, being destitute of every necessary to render life tolerable, make me wish for a change in my present situation. Assisted by your influence in Philadelphia, as I was taken as surgeon in the ship 'Revenge,' I make no doubt to see my expectations shortly realized.

I am your most obedient, humble servant,

JOHN ROSE."

That his "expectations" were realized is evident from the fact that upon being exchanged the following year General Irvine was so well pleased with the man as to receive him into his family, and appoint him one of his aids with the rank of major. In this latter capacity he served during the remainder of the Revolutionary War, retaining the last the affection of his General and brother officers.

The story of this young Russian officer, upon becoming acquainted with General Irvine, was not, sympathizing with the Colonists in their struggles with the mother country, he had, against the urgent entreaties of his friends, left his native

province of Livonia, made his way to England and thence to Baltimore, where he had arrived destitute of either friends or money. Disappointed in obtaining a commission in the Continental army, as he had been led to expect, he had taken a brief course of surgery under Dr. Wisendorf, a German physician in that city, whose language he spoke, and had finally succeeded in obtaining the situation of surgeon's mate as above mentioned. In the military and personal family of General Irvine he was a great favorite, and it is handed down in the traditions of Irvine's family that he was a gentleman of polished manners, who made himself exceedingly agreeable to the household, in strong contrast with many of our worthy but uncultivated officers.

The laurels of Major Rose, however, were not confined to the carpet. He was a very efficient aid to General Irvine during the remainder of the war, and was of particular service while the latter commanded the western department at Pittsburg; a command rendered the more embarrassing on account of the disputes arising out of the conflicting claims of Pennsylvania and Virginia. Rose made himself very popular with the country people, and at their request he was sent by Irvine as an aid to Colonel Crawford on the ill-starred expedition to the Sandusky Plains in 1782. "Crawford pressed me for some officers," writes Irvine to Washington at this time, "and I have sent with him Lieutenant Rose, my aid-de camp, a very vigilant, active, brave young gentleman, well acquainted with service, and a surgeon. These two are all I could venture to spare." "Mr. Rose, your aid-de-camp," also writes Lieutenant James Marshall to Irvine, "was very hearty when I left him at Mingo Bottom. His services on this occasion have endeared you much to the people of this country, and given great satisfaction to the men on the expedition."

Indeed, the presence of Rose at Mingo Bottom, on his way to Sandusky, gave much satisfaction to such of the volunteers as had previously made his acquaintance at Fort Pitt (Pittsburg), all being captivated both by his fine appearance and by his urbanity and warm-heartedness. In a letter from him to Irvine from this place, he says, "My presence caused, seemingly, uneasiness. It was surmised I had been sent to take command. An open declaration of mine at a meeting of the officers that I did not intend to take upon myself any command of any kind whatever, but to act as

an aid-de-camp to the commanding officer, seemed to satisfy every one, and all goes on charmingly. I must beg the favor of you," said Rose, in conclusion, "to receive my half boots from Patrick Leonard, and one pair of shoes, as I am already almost barefooted."

In the battle of Sandusky itself, also, Rose did brave and efficient service. As the opposing forces drew near to each other his keen, dark eyes flashed with excitement, and his demeanor was calm, cool and confident. As he scoured along on his blooded mare from point to point, carrying orders to his commander, his intrepidity and fine martial appearance attracted all eyes and won all hearts. When the foe was seen directly in front taking possession of a grove on the prairie, a quick, forward movement, led by Rose, soon drove the Indians out into the "open," and the battle raged with alternate success until night put an end to the conflict.

It is not our design to enter into the details of the unfortunate engagement of the next day, in which Colonel Crawford was captured only to suffer a horrible death by torture, and the Americans sustained a disastrous defeat. As the latter broke Colonel Williamson assumed the command, and, aided by Major Rose, covered the retreat and saved it from becoming an utter rout. "I must acknowledge myself," writes Colonel Williamson to General Irvine, on this occasion, "ever obliged to yourself for your favors on this expedition. Major Rose will give you a particular account of our retreat." General Irvine, also, bears testimony to his aid's truthfulness and integrity. "The inclosed letters," he writes to Washington, in his official report, "one from Colonel Williamson, second in command, and the other from Major Rose, my aid-de-camp, contain all the particulars of this transaction which have as yet come to hand." But the major himself did not return from this expedition without some hair-breadth escapes. Dr. William A. Irvine, a grandson of the General, speaking of the conduct of Rose on this occasion, in a letter to the writer, says, "I remember to have heard an officer relate that having made his own way into a tree-top he witnessed the pursuit of Major Rose by a party of mounted Indians, who were at times so close to him as to throw their tomahawks. They were, however, finally baffled by the superior horsemanship and the coolness of Rose."

It would seem, moreover, that Rose did not

leave America without having had ence in the peculiar American inst as "lobbying." Nor is it a slight confidence which was reposed in brother officers that he, himself a fo have been sent to Philadelphia to l interests in the Pennsylvania Legisl military gentlemen of our line," he the session of 1784, "have awaken slumbers, and the walls of the cit been twice the silent witnesses of ou ations. . . . The House will not the act granting us lands upon t waters, but it is very probable the vailed on to assume our commuta apart a certain defined tract of cou west branch of the Susquehannah, f tion of our commutation notes at a per one hundred acres. A commi appointed to confer with the com Ways and Means of this Assembly; which has not yet transpired." In of the language he certainly sets a more pretentious English scholars of present day.

Besides these good qualities, howe noted for his strict integrity and h of honor, carrying them indeed so to be amusing. An instance of th the way, reminds us of Governor M occurs in one of his accounts render ernment for his expenses while on a ney. This is here copied in full, al risk—in these degenerate days—of sneer upon the faces of that coterie known as the "Ring."

"Major Rose, hi
4th, 1783, B

To two meals victuals
" one quart of cider
" two meals victuals for y* man. . . .
" eight quarts of oats.
" hay, one night for two horses. . . .
" six quarts of oats.
" one nip of today.
" half-pint of whiskey
" two meals victuals
" " " for y* man
" four quarts of oats
" eight " " "
" one bowl of whiskey today
" " " " spirit "
" hay, one night, for two horses . . .

To two gills of whiskey for y* man. . .

N. B.—The half-pint of whiskey was used to wash the back of my port-mantau horse which was much hurt.

JOHN ROSE.

Indeed, this strict integrity of character was fully recognized by his superiors, who, at the close of the war, entrusted to him the payment of the troops garrisoned at Pittsburg, investing him with this responsible trust in the following order :

"It is ordered that the privates of the infantry in the Continental service receive, on account of their pay, by the musters of January, 1783, half-a-dollar specie per week, and the non-commissioned officers the same portion, until further orders. Major Rose having been pleased to take upon himself the trouble of paying the troops of this garrison (Pittsburg), agreeable to the above directions, he requests that a commissioned officer of each company attend the payments made to his men. The commanding officers of companies are, therefore, directed to attend, with their respective companies, immediately after troop-beating in the following succession, viz. : artillery, Virginia detachment and Pennsylvania detachment."

In the spring of 1784 Major Rose returned to Russia. When on the point of leaving Philadelphia for New York, where he was to take passage for Amsterdam, he, with that order and system for which he was remarkable, wrote General Irvine as follows :

"Your forage accounts I attempted to settle with Major Hodgston; but the day not being determined by Congress when the army was discharged—whether it was the third or fourth of November last—prevented me. Your receipt books you will find among the magazines, packed up in a small box. The final accounts of your Continental settlement I have properly adjusted and committed to the care of Mr. Howell, who was to have left West Point yesterday to settle the accounts of our line."

While the vessel was lying in the harbor of New York, waiting for a favoring wind, Major Rose wrote a letter to General Irvine, expressing his warm gratitude and attachment to his benefactor and his family; expressing, however, his sorrow for having abstained so long from making known his true history. He then stated that his name was not John Rose, but Gustavus de Rosenthal, of Livonia, in Russia; that he was a baron of the Empire, and that in an encounter with a nobleman, within the precincts of the palace at St. Peters-

burg, he had killed his antagonist in a duel, brought on by a blow the latter had inflicted upon an aged uncle in his presence. He had then fled to England, whence learning of the American war, he had sailed immediately for America, anxious to draw his sword in behalf of the American Colonies. He had now, through the mediation of his family, received permission to return, but he designed coming back and making America his home. The fact, however, that he was made Grand Marshal of Livonia soon after his return to his native country, and other circumstances which need not here be enumerated, prevented the fulfillment of his intentions, though he often recurred to it in a warm correspondence which he kept up with the Irvine family until his death, in 1830.

"Though my wishes," he writes from St. Petersburg, in 1804, "are crossed against their will, my thoughts remain at liberty and took their flight across the Atlantic, at the sight of an American vessel I discerned in the river making ready to get under sail. I went immediately home and sat down to write you these few lines."

The republicanism, however, which he had learned in America, he seemed not to have forgotten in Russia; and it is rather an interesting incident that Alexander, who has been suspected of democratic leanings at a later period, should have expressed the wish that he (Rosenthal) should wear the insignia of the Republican Society of the Cincinnati.

"Having already got to the age of fifty," he writes, in 1805, to General Irvine, "you'll think I could well go into my grave without having the emblem of the Order of the Cincinnati dangling at my button-hole. As for myself, I think so, too; but the people, having heard of my being a member of that order, will begin to think me a cheat if I do not wear it as a matter of great distinction agreeably to their notions; and, moreover, the first man himself [Alexander] has been asking me about it, and desires I should wear it. I am therefore obliged to entreat you again to send me the ribbon with the emblem as it is worn."

The last letter that was received from him was written to Callender Irvine, a son of the General, in which, after expressing the most cordial attachment to his friend and benefactor, he added :

"An affair of honor compelled me to abandon my own country. I fled to America for refuge; was graciously received by your venerated father,

and cherished by him as a son. My obligation cannot be told—the power of language cannot express all I feel. I wish his portrait above all things. Send it to me that I may possess the delight of constantly reviewing the resemblance of my best friend. It will fill up the measure of my happiness. I have contentment with opulence. The mistress of my early affections is now my wife."

The children of Baron Rosenthal, one of whom served with distinction in Poland, all died before

him, though two granddaughters were still living, in 1867, in Russia.

In consideration of the long and valuable services of Major Rose, the general Government granted him bounty lands in Ohio, and he received from Pennsylvania two tracts of "donation land" in the northwestern part of the State. What became of his interest in the Ohio lands is unknown; but that he saved his other tract is certain. They are situated on Oil Creek, and have become very valuable.

THE APPROACH OF AGE.

BY JOHN H. BRYANT.

GONE are the friends my boyhood knew,
Gone threescore years since childhood's morn;
A lonely stalk I stand where grew
And proudly waved the summer corn.

Scanning the record of my years,
How blank, how meagre seems the page,
How small the sum of good appears
Wrought by those hands from youth to age.

Yet, 'midst the toils and cares of life,
I've tried to keep a cheerful heart;
To curb my fiercer passions' strife,
And as a man to act my part.

And I repine not at my lot,
Glad to have lived in times like these,
When mystic chords of human thought
Bind realm to realm across the seas.

When this dear land, Time's latest birth,
Smites every chain from human hands,
And 'midst the nations of the earth
The greatest, freest, noblest stands.

When progress in material things
Leads upward immaterial mind,
And into nearer prospect brings
The perfect life of all mankind.

Kindly, as yet, life's autumn sun
Gilds the green precincts of my home;
Softly, though fast, the moments run,
And fleeting seasons go and come.

Yet nearer moans the wintry blast,
The chilling wind of Age that blows,
Through darkening storms with cloud o'ercast,
With blinding sleet and drifting snows.

Ho! gleaner on life's wintry lea,
I hear thy steps 'mid rustling leaves,
And soon this withered stalk will be
Close garnered with the autumn sheaves.

And then will He, beneath whose eye
Each act of right and wrong appears,
Aught of untarnished grain descry
Among these husks of wasted years?

Haply these mustering clouds that lower
On the low sky in seeming wrath
May vanish, and life's sunset hour
Shed a calm radiance o'er my path.

Then may the clear horizon bring
Those glorious summits to the eye,
Where, flanked by fields of endless spring,
The Cities of the Blessed lie.

"IF WE WOULD."

If we would but check the speaker
When he spoils his neighbor's fame,
If we would but help the erring
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrong that might be righted
If we would but see the way!
Ah, the way that might be lightened
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray!

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride;
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold the light to cheer and guide.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still, we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "if we could;"
But a God who judges all things
Knows the truth is, "if we would."

THE FAIR PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY DAVID MURDOCH.

CHAPTER XXIII. FUN, FROLIC AND FOLLY, FINISHED SOBERLY.

CLARENCE CLINTON, after parting from Bertram and Gabriel, made quick progress on his faithful nag. There was good cause for the animal's haste—his mate was on the same road that night before him. Old Cornelius Wynkoop's negro Ebo, was a dissolute fellow, spending three nights in the week, besides Sunday, in some dissipation. He never went far without a good horse, and though it might be to a distance, he was sure to return before his master had shaken the ashes out of his first pipe.

Ebo, Wynkoop's right-hand man, loved a horse, as all his race do, and mounted on black or brown, he forgot everything for the time. He treated the span impartially, taking them always out time about. The horses were brothers, and never parted from each other but they were glad to meet again. This instinct led them always to run to the same point when they could get free, and the wild Ebo had been found out before now in this very way, and traced to the very place he was most averse to being found in.

As Clarence rode along in the middle of the night, to his great surprise and sudden alarm his horse set up a loud neighing and whinnying, which made all the fields around vocal. At short intervals, these calls were responded to by others of the same kind, which increased in number and loudness in proportion as he advanced. All at once he was brought up standing at the door of a low cabin, where voices and screams went up, as if a hundred witches were dinning the air and performing their eldritch rites. "Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray," all seemed mingling together.

After gratifying his curiosity a moment by looking through the low window, he prepared to go forward; but to his mortification his horse would not move a foot, but sent forth one of his loudest neighs, that provoked the rider to vengeance, which caused the animal to make all the more noise, till it at last arrested the attention of the company within for an instant. One of the dancers came to the window, and seeing nothing,

called to the fiddler, "Cæase, play up;" and the old fellow within gave his bow a double stroke, that, skirled on the strings till the screams of the company came again in full force. Clarence descended and looked in more closely, intending to lead his horse past; and such a sight he never beheld before. There were at least forty negroes, enjoying themselves in the most outlandish sports. The dance was a cross between the wild African jig and the low Dutch hornpipe.

During a brief pause in the noise Black and Brown gave an impatient neigh, that went to the quick ear of the delinquent negroes. Some one who had been out of doors ran in crying, "Ebo! your massa come; ole Kaarney at the door."

Quick as a flash, the black rogue ran to the door, and seeing the horse that Clarence held—he knew his shape and his neigh in an instant—he prepared his back for the whip; running out in the dark, to where Clarence stood, he screamed out, "Massa, massa, forgive ma 'passes, as Dominie says, in our Fader. Me come down to Phœbe Cauterwalikin, but didn't mean to come; forgive me ma dets."

Clarence saw that he was under some mistake, and quietly said so; asking Ebo if he would help him to take the animal past the door, for he was in great haste to get on.

By this time Ebo had seen his error in regard to the man, but was still sure about the beast; and suddenly changing his tone, he called out:

"Ha! Cowboy stole massa hoss. Goot; the tief found out dis time. Fox fal ente de trap himselv. He! he! he!"

And his mirth returned with something additional to pay for the fear he had incurred. All the company had felt the alarm—quietness had reigned till Ebo called out, "Cowboy," when a shout arose as the whole party, male and female, surrounded the man and horse.

Clarence, in the midst of this black mob, found himself in a complete hornet's nest and dilemma. To tell them who he was would be folly, and to go back would be to frustrate his whole plan. His first thought was to leave the horse in the hands of those who claimed it, and go forward afoot. As

he proposed this, he soon found that Ebo was in as great a quandary as himself; Old Kaarney would demand of him how he happened to be there, to make the discovery, and he knew that the bringing back of Brown would not save his own carcass from the lash; so that between the doubt of the stranger and the doubt of the negro, there was rising an uncertain state of things. Old Phœbe, who was in reality the leader of the whole party, cut the knot in the right place, when she called out:

"Take 'em to de Squire. To de Squire Burhause!" To this proposition all responded with the heartiest good will, and as Clarence found out that the Squire's was not far off, he hoped to prove to his satisfaction that he was neither Cowboy nor horse thief.

Just as they all were about to start for the Squire's, a young lithe negro came up, blowing and puffing, saying, as his breath would allow him, "the bulls! the black bulls!—Bob and Peet."

The young scamp had been sent off to drive two bulls, that were kept at opposite sides of Judge Abiel's farm, into the same lot, where they were sure to fight, with a force and a fury which could not fail to be prodigiously interesting to the blacks. With their characteristic thoughtlessness of all but the present, they forgot everything but the expected sport. Ebo, however, took hold of Brown's bridle, and led him down through the rail fence into the field, thinking, of course, that his late rider would follow, which he did with apparent good will. The two mad creatures were coming toward each other from opposite sides of the field, foaming and pawing the ground as they drew near. They bent their heads, then rushed together with all their fury, meeting in the centre, when their skulls cracked. Retiring, they flew forward again with still greater force and anger than before, continuing these repeated attacks, till the one and then the other grew weak with the effort. When fastening their horns, they pushed, as one of the ruling spirits said, when asked,

"What would de Domeley say, 'Tom?'"

"Dey push like the bulls of Bashan."

The great interest which Clarence took in the battle was in the human animals, whose excitement was beyond bounds as the fun proceeded. Young and old, male and female, at every new onset, screamed and laughed, clapping their hands, holding by each other, and then falling down, seemed more

like persons possessed with noisy spirits than mortals. Even Ebo had forgotten all about Brown.

In the midst of this fun, Clarence stepped rear, and leaving the horse tied to the post, took the road afoot, plainly perceiving that he would reach his destination sooner in this roundabout by the Squire's.

On the road he was overtaken, to his gratification, by three of the late frolickers, who, back, and ordered to stop, or be "shot," showed the small ob de back." There was no chance for him but to submit, in hope of escaping the intervention of the Squire, to whom he must go for stealing that horse. But he fortunately thought of an expedient which gave him a chance of escape; he asked, coolly:

"Where is the horse that any one saw? Produce the animal."

Here was something they had not counted upon, for Ebo had seized the bridle, and at this time far on the way back to his master's, consequently no evidence of horse-stealing was on the ground, the fellows felt themselves at a loss now when the prisoner was in their hands.

By this time a new actor appeared on the stage, in the person of a singularly dressed man who said, "this is my prisoner. Begone!" taking Clarence by the arm, led him to a distance, and dismissed him, saying: "Go to the main road and make haste, for the day dawns after cock-crowing."

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE DOMINIE SCHURER.

CLARENCE, walking on in the gray dawn, followed the well-beaten road, thinking of the scene he had witnessed with surprise. What chief interest had him was the voice of the mysterious man who had heard it before—but where? The call, uttered in the dark morning by a stranger, haunted his imagination. He remembered a preacher say, when preaching on the text, "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau," that deceivers can disguise themselves in all things but their voice. What was this unknown friend be?

Day was beginning to dawn as Clarence came in sight of the stone church that stood in the middle of a neat yard on the roadside. A small stream was scattered around a mill. The mill-race waterfall mingled with the dashing sound

wheel. There also stood the smithy, and the tavern. The fields showed a better cultivation than were to be expected in a new country. He did not know that the whole region was more than a century old. A plain of considerable extent, running from the south as far north as the eye could see, was well dotted with dwellings, surrounded by orchards and barns; while the hills here and there had bare places on their sides, showing that improvement went on.

Clarence came up to the door of the church, surveying it with interest, as it reminded him much of what he had seen in the Low Countries of Europe. It was built of stone, and covered with the red tile so common in Holland. Posts were placed all along the road, with rings in them, for fastening teams; and a few sheds stood at the rear of the church for such as had more care for their carriages than the majority. The small belfry rose from the middle of the square roof; and a bell hung in it, which, no doubt, had been the gift of some pious Dutchman of the past, whose monument stood in the graveyard near by. There the traveller went first, and read in the gray of the morning, the names of the forefathers of the place, showing that they had mainly been of Holland origin, with less of the Huguenot blood than he had seen in some other places. Van Bergen, Van Kleek, Van Duesen, Van Vechten were most numerous. What surprised Clarence was the mixture of both English and Scotch, especially of the latter, in a place so far remote from the thoroughfares of the world.

"These Dutch," he muttered to himself, "I believe are found everywhere except where hunger and starvation are known; and here, too, are the highlanders from Scotland, that hungry country. You cannot starve them out."

Here, were Salisbury and Grant, McPherson and Newkirk, all met in this fine amphitheatre, surrounded with high hills, that were washed yearly of their best soil to fatten these lands below, and these, in time, became fit to support an immense population, already flocking into it from many countries. Here, too, was the temple, where all worshipped their Maker.

With such reflections, the young Englishman spent the half hour that preceded the sunrise, when he was told to expect a meeting with the greatest man of the place. Standing as he did, at the door of the church, he looked to the east and saw a stone house in the midst of a small orchard,

and the whole surroundings showed uncommon thrift and neatness.

"That is the parson's house, no doubt," said Clarence to himself, "and there is the man of God himself; the instructor, the guide, the friend, and the true patriot; I wonder if he be at all like the one I have just left! I marvel if our clergymen in old England would fight and preach for their country and their people, as these men are doing!"

The Dominie Schuneman, of Kaatskill, with whom we are already somewhat acquainted, was walking slowly from his house to his barn, surveying things to the right and left, that he might have all put in order. For having been absent on public business for his people, he had of course neglected his own affairs, and as he depended more upon his farm than upon his salary, it was necessary for him to watch on all sides. Clarence, to give the reverend gentleman time to mark his presence, had walked deliberately across the way from the church door; but as the parsonage stood on the highway to the city of Albany, every passer-by was seen, and scanned carefully in those times of excitement. The Dominie had seen the stranger, and was watching his movements, as he continued to throw out handfuls of Indian corn to his poultry, of which he had a numerous flock, including a herd of turkeys, that would have fed an army in a strait.

"Good morning," was the salutation of the stranger, to which the pastor courteously responded by a slight touch of his cap, that came close to his head, falling in flaps over the ears, after the manner of John Calvin, as seen in pictures of that great man. Clarence found little difficulty in opening a conversation with the good man, who, meanwhile, having finished feeding his poultry, passed on into the stable, and at once called out, in a sharp voice, "Tom! Tom! You vagabond, come into the stable." Looking behind, Clarence saw the one called, and recognized in him one of the ringleaders in the singular frolic of the night before, the latter also recognizing the supposed horse-thief, and with his eyes apparently appealing for silence on his part.

"What is the matter with you? What makes you look so drowsy? Ha, what is here! What makes Dick all over in a muck of sweat? Who has had him out of the stable in the night? Some black skin will pay for this before sundown."

The negro went about his business in anything

but a comfortable mood, seeing a witness of his folly in such familiar intercourse with his master; and at the same time he was planning in his mind how he might counteract the evil effects of anything against himself, by something equally disastrous to the stranger.

Dominie Schuneman, whose company we expect to keep the greater part of the time through this history, was a man of large and wide influence in his time. He belonged to one of the oldest families that came from Holland at an early day, and which had risen to some wealth and a good position. Of their ancestors, he was one who would not boast. When his wife, who rather looked up to the aristocracy, would begin to trace back, he would curtly say:

"The less of that, Maria, the better. My name is Schuneman; and you are Dutch enough to know that that is skinner; another word for plain butcher. A Yankee would call it Skin-flint."

But the parents of our friend were able to send their son back to the *Vaderland*, where, at Leyden, he obtained a liberal education, and was ordained to the Gospel ministry, which he had exercised with great fidelity in this place, Kaatskill, since his return to his native country. His parish extended from Caatsban to near Albany, taking in all the mountain districts; so that he was as well known as any man in the province, and knew as well what was going on in it as if he were an officer of the State. His ardent temperament made him a fierce foe and a firm friend, while his superior learning raised him above all the laymen in his region; and his office gave him a power which he was not slack to use, on his own responsibility. He was a fair representative of the majority of his class, both in their good and doubtful qualities. The whole colony of New York was in the hands of these Dominies, and it is praise enough to their memories, that that portion of the new States came out of that great struggle as honorably as Massachusetts.

Clarence, taking the hint given him by Gabriel at parting, followed the Dominie into the house, and, when the breakfast was announced, sat down to the table as if he were one of the family. A large platter of fricasseed chickens, mixed with slices of pork, stood in the centre of the bountiful board, surrounded by other dishes heaped with cold meats of different kinds. Venison and bear's meat, and hillocks of bread and bowls of milk

abounded. After grace, said in Dutch, the master of the feast said, "Set to, help yourselves, and your neighbors will like you the better," and putting the action to the word, he planted his fork in the leg of the fattest fowl and transferred it to his own plate of wood, of which material were all the vessels at the table. His guest understood the hint, and did justice to the viands, not having tasted anything since his imprisonment at Snider's, except a piece of apple pie that fat Phoebe had thrust into his fist as he went down to see the bull-fight.

There was but little said during the meal, and that in a language which Clarence could not fully understand. Still he knew more than they gave him credit for. Having resided for some time in the Low Countries he had picked up enough of the language to enable him to follow the meaning of certain questions and answers given, in the plain style which an educated man always uses in his family. The wife was a large, grand-looking woman, and her speech was with authority, excepting the Dominie himself. Her complexion was pure white and red, but her look was harsher than one would expect in a place so remote from the public eye. It might be the times had made her severe; but it struck Clarence that she was too masculine to be motherly, and was more likely to be feared than loved by the people of the parish. Her husband always addressed her under the title of *Yfrow*, which the stranger soon found was much her official name as Dominie was his, which she never failed to give him, fulfilling to the letter the spiritual injunction and example of Sarah, who called Abraham Lord. A swarm of children were around the table—not like olive plants, but more like Dutch cabbages, and Clarence noted that they all had the Latin terminations to their names, Johannes, Wilhelmus, Martinus.

Breakfast over, the householder, with the handle of his knife struck the cherry-table three times when a large ebony wench entered placing a heap of old and young negroes. Where they found lodging and procured food it was difficult to guess. The whites present took possession of the seats, of right, while the blacks squatted down on the floor, becoming as still as midnight, while the father and the priest read from the sacred book in English, for, though it was the Dutch translation he gave it in the other tongue freely as he was

along. He read the forty-sixth Psalm, and said, as he closed the book, "this was the favorite portion of Luther in the times of his trouble. These are times of trouble in which we live. We need the same comfort and defence. Let us seek them from God." He then offered up fervent petitions in the two languages spoken around him. There was some comfort for all in what he said. Clarence observed that the common cause of the country was not overlooked; defence against all enemies from within and from without. Nor was the "guest and the stranger" passed by, when the wish was expressed that this "youth of fair countenance and of pleasant speech might be prospered in his way, if he had an honest heart and an upright purpose." After prayer there was a general rush for the door; the young fry, white and black like, eager to be off away from restraint, while the older and the confidential lingered behind for word of recognition, or for orders concerning the duties of the day before them. The Dominie was evidently a man of large business, from the commands he issued and the questions he asked. For were these all about farming or parish work; some referred to public business, but spoken in a low tone, which told the guest that he had not yet obtained the confidence of the family or of its head.

The last who went to the door was Tom, who, knowing that all was not right, waited behind.

"You were out at Phœbe's last night, you rascal, and had Dick with you," was the pointed accusation of the master.

"Lor, massa, who tol' you? Me covered up de big book, and me tought it could no speak in de dark."

"I can see in the dark, you rascalion that you are. Get your back bared. Ten stripes with the rawhide will save Dick another race to Phœbe's."

Tom cast his jacket at once, and, turning round on his master, asked, "Your spook see dis gentleman here too at Aunt Phœbe's?"

Clarence, who had not been an unconcerned spectator of the scene, became now an eager listener.

"What do you mean?" said the enraged master.

"Do you think such a gentleman as this would stop at such a bedlam as you have just come from?"

There was a sharpness in the tone and a look of the eye in the interrogator that made Clarence

start, and which sent a look of fury into the eye of the culprit, who evidently wished to involve the young man in the trouble; so rising from his seat he held out the letter which had been given to him, and was stepping forward when he was met by the reverend gentleman half way, who, with great dignity of manner, held out his hand, saying:

"You have some commands for me I suppose, sir? Excuse me while I dispose of this business;" and with that he informed the impudent Tom that he might look out for the full payment of what was owing to him before he went to bed, unless something occurred that would make atonement for the doings of last night.

"Sit down, sir. I see that this letter is from my worthy brother of Sopus. Dreadful times there; wicked devils those red-coats. Unprovoked outrage. It would give them no more than they deserve if every one engaged in that act were hung. Yesterday, too, setting that good man's house on fire. Poor Martin Schuyler. Savages, all of them. Gentlemen! Devils!"

All this sent forth in fierce objurgations as he read the letter, which, for aught Clarence knew, was telling the passionate Dominie how he had been engaged during the night of the Sopus raid. It was plain that the Dominie was in no good mood. He had more of the magistrate in his look than the minister of religion. Rising, he said with severe authority, "Your business will require consideration; and as there are a great many things to be done to-day, we will dispense with your presence till we have more time."

With this, he opened the door, when they were met in the hall by one of his parishioners, inquiring if the Dominie had made "up the salve for Aunt Nilly's foot." It was handed to him in a small box. Clarence saw inscribed on it: "To be well rubbed in; and this will cure, *with God's blessing*."

"A droll mixture," said the young Englishman. "This man is a minister, master, magistrate, doctor, and if I may judge by my being sent to him, he is captain of the Kaatskill Whig militia. But I doubt very much if he serves me and my cause. My notion is, to bribe some one as a guide, and flee to the mountains, trusting myself to Brandt, claiming his aid as an officer in the king's service."

With these half-formed plans in his mind, he

left the presence of the Dominie, wandering he knew not whither, but every now and then recurring to the idea of escaping to the hills. But was it not long before he perceived that that would be a difficult matter, for it did not seem to him that he was for one moment out of the sight of Tom, or some one else that he had seen with Tom. At last the thought darted across his mind, "I am watched. They suspect me, and that vagabond is the spy."

CHAPTER XXV.¹—A PRISONER IN DISGUISE, BEFORE
A TRIBUNAL IN DISGUISE.

CLARENCE CLINTON, whom we left in a state of uncertainty, politely bowed out of doors, and yet not at freedom, felt it hard thus to submit. He fretted himself, wishing a thousand times that he had insisted on being taken up at once to the camp of Brandt. That being now impossible, he at length resolved to follow the current of events. So, composing his feelings as he best could, he set about diverting his mind by observing what was new to him.

It was evident from the unusually large number of people in so small a village, that something of importance was about taking place. Following the current he was landed at the church door, where was a motley assemblage.

While this gathering was to our adventurer the subject alike of study and wonder, he noticed a

¹ The real object of Vaughan's expedition to the north was, if possible, to form a junction with Burgoyne, who was now hard beset at Saratoga. All that was known of that daring commander's movements at the south, made the king's friends despair of his success. The communication between these two extreme points of operation was entirely cut off; and he who was willing to become the forlorn hope of the army, was regarded by the one side as a spy and by the other as a hero. Messenger after messenger was thus despatched and caught, and still another went for help as their fate still remained in suspense, till it led in some instances to desperation. He was ready at length for any deceit or scheme, bearing the least semblance of feasibility. Once succeed in getting his spies below Albany, with the river on one side and the mountains on the other, and what was to hinder their communicating either with Brandt or with Vaughan in time to let Sir Henry Clinton know his position and obtain his aid? Having recently come all the way from Canada, a journey over the Kaatsbergs, keeping back by the Round Top, seemed to him an easy thing: nor were there wanting gallant men willing to undertake the risk, at the command of such a chief. How far their judgment was well informed, or how well the people of the country met these plans, must be left to our history.

face strangely familiar. He puzzled himself to recall some name that he might attempt but in vain. He viewed it in every possible profile and direct; and while in each of the glimpses satisfied him that he had known in some other place, he still was at a loss to find him a locality in past history. Tall, thin in his appearance, it was evident that he was not here. His dress was buckskin, with a cloak thrown over his shoulders which was not a coat of homespun gray. He wore a cap of skin and a beard that seemed to be but the same animal's fur, cut from its neck. The man's eye wandered around the crowd as if looking for some one, it fastened at last on a man so searchingly that the young man found it rising to his eyes; and he was about to go forward and demand an explanation, when he was stopped aside with a slight tap on the shoulder by a man he knew to be an officer in his Majesty's service but who had been taken prisoner six months in an attack upon Fort Washington. The weather on both sides was warm but silent.

"Clinton," said the officer, "why, in the name of all that is good, are you here?"

"May I not ask of you the same thing, officer?" said Clarence. "You seem to be in the best of health and so near the mouth, one might think your situation was desirable."

"Oh," said the other, "I am here on a mission of honor and must run my chances of success. There are ten of us here among these bushes."

"Pray," said Clarence, "is that one of them there with the rough cap? Look cautiously for he is watching us, and his eyes seem to pierce through me. I am sure he would search me through. I am sure he is an Englishman, and I am confident of having seen him somewhere in my travels."

Clarence's companion declared that he must know that pale face well, he had never seen him in this region; and he could not conjecture that he must be some one in disguise. Clarence replied in a whisper, "We are separated and must separate for the present."

"Well, we must, of course; but," said the other, "I will gather our friends together, and keep ourselves on the alert lest anything should happen to you."

Clarence thought it best to mix with the fugitives; and stepping up to one who had the

Englishman, though dressed in the fashion of the common people of the country, he saluted him, saying,

"Is something of importance about to be transacted here to-day?"

"Yes, sir," was the courteous reply. "One of Mr. Argoyne's messengers has been caught on the road near Albany, on her way to Sir Henry Clinton, whose vessel is now at the mouth of the creek."

"It is a lady then?" said the inquirer, with some perturbation of mind that almost betrayed him.

"It is a woman at any rate; as to her being a lady is another thing. We are not accustomed to calling spies ladies." This was said with a sneer, not to be mistaken.

"She is to be tried," he continued, "just now before the Consistory. She is a young woman, and very beautiful; above the common manners, and, perhaps, a lady. But here comes the Dominie, who will worm out her secret. You asked, I think, if this was a court to try such cases. No, not in law, but though the Dominie be no squire himself, he always sits on the bench; for he knows more than all the squires between Sopus and Albany."

Clarence had not asked for this information, for he understood it from experience and was prepared to hear sentiments like these from one who spoke more like an Englishman than a Dutchman, though evidently a colonist.

"I perceive that you are an Englishman," said Clarence, "and are smiling at the power of this court to try a spy, as you say the lady is?"

"No, sir, not English born. My father, after the fighting at Lake George, in the French war, gave up his commission and received a large tract of land on which he settled, along with his company. We are most of us the sons of those men. The Scotch are clannish, and so you perceive a great many of that nation, though the greater part of them were so loyal that they could not live where the king's power did not extend, and have removed to Canada. Those here now are most of them true to their country, though they stiffly keep to their religion and their dress."

"Ah!" said Clarence, "those men with the kilt and the hose. A fine country for highlanders."

"Tell me here," said the colonist, "who you are, as you seem to be an entire stranger?" a new thought having entered his mind. He looked right into the eyes of Clarence for an answer.

"I have a case before the reverend Consistory," was the ready reply, "and I am waiting till they meet. Are not those the members who have entered in at present?" With that Clarence went in with the rest, and took a seat in a large square pew that was made to contain a whole family. His new acquaintance, whose name he found was Salisbury, sat next to him, and was all alive to the business of the occasion. Suspicion of Clarence's business had induced him to take this seat, as if he meant to watch him. Nor was Clarence unaware of the suspicion.

The Consistory was called to order by the Dominie, who sat as president. He offered prayer longer than might be necessary. Patriotic sentiments prevailed, the recent devastation was referred to, and the abduction of two members, worthy of their place, was mourned over, and petitions offered on their behalf. Sympathy for the distressed drew out sobs and tears from the multitude, and a fierce sighing, like a surging wind, ran through the whole house when the good man exclaimed, "Our country is desolate, our cities are burned with fire, our land strangers devour, and the daughter of Zion is left like a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city."

"Call the prisoner," said the officer, who sat beside the reverend man that he might be benefited by his counsel. It was a semi-sacred, semi-civil court. Indeed, the squire was one of the Consistory, as the pastor always took good care that he should have his hand felt in all his parish. Nor did this mongrel court appear so much out of character to Clarence, who had seen the clergy of England sitting at quarter sessions in their canonicals trying the poacher and the vagrant. The suspense of the stranger who had heard of a woman being arrested, who was described as beautiful and of superior breeding, when he saw the prisoner brought in was great, but he was soon relieved from his fears when the lady, who was unknown to him, stepped forward and made her obeisance to the chief man on the bench. The Dominie wore his three-cornered hat, a flowing wig, newly powdered, and long white bands that lay upon his capacious chest.

"Who be you? What be your name? And where do you come from?" said Squire Van Bergen, who was a peaceful, common-sense looking man of fifty-five, or about that age.

"You ought to know who I am, and should

have some knowledge of where I am from before you venture to interrupt travellers on the king's road."

This was said by the lady with some tartness, as if she really felt herself to be the injured party. She stopped short and watched the effect of her reply upon her inquisitor, whose brains were confounded by the hardihood of the woman. But the Dominie whispered something in the ear of the legal functionary, when he again woke up, saying:

"Madam, the country wants watching, and you were travellin' by yourself, and you must tell where you be come from, and where you be goin'."

There was meaning in these words; and, though they were said with one leg thrown over the other and the arms resting on the knees, yet they were firmly said, and the prisoner saw that it would be vain attempting to carry these men by storm. So putting on her sweetest manner, she said in the softest tones, "You surely do not suppose that a lady could in any way endanger a country where there are so many brave men to defend it?"

"Madam, were you the bearer of public despatches that you must be alone on the way?"

"You do not mean," said the prisoner, "that the good people in this Christian land, with such good men for their pastors, are such savages that a lady cannot go alone where she pleases?"

She said this looking straight into the Dominie's face, as if he was the one to answer that question which involved his calling and responsibility. Nor was she disappointed, for that earnest man was only waiting for the chance of taking up the case himself, since he saw plainly that the woman was too much for his honest elder, the squire.

"There are savages in the land," said the Dominie, "but they do the bloody work of their own master."

"You mean," said she, artfully misconstruing his allusion, "that I have nothing to fear from the inhabitants of this place?"

"Nothing if your own intentions be good. We are more afraid of serpents than we are of savages. There are both around at this time."

"I have heard, reverend sir, for so I esteem you, that the fierce Mohawk has been near, but surely you do not perceive in me any resemblance to that monster?"

"There are painted Jezebels more cruel than Brandt, madam. But we have no time to parley. Are you the bearer of any message to our enemy

now on the river? Answer, if you be, that you may get through with your business at once."

This was said with a sternness which could be set aside, and which had the effect of rousing up the feelings of the assembly to a nervous tension, so that a pin dropped could have been heard as she answered:

"How should I be the bearer of a message to a country watched by a thousand eyes at every step? If your gallantry be equal to your appearance as a gentleman and a Christian minister, you will demand my immediate release."

"Madam," said the dignified man, as he rose from his seat, "your evasion and your appeal to chivalry will not avail with us. Do you think I ought of this cup?"

At this a silver cup of rare workmanship was produced and placed before the prisoner, which had a slight shade of red, which showed chagrin rather than shame, passed over her fine but rather stern countenance; recovering herself, she said, "I am posing that I do know, you surely do not expect me to say anything that would criminate myself."

"That's the law," said the squire, edging forward; "but why did you hide this cup last night before the lads found you?"

At this point a young man stepped up to the Dominie, whispering in his ear, and at the same time putting a small parcel into his hand. The parcel was immediately produced, and turned out to be a large silver watch, with a silver face, to which a gold chain and seals of several kinds were attached. This rare timepiece excited universal attention, and diverted the minds of the spectators from the lady. Clarence took occasion to mark the movements of her lips and the corners of her mouth, which, notwithstanding her resolute will, showed her mortification. She lifted a wooden cup filled with water, that she had asked for soon after she came in, and took a sip of it, and this she did the whole time, showing that her coolness was more affected than real.

"Stan' up, Hanchy," said the squire, "and give your oath that you will tell the truth, and the whole truth, as at the day of judgment."

"Where did you find the watch?" was the question.

"Near the place where we found the prisoner and the cup."

"And where was that?"

"Where we found this woman."

"And where did you find the woman?"

"I told you all about it this morning," said the great lout, who did not understand the object for which he was brought there. The Dominie, who was provoked beyond all endurance, rose in his seat storming at the witness in such a way as would have driven all the brains out of ten dolts like him; and ordered him to tell his story as he had told it to him that morning. "And see that you stand on both your legs at once, and keep your nose there from sniffing like old Egbert Bogardus's yellow mare in the spring grass."

His story was a long rigmarole, and but a few facts. He and another of the same squad had been out sparking when they overtook on their way home something that they took at first sight to be a spook sitting by the roadside. It turned out to be this woman. She made inquiry after some one, whom the Dominie forbade him to name. They suspected her to be of the Tory side, from the person she inquired after. Pretending to take her where she wished to go they took her to a genuine Whig's house and left her. Thinking that she had fallen among her own class she directed them where they would find a small bundle, which, instead of taking back to her, they put into the hand of the squire, who in duty bound consulted the chief man, and hence this investigation.

"This," said the Dominie, "is a valuable time-piece. I see here marked on the inside of it a name that no one in this colony, of the true blood, has any cause for loving—'Burgoyne.'"

At the announcement of this name, which the Dominie said was engraven on the inside of the case, a general buzz ran through the house, which went further into the heart of the prisoner than anything that had occurred hitherto, as she evidently feared that the crowd would take the law into their hands, and make quick work with her at the ducking-tub; for the name of Burgoyne was as famous for loose morals as for the owner's enmity to the colonists; and in a place where a vile woman was a baser object than a vile man, Jezebel would be as likely to suffer some penalty as King Ahab.

"Silence!" shouted the Dominie. "Have you no manners, nor regard for law, that you look like a set of barbarians about to eat a woman up alive?"

Quiet being restored the examination of the watch was continued. The case was opened and

shut twenty times, the woman's eye following every movement. He stopped, shut it up again, weighed it on his fingers, drawing the seals through his hand as if satisfied, and seemingly was about to hand it back to the late possessor. When the Dominie made as if he would hand it back to her he perceived such a sudden gleam of pleasure that he was sure it meant relief, for he drew his hand back, saying, "We will give it one more trial." Clarence thought it cruel in the man to torture her by this tantalizing movement, for the blood rushed suddenly to her heart through this unexpected disappointment, and she sat down holding her hands so that her chin might rest upon them, as if saying, "I will see the worst of it and defy you."

The Dominie then went over the whole surface with his thumb-nail, when at last he touched a spring, which revealed a double case, within which there lay a small bit of paper bearing the words:

"De spe decidere."

"Read this," he said, with a smile. "What does this mean?"

"Nay, nay, Dominie, that is for you to read and explain; you are the only man of learning here."

"'We have lost all hope.' God grant that it may be so," was the fervent saying of the reverend man as he translated the inscription on the secret missive.

"What is meant by that, Dominie?" was called out by twenty voices at once.

"I think it means that Bur——" Before he could complete his answer a rush of men to the door bewildered the Dominie and all around him. So sudden and great was the alarm, some thought one thing and some another; but it was evident that the greater part supposed that Brandt was surrounding the house. The pastor here showed his true courage. Raising his voice like a trumpet he cried out:

"Shut the door and bolt it there, Jack Pearce. Stand firm. Salisbury, here leap out of that window and rouse our friends. Now, men, stand to your arms. Here, Captain Hallenbeck, take your place and muster your men."

The Dominie was first in war as in everything else; nor was he behind in the true argument, for, sitting down, he deliberately took out a pair of large horse-pistols, and examined them with the eye of one who knew how to use them. The whole

Quiet being restored the examination of the watch was continued. The case was opened and

Consistory were equally well armed, while the men in the seats were lifting up guns that were lying innocently beneath their pews, and began shaking fresh powder into their pans out of their hunting-horns with something of the zest of those who watch a deer lick.

"Look well to your flints," was the order from the desk; "and when you see the first signal of danger, lie down till we know where our enemy is. Spare your fire till you mark your man. Some of you climb up to the belfry and snap off the leaders."

Here the squire, who had descended from the bench and was sitting humbly on a lower seat, remarked loud enough for the rest to hear:

"The Dominie might have some pity on himself and hide his head."

"Nay, nay; the bullet has not been cast that will take me down, squire; I have as much fat on my ribs as will hide a dozen pigeons' eggs. Come up beside me here, and let us remember how our two brethren of the Consistory are up in the mountain there prisoners of that heathen Brandt. Oh, how I would like to tell him, and his master George that sent him, 'With what measure you mete, it shall be measured unto you again.'"

By this time the cause of the uproar was made known. A report was spreading through the crowd out of doors, of Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga; and as a multitude are never too particular in trying the evidence of good or bad news, they shouted so loud that the report was believed.

"Open the doors," cried the Dominie. "Three cheers for General Gates! three times three for Washington! Now for thanksgiving to the Captain of Salvation."

In an instant that uproarious crowd were as still as a Sabbath assembly, bending their uncovered heads, and following the voice of their spiritual guide, as he led them to the footstool of the Great Deliverer. It was an impressive sight, only to be seen on remarkable occasions, when the souls of earnest men are wound up to the highest pitch to meet a danger, and then suddenly thrown back within themselves, to record a deliverance. The prayer of that day seemed to Clarence more of inspiration than anything he had ever heard. That passed had taken them so completely by storm, that even he, from the other side, could not refrain from joining in the rapture.

After they began to recover themselves from the ecstasy, one and another of them asked, "Where is the woman?" "Where is the prisoner?" "Where is the lady?" said the old squire; "I put down my head at the Dominie's prayer, and when it was over she was away." Such was the tale that all told.

"Jake Van Deuser, look after the prisoner," said the real prisoner of the day; "and now the Consistory is adjourned till after dinner."

With that all left, evidently pleased with the doings of the morning, but expecting still more before the day was over. A signal from the leader of the day brought Clarence to his side, when he was told to be on hand at the hour appointed.

"As your case requires both *secrecy* and *dispatch*, you will see that you inform no one of our meeting. An hour after noon, at the parsonage."

The emphasis put upon the word *secrecy*, told painfully on the ear of the young man; but he had no resource left but to stand it through to the end.

WOODED AND MARRIED.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY,

Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Wee Wifie," "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," and "Robert Ord's Atonement."

CHAPTER XXVII. THROUGH THE CROSS TO THE CROWN.

"HONOR is dead!"

When these terrible words forced themselves on Humphrey's dry lips, Dym staggered back as though he had given her a blow, and her hands fell weakly to her side.

Was this some awful delusion bred of the wild gusty evening? The conservatory-door had blown

open again of its own accord; Dym's dress and hair waved in the wind; a great noise and tumult and roaring seemed in her ears; splash-splash went the rain; the drops trickled down the folds of Humphrey's dreadnought, and formed themselves into a glistening pool at his feet; the lights seemed to flicker and flash more brightly before Dym's eyes. Was she standing on firm ground? Was everything tottering and reeling around her?

"It is not true," she said, putting out both hands to steady herself, and catching hold of Humphrey again.

"Don't touch me—I am wet."

How hoarse his voice sounded! He never knew why such a little thing as that should come into his thoughts. He took the girl's hands gently from his wet sleeves, and held them. Dym's white face and fixed staring eyes frightened him. A sort of hysterical cry burst from her lips.

"It is not true! Oh, Humphrey, it can't be true! If it were, it would kill him."

And she looked up pitifully into Humphrey's gray face. Her first thought was for him—not for this poor Humphrey, who stood there striving for words with which to answer her, and chafing the little hands that were not half so cold as his.

"Hush! you must not cry—not yet," he implored, as though he were speaking to a child. "We must think of him and her too," with a look at the closed drawing-room door. "I thought I would tell you first, and then you could help me."

"Of course I will help you, if I know how," returned Dym, putting back her hair from her face in a bewildered sort of way. I am thinking of him—I always do. I think I shall pray that he may die too. Oh, Humphrey, you are sure it is true?"

Need she have asked? A sort of heart-broken smile wreathed poor Humphrey's lips for a moment.

"There is the telegram—read it for yourself," he said. "No, put it away; there is Madam coming," he answered, hastily; and Dym glided a step or two away from him.

Mrs. Chichester looked a little taken aback when she saw the two standing together.

"Is that you, Humphrey?" Why do you keep him standing there, Miss Elliott? Come in, both of you, and let him warm himself at the fire."

Humphrey cast a piteous look at his companion. He had asked her to help him.

"Come," he said; "it is no use waiting; she will see it in our faces."

Humphrey was given to meet his trouble with a dogged sort of courage, and even now it did not forsake him. Dym felt as though she were doing her part badly. He had asked her to stand by him, but as yet she had bethought herself of no way in which to assist him.

"What brings you up on such a night as this, Humphrey?" continued Mrs. Chichester, cheer-

fully, for the prospect of a chat with her old friend was very pleasant. "I think you deserve an extra welcome for coming to see us on such an evening."

"Ay, ay, if my errand were a good one," returned Humphrey, gruffly, not taking the chair to which she pointed him.

"You have bad news!" exclaimed Mrs. Chichester, suddenly changing color as Dym had done, but speaking still in her silvery tones.

"I have," was the blunt answer.

"Then, for the love of Heaven, Humphrey, do not keep me in suspense! My boy"—catching her breath quickly—"nothing ails my boy?"

"God help your son, he has lost his wife!"

"Not our Honor?"

"Dead!" And, as Humphrey uttered the monosyllable, he put his hand to his throat, as though something strangled him.

Mrs. Chichester looked at him almost vacantly for a moment, and her head moved tremulously; Dym saw the soft hands fluttering aimlessly in the air, and she knelt down and put her arms around her.

"Don't look like that; God will help him to bear it," she sobbed; "we must all pray that he may be able to bear it."

But the poor mother had not taken it in yet. "My son has lost his wife," she repeated, mournfully; "my son Guy." And her hands dropped heavily into her lap; she turned with helpless scared looks from one to the other, as though beseeching them to help her.

"You have been too quick Humphrey—she cannot understand."

But Humphrey only shook his head with a look of anguish. "I have done my best," he answered, in a stifled voice. "What could I do, when every word choked me? Speak to her, Miss Elliott; she is only dazed with her trouble."

But Humphrey's voice had already aroused her.

"Why do we wait? Why do we not go to him?" she suddenly exclaimed. "Dym, why do you not tell Dorothy to come to me? I must go to my son."

"Dear Mrs. Chichester—dear—dearest—you cannot go."

"Madam is right," interrupted Humphrey, hoarsely; "we will be off to-night. If I travel day and night, I will see my poor Duchess again. Oh, Honor! Honor!" And Humphrey's iron face was convulsed suddenly, and he dashed away

a hot drop or two with his hand, as he remembered his Duchess would never come smiling to him again.

"Good Humphrey, you will take me," and the poor lady stretched out her hands to him. "I do not forget Honor is your sister, but I must go to my son. My boy is in trouble, and wants his mother—I know he will want his mother."

"She is right," Humphrey said again decidedly. "Madam is right; of course the squire wants her, and of course she will go to him. Tell Dorothy to pack up her mistress's things. What are you looking at? you may trust her with me," he finished with a touch of impatience, as Dym stood looking at him in helpless perplexity.

"Do what Humphrey tells you, my dear. I think God has sent him to help me." With the necessity for instant exertion, Mrs. Chichester had recovered her calmness—these mothers have such strength: her limbs still trembled strangely, and her face was deadly white; but when Dorothy came she could still give her full directions, appealing to Humphrey at every word to know if she might do this or that.

"I think I ought to take Dorothy, she may be useful;" and as Humphrey nodded, "Go up with her, my dear, and let one of the maids help; and tell Stewart to bring some coffee for Mr. Nethcote;" and as poor Humphrey shook his head with a gesture of disgust, she said, reproachfully, "We must eat and drink, Humphrey, that we may have strength on the way. I want to be of use to my boy when I arrive, and you must let me take care of you too. And the gentle creature took the rough hand and pressed it to her lips, as she repeated, "I think God has sent you to help me find my boy."

Dym left them and went up stairs, with a load of dull aching sadness at her breast. As she closed the door she heard a hoarse sob from Humphrey—one, and then another—and she knew that the unhappy brother had broken down for a minute under that touch of motherly sympathy—only for a moment, however, and then the man's intense strength forced back the anguish again.

Poor Dym! her tears seemed dried up at their source. They were going to him, all through the night and the driving rain, through other nights and other days, that Humphrey might see his Duchess again, and that Mrs Chichester might comfort her son.

She had no part or lot in their trouble. Honor loved her, and Honor was lying cold in her sleep—that beautiful life was ended. The wife snatched from her husband—the mother from her babe; the happy bride, yearning for her husband, was already in the icy arms of Death. That beneficence, that sweet womanly presence, that blessing no longer; the brother and husband must sit broken-hearted beside their empty hearth and who should comfort them?

Dym packed and folded, and strove to remember the little comforts that Mrs. Chichester would require on her journey. The tears were streaming down Dorothy's stern face and over Phyllis' cheeks, but Dym had an odd lump in her throat and a strange ringing noise in her head. "I never forget my little friend;" some dull echo in her brain seemed to be repeating the words and over—"little friend—little friend." They were leaving her behind, when she would be gone barefooted only to have kissed those cold gray eyes again. Hark how the wind howls, the rain is driving across the terrace; the beds are creaking in the garden below; doors open with a bang; lights flicker and go out.

"Leave out the seal-skin, Phyllis, and the lined with black bear," Dym says, in a strange far-away voice. Where is she? Not here—in this softly-lighted room. Her face is damp and cold, as though she were dying; dreadful shadows dart through her frame; the piercing wind is lancing her with icy knives; strange faces glimmer through the darkness; the stars come out one by one. Who is this crying to her dear Lord to come to her—for Death is abroad and walks the field of night? Something warm and loving touches her; strong womanly hands raise her up; delicate warmth tingles in her frozen veins. Who wraps her in her own soft furs? who warms the stiff hands? who kisses the poor cold cheek and lays it on her bosom? "He has sent an angel. Oh, Honor! Honor! The one to stay and the other left."

Phyllis's rosy cheeks are quite blotched with crying; she looks at her young mistress with frightened eyes. Dym's lips are tightly pressed together, her face looks dark and wan, and a heavy frown of pain furrows her brow.

"What are you doing, Phyllis? Mrs. Chichester will want her warm wadded cloak for to-night," she says, with quick impatience. She takes

strap out of the girl's hands, and buckles it more lightly; she almost snatches the travelling cloak and bonnet and carries them down-stairs.

"You have been very quick, my dear; the carriage is not around yet," says Mrs. Chichester, quietly. Her soft voice and gentle movements contrast strangely with Dym's feverish eagerness. Dym notices the hands shake a little as the bonnet is adjusted; but nevertheless she makes the cup of coffee herself, and carries it around to Humphrey, and stands by him while he drinks it.

"Have you anything to say to me?" asks Dym, in her forlorn young voice. Humphrey raises his heavy eyes, and looks at her—a slim girlish figure, in a gray gown, standing under the great chandelier, with the heavy seal-skin dropping out of her arms. Her eyebrows seem to frown over her great wistful eyes; a pathos of repressed impatience and trouble is in her voice.

"Come here, my dear;" and the kind hands draw her and hold her fast. "You must not fret more than you can help—remember that; but your brother will take care of you."

"Will!" Dym's face grows a little less contracted now.

"Yes, I shall send you to him. If I left you here you would make yourself sick, and that could help no one. Be brave and patient. We will write to you, Humphrey and I. You shall know all. Ah, my child, let me go. We must not say more to each other now." And the mother's lip trembled as Dym kissed and clung to her with a sudden appreciation of that dear and tender friend.

"Take care of her, Humphrey; oh, God bless you both!" cries poor Dym. She puts up her face and kisses Humphrey, laying her innocent cheek for a minute against his, as though she can think of no other way in which to express her sympathy. The wind blows about the gray gown wildly, the lamps splutter and wave round the little shining head, a long lock of dark hair streams over one shoulder; so she stands in the halo of the lighted threshold, with the shadows creeping to her very feet; so he goes into the night and darkness, and bears her blessing with him. Hark how the storm-friends rage above the valley; they can hear the hoarse voice of the Nid chafing against its banks; the elms are straining their mighty arms; the young rowan-trees are shivering like aspens. "There is no night there," says Dim, looking up at the angry black skies; and then she closes the door, and goes up to her room.

Mrs. Chichester had done kindly and wisely in bidding Dim go to her brother; the girl would have spent long miserable days wandering about the empty rooms and thinking of her friends. Action was a relief to her, as it is to all of us in our trouble. To sit waiting with folded hands for news that is long in coming; to watch the sorrowful faces of those we love, and see the sadness reflected in our own, and yet not to be able to minister to them or to lighten their burden,—this is the saddest part that could be allotted to us.

Dym lay and cried half the night for the loss of the friend she loved, and the sorrow that had come to those about her. She listened with a sore heart to the clock striking through the darkness as the storm lulled. When the wet gray dawn crept through the unshuttered window, she woke from a miserable dream, and with aching head and trembling fingers began to dress herself hurriedly.

She had told them that she should take the early train; and when Phyllis brought her a hot cup of coffee, she found her standing by the window with her bonnet in her hand, her little trunk packed, and Kiddle-a-wink sitting on her old plaid shawl.

"You will have a wet day for your journey, miss. Miles says there's a mort of clouds to come down yet, all the more that the wind's lulled," said Phyllis, stealing a sympathizing glance to the tired face and reddened eyelids of her young mistress.

"What does it matter, Phyllis?" returned Dym, listlessly; but she was glad of the coffee nevertheless. Miss Elliott was a great favorite in the household. Mrs. Bridget, the housekeeper, came up herself with the sandwiches for the young lady; even Miles, who could be high and mighty enough sometimes, thrust away his young coadjutor Stewart and himself put in the shawls and bags, and hoped Miss Elliott had all she wanted, and that she would not be tired by her long journey.

"Thank you, Miles, and you too, Stewart," returned Dym, with her sad little smile; even the kindness of these hirelings was sweet to the poor child; even the station-master touched his hat, and said a rough word or two of sympathy.

"This is a black day in Birstwith, miss: there is not a house in the whole village that has not lost a friend. I've put the box in the van; is the little dog going in with you, too?"

"Yes," returned Dym, absently. Kiddle-a-wink had already established himself on the opposite seat, and was looking out of the window.

Hark, the bell was tolling the dismal news. Dym leaned out for a moment eagerly, as the train moved from the platform. There was the little windy platform, with honest Dison stumping along it with a yellow dog at his heels; two children were carrying a great basket, and put it down to listen. "Mother says that's for the Good Lady," said one of them. The great rain-clouds were piling over the valley; the Nid was brawling and chafing over its boulders. There was the cottage beside the weir; it was empty still. The mill-garden looked dreary. Dym shivered and threw herself back on her seat, and the long weary journey had begun.

Dym had fallen asleep, and woke up stiff and tired as the train slackened speed and drew up at the platform of King's Cross Station, with its lights and bustle and crowd of passengers and porters, which was rather a bewildering scene to Dym's sore and aching eyes. Two or three passengers looked back at the little gray-gowned lady with the gray dog under her arm; the crisp dark hair had got disarranged under the neat bonnet, and lay in stray waves over her temples; a pale wistful face looked out of the cab-windows.

They were jolting into brightness again, wide shiny pavements, flaming gas-lights, a jostling of foot-passengers and umbrellas across the muddy road; the omnibus horses were steaming, the shop-windows reeking with moisture, as Dym turned into Camden Town; she suddenly remembered it was Saturday night.

High Street, Camden Town, drove its usual Saturday-night traffic in spite of the wet. The cheap vendors of provisions had set up their stalls, and chattered and cheated under the guttering tallow candles; thin women's faces hovered over the mountains of refuse fruit and odoriferous fish; the hot-pie man drove a fierce competition with the vendor of kidney potatoes; two or three coal-heavers were scalding themselves with cups of hot coffee; some ragged boys had collected round an apple-stall; the butchers' shops were flaring to the tune of "Come buy, buy;" a few slouching figures came out from the swing-doors of the great shining gin-palaces.

Dym looked out with amazed eyes; this was one of the phases of life in the great Saturday-night Babel. A hungry face or two, thin shawls and draggled gowns, a hubbub of voices, of straggling hoofs, then the dark bridge and the canal, more stalls and shops and brightness, a quiet corner

with some almshouses, and a clock striking rain splashing down on the empty pavement on the iron railway, and down into the modest villas, and on the snowy steps of Paradise Row.

Dym paid the man and ran in, with a haste to Mrs. Maynard. It was Saturday night, and she knew she should find Will at home.

The cheerful glow of a little fire shone through the half-opened door; but the candlestick on the table still unlighted. Will was not over his books or papers as usual. The tea was at one end still untouched; a kettle cosily on the hob; there was a curious faintness of ether in the room, and Will was in his chair half asleep before the fire.

He did not rise when Dym came in, but held out his hand to her with a look of surprise.

"My dear child, why did you not let me know you were coming up? Who would have thought of seeing you to-night?" but his look said she was very welcome.

"Were you asleep, Will?"

"I believe I was,"—yawning and stretching himself—"I thought it was part of my dream you came in and woke me. What time is it now, and when did you arrive in London?"

"I have only just come on from King's Cross. What is the matter, Will?—you look pale. I was keeping her own face out of sight, when Mrs. Maynard lighted the candles and bustled into the room.

"Mr. Elliot has not been well. I think he wanted you, miss. You have been sleeping so long, sir, for I opened the door once or twice, but quietly and you never heard me, nor Dick; but Dick creeps about like a little mouse."

"Not well, Will?"

"A return of my old pain. Never mind, it is better now. Make my sister some tea, Mr. Maynard. And take off your bonnet, Dym, and sit down by the fire; I can't see you while you are standing behind me." And he took down his cold little hand from his shoulder, and put it in front of him.

"Oh, Will, how dreadfully white you look! your lips are quite dark! I could not half see you before."

"Pooh! nonsense! the pain is gone; I am only stupid from my long nap."

But Dym noticed that he spoke feebly, and aided himself with difficulty.

"You are not much to look at yourself, Dym ; my, foolish girl, there are positively tears in your eyes. Indeed, I am better now."

"Yes, I know, Will, but it is not that ; we have had such terrible news from Mentone ; and Mrs. Chichester and Humphrey went last night ; and they left me alone, and—and—" But Dym could not speak any more for crying.

"You need not tell me ; I know, I can guess," returned Will, quickly. Dym had put down her head on his knee, and she did not see the strange look that came over his face ; one hand was hidden for a long time within his waistcoat, and his lips grew darker, and his breath was drawn with difficulty for a moment. "I knew it must come," he muttered, when the paroxysm had passed, and he wiped the cold perspiration that stood in drops on his forehead. Will was used to these attacks now ; but he was, nevertheless, very glad that Dym's face was hidden on his knee.

"Oh, Will, how could you know ? It seems all so sudden and dreadful ; just when he—when they were so happy."

Will pressed his hand heavily on Dym's head.

"Yes, it is just that. How mysterious are His ways ! Poor Chichester ! it will go hardly with him, I fear. Only one year of happiness, and a lifetime of regret. How strange that you should have come and told me this to-night !"

"Why to-night, dear ?"

"Because—because—well, I will not tell you ; I have queer thoughts sometimes. I did not want you to say it out ; I seemed to know all about it, as though I had expected it all my life long."

"Dear Will, it is not like you to be fanciful ; how could you know that Honor was dead ?" And Dym's lips parted anxiously as she looked at him. Will was hardly like himself to-night.

He answered her with a smile, half sweet, half sad,—

"Dym, do you believe in dreams ?"

"Why, no, Will, of course not."

"I used to say the same," he continued, musingly. "Daniel was a man of dreams ; but then he was 'greatly beloved.' I wonder, if we kept our hands and hearts pure, whether our guardian angel might sometimes come and whisper them to us. I had a strange dream once."

"You have never told it to me, Will."

"I never spoke of it to any one. I was afraid to breathe it even to myself. I seemed asleep and yet awake. It has haunted me ever since."

"You will tell it to me, dear ?"

"When I woke it seemed to me as though the meaning was quite clear. Such a beautiful life could not die out without a sign. He thought he had her safe, poor wretch ; one might as well have tried to detain an angel." He seemed as though he were speaking to himself, but Dym held her breath, quite awe-struck, as she listened.

"This angel must have had a woman's face, for the hand was hers. Perhaps you are right, and I am fanciful ; but your news has not surprised me."

"You forget ; I have told you nothing, Will."

"Nothing but what I knew. How did it happen ? Is the child alive ? I hope so, for Chichester's sake."

"Indeed we don't know," returned Dym, weeping ; "the telegram said nothing, but that she was gone. Humphrey said he must set out at once, and so did Mrs. Chichester ; they have both promised to write and tell us all."

"And you have heard nothing ?" returned Will, disappointed ; "you don't know even if she took her child with her or left it to comfort him. She would rather do that, I know. I wish Mentone were not so far off, and that I could go to him."

"Oh, Will, if you only could go !"

"What would be the good of it to either of us ? He would wring my hand and look me in the face, but he would say no word to me. I should not dare to speak to him, he would be so hard and fierce and speechless in his misery."

"You are the only one to whom he would listen."

Will shook his head. "I tell you no, Dym ; if he opened his mouth to me it would be to rail against Heaven, and curse his fate. Poor Chichester ! we must pray for him ; but no spoken sympathy can avail him."

"And his mother ?"

"He is beyond her now ; he will put away her arms from about him and say terrible words, and go away and shut himself up with his dead. Her tears will craze him. She will want him to eat and drink, and to keep his miserable life in him ; and one of these days, when it grows too intolerable, he will leave you all."

"Oh, Will, cease, cease ; you frighten me."

"He will come back, my girl," returned Will,

looking at her with his gentle smile. "I know him so well. These noble souls are not left to wander away into outer darkness. Do you remember the story of Sintram, Dym, and how the Lady Verena prayed for him from behind her convent grating? Don't you think that a wife in Paradise prays for her husband on earth?"

"Do you think so, Will?"

"My child, why should we doubt? There are sudden horizons, where heaven and earth seem to touch and mingle. We believe 'in the communion of saints.'"

"Do you really think she will watch over him, Will?"

"You would call me fanciful again if I were to tell you some of my thoughts. We are getting too material nowadays, Dym, and so the finer voices get hushed out of the universe. We talk too much, and listen too little."

Dym sat on the floor, with her earnest face propped on her hands; her bonnet had fallen off, and her hair fell into dark shining waves. What a childish sweet face it was, in spite of its paleness and tear-stains! Something pathetic in Dym's attitude seemed to strike Will, and he suddenly bent down and kissed her forehead.

"My poor tired little Dym!"

"It rests me so to hear you talk, Will."

He gave her a full bright smile of understanding.

"I think we have talked enough now. Pour out the tea, Dym, and give me a cup; I must go out directly."

"To-night?" exclaimed his sister, in surprise; "there is no service."

"The boys will be practicing, though. No, don't keep me," as though he anticipated the remonstrance on Dym's lips; "I must go down to the church to-night." And Dym knew him too well to venture an objection.

She waited for him to come back until she was tired.

Kiddle-a-wink had curled himself on his chair and had gone to sleep, and Dym had fallen into a half doze over her sad thoughts; she was thinking what Will had said about Guy Chichester, and longing, with a vain fruitless longing, to see him again, and judge for herself how he looked. "Do the finer voices get hushed?" she thought, with a dreamy remembrance of Will's speech. "If I held my breath and listened, could I hear Honor's voice?" And it almost seemed to the weary girl

as though Honor's beautiful face were growing out of the stillness and firelight: the frank sweet eyes, the powerful gentle brow, the lips closely folded yet smiling. "I will do anything for you as long as I live," Dym seemed to be saying; and Honor, somebody else, answered, "By and by."

"How long you have been, Will!" opening her eyes wide as Will came in and closed the door softly after him.

He came to her side with a face of grave brightness.

"What, up still, naughty child? I thought you would have gone to bed long ago; do you know it is eleven o'clock?"

"I am very tired," returned Dym, sleepily; "where have you been all this time, Will?"

"Where should I have been?" he returned quietly; "the church was nice and warm, so I need not be afraid of my vigil; the rain has stopped too; and there is such a moon!" and Will's face seemed almost to reflect some of its light still; dazzled Dym, holding her chamber candlestick and looking at him through half-closed eyes.

"Try and sleep well, precious child; we must both try to gain strength for to-morrow. I have been making up my mind to-night that I must tell you something that you ought to know; but to-morrow will do. My poor Dym," holding her very tightly for a moment, "you are very fond of your old Will Conqueror, as you call him."

Dym's eyes were not a bit drowsy now.

"Well, I would not have you love me less, if it caused you ever so much sorrow. God means to love each other, and so to draw each other together; we must still keep hold of the 'silver cord,' though it is loosed sometimes."

"I wish I were as good as you, Will," returned the girl, humbly. She did not understand him the least, only in a vague sort of way she thought how Will's sweet nature seemed to distill the bitterness out of sorrow itself; he had taken her new with the air of a man who is given to look on life gravely at life. The terrible surprise had hardly elicited an exclamation; throughout their talk he had sat dreamily—self-absorbed—with the wondering look of one who is dealing with mysteries.

Dym was too weary even for sorrow to-night; she crept up to her little garret, next to Dick's, and chirped out a good-night to her as she passed, as had soon forgotten her own and other people's troubles.

As Will closed the door after her, a little of the brightness died out of his face, and he sat down sighing in his easy-chair.

He had been praying for Guy Chichester to fight, wrestling for him as he had never wrestled for himself; the links that had bound these two men together had never been stronger than to-day. Will felt a strange intense longing to press his friend's hand again and look into his dark grief-worn face; while Guy, stretching out his arms over his dead wife's face in the fierce writhings of despair, thought that there was only one voice he would bear to hear in his misery, and that was Will's.

Will raked up the dying embers of the fire again and fed it with fresh fuel; he had much to do to-day. With the clearness and perspicuity that sometimes come to us under the influence of some great emotion, he had set himself to review his past life: again the years passed before him, one after the other, each with its several marks of joy and sorrow, with its burden of sins and regrets.

"I have done so little; it has been so short, after all; I have not earned my rest," he thought, sadly, and his head drooped on his breast.

He remembered how an old pauper had recognized this instinct of longing once.

"We have all our troubles to bear," he had said to her, as he sat beside her in the great white-washed ward, listening to her dismal category of woes—Jem was at sea, and Susan was too poor to come to her, and it was hard dying with naught but strange faces about her. "One may have food and raiment, and yet feel sad and lonely at times." Something in the patient tones seemed to touch her; she was a hard, battered-looking woman, with a tanned face and bristling gray hair, and Will's face looked strangely youthful beside hers.

"Ay, ay, we all have our troubles, paupers as well as gentlefolks; thou'rt a lad to be a parson; thou'rt the sort women love; but I'm thinking the Lord loves thee, too, and He won't let thee be long lonesome."

Was not old Susan right? had it been long, after all? would he change his lot with Guy Chichester? No, a hundred times no.

"'He doeth all things well.' Why have I been so impatient, so distrustful? He has made this pain easy to bear—a joy almost. 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant'"—we can guess how the humble soul chanted his *Nunc Dimittis*. Unhappy!—the length and breadth and depth of his peace seemed to flood the poor room with light; he stretched himself on his bed with a smile on his face; he was tired, and the morrow's work was before him. "I think I shall sleep now," thought Will, as he turned his face to the wall; and almost before the words left his lips he slept.

That night William Elliott had another dream. He thought he was standing on a strange place, neither land nor water, but on some shifting substance that gave way beneath his feet. A heavy burden was on his back, something that trailed behind him and dragged him back, and yet he dared not try to free himself.

"I am so tired of it all," he heard himself say; and the sound of his voice seemed to echo strangely; "so tired of it all."

"Conqueror, and tired!" said a voice that thrilled him strangely. "Look here!" and suddenly the weight slipped from him. At his feet lay a broken cross, and a crown of scarlet rowanberries lay beside it; but as he stooped and picked it up, they changed and brightened into gold.

SIGNALS AND SIGNALING.

BY CAPTAIN S. B. LUCE, U.S.N.

SIGNALS, or arbitrary signs made for the purpose of conveying intelligence, have been used from the very earliest times, not only in connection with military and naval affairs, but by all classes and conditions of people, from the gay Parisienne who signals her lover by a camelia in her hair, to the dusky Indian whose bundle of arrows is the ominous signal of war.

According to sacred history the same Divine authority that made the everlasting stars "for signs," or night signals, commanded Moses to make trumpets for sounding the assembly, and for the "journeying of the camps;" at the same time a regular set of trumpet calls, or signals, was prescribed. Numbers 10.

The Israelites had a signal called *Nem*, which

consisted of a flag attached to a long pole. As soon as this signal was observed the war-cry was raised and the trumpets blown. "How long shall I see the standard and hear the sound of the trumpets?" exclaims the prophet Jeremiah. And again, "Then he lifteth up an ensign in the mountains: and when he bloweth a trumpet, hear ye."

"The Jewish ensign," says Calmet, "was a long pole; at the end of which was a kind of chafing-dish made of iron bars, which held a fire, and the light, shape, etc. of which denoted the party to whom it belonged." This undoubtedly refers to fire-signals, the existence of which is further shown by the figure used by Isaiah (30): "As a beacon upon the top of a mountain and as an ensign on a hill;" so that when the prophet Jeremiah admonished the children of Benjamin to "blow the trumpet in Tekoa and set up a sign of fire in Beth-haccerem," he simply referred to a system of signaling then well known—the trumpet and beacon-fires. It is with the latter that Homer compares the bright armor of "divine Achilles," as seen from beleaguered Troy:

"And, like the moon, the broad, refulgent shield,
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to-night wandering sailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the watery waste a light appears;
Which, on the far-seen mountain, blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky."

The value of beacon-fires as signals was very limited, however, and their significance had to be previously agreed upon. Thus Agamemnon, on setting out for Troy, promised Clytemnestra that on the fall of the city he would give her notice by means of lights kindled for that purpose. He kept his word, as we learn from the tragedy of *Æschylus*, the sentinel appointed to watch for the signal declaring he had spent many a dreary night at his post. We may readily believe that intelligence of the fall of Troy was sent in this way, for, when Athens was occupied by the Persians the second time, the news was transmitted to Sardis, in Asia, a greater distance even, by means of fire-signals.

Probably the earliest naval night-signal known to history or tradition is the one referred to by Virgil. The Trojans having drawn the wooden horse within their gates, a light displayed from Agamemnon's vessel was a signal to the traitor Linon to release Ulysses and his friends. The Greeks had retired with their fleet to the island of Tenedos, under pretence of abandoning the siege:

"And now, from Tenedos set free,
The Greeks are sailing on the sea,
Bound for the shore where erst they lay
Beneath the still moon's friendly ray
When, in a moment, leaps to sight
On the King's ship the signal light,
And Linon, screened by partial fate,
Unlocks the pine-wood prison's gate."

Fire-signals are very often mentioned in history. *Æneas Tacticus*, a contemporary of Aristotle and author of a treatise on the art of war, gives the following description of what was then among the first improvements in beacon-fires: Two earthen vessels of equal size (four and one-half feet deep by one and one-half feet in diameter he gives as the dimensions) were filled with water; on the surface of each is placed a piece of cork having attached to it a long graduated rod. At the several graduations messages are written as are most likely to be used in war, both rods corresponding in every particular. Each vessel is provided at its bottom with a cock. At a signal station furnished with these instruments a light is displayed in order to call attention. On this being observed at a similar station, it is to be answered by displaying another light. The lights are then screened, the cocks opened, the water allowed to flow, and the corks to descend. When the message transmitted has reached the mouth of the vessel the light is again displayed and both cocks closed. If everything has been conducted properly the readings on the rods will be the same at both stations. Polybius found fault with this as being limited in its sphere of action, and explained the improved method by which the twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet were placed on a rod five columns of five letters each, save the last column which had but four. By means of lights each letter of the word was to be indicated by showing, first the column and then the line in which it was to be found. (Polybius, Book X., Chapter 2.) The existence of some regular system of night-signals about the time of which we are speaking, is shown by the following: "That the earliest knowledge of the motions of the enemy might be obtained, Philip of Macedon, then operating in Asia, sent orders to the people of Phrygia and those of Eubœa that they should inform him of everything that should happen by signals of fire. Torches raised upon Tisæum, a mountain near the city of Tenedos, which stood convenient for convey-

kind of notice to the parts mentioned." (Polybius, Book X., Chapter 1.) As the army and the navy were not as distinctly separated in those days as at present, there is little doubt that the same system of night-signaling was known to the fleet. Livy informs us that Scipio Africanus when personally superintending the embarkation of the troops for the African campaign, directed that all the ships of war should carry one light as a distinction by night, the transports (of which there were four hundred), two each, while the ships of the commander-in-chief was to carry three lights; the latter sign being common to all navies to this day.

Day-signals also are frequently mentioned as being in common use among the navies of antiquity; and in such a manner as to lead to the conclusion that they were adequate for directing the evolutions of a large fleet. In one of the battles off Artemesium, just before the fall of Thermopylae, the holding up of a shield is particularly mentioned as being used as a signal to the fleet; and, later, when the Spartan Lysander swooped like an eagle upon the Athenians, under Conon, at Goat's River in the Hellespont, the signal for the Lacedemonian fleet to advance was made from one of the lookout ships by "holding up a bright shield." The Greeks had a standard the elevation of which was the signal for joining battle. On the standard of Athens was represented the owl of Minerva. The galley of Alcibiades was known by its sail glowing with the rich purple dye of Tyre, as was that of the Antonia, the galley of Cleopatra, some generations later; and, generally, in the Roman fleet the purple sail was the sign of an admiral's ship.

In connection with the signals of the ancients may be mentioned the method of secret writing, by the *scytale* of the Spartans, once made use of to recall a celebrated admiral. The instrument consisted of a black staff which was intrusted to the general or admiral on his engaging in active service. A staff precisely similar was retained by the magistrates. To send a communication they wrote the message on a strip of parchment wrapped about the staff; then, unwinding the band, it was sent by the hands of a trusty messenger to the chief. Perfectly unintelligible when expanded it could be read only by him to whose care the staff was confided.

The *scytale* was sent to Pausanias,¹ admiral of

¹ One was sent to Lysander also.—See Plutarch's Lives.

the Lacedemonian fleet in the Hellespont, who was suspected by the ephors at Sparta of treason. "Stay behind the herald," said the stern and laconic missive, "and war is declared against you by the Spartans." He dared not disobey the dread command. In the Roman army the signal to prepare for battle was a red flag displayed on a spear from the top of the Prætorium. The trumpet was also used to sound "the assembly," and for other signals. (Cæsar, Book II., Chapter 20.)

Leo VI. surnamed the Wise, Emperor of the Roman Empire in the East (A.D. 886–911), in his instructions in naval tactics, says: "You will have in your trireme a signal flag conspicuously placed so that you may signify to the fleet the desired movements—whether to engage in battle, retreat, surround the enemy, or reinforce certain parts of the line; to increase or slacken speed; to go in ambush² or come out to attack, or any other orders it may be necessary to give; to this end all should keep a good lookout on your trireme. In the noise and confusion of battle neither the voice nor the trumpet will suffice to convey orders." He then proceeds to explain the method of signaling by the *kamelankion* (a sort of cap, probably like our liberty cap) surmounting a spear, or by the *phoinikis* (a red flag), which was also the signal for battle. The spear with its signal-flag, he says, was to be held upright, inclined to the right, to the left, or to the front; shaken, elevated, or depressed as might be necessary; adding, "as the ancients did." He concludes by saying: "But in order to prevent mistakes you will with your own hand make the signals." (Tactics of Leo, Chapter 19., 39, 40, 41.) This is probably the only explanation of the naval signal system of the ancients extant; a system too strikingly like that of our present army code to escape notice.

The next notable instance of naval signaling is to be found in the account of the fleet commanded by King Richard I. of England during his crusade against the Saracens. From "the Kynges own galeie, he cal'd it *Trenc the mere*" (Plow the sea), signals were made by the trumpet. In describing one of the fleet formations (the order of convoy) after leaving Messina, April, 1191, the account says: "The lines were so close that a trumpet could be heard from one to the other, and each ship was

² To be in ambush was to be under cover of an island or headland, in the mouth of a river, etc., so as to be out of the sight of the enemy.

near enough her consort to communicate by hailing." At the battle of Sluys, one hundred and forty-six years after, trumpets still seem to be used for making signals. The English fleet, commanded by Edward III. in person, advanced to the sound of trumpets, and Froissart says, "The French joined battle with many trumpets and other instruments of martial music; and the English giving altogether a mighty shout, it sounded horribly upon the waters" (A.D. 1337). We are not without negative evidence, however, in regard to the use, at this period, of naval signals. In what is known as the "Black Book of the Admiralty," written some time before A.D. 1351 in Norman French, there some curious items of information in regard to the navy regulations of the time. "If the King be in the fleet there shall be in his ship three great lanthorns, arranged in the form of a triangle." "All nights when the fleet is on the sea, the admiral ought to carry two great lanthorns in the two parts of the masthead of the ship in which he is." "When it shall please the admiral to assemble the captains and masters of the fleet to advise with them, he shall carry high in the middle of the mast of his ship, a *Banner of Council*, so that in all parts of the fleet it may be known." "In case that any ship of the fleet perceive any vessel of the enemy on the sea then he shall hoist a banner on high, whereby the fleet may have cognisance," etc. But the principal signals are, signals or motions of the admiral's ship. "No master of a ship shall cross his sail aloft before the admiral has done so; directly afterwards all the other ships shall cross their sails." "No ship shall cast anchor before the admiral shall have anchored."¹ These directions indicate that the only signals in the case mentioned, were the motions of the commander-in-chief, which the fleet was commanded to follow; an injunction contained in every modern signal-book. The fact of this system being in use is curiously confirmed in the account of the movements preceding the battle of Agincourt. "The King (Henry V.) ordered the sail-yard of the Trinity Royal to be hoisted to the middle of her mast, indicating that he was ready to put to sea and that all vessels in the neighboring havens were to hasten to him." The fleet, consisting of some fourteen hundred vessels of various kinds, left England August 11, 1415, and soon

after anchored in the Seine, about three miles from Harfluer, where the King proposed to disembark and he desired a banner to be hoisted as a signal for his captains to attend a council;" the banner of council" before mentioned. (Ibid.) Another of the regulations referred to required the divisional officers of a fleet at sea, to report to the commander-in-chief before sunset, so as to ascertain the course to be steered during the night, and to communicate it to their several commanders. The fact that no other signals are mentioned in the presentment going so much into detail leads to the conclusion that there were no others in use in the English navy at this time. As far as can be ascertained, signals made by flags were first used in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Sir William Monson remarks, in one of his Naval Tracts (1587), "The shewing or taking of the Flag in the Admiral's Ship being well considered and resolved of beforehand, is a direct way to direct a Fleet in many Cases, as fully as I have had given his Instructions by Writing." The flag carried under the Poop of a ship shewed the grace, and never used but when it was won from an enemy."

It was not, however, until the "Fighting Instructions" were issued by the Duke of York in 1665, then High Admiral of England, that the fleet were formed into anything like a regular system. Even up to a comparatively recent period (the early part of the present century) certain signals were used instead of flags. *To loose the foretopsail and fire one gun*,² for example, was a signal for sailing. All boats and persons to return to their respective ships, *the foretopgallant sail to be hoisted, and one gun*. To unmoor, *the foretopsail loosed*. To moor, *mizzen topsail hoisted, and cleared up*, etc. As a further illustration, some expressions as the following may be met with in English naval history. "The Phæton made a well known signal for a fleet by *letting fly the foretopsail and firing two guns in quick succession*." Again, the look-out frigate made a call in the fleet "by hoisting the Dutch Ensign." Signals by arbitrary signs made with sails, as given above were used by our Continental Allies in 1776 (see Preble's "History of the American Flag," page 163).

¹ History of the Royal Navy by Sir Harris Nicolas.

² From this signal originated the expression (now a custom) of paying one's bills with a foretopsail.

most celebrated naval signals of modern times, Nelson's last signal, hoisted on board the *Victory* on October 21, 1805, on going into action against the allied French and Spanish fleets off Cape Trafalgar. The signal was "England expects every man to do his duty," the signal hoisted by Perry, on board the *USS Constitution*, September 10, 1813, containing the words of the gallant Lawrence, "Don't give up," an expression which has passed into the popular cry in the United States Navy.

Signals now in common use among sea-faring nations are made by flags of various shapes and colors. Ten flags in one system represent the nine digits, and duplicate numbers, making ten as they are commonly called, and three

Any number under ten thousand may be expressed by them without having more than four flags hoisted. The lower flag of the hoist represents the units. Now if the signal-book, indistinct from this system, be arranged with words and figures covering every contingency likely to arise in navigation, and all numbered in regular order, it is very easy to see how two vessels, or a vessel and a signal station on shore, both being furnished with the necessary apparatus, may freely communicate with each other.

Signal-books used by national vessels is a complete system of naval tactics, so that the commander has the means of communicating to his fleet the orders necessary to the management of all the evolutions incident to a fleet in action or battle.

International Code of Signals for the use of merchant vessels, which originated in England, is a very important step in the right direction. This excellent code eighteen consonants and ten vowels are used as intermediaries instead of letters just explained, the advantage being that all consonants are susceptible of so many mutations that seventy-eight thousand and forty-two signals may be made by using more than four flags at a time. As every country has the signal-book of this code in its own language, vessels of different nations can communicate with each other as easily as those sailing under the same flag. An advantage in connection with this system is the establishment of coast signal stations in various countries, which afford signal communication between ships in the offing and their owners on shore. France has one hundred and

twenty-four of such stations on her coasts. The United States has about five, and the establishment of these is due entirely to private enterprise.

One of the most useful codes of signaling, however, common to the naval or military service is that popularly known as the "Wig-Wag," otherwise called the Army Code, the invention of the Chief Signal Officer, General A. J. Myer, United States Army.

This code requires no signal-book, and scarcely any apparatus, though to make a skillful operator one should have a good memory and much practice. In almost every signal system there must be an intermediary lying between the sign and its signification. In the army code the intermediaries are the numbers 1, 2 and 3, the letters of the alphabet being represented by combinations of 1 and 2 to four places; and the punctuation necessary in this method effected by the 3. Having made up an alphabet of *ones* and *twos*, and determined on signs to represent each, we can, with an additional sign for *three*, spell out with a little practice long messages with tolerable rapidity and accuracy.

For example, let us represent A by 22, B by 2112, C by 121, D by 222, and so-forth. Then say that a full blast of a whistle, a motion of the right hand, or a wink with the right eye shall mean *one*; two short blasts of the whistle, a motion of the left hand, or a wink of the left eye shall mean *two*, and a prolonged blast, a movement of both hands, or the closing of both eyes shall stand for *three*. With these signs it is plain that the operator may indicate all the letters of a message, separating the words from each other by the sign representing three, and closing the message by a succession of threes. In practice the operator holding a flag staff to his front centre and in a vertical position, winks his flag (or torch at night), to the right to represent *one*, to his left to make *two*, and to the front for *three*; the flag or torch in each case describing a little more than a quarter of a circle.

The ease with which messages, transmitted by this system, may be read by an enemy has been urged as an objection to it. A curious case in illustration of this occurred during the late war, in the blockading squadron off Charleston, South Carolina. On one occasion the commanding officer of one of the vessels of the blockading squadron "wig-wagged" to the commanding officer of another vessel, inviting him to dinner, and

offering as an inducement the then uncommon delicacy of "roast pig and potatoes." This message was read (intercepted) by the Confederate signal-man stationed at Fort Moultrie, who, thinking possibly that "roast pig and potatoes" concealed some secret meaning, transmitted the message to the City of Charleston. But in its transmission to Charleston it was again intercepted by a Sergeant of the United States Signal Corps, stationed on Morris Island and by him entered in his journal, where it was subsequently found by the officer to whom the invitation had been extended.

Somewhat later the Chief Signal officer devised a very simple contrivance by means of which the symbols could be changed with every message, rendering it almost impossible for the signals to be interpreted by any one but the person for whom they were intended.

But the same objection may be urged against any system the key of which may be guessed or stolen. In the example already given of the Phæton making "the well-known signal of a fleet in sight," that signal was merely a ruse to make the French, greatly superior in numbers to the English, and who were known to be in possession of a copy of the English signal book, believe that Lord Bridport's fleet was in sight. The ruse was successful and the French retired.

From the foregoing description of the army code it will be seen that it is similar to that given by the Emperor Leo VI., who directed his son to signal "as the ancients did." And from the frequency with which "fire-signals" are mentioned in ancient history it is fair to infer that we also follow them in substituting at night the torch for the flag. Taken in a broader sense, and regarding

a signal as a mere sign, almost every one is able to recall instances of signals made by which have suggested themselves at the moment.

Blondel's simple lay signaled to the Hearted Richard, immured in a dismal A tower, that his faithful follower was near. mother, baring her bosom to her infant, upon the precipices' verge, made but "a signal recall," to draw her darling home; and the fisherman's wife who set fire to her own light the way to safety, her husbands' storm-bark, made a "fire-signal" more glorious ever lit a warlike Greek to deeds of arms. who can picture to his mind's eye without error that grand signal in the sky:

"Ho! my Comrades, see the Signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing
Victory is nigh!

Hold the fort, for I am coming,
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to Heaven
'By thy grace we will.'

Reference was made at the beginning to everlasting signs that were placed in the firmament of the Heaven, "when the morning stars together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. From contemplating the signs of the firmament, Time, who can refrain from looking to the stars, and thinking with awe of that last great day, we must all obey! when "the trumpet sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

"The dead in Christ—shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies
With joy their Lord surrounding!"

A CHAT ABOUT THE DOCTOR.

BY MRS. B. F. BAER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I WAS sick. We had just moved to the city, too ill to make any objection. So I quietly quiesced, and Dr. Hubner was called.

"My dear," said my husband, "I met Dr. Hubner socially last week, and was much impressed by his appearance. Really I think you would be pleased with him also."

I turned my head wearily. I was too ill to talk, and I thought of what his life, his past life, had been;

it had been passed; with whom it had been spent, and whether there was really a story connected with it.

Just as the artist holds his breath as a vision of loveliness flits before him—a vision of which he has been dreaming, for whom he has been sighing, hopeless it may be, despairing of ever finding his ideal, in order to transfer the glorious features to canvas—just so I felt that the man before me was a hero bearing an unwritten history in his palm.

The days wore on, and each day I found myself building air-castles about the doctor's past, and always overthrowing the last after his daily visit. He was fond of children, fond of fun, brimful of witty sayings, and running over with anecdotes which were so many means that he used to beguile the tedium of the sick chamber.

My illness did not prove ephemeral; and after a weary fight came the long, tedious hours of convalescence, when I came to see and learn more of the doctor, who had grown to be a friend with us as well as medical adviser. With my little daughter on his knee one day, he turned to my husband to inquire his age.

"Thirty years old," he echoed, "and such a family as this about you! Put seven years to your age, and you will have mine without wife or children."

"Never married?" asked my husband.

"No."

With that astonishing monosyllable every gossamer-castle I had ever built vanished into thin air. They had all, every one of them without an exception, culminated in a brilliant, happy marriage. I had pictured a home, a perfect home, wreathed with garlands of love, and festooned with evergreens of harmony. I had fancied his children climbing about his knee and nestling on his bosom, just as my little girl was doing at this moment, when lo! at one fell stroke the entire structure crumbled into dust.

I think something of the shock of surprise must have shown itself on my face, for I caught his questioning glance, and turned away my eyes to hide their expression. I don't know why I should have been shocked, but I was. It seemed to me that the gentleman, talking so pleasantly to my husband with the shady side of life almost on him, had made a great mistake; and my imagination at once began to suggest reasons for it. In all my experience I had never met one who appeared to appreciate home more than Dr. Hubner. His

respect for woman showed itself in the manner which he always used in speaking of her, and I had passed many a pleasant hour in sketching the one whom he had selected from the busy world to brighten his fireside and gladden his hearth.

I had not spoken a word since that amazing revelation, when he arose to go, and, looking at me with a genial, sunny smile on his lips, he asked:

"Do you ever read fiction, madam? I am afraid you think too much."

"Sometimes; quite often, in fact, I read works of fiction," I replied, wondering at the question.

"Then I shall bring you one or two good books to-morrow? Pleasant reading will do you more good than so much dreaming."

"Have you Longfellow's 'Hyperion?'" I asked. "You spoke of it a few days ago. I should like to read it."

"Then you shall. I will send it to you this afternoon. I must be off again, so good-by."

"I never was so disappointed in my life," I cried, as soon as his carriage was driven away.

"By what?" asked my husband, looking up anxiously.

"Because Dr. Hubner isn't married. I never dreamed that he was single."

"Is that all? Really, I thought some terrible trial had suddenly beset your path. I am most agreeably disappointed. But is it such a crime, this non-marital state?"

"Not a crime, certainly, but no more than two steps removed," I answered, with all the capriciousness of the invalid. "I have been drawing pretty pictures of a domestic temple, had installed him as its god, with a stately Diana offering sweet incense on his altar; dreaming on and on, only to find in the end that he is a consummate old bachelor. More than half his glory has departed."

My husband, with the merriest twinkle of his eye, was about to reply, when the door was thrown open to admit Jeanie, the housemaid.

"Here's the book, ma'am. The doctor says that he had to drive by the door, and just brought it along."

I took it with the least twinge of conscience. Here, I had been berating him soundly for what was none of my business, to say the least, while he, in the goodness of a good heart and in the midst of a thousand cares, had remembered my small wish sufficiently to attend to it at once.

I couldn't look up—I was crushed this time—to

meet the raillery in my husband's eyes, so I settled myself comfortably, and opened the volume in my hand running through the pages—a habit of mine, by the way—like a child toying with a piece of cake before biting it.

As I turned page after page, and noticed a paragraph scored here, and a sentence there, an Utopian idea flashed over me that I might read a part of the doctor's past from this book; that I might find in these scored paragraphs a reason for his being single at thirty-seven.

This curiosity added a new zest to the haste with which I turned back to the title-page—I lost no time in so doing—and confidentially, kind reader, I will tell you the result.

The first marked passage that met my view was the one where Longfellow, in describing his hero, Paul Flemming, says:

"In all things he acted more from impulse than from fixed principles; as is the case with most young men. Indeed, his principles hardly had time to take root; for he pulled them all up, every now and then, as children do the flowers they have planted—to see if they are growing."

Far enough from matrimony goodness knows! but yet I could, or thought I could, detect an element of the doctor's character in that scored passage. It took him back to his youth, when his principles were forming, his character perfecting itself, and his studies laying a broad foundation for a useful after career; all watched by a careful mother, who was ever ready to prune and reset the tender plants which adolescence and inexperience were constantly pulling up. I laughed softly to myself in the exultation of the moment, exclaiming: "Very well, my reticent doctor; I will solve the mysterious in your character before I finish this book, or I mistake me greatly;" and passed on, charmed by the author's style to a forgetfulness of my purpose, until I came abruptly on this sentence:

"One half the world must sweat and groan, that the other half may dream;" with a pencil-stroke drawn lightly across it.

"And he belongs to the first half," I ejaculated mentally. "He has been a close student; has left no means untried to perfect himself for his profession; and now, at thirty-seven, the silver strands sprinkled so profusely through his black locks attest that he has been no idle dreamer in this world of ours."

"My dear," said my husband, looking over my shoulder, "when do you propose to finish that

book? I thought you boasted somewhat of a rapid reader. You have been reading hours, and have only reached the twenty page, I see."

"Never mind! There's more on the than printed words. I am going to score doctor's past from it."

"I hope your illness has not left you deranged," he replied. "Pray, how do you expect to accomplish such an impossible scheme?"

"By means of the scored lines, trusting woman's wit to fill up the blanks. And please be kind enough to leave me to my proposed task," I pleaded. "It amuses me," I turned back to the volume on my lap, and soon came across the following, heavily marked:

"Already the trees are bearded with snow, and the two broad branches of yonder park like the white mustache of some old baron."

I could but smile at the quaint illustration while in fancy I saw my friend lying back in his chair enjoying a hearty laugh as the full force of the simile dawned on him; for no one could have given a witty answer or note a sharp saying so soon as he. And as I plunged deeper and deeper into this strangest of strangely weird books, myself wondering if the fascination that had held over him had been engendered by the loneliness of life, which was the inevitable result of his isolated state.

"O they do greatly err, who think that all the poetry which cities have," said the doctor to his friend Flemming; and my friend's keen appreciation, had drawn his pencil across the lines. Further on, as the baron continued his remarks, another paragraph had met the same fate.

"The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, must come in contact with the world. It is better that his armor should be somewhat bruised by rude encounter even, than forever rusting on the wall."

"Another element in his character," I remarked. "He couldn't pass that by without a mark." He is always ready to bare his breast to criticism, and to throw himself into the breach. I knew this, because, in an unusually committal mood one day, he had told me of his eagles in his profession, and how he was still climbing his way upward, his goal being the topmost rung of the ladder. I admired the firm ring of his tones, and the firmer look of his eye; and

myself that the elements of success were not wanting. Bringing my musing to an abrupt conclusion, I read on to find another sentence running thus:

"Moreover, in the cities there is danger of the soul's becoming wed to pleasure, and forgetful of its high vocation."

And then, without pausing to ask why I did such a foolish thing, I fell to picturing those early struggles in the student's life—struggles between study and pleasure, principle and vice; and it dawned on me most suddenly, that there was something in Flemming's character, some fancied or real resemblance to his own, that made Dr. Hubner such an admirer of "Hyperion."

This new idea lost no force as these penciled words rang out at the end of the next chapter:

"O, well has it been said, that there is no grief like the grief which does not speak!"

"If Flemming loved at all, if he comes across a heroine in these pages, I shall not have read in vain," I soliloquized; but the very next chapter, instead of a lover's tryst, proved a racy description of a Studenten Kneipe.

"What a baffling character!" I cried in vexation. "Will he never rouse himself from his student's dream-life to prove himself a man as well as a scholar?" I hurried on, impelled by a curiosity as singular as it was ungovernable, until I came to a paragraph that amused me no little.

"After all," said Flemming, "the old French priest was not so far out of the way when he said, in his coarse dialect, 'The dance is the devil's procession; and the paint and ornament, the devil's sword; and the ring that is made is dancing; the devil's grindstone whereon he sharpens his sword; and, finally, a ballet is the pomp and mass of the devil, and whosoever entereth therein entereth into his pomp and mass; for the woman who singeth is the prioress of the devil, and they that answer are the clerks, and they that look on are parishioners, and the cymbals and flutes are the bells, and the musicians that play are the ministers of the devil.'"

I think I hear my readers ask, "What has Paul Flemming's French priest to do with Dr. Hubner?" And I answer, nothing, only that I detect in the slight mark drawn about the paragraph, my hero's distaste for the stage and its belongings.

Very casually I had asked him once if he had

seen a theatrical star, who was holding the boards of the first theatre in the city.

"Madam," he replied, "I have been here more than a dozen years, and I think I have visited the theatre only six times. Then I sacrificed conscience to etiquette, which compelled me to entertain my guests. I have no taste for the drama as it is now, and wouldn't cultivate it if I had."

How vividly that conversation returned to my mind as I read the above-quoted paragraph; but I had no time to pause, so insatiable had my curiosity become.

Was there ever such a tantalizing book as this? The half is almost gained, and no heroine yet! A romance indeed! Was there ever a romance written without a woman figuring in its pages? Surely, oh, most gifted author, you stepped aside from the "beaten track" that we lesser lights hear so much about, when you dared such an innovation! But, softly; she may yet appear and prove the more a very queen of romance for her late introduction and brief reign, and I go forward to find her.

The next pencil mark inclosed the single word "God's-acre," and all the reverence of a grand mind for its Maker seemed to rise before me as my lips framed the little word, and I noted the tiny mark about it—another evidence that I had not erred in my intuition; and I thought I could trace in the stroke about the following, where the baron tells Flemming of the Frau Kranich, whose ambition had driven her into a marriage with a rich old banker, something of the contempt that led him to make the line.

"The gay lady has no taste for long evenings with the old gentleman in the back chamber, for being thus chained like a criminal under Mezentius, face to face with a dead body."

Again I found myself wondering whether there had been a Frau Kranich in the doctor's past—some beautiful woman more ambitious than wise, more mercenary than loving, more sordid than true to the young practitioner, struggling with life's stern waves. If there had been, the mournful memories were buried deep, and not so much as a scar from the "rude encounter" could be discerned now. Oh, no, such surely could not be the case! No man could so completely hide his grief from those about him; could not go through life with the light of a perpetual smile forever on his sunny face, while all within was midnight, shadow and gloom.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Roman Architecture.—The Rev. Dr. Blackwood's paper in this number cannot fail to interest readers of the MONTHLY; we have read it with even more than wonted gratification. Out of place in the article, yet interesting in connection with it,

games, and everything of the sort, nor was their what we should consider refined—their enjoyment of beast-fights and the like, for example.

At Pompeii, a fine, extensive theatre has been

view, and admirably restored," as seen in the engraving. In the "restored" ruins, also a good illustration of the old Roman theatre; the ruins are in good condition, and are not only good, but the Roman even more valuable materials of their tastes in the warm baths of the main, or of one of which just as it is, in the engraving. In England several excellent specimens of the theatre; on Strand Lane, well preserved. Lincoln is all the vast hypocaust, and the terranean heat, and, too, there are fine specimens of walls, arches, and space for but shows the Roman used in gates, and used as a "Gate," having a pair of but We shall, do farther illustrations of this class hereafter.



ANCIENT ROMAN THEATRE (RESTORED).

we give herewith several engravings which, in a measure, explain themselves or are sufficiently explained by the Doctor. The Romans were a remarkably sedate people, and seldom, the upper classes especially, personally took part in dancing, or in theatrical or other amusements; but they have never been surpassed in keen enjoyment of sports, plays,

representative who shall not have attained to twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen." Now, theology of this paragraph strikes me as peculiarly susceptible of very different interpretations from the

Represents Congress.—The constitution of the United States, Article I., Section 2, treating of the Representative "No person



INTERIOR OF THERMÆ AT POMPEII.

has received in practice; for instance, is it not the invariable custom to restrict each district in its choice of representative to a citizen of the district? What legal enactment forbids a citizen of the first district being elected to represent the sec-

him to represent the State or district in which he has been chosen? I might add to these queries a third: how can a person twenty-five years old have been a "citizen" for seven years?

WILLIAM JEFFERIES.



REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN HYPOCAUST, OR SUBTERRANEAN FURNACE FOR HEATING BATHS, AT LINCOLN, ENGLAND.

and at the twenty second? Moreover, a representative from Pennsylvania must, "when elected, be an inhabitant of that State," but, if he should, during the term for which he is elected, remove into New Jersey, is there any law forbidding

As your MONTHLY has furnished from time to time valuable information on the lives and characters of eminent men who have lived and died, leaving as legacies to the world the history of their origin, and the motives and principles which

guided them, and thinking it might be of interest to the many readers of your periodical, I inclose the following article on the "Origin of Great Men." THEODORE H. HEATH.

St. Andrew, apostle, was the son of a fisherman; St. John was also the son of a fisherman; Pope Sixtus V. was the son of a swine-herder—he was also one; Aristotle, of a doctor; Boccacio, of a merchant; Columbus of a wool-comber; John Basth, of a fisherman; Diderot, of a cutler; Cook, of a servant; Hampden, of a carpenter; Talma, of a dentist; Gesner, of a bookseller; Salvator Rosa, of a surveyor; Euripides, of a fruit-woman; Virgil of a baker; Horace, of a denizen; Voltaire, of a tax-collector; Lamothe, of a hatter; Fletcher, of a chandler; Masillon, of a turner; Tamerlane, of a shepherd; Quinault, of a baker; Rollin, of a cutler; Moliere, of an upholsterer; Rosseau, of a watchmaker; Sir Samuel Bowditch, of a silversmith; Ben Johnson, of a mason; Shakespeare, of a butcher; Sir Thomas Lawrence, of a custom-house officer; Collins, of a hatter; Gray, of a notary; Beattie, of a laborer; Sir Edward Sugden, of a barber; Thomas Moore, of a swordmaker; Rembrandt, of a miller; Cardinal Wolsey, of a butcher; Napoleon, of a farmer; Lincoln, of a backwoodsman.

Growth of Man.—Among the disputed subjects, even in this enlightened day, is the *period* of the most rapid growth of man. Some able physiologists contend that the develop-



ANCIENT ROMAN BATH, STRAND LANE, LONDON.



ROMAN ARCH FORMING NEWPORT GATE, LINCOLN, ENGLAND.

ment is more marked in and during the second period, known as childhood; while others, equally distinguished, maintain that the first, or infant period, is more decided in *physical*, though not in mental growth. With the hope of eliciting information from some of the subscribers of POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY, and at the same time, perhaps, furnishing an item of interest, I inclose the following opinion from an authority of some note.

DELHI.

"Observations regarding the rate of the growth of man have determined the following interesting facts:

The most rapid growth takes place immediately after birth,

the growth of an infant during the first year of ence being about eight inches. The ratio of gradually decreases until the age of three years, time the size attained is half that which it is t when full grown. After five years the succe crease is very regular till the sixteenth year, be rate for the average man of two inches a year. sixteen the growth is feeble, being, in the follo years, about six-tenths of an inch a year; w eighteen to twenty the increase in height is sel one inch. At the age of twenty-five the grow save in a few exceptional cases. It has been that, in the same race, the mean size is a little the city than in the country, a fact which will b with doubt by many who have come to regard as the model man." We are, however, very fa mitting that a country or farm life is productive ter physical growth; and, most unquestionably, tality tables confirm the idea of a greater longevi who reside in towns and cities, especially whe cupation is equally free from mental anxiety at



AMPHITHEATRE AT VERONA.

Domesday Book.—Though not able to give the exact information desired by Elizabeth Oakes Smith, I take pleasure in making a small contribution in that behalf. Russell, in "Modern Europe," Vol. I., says: "The peaceable state William's affairs now gave him leisure to finish an undertaking, which proves his great and extensive genius, and does honor to his memory. It was a general survey of all the lands in England, their extent in each district, their proprietors, value; the quantity of meadow, pasture, wood, arable land, which they contained; and in some counties the number of tenants, cottages, and slaves of all denominated, who lived upon them."

This valuable piece of antiquity, called the "Domesday Book," is still preserved in the Exchequer, and contributes to the illustration of the ancient state of England.

The work was undertaken in the year 1081.

Mr. J. Noake, author of "The Rambler in Worcestershire," says of this work:

"In 'Domesday Book,' William the Conqueror 'took stock' of his newly acquired possessions, when, some eight hundred years ago, he won the crown of England. Being determined to ascertain the full extent of the value of his empire, he gave imperative orders for the most minute inventory to be taken of all kinds of property in every parish. As the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle states, 'So very narrowly did he cause the survey to be made, that there was not a single hide of land, nor—it is shameful to relate that which he thought no shame to do—was there an ox, or a cow, or a pig passed by, that was not set down in the accounts; and then all these writings were brought to him.'"

Another writer, describing how the king looked after the work, says that "he loved the tall stags as though he were their father."

The very minuteness of Domesday, although an evidence of the galling subjection in which the Saxon inhabitants of England lay, and of the avarice of their stern conquerors, yet constitutes the chief value of this work, which, without any contradiction, may be described as one of the most interesting and valuable national records that any country or people can introduce. William set about his work of acquiring information in a very business-like way, and appointed a number of commissioners for every district. These commissioners were ordered to summon before them the sheriff of each county, the lord of each manor, the presbyter of each church, the reeve or constable of each hundred, the bailiff, and six "villans" (this did not mean scoundrels, but holders of houses or land, whose property was at the will of their lord), in every village, and examine them upon oath. The questions put to them were briefly these: The name of each place; the name of its owners in the time of Edward the Confessor and at the time of the inquiry; the number of acres in the manor (the hide was an uncertain measure meaning a small land as one team could plow and sow in a year; not less than eighty nor more than one hundred acres); the extent of the land; the number and quality of the tenants; the extent of their holdings; the nature and cultivation of the soil; the number of mills, fish-ponds, etc., and the opinion of the jury whether the value last named were likely of increase. The whole of the returns were completed in about a year, and the result was the production of two volumes, the one a folio, the other a quarto.

About ten or twelve years ago an exact *fac-simile* of this ancient record, free from all possibility of error, was taken through the agency of photo-zincography. The Worcestershire portion has been translated by W. B. Sanders, assistant keeper of her Majesty's records, edited by Mr. Noake, of Worcester, and published by Messrs. Deighton & Sons, of that city. The original Book is in Latin. There was made at one time an abridged copy in Latin, and there has been made an English translation.

Another writer says: "William the Norman caused a general survey of all the lands of England to be made, or rather to be completed (for it was begun in Edward the Confessor's time), and an account to be taken of the villans, slaves, and live stock upon each estate; all of which were recorded in a book called Domesday Book, which is now kept in the Exchequer."

STEBEN JENKINS.

A Scene in the United States House of Representatives Fifty Years Ago.—A large, fine-looking man, of commanding presence, is the Speaker, and arraigned before him, in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, is a tall man of more than six feet and finely proportioned; in the prime of life, with personal advantages scarcely rivaled by any notable man of his day, dressed in faultless style, with not the least of defiance or swagger, yet with perfect ease, self-possession and calm dignity, the culprit stands at the bar of the House awaiting the reprimand which the House has decreed shall be administered to him by the Speaker. The House is a study: breathless silence reigns, the members are looking on in eager interest; the bearing of the culprit makes sympathy and everything of the sort impossible, while that of the Speaker makes it difficult in the extreme for some of the Representatives to restrain themselves from violating the decorum of the House by laughing outright; the Speaker is by far the most embarrassed man upon the scene, suggesting the idea that he is the one to be punished rather than the one to administer punishment. In a hesitating, perturbed manner, he at length tells the culprit that the House had ordered that he should be reprimanded before its bar by its Speaker; and he (the Speaker) begs him (the culprit) to consider himself reprimanded according to the said order; the culprit bows in a graceful and dignified, almost lordly manner, an almost audible smile spreads over the House, and the scene closes. The Speaker is Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, and the culprit is Sam Houston.

A member from Ohio, named Stanberry, we believe, had accused Houston of defrauding the Government in a transaction with an Indian tribe upon the Tennessee border; the latter had demanded an investigation, but had been unable to obtain any satisfaction. Smarting under the charge and despairing of legal redress, he at last gave the accuser a severe caning within the precincts of the Capitol. Of course, the House could not do otherwise than arraign the caner, and a reprimand was the least penalty it could adjudge him.

AMBROSE B. CARLYLE.

Errata.—In the November MONTHLY, in the article "Faneuil Hall," page 323, it is stated "The Royal Exchange was founded by Sir Thomas Graham." It should be Sir Thomas Gresham. In the same number, page 339, "The Protector, the infamous Duke of York," should be the infamous Duke of Gloucester.

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

The "Crisis," the Electoral Commission, and the Verdict of the Commission.—We have spoken very plainly and frankly in former numbers of the MONTHLY upon the questions which have since November 9th agitated the country. In our last, in speaking of the Commission scheme of allaying the "crisis," we said: "At the present writing, it is quite uncertain what conclusion the 'Tripartite Commission' will arrive at, but whatever it shall be, it seems beyond a doubt that it will be accepted by all parties as a just and equitable solution of all the real and supposed difficulties of the remarkable Presidential contest of America's Centennial Year." Our anticipation that the verdict of the Commission would be "accepted by all parties," the defeated as well as the successful, was based on the one hand, upon a positive certainty that the Republicans would freely and fully acquiesce in the decision, whether favorable or adverse to their wishes and claims, and, on the other hand, upon the fact that the Commission scheme was devised and specially favored by the Democrats, who were thus specially bound in honor, nay, in common decency, to accept unquestioningly its results. But later developments have shown that there are eighty-seven Democrats in the House of Representatives who cannot be bound by considerations of honor or common decency. We were not at all surprised when the "Hon." William M. Springer, "Hon." Alexander G. Cochrane, and a few others of their ilk, set themselves forward as enemies to their country, for they had before shown their utter want of patriotism, to say nothing of common sense and integrity, in the matter of the National appropriation to the Centennial Exhibition; our readers will recollect that the "Hon." Springer was the author of the infamous proviso which was designed to rob the patriotic stockholders in that great National glory, and the other person named was almost equally notorious in the same unpatriotic and dishonest direction; that these and their confreres in antagonism to the Centennial Exhibition were capable of achieving still greater infamy, in efforts to prevent the conclusion of the count, and thus invite the peril of revolution and anarchy, we could readily understand, and we could as readily understand the course of the Judas from New York, for he had sold himself for just such work. But we were surprised when we learned that there were eighty-seven Representatives of honest American constituents who could permit themselves to appear in so disreputable a light, and we were absolutely astounded when we read the list of names of the obstructionists and found among them Robbins of Pennsylvania, Walker of Virginia, and some others whom we have esteemed in the past.

Now, that the decision of the Commission was especially binding upon the Democrats in the Congress must be obvious in the light of the vote upon the bill creating the Commission; the aggregates in the two Houses were: yeas, Democrats, 182; Republicans, 56; nays, Democrats, 19; Republicans, 85. It is simply nonsense for the Democratic obstructionists to say "We were sold—we were betrayed," etc.; the vote shows

that if they were sold or betrayed, it was their own no regard chargeable upon their opponents.

But our purpose in referring to this matter now dwell upon the obstructionists and their unenviable much as to speak of the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, Fernando Wood and their noble followers in sub-law even when its operations were seemingly adverse party; this band of true Democrats and grand patriots to have their names forever remembered by all Americans—such a record as these men have made should beloved Republic is safe—it has a sufficient number of sons who love it and its life and prosperity supreme and beyond all party and selfish considerations, from the worst of foes, those within the National Union. The Nation can never be subverted or disrupted by the majority of the defeated party act as the ninety-two patriots have acted in the present instance. It is to note that forty-six, just one-half of the ninety-two, representatives from the Southern States, and of the obstructionists forty-four were from the South and from the North; thus we see that the Democrats were almost evenly divided on the two sides, in number in responsibility we cannot but regard the Northern largest, and the Southern members upon the side of order and patriotism may justly claim special credit for their selfish devotion to the welfare of the Union.

The violent partisans of the defeated aspirant denounced the majority on the Commission for refusing upon a judicial investigation of the charges of wrong-doings in Florida and Louisiana; but every interested thinker must see that, even conceding to Congress and of its Commission to "go behind the scenes," such a course was simply impossible without doing every purpose for which the Commission was avowed; had they done so in the case of Florida and any single State, they could not have refused to take the same course in Georgia, Mississippi, New York, and other States. One month was the outside limit within which the count must be made, and six months would have been too brief for a thorough investigation of the doings on both sides. Hence, the whole outcry against the Commission for refusing to enter upon such an investigation is absurd if not dishonest. Any man in either House who says he favored the Commission scheme upon the ground that the Commission would undertake an investigation of the elections in the several States, thereby confesses himself too stupid or thoughtless to calculate the time required for such extensive a work, or that he knew how much time was requisite for such a labor, and knew, too, that the Commission could not make and declare the count by the 4th of March, and the latter involves the farther fact that he was himself a more pronounced scoundrel than would have us believe the Republicans of the South to advocate a plan for counting and declaring the result of the election of November last, knowing or believing that

would do no such thing, but would actually defeat the desired end by compelling a new election, would be scoundrelism the turpitude of which could not be exceeded by the worst Returning Board conceivable.

But the great contest is over and all, even his political opponents included, agree that the new President is a good, honorable, upright man. Some profess to believe that he will be in a greater or less degree controlled by the less-estimable, if not the bad, members of his party. Time must determine how far these croakers are mistaken; but time is not required to determine that they are altogether wrong in prematurely judging and condemning a man they admit to be himself a good, honorable, upright man, for yielding to bad influences before he has had an opportunity so to yield or to show just what stern self-reliant stuff he is made of.

The Roll of Honor.—During the later portion of the struggle in the House of Representatives over the Electoral count, the votes upon the various dilatory motions showed eighty-five or eighty-seven obstructionists to one hundred and seventy-five or one hundred and seventy-seven in favor of law and order. When the State of Vermont was reached in joint session of the two Houses, the most serious dilatory movement of the whole series was made: The President of the Senate had received but one electoral return from that State, but a certain Aldrich had constituted himself an Elector, had held an Electoral College on his own account, had cast a vote for Tilden and Hendricks, and had sent a "Return" of that remarkable vote; this was such a puerile attempt on the part of Aldrich to make himself the most conspicuous ass of the period that, but for the purpose of delay, not even the obstructionists would have taken notice of it. An attempt was made in Joint Convention to introduce this bogus "return," and induce President Ferry to receive it, but this failed, as he was cool and decided; had he but received the paper, it might have become necessary to send the case of Vermont to the Commission, and this would have defeated the conclusion of the count. After the two Houses had separated, a wild uproar arose—the obstructionists got in a perfect frenzy, and the patriotic wing of the Democrats were for a short time worried and confused. Mr. Caulfield of Illinois, through Mr. Poppleton, offered a resolution grossly insulting the President of the Senate, demanding that he should send the bogus "return" in the presence of the two Houses; a number of speeches followed, chiefly by the obstructionists. But one of these was noteworthy—it was by the New York *Johns*, who solemnly declared "If there were two returns from Vermont they should go to the Electoral Commission. He appealed," we are told, "to members to deal with the question, not as Democrats or as Republicans," etc. Mr. Knott came forward with a resolution, more temperate and civil in its phraseology and hence more dangerous; when the vote was taken upon this, it received so many more votes than the usual dilatory motions that the state of affairs was more critical than at any time before. The vote was 116 yeas to 148 nays. Mr. Hopkins then renewed Mr. Knott's defeated resolution with one clause omitted, and this was defeated by the same vote. The Democrats who defeated it in that last and worst peril are so specially deserving of the Nation's warmest gratitude that we give their names; it is not

requisite to give the names of the Republicans who voted with these forty-six Democrats:

Arkansas: Gause, Wiltshire, Gunter.
 Connecticut: Landers, Phelps.
 Delaware: Williams.
 Georgia: Candler, Felton, Hill.
 Illinois: Le Moyne, Campbell, Stevenson.
 Indiana: New, Haymond, Hamilton.
 Kansas: Goodin.
 Kentucky: Brown, Watterson, Durham.
 Maryland: Swann.
 Michigan: Williams, Potter.
 Mississippi: Lamar, Singleton.
 Missouri: Kerr, Morgan, Rea.
 New Hampshire: Bell.
 New Jersey: Cutler.
 New York: Ward, Wood, Hewitt, Willis, Whitehouse, Lord.
 North Carolina: Yeates.
 Ohio: Neal, Payne.
 Pennsylvania: Powel, Hopkins, Egbert.
 Texas: Reagan, Throckmorton, Hancock, Schleicher.
 Virginia: Hunton.

National Reconciliation.—Now that the great national political issue has been settled by Congress and the Joint Commission (whether wisely we do not propose at this time to say), it behooves every lover of his country and the great principles upon which it was founded, to accept, not necessarily cheerfully, but patriotically, the result.

The ballots which created the fifteen Commissioners—if given in good faith and by honest representatives of the people—proclaimed a willing and lawful acquiescence to their decision, whether it resulted in the placing of Mr. Hayes or Mr. Tilden in the Executive Chair.

The crucial test of sound statesmanship, as well as true citizenship, is in a prompt abidance by the judgments of legally constituted law-givers, especially when they represent the deliberations of courts of final resort. The tribunal, composed of five Senators, five Representatives, and five Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, was not supposed at the time it was constituted to embody all the wisdom, nor all the justice in the aggregate, of the American people. Any city in the Union could have easily furnished a tribunal possessing as much knowledge, perhaps more wisdom, and doubtless, much broader statesmanship; but to immediately allay the the surging waves of the two great political and conflicting elements, was beyond the power of any tribunal, even if that decision be from a court absolutely infallible. The advocates and staunch supporters of either candidates, it could not have been reasonably anticipated, would be satisfied if the decision be adverse to the elevation of their favorite. The shadows and substance of defeat in all rival contests for place and power must inevitably fall somewhere. The Star of Hope to one party only can lead to a happy realization of the object sought for. As in natural philosophy so in the construction of a system of government, the same place cannot be occupied by two objects or persons at the same time. The pangs resulting from a failure to secure the coveted prize must be endured

on the one hand, while on the other, a greater or less degree of joy follows the attainment of the most exalted political station within the gift of the people. All this is natural in contests for the lower positions of life, but how much more so, when the power and place are perhaps greater than those held by any ruler in the Old World? It is contrary to the laws of nature that we should feel jubilant and clap the hands of rejoicing over our defeat. This, however, we are free to say, that *every true and loyal citizen* will abide by the final verdict.

The ship of state can only outride the storm as her crew hearkens to the voice and obeys the orders of her commander. This voice is now that of the Joint Commission created by the Representatives of the several States in Congress assembled. We believe that it will be heeded; and that the flames of party passion will succumb to a better judgment and loftier patriotism, and that for the ensuing four years Mr. Hayes will be recognized as that commander.

The popular vote of about a quarter of a million in favor of his opponent; the disputed States of the South, especially Florida and Louisiana which seemed to give the coveted—185—to Mr. Tilden—coupled with the great moderation and forbearance of the impoverished people of the South—will, we are confident, guide the new President into a consideration of the best interests of the whole nation, irrespective of party; that he will make a decided departure from the *republicanism of the present*, and use his best endeavors to effect a cordial reconciliation of all sections; that he will throw overboard the political pirates who have so imperilled the stability of the Republic. No other course can he consistently pursue if he would restore the shattered confidence of the people in the administration of national affairs. The people, who are more potent than any President, demand this of him, and they will not be slow to recognize and approve every step taken towards reform. Corruption and fraud must be unsparingly denounced, and FAITH restored to and among the true conservators of civil and religious liberty, who are the masses of the American people, and through whom only can we as a nation expect to live. Mr. Hayes's Inaugural Address (just received as we go to press) fully bears us out in these prophecies.

At the opening of the French Parliamentary session at Versailles recently, the venerable deputy, M. Gaultier de Rumilly took the chair in the Senate, by virtue of his eighty-five years, and when the house was organized stood up and read a short speech. The paper trembled in his hand, but the voice was audible, clear and firm. One passage was particularly well received: "In my long public career, extending over sixty years," he said, "I have seen every government fall which attempted to resist public opinion. I have also seen that the influence has augmented of every body in the State which acted in conformity with the expressed sentiment and will of the nation." At the close of this address, whose truth will be universally admitted, M. Jules Simon, the Prime Minister, who is President of the Council, affectionately embraced M. de Rumilly, literally hugging him to his bosom, and with swimming eyes kissing him on both cheeks. This effusion of sentiment, which generally takes place in France, particularly on public occasions, was applaudively received.

No Credit.—A curiosity of the statutes, says the *field Republican*, has been unearthed in a Boston college, showing that innkeepers and others are prohibited from giving credit to students, under penalty of forfeiting twice for which credit is given, provided anybody chooses to complain. The paragraphs referred to are sections 1 and 20 of chapter 88 of the General Statutes of Massachusetts. Section 18 provides that "no inn-holder, tavern-keeper, confectioner, or keeper of any shop or house for the sale of drink or food, or any livery-stable keeper for or carriage hire, shall give credit to any student in any incorporated academy or other educational institution in this State." The other sections provide that no person thus given credit shall be licensed for either of the professions named, and that whoever does thus give credit shall forfeit twice the amount, whether the same be paid or not. If the term retailer applies in this statute according to its usual acceptation, it would seem that nearly every retailer is forbidden to give credit to students.

A New Application of the Fourteenth Amendment.—The *Albany Law Journal* refers to a case recently decided by the Supreme Court of Maine, in which the Court held that the *ex parte* determination of two overseers of a prison to send a woman to the House of Correction is in violation of that provision of the Fourteenth Amendment which declares that no State shall "deprive any person of life, liberty or property without the due process of law." The opinion of the Court is that such action on the part of the prison authorities of the poor is not due process of law, and is, hence, a violation of the National Constitution. The Fourteenth Amendment was originally adopted to protect the colored people of the Southern States against unjust and oppressive legislation with respect to their civil rights; yet it is so worded as to apply to all classes, whether black or white, and in every part of the country against all legislative, executive, or judicial action on the part of the States inconsistent with the rights to be guarded. In this respect it is universal in its application and limited only by its own terms.

Pardons by the Governors of New York.—There has been some discussion lately in the New York City press as to the too-free exercise of the pardoning power by the Governors of that State, some of them being unduly lenient upon the late Governor. The *Evening Post* has taken up the matter and finds that Mr. Tilden, though rather lenient in this direction for a "reformer," has been less so than some of his predecessors; the figures are as follows: Morgan—First term, 184; Morgan—Second term, 297; Seymour, 297; Fenton—First term, 343; Fenton—Second term, 289; Hoffman—First term, 235; Hoffman—Second term, 269; Dix, 144; Tilden, 242.

Mr. Lucas Nicholsky, of the Russian Consulate in New York, and Professor of the Mining School of St. Petersburg, was married recently, at the Russo-Greek Consulate, Second Avenue, New York, to Miss Rosealva H. Philadelphia. The bride was given away by her father according to the Eastern rite. Mr. W. de Bodish, Consul-General in New York, and Mr. D. N. Bötai, in the same position under Greece, were witnesses.

LITERATURE AND ART.

T. Conrad and Others.—In the valuable series upon "The American Drama," now in course of in POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY, I notice some omissions which I feel assured have only occurred

"These two [2] plays, 'Jack Cade' and 'Aylmere,' are sufficient to preserve Conrad's name from oblivion, and they will always be considered, we do not doubt, an honor to our dramatic literature." Robert T. Conrad, first mayor of the

consolidated city of Philadelphia, "as a man of letters," as most pertinently remarked by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, "did not write much, but he wrote well;" and he wrote but three plays, the earliest being completed while he was a student-at-law, about the age of twenty. He called it "Conrad of Naples," quoted by some bibliographical authorities by the title "Conradin." His next and most successful dramatic venture was "Aylmere, or the Bondman of Kent," written for Edwin Forrest, who immortalized the principal character, Jack Cade, and the tragedy is therefore most generally known as "Jack Cade." Mr. Lancaster has strangely failed to identify the *two* titles as really belonging to but *one* play. In 1852 Messrs. E. H. Butler & Co. published in one volume, 12mo, 329 pp., "Aylmere, or the Bondman of Kent, and other Poems," by Robert T. Conrad; which work the author poetically dedicates to his venerable father, John Conrad, Esq., formerly a well-known bookseller of Philadelphia, and a representative in Congress from 1803 to 1815. This honored gentleman died in the spring of 1857, aged eighty-three years; his distinguished son surviving him only thirteen months, departing this life June 27, 1858, before attaining his fiftieth year.

In his preface to the above-named volume, Judge Conrad says: "It is imagined in the play that the leader of the Commons was originally a *vilain* (meaning bondman) of the name of Cade, afterwards a fugitive known as Aylmere," etc., etc. The



THE FINDING OF MOSES.

See page 315.

of the revision and re-revision imperatively demand such exhaustive articles. The talented compiler interesting reminiscences states, on page 117, Volume January, 1877, in speaking of the late Judge Con-Philadelphia, that he was "the author of two of the ever produced in this country. We allude to 'Jack Cade' and 'Aylmere;'" and again, on page 118, Mr. reiterates his somewhat singular mistake, thus:

scene of the tragedy is Kent and London, A.D. 1450, and the expressive and impressive lines quoted by Mr. Lancaster in the paper questioned, are spoken by Jack Cade in the assumed character of "Aylmere" in Act Second, Scene Fifth. Vastly different in conception is Shakspeare's idea of the insurrectionist, as depicted by the master dramatist, in the Fourth Act of the Second Part of King Henry VI. But Conrad estimates Cade historically in the same catalogue

as he is chivalrously placed by the eminent and caustic reviewer Leggatt, "among those glorious martyrs who have sacrificed their lives in defence of the rights of man." In addition to "Aylmere" Mr. Conrad wrote for Mr. Forrest a play called "The Heretic," but it was never acted nor published.

Referring again to Mr. Lancaster's literary lapses, the writer is surprised that no mention is made whatever of the meritorious American dramatists, Charlotte M. S. Barnes, George H. Boker and George H. Miles. The lady named, afterwards wife of the eccentric but excellent comedian, Edmon S. Conner, as early as November, 1837, produced "Octavia Bragaldi," which, under its dual title, "The Confession," was simultaneously brought out in England and America, and performed upwards of forty times. Subsequently (about 1844) she published in London "The Forest Princess, or Two Centuries Ago," an American drama, in three acts, dedicated to the Hon. Edward Everett. Competent critics have highly extolled this later play of Mrs. Conner's, but it is said to lack force in stage representation.

In 1848 our esteemed townsman, George H. Boker, Esq., published "Calaynos," which was eminently successful at home and abroad. Judge Conrad thus gracefully refers to the deserved popularity of the initial work of his fellow-citizen and contemporary playwright. "'Calaynos,' without any adventitious recommendation, immediately placed its author in the front rank of American dramatists." In 1850 Mr. Boker produced "Anne Boleyn," followed at short intervals by "Leonora de Guzman," "The Podesta's Daughter," "The Betrothal," "Francesca di Rimini" (his masterpiece), and "The Widow's Marriage," a comedy. His latest tragedy is "Königsmark."

My lamented friend and fellow-literator, George H. Miles, late professor of belles-lettres in St. Mary's College, Maryland, was the author of the one thousand dollar prize drama called "Mohammed, the Arabian Prophet," which was written for and accepted by Edwin Forrest, the most liberal and sagacious patron of American writers for the stage. This tragedy, in five acts, was published at Boston, by Phillips,

Sansom & Co., in 1850, but in regard to its public reception as an acting play I am not sure. "French's Standard Drama" credits Mr. Miles with "Birthday," and "Senor Valiente." I remember the first performance of this latter play at the Hollis Theatre, in Baltimore, some twenty years ago, and the author and his work were most flatteringly received.



JOSEPH'S MEETING WITH HIS FATHER.

and appreciative audience. If I mistake not, "Senor Valiente," upon its first production, held the boards one night, but I have no knowledge of its subsequent fate. Mr. Miles died in the summer of 1871, aged forty-seven.

H. CLAY

Art applied to Scriptural Themes.—I have been interested in the articles on "Rizpah" in the February, and on "The Hebrew Minstrel and the Hebrews" in the March number of the MONTHLY.

as a rule, is as much subject to imagination as the novelist; indeed a vivid imagination is essential to success in art. In the treatment of Scriptural themes, many of the greatest masters have been so largely under the sway of imagination that their works are valuable as sublime creations rather than

drawings engraved as illustrations of a beautiful little volume, called "The Proverbs of Solomon," published by James Nisbet & Co., London.

RODMAN J. SHEIRR.

REMARKS.—We copy herewith a painting of Mr. Millais, with a suitable poem from "Bible Pictures," by James Grahame, and three of Mr. Gilbert's drawings from the book referred to by Mr. Sheirr.

MOSES ON THE NILE.

SLOW glides the Nile: amid the
margin-flags,
Closed in a bulrush-ark, the babe is
left,
Left by a mother's hand. His sister
waits
Far off; and pale, 'tween hope and
fear, beholds
The royal maid, surrounded by her
train,
Approach the river bank; approach
the spot
Where sleeps the innocent: She sees
them stoop
With meeting plumes; the rusky lid
is oped,
And wakes the infant, smiling in his
tears,—
As when along a little mountain lake,
The summer south-wind breathes with
gentle sigh,
And parts the reeds, unveiling, as
they bend,
A water-lily floating on the wave.

Mr. Hunt's picture of Hamlet, recently shown in Boston with perhaps twenty others by the same artist, was apparently meant for Mr. Booth as Hamlet, or—to adopt the popular witicism—Hamlet as Mr. Booth. It is not a portrait, but neither is it an ideal interpretation of Shakspeare's character; so that one is obliged to fall back upon its merits as a study in slate hues. But even in this aspect it fails to please: the nocturnal effect is an overdose of black lead, the battlements and towers are more insignificant than stage



DAVID'S CHARGE.

to pictures of Bible scenes. There have been comparatively few who have been at all accurate in their essays in this direction. To the two mentioned by Mrs. Morris, possibly J. E. Millais, A. R. A., might be added, though in his paintings there is a perceptible play of the imagination. But I have been particularly impressed with the combination of the artist's genius and the Bible student's exactness in some drawings on wood by John Gilbert, of London; I presume others have regretted, with me, that Mr. Gilbert has not put some of his capital pictures upon canvas; I do not know whether he is a painter or not, but, if not, he ought to be, as he doubtless could be. You will find a number of his

scenery, and Hamlet is merely an unappalling blackness in the midst of an unpicturesque darkness. From this one turned promptly to the landscapes and portraits, where Mr. Hunt could be found at his best. There was no pastoral scene among the landscapes which equaled *The Ploughers* of a year ago; but there was much that gave pleasure, as the two large studies of sylvan penetralia, with their consociation of swarthy boles and impleached stretches of green overhead, filtering the sunlight into tender tints, or that other instance of an immense, involuted cloud-pile steeped in hyacinthine atmosphere and seeming about to roll down upon and smother the quiet green landscape in the foreground. Some bathers in a river,

yellow-green with late sunset light, made a singular and rather inviting picture, though it was vexatious to have the plane of the river tipped decidedly downward toward the inner line of its curve. Another canvas was devoted to a naked boy mounted on the shoulders of a second who stood arm-pit deep in a quiet bit of water. This acrobatic bather was bodied forth with a lithe, palpitant grace that fairly captivated the eye; the whole affair was beautiful in its rich and noble simplicity; it was summer, and youth and the joy of young life; the Yankee country lad (if you will) was in his beauty and unconscious nudity and sensuous delight as Greek as anything that ever lived. Altogether the most charming head was that of a little ragged Italian boy, which illustrated Mr. Hunt's best mood of a kind of ideal languor united with a keen realistic *verve*. The half-length of a lady, higher on the wall, draped in a shawl chiefly orange in color, surpassed this boy in energy of tone; and in fact each one of the human subjects had its especial merit.

Rare Autographs.—An extremely valuable collection of autographs, belonging to the late Sir William Tite, was sold lately in London. Among the most important lots, and those which brought the highest prices, was a long letter of Rabelais, in Latin, which was knocked down, after a spirited competition, for £62; three letters of Edward Gibbon, which realized prices from £3 up to £9 10s.; two letters of Robert Burns, which fetched £8 8s. and £7 12s., respectively, and the original MS. of his song "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," which was knocked down for £25. A letter of Buckingham, the favorite of Kings Charles and James, who was assassinated by Fenton, fetched £17 10s.; an interesting letter of Lord Byron, speaking of the critics of the press, £18. A holograph letter of Charles I., one page folio, addressed to "My only deare sister," and dated from the Palace of Greenwich, also £18. A long letter from Boswell to David Garrick, mentioning Dr. Johnson, £17; a letter of "Kitty Olive" to "My dear Poppy," dated Twickenham, 1784, £11; one from Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, one page folio, £21; a mere signature of Nell Gwynn, or rather only her initials scrawled at the foot of a letter indited by her to an

amanuensis as ignorant of spelling as herself, £28; two of William Cowper, £5 5s. and £7, respectively; of the Duke of Wellington to Mr. Wilson Croker, subject of the battle of Waterloo, £2 15s.; a portrait Wesley, "taken by electricity," and accompanied by



SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.
See page 315.

of Professor Faraday and others, a curious specimen dawn which came before the rising sun of photograph a long letter of Jeremy Taylor, on the subject of Irish slastical and political affairs, £7 15s.; an unpublished of Voltaire, respecting his intended purchase of an Ferney, £5 5s.; two letters of the witty Dean of St. Jonathan Swift, £13 5s. and £18 5s.; one of Sir Steele, £5 15s.; one of Laurence Sterne, £13; a long of Robert Southey, referring to his Madoc, £7 7s.; Italian of Peter Paul Rubens, £7; one of John Dryden another of the same, £17 10s.; one of Schiller, in C

£17 10s.; one of Richardson, the novelist, £4; one of Samuel Foote, £7 15s.; one of Matthew Prior, £4 6s.; one of William Cobbett, £9 5s.; two letters of Alexander Pope, £6 10s. and £11, respectively; one of Lord Nelson, addressed to Lady Hamilton, £5 5s.; two letters of Samuel T. Coleridge, £10 and £12 each; a speech of Thomas Babington Macaulay, evidently written out for the reporters, £12 10s.; a letter of David Hume, £18 10s.; one of Archbishop Leighton, £18; a letter of Charles Lamb, £14 5s.; the original manuscript of the "Dissertation on Roast Pig," signed "Elia," £34; a letter of Oliver Goldsmith, addressed

to David Garrick, which fetched the large sum of £60; a letter of "Marye, Queen of England," so signed in full, and dated in 1556, £7 5s.; a long holograph letter from the same Queen to her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, on the international politics of France and England, which fetched £95; and, perhaps, the very best existing specimen of a letter of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, addressed to Sir Edmund Bacon, giving details of some military exploits before Gainsborough, which was knocked down, after considerable competition, for £106. On the whole the bidding was quite spirited and the prices obtained very satisfactory.

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

Ocean Echoes.—Professor Henry recently communicated to the National Academy at Philadelphia his latest researches into the subject of sound, and among them an explanation of the echo observed on the water. This echo he had formerly been inclined to attribute to reflection from the crests of the waves. Tyndall holds that it is due to reflection from strata of air at different densities. Professor Henry's present explanation is that this echo is produced by the reflection of the sound wave from the uniform surface of the water. The effect of the echo is produced by the fact that the original sound wave is interrupted. It has what the learned Professor calls *shadows*, produced by the intervention of some obstacle in its path. Sound is not propagated in parallel, but in diverging lines, and yet there are some cases where what may be called a "sound shadow" is produced. For instance, let a fog-signal be placed at or near water level on one side of an island that has a conical elevation. Then the signal will be heard distinctly by a vessel on the opposite side of the island at a distance of three miles. But when the vessel sails toward the island (the signal being on the opposite side), the sound will be entirely lost when the distance is reduced to a mile, and in any smaller distance it is not recovered. In this case the station of the vessel at the shorter distance is in the "sound shadow." The termination of that shadow is the point at which the diverging beams of sound, passing over the crest of the island, bend down and reach the surface of the water. The formation of the sound echo may be explained by this extreme divergence of the sound waves, for it is natural to suppose, that at a greater distance from the source of sound some of the dispersed waves will reach the water surface at such an angle as to be reflected back to the hearer. This was well illustrated by an experiment made to test Tyndall's theory. A steam siren was pointed straight upwards to the zenith, but no echo from the zenith was heard, though the presence of a cloud from which a few rain-drops fell certified the presence of air strata of different densities. But, strange to say, an echo *was* heard from every part of the horizon, half of which was land and half water. The only explanation of this fact is that the sound waves projected upward were so dispersed as to reach the earth's surface at a certain distance, and at that point some of them had curled over and assumed a direction that caused their reflection back to the siren.

Toughened Glass Making in Brooklyn.—A reporter of the *New York World* has lately visited the works in Brooklyn where the manufacture of La Bastie toughened glass is now in active progress. The manufacturer states that, in June last, his factory was destroyed by fire, and the introduction of the glass into our markets has for that reason been delayed. Only one kind of goods, lamp chimneys, are now made, and the process is as follows: A workman, having in his hand a pole about eight feet long, with a knob on the end of the size of a lamp burner, fits a chimney on the knob and plunges it into the flame of a furnace. He withdraws it twice or thrice that it may not heat too quickly, turning the pole rapidly the while, and when the glass reaches a red heat quickly shoots it into one of a dozen small baths fixed on a revolving table, and seizes another chimney. A boy keeps the revolving table always in position, and as the chimneys come around to him, having been the proper time in the bath, he takes them out to be dried, sorted, cleaned, and packed. The bath has to be of just the right temperature, as, if it be too hot or too cold, the chimneys are liable to explode. In either case the process of annealing is imperfect. By working the tables at a certain rate, the baths are kept at the right temperature by the immersion of the red-hot glass. Oil or tallow is used in the bath. Any greasy substance will do, though tallow has proved most satisfactory.

M. De la Chapelle, the manufacturer, states that he has already sold \$150,000 worth of the chimneys. The toughened chimneys are about sixty per cent. dearer than those of ordinary glass.

The New Bergen Tunnel.—It has been decided by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company that the new tunnel under Bergen Hill shall be arched with bricks throughout the entire length, 5200 feet. Of this distance the arching has been completed, except 600 feet. It will give an idea of the work when it is stated that 7,000,000 bricks have been laid in the arching. All the shafts have been torn down and will be rebuilt in such a manner that the ventilation will surpass that of any tunnel in the country. The cost of the additional arching will, in the opinion of Mr. Sloan, President of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, be more than compensated by the security against accidents from falling rock.

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

Home.—As a rule, the whole tone of a home depends upon the woman at the head of it—the average home; not the poverty-stricken home, nor the wealthy home. In this average home, whether sunshine shall enter the rooms, whether the parlor shall be used and enjoyed, whether the table shall be invitingly spread, whether bright lights and bright fires shall give warmth and cheer on winter nights, whether, in brief, the home shall be an agreeable or disagreeable place is usually what the woman determines. Men are powerless in the matter. Some find solace for a dismal home in study; some, occupation in business; some submit with what patience they can; others are attracted by the cheer of the public house; and it is especially young men who are apt in consequence to drift away into bad company and bad habits. Our whole argument refers to individuals among men who succumb to bad influences—not the sex but a class.

"What is love, Nanny?" asked a Scotch minister of one of his parishioners, alluding, of course, to the word in its Scriptural sense. "Hoot, fye, sir," answered the elate Nanny, blushing to the eenholes, "dinna ask me sic a daft-like question. I'm sure ye ken as weel as me that love's next to cholera. Love is just the worst inside complaint for a lad or lassie to have."

The Blessing of Fun.—As a people, we are not particularly given to sobriety of demeanor. Mirthfulness and jollity may well be reckoned as among our prominent characteristics. We cannot be said to be without a certain amount of dry humor and wit of our own, and know the droll thing when we see it. We are glad when we are made to laugh in spite of ourselves. The man who says funny things week after week, in the columns of a village newspaper, becomes suddenly a popular favorite; and, waking up some fine morning, finds himself famous. The darling of the lyceum is the man who successfully mimics the foibles and follies of the times, with a spice of fun dashing the satire of descriptions. The ballad that sings its ways into everybody's heart, has humor mingled with its pathos, and the preacher whose sermons are touched here and there with an honest good humor, is sure to be sought by the masses.

We all crave the rest and recreation that lie in amusement, and better than a hundred prescriptions from the pharmacopœia is the tonic that lingers in a hearty laugh.

No one can deny that there is a blessing in fun, and as we are constitutionally adapted to it, we see no reason why we should not enjoy it, provided we do not carry the blessing too far.

The Evils of Indulgence.—Nothing exhibits more clearly the necessity of resisting the beginning of evil than a contemplation of the ruin and misery men bring upon themselves. It is vainly imagined in youth that time and opportunities once lost may be afterwards recovered at will, and that, after having indulged in a course of folly, a man may

return to virtue and well-doing when he pleases. It leads many imperceptibly from step to step in the narrow and treacherous steep of vice, till reason and conscience alike unheeded, and there is no inclination to turn back. It does not mean to say there are many with strength of purpose who resolutely abandon evil courses and plodding lives, but they are so rare as to offer no example to follow their examples, and only serve to show how desperate is the risk they run. Giving way to sinfulness has been aptly compared to being carried forward by a swift, easily, pleasantly—it is not till we try to turn back way against it that we find how hard is the task. Indulgence binds its votary with a chain, the breaking of whose grasp he begins to realize when he attempts to turn back. There is just this difference in the abandonment of bad habits, that the longer the effort is delayed the more difficult the task becomes. It is thus made evident that the security for a virtuous life is to begin betimes. The nation being led aright, early habit makes the performance of duty easy and pleasant. The most casual observation of the wrecks around us convinces us that indulgence in hidden pleasures is the destroyer of peace and good character and self-respect, and that without the aid of science, a properly governed mind, and a well-ordered conscience, discontent and disappointment will blast every effort. The derelict is generally an object of interest and pity to some one. In how many houses is the skeleton of a disobedient son? To him who "knows the way still the wrong pursues" indulgence in forbidden pleasures does not yield the gratification which is promised, but always more or less a feeling of degradation and self-inflicted ostracism, which all his boisterous merriment and blindness inspired by the presence and applause of his associates fail entirely to dissipate. How often is a man arrested by the thought of an anxious father, a mother or distressed wife? Their prayers and reproaches haunt him. The black sheep in the family, whose name is not often heard, is more an object of pity than of contempt. He is steady, stay-at-home, well-to-do boys and girls who grow up under the parental roof-tree.

A Great Lawyer's Farm.—Everybody has heard of the lamented Horace Greeley's unprofitable farm; it is notable that professional men seldom find in farming pecuniarily successful. The *Rutland Herald* lately gave an interesting description of William M. Evarts, from which we copy:

The farm of William M. Evarts contains but a few acres and eight hundred acres, seventy head of cattle, twenty cows, three yoke of oxen, averaging 4000 lbs. each, fifteen calves, a three-year-old Durham bull (specimen of that famous breed), a fine Jersey bull, and young cattle, all of which show care and skill in breeding and feeding. There are 200 sheep on the farm, all of them being superior animals. Of horses and colts there are sixteen; one span as smooth and active as a race-horse, twenty-five and one twenty-six, showing that good breeding and careful usage are strong incentives to

Several spans of young horses show good blood. Mr. Evarts has his best pair of horses in New York, no doubt competing as far as he may with Bonner and other horse fanciers in that city. Last, but not least, come the swine, twenty-five in number. Brick from the old Baptist church, bought by Mr. Evarts, furnished material for the walls of a new and convenient piggery, and the interior was finished with due regard to neatness, ease of feeding, and comfort to the inmates. One breeding boar, imported from Lancashire, England, is as near a perfect type of the hog as we have ever seen. The products of the farm average 200 tons of hay yearly. This year 2200 bushels of corn were raised on twenty acres, besides several acres to fodder fed to cows in the fall. Oats and roots of various kinds are largely raised.

Reform.—A politician was very ill. We are not sure that he had ever served on a Returning Board, or that he had even indulged in cryptography (alias "cipher despatches"). Becoming alarmed, he sent for a clergyman, who came to see him, and laid down the divine law to him with great faithfulness and emphasis. The sick man was much affected, and said, "Well, parson, I think you're right; I've made up my mind that if I get well I shall in the future live principally honest."

The Art of Thinking.—Too much stress cannot be laid upon the fundamental importance of perfect command over thought. How many a student finds a lack of this power the chief hindrance to progress! How many a page must be re-read, how many a lesson conned over and over to compensate for lapses of thought! In the possession or absence of this power over mind lies the chief difference between mental strength and mental weakness. Some men think as a child plays with a hammer, striking little blows here, there, anywhere, at any object within reach. The action of a strong mind may be compared to the stone-breaker's sledge-hammer, dealing stubborn blows successfully upon one spot till the hard rock cracks and yields.

The power to classify and arrange ideas in proper order is one that comes more or less slowly to even the best of minds. In proportion as this faculty is strengthened, desultory and wasted effort diminishes. When the mind acts, it acts to some purpose, and can begin where it left off without going over the whole ground again to take up the threads of its associations. Concentration and system are thus seen to be the chief elements in the art of thinking. To cultivate the faculty, constant watchfulness to detect the least wandering, and the immediate exertion of the will to call back and hold the mind upon the subject under consideration, should be vigilantly exercised. To secure the latter, the practice of analyzing and considering the different parts of a subject, first separately and in their relations to each other, is a discipline in which every young mind should be subjected, and which, we are sorry to say, is much neglected in most methods of instruction.

An old veteran says his experience at school reminds him of a one-horse railroad. It was all switches, with an occasional "turn-out."

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

Care of the Teeth.—Desirable and beautiful as sound teeth are, there is no part of the bodies of young children that is so almost universally neglected, by parents. Scarcely one child in a hundred has regular sound teeth, and the proportion of those that are covered to a greater or less extent with an unpleasant-looking coating is equally great. A very little care on the part of parents would largely obviate this difficulty, but the misfortune is that few parents are willing to exercise such care. And this is especially the case in America, where dentistry thrives more vigorously, perhaps, than in any other country, and all because parents are neglectful of their children's teeth. The regular daily use of the brush, without any other dentifrice than pure white castile soap, and the removal of a misplaced tooth or two, would in most instances not only give pearly whiteness but regularity, both combining to greatly enhance beauty, whether in man or woman, and especially woman.

The First of the 100,000.—The Washington correspondent of the Atlanta (Georgia) *Constitution* advises that paper that "Mrs. Henry Watterson presented the one-eyed statesman whose name she bears with a son on Saturday night. This is the first response to Henry's call 'for 100,000 unarmed Democratic infantry to witness the inauguration of Tilden.' The balance of the needed force must be supplied from 'other counties.'" We presume that this method of securing the "100,000" is Constitutional.

Noteworthy.—Our readers are aware that Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, Member of Congress from Georgia, has long been very ill in Washington. We clip the following interesting little sentence from the *Press*, Philadelphia:

"Alexander H. Stephens, in his illness in Washington, is next door to the room in which Henry Clay died, and within a few doors of the room in which Daniel Webster died; four doors off is the suite of rooms in which Crittenden, the Kentuckian, dispensed princely hospitality, and next to that is the suite from which Buchanan went to his inaugural ceremonies."

American Wives of Foreign Ministers.—The Washington *Star* states that "The wife of M. Outrey, the new French Minister, is a New Yorker. Her maiden name was Helen Russell. She will not come to Washington at present, but expects to spend the summer with her husband at Newport. After her arrival there will be six ladies in the diplomatic corps natives of the United States, who are wives of diplomats stationed here. The others are Mme. de Hagermann, Mme. Mariscal, Mme. Dardon, Mrs. Plunkett and Mme. Baltazzi."

A phrenologist says the principal bump on George Washington's head is adhesiveness. He alludes to George's head on a postage stamp.

Said Lord John Russell to Hume, at a social dinner, "What do you consider the object of legislation?" "The greatest good to the greatest number." "What do you consider the greatest number?" continued his lordship. "Number one, my lord," was the commoner's prompt reply.

Religious Notes.—Father Keenan died in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on the 19th of February, at the advanced age of ninety-eight. His death was not unexpected, as the good old man had been failing rapidly of late. Rev. Bernard Keenan was a native of Tyrone, Ireland, and landed in this country at Baltimore in 1820. He was soon afterwards ordained to the priesthood, settled in Lancaster in 1823, and has since been pastor of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church in that city. For fifty-four years his untiring labors in every good cause won the love of every class and every denomination, and the announcement of his decease will spread sorrow throughout the community. The reputation of Father Keenan was national, indeed, for he was long known as the oldest priest in the Roman Catholic Church. He and the late Bishop Bowman, of the Episcopal Church, also a resident of Lancaster, were warm friends. As one of the founders of the free-school system in Pennsylvania, and as a shining exemplar of the great truths he taught, the memory of Father Keenan will ever be held in profound veneration.

The *Springfield* (Massachusetts) *Republican* truly says: "It was a very suggestive incident at the consecration of Trinity Church, at Boston, when Edward Everett Hale, James Freeman Clarke, Rufus Ellis, and other Unitarian clergymen received the communion from the hands of the Episcopal Bishops." Doubtless it was suggestive, but it was a flagrant disregard of the laws of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Not to cite the canonical requirements, we call to mind a strong sentence in the Prayer-Book *rubric* at the confirmation service: "And there shall none be admitted to the Holy Communion until such time as he be confirmed or be ready and desirous to be confirmed." We do not consider unlawful acts of this sort essential to charity and brotherly love; we even doubt whether they are conducive to genuine Christian brotherhood. The fact that there are fundamental differences in doctrine between the Episcopalians and the Unitarians needs not to be considered to show that the whole "suggestive incident" was wrong.

The latest statistics of Moravian missions show that there are 94 stations, 298 missionary agents, 1548 native ministers and helpers, and 22,051 communicants. Including communicants, candidates and baptized communicants, there are 67,413, distributed as follows: Greenland, 1562; Labrador, 1176; North America, 444; St. Thomas, 2199; St. Croix, 2055; Jamaica, 13,202; Antigua, 5812; St. Kitts, 3000; Barbadoes, 2612; Tobago, 2237; Mosquito Coast, 953; Surinam, 22,130; South Africa, West, 8105; South Africa, East, 1768; Australia, 131; Tibet, 27. Of the whole number, 2738 are Eskimos, 1397 Indians, 9873 South Africans, 53,247 of West African descent, and 158 natives of Australia and Tibet.

The Baptists of Illinois now number 66,322, having added 3539 in 1876. Eleven of the churches are German and seven Swedish. For the 915 churches there are only 447 pastors.

The Methodist congregation in the City of Mexico numbers 150.

The Methodist Ministers' Meeting of New York city recently voted to invite Miss Anna Oliver, a graduate of the Boston University and Divinity School and a regularly licensed local preacher, to preach the regular monthly sermon before them at a subsequent meeting. Some sharp opposition

was made, on the ground that woman's preaching was disorderly and that one of the bishops had decided that women cannot be ordained. Dr. George Lansing Taylor replied earnestly, and declared that, in view of the action of the Newark Presbyterians in "stringing one of their ministers by the gills" for allowing women to occupy his pulpit, it was time for Methodist preachers to speak in no uncertain tone. He wanted Miss Oliver invited, not to speak, but to take text and to preach. The proposition was carried by a large vote, although some thought that a woman was as much of place in a preacher's meeting as Lorenzo Dow though she was in Heaven, when he preached from the text, *Psa.* 12: 1, "And there appeared a great wonder in Heaven and a woman."

The Church of England has its old trouble with Ritualism in an aggravated form just now. A Rev. Mr. Tooth was some time since prosecuted for violations of the Public Worship Act, and forbidden by the lawful authorities to continue such violations. He persisted in his unlawful course and defied the authorities. Of course, he found himself very soon "a martyr," being imprisoned for contempt. The good Queen came to the rescue, and released the "priest." What is to be the result of her Majesty's kindly and well-meant defiance of the law of her realm we can scarcely forecast, but we can readily see that there is but one way to get rid of such difficulties and perplexities, and that is to be found in severing the ties between Church and State. Let the Church deal with ecclesiastical matters precisely as the Presbyterian Church in England would in similar cases, and doubtless she would soon rid herself of this troublesome Tooth without casting him into prison. The extent of the Ritualistic mania may be inferred when we state that those infected have an organized society, yclept "The English Church Union," which boasts as members 7 bishops, 2501 "priests," 5792 lay members and associates, and 5925 women associates; in all 14,225—a gain of 925 for the year. Besides this, there is the "Church of England's Workingmen's Society," which has 12,000 or 14,000 members; so that Ritualists claim 25,000 lay adherents and 3000 clergymen.

Color Arrangement.—A few simple rules in the arrangement of flower-beds will materially enhance the effect produced. Among these are:

1. Avoid placing rose-colored next to scarlet, orange or violet.
2. Do not place orange next to yellow, or blue next to violet.
3. White relieves any color, but do not place it next to yellow.
4. Orange goes well with blue, and yellow with violet.
5. Rose color and purple always go well together.

Never put confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself. As to the pure things are pure, even so to the impure all things are impure.

Fret yourself as much as you please about trifles, but do not fret your friends about them.

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

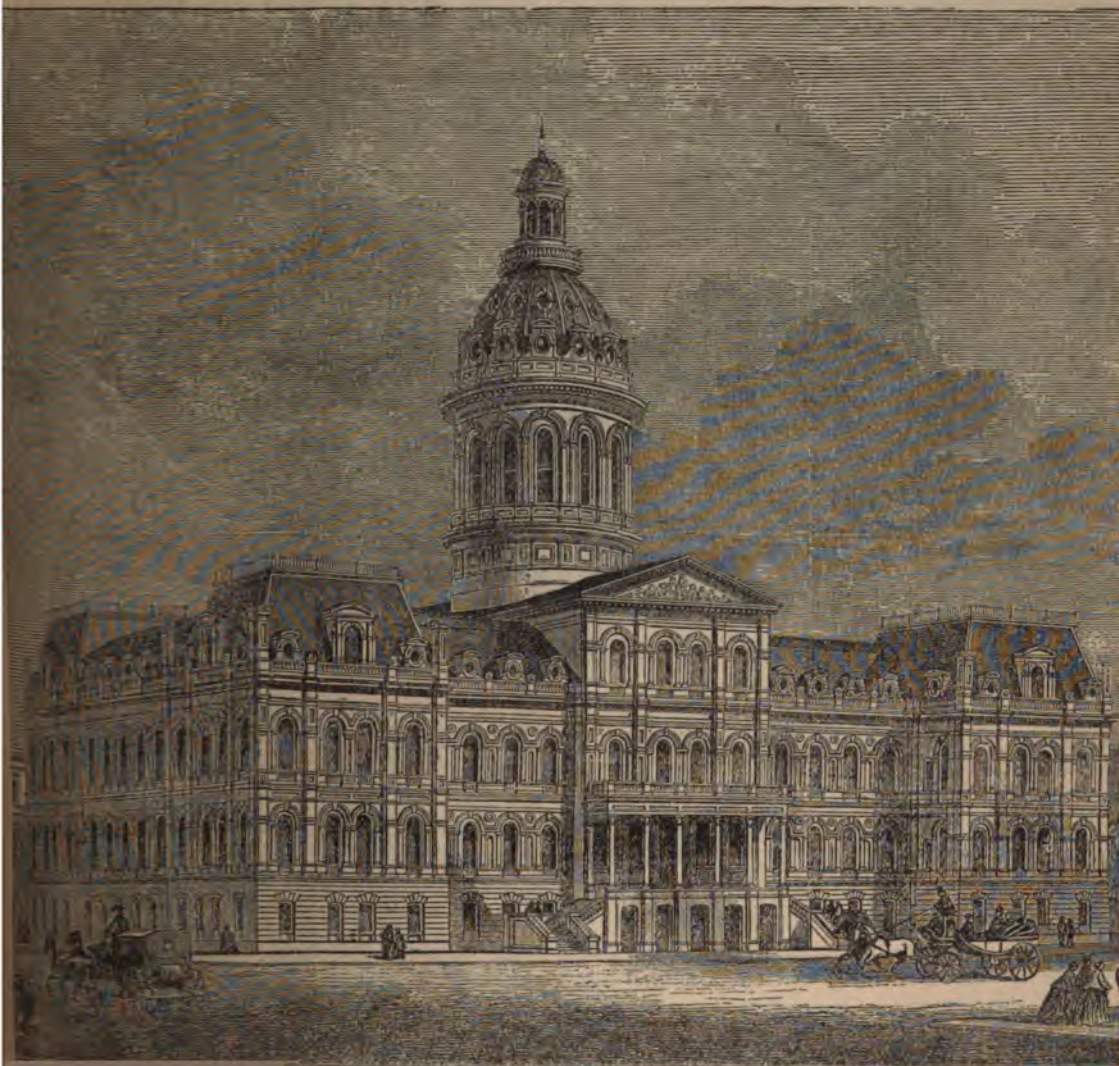
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THE MONUMENTAL CITY.—BALTIMORE, OLD AND NEW.

By WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.



THE NEW CITY HALL.

BALTIMORE, like most places of note, seems to have got at its name, as at its reputation and power, only by slow degrees and through considerable tribulation—the good, staid, old way to all honor and glory worth striving for or possessing. It too, like most cities of any size, has had several *aliases*, and names of sections, which have at last been swallowed up in the one name by which it

is known to-day. It is a curious and interesting study to trace this cognominology, from the primeval forest cradles of giant cities through the generations of their growth in wealth and in varied culture and influence.

It seems, that, as a rule, a name must not only be euphonic, but like the ambitious politician, must have "money back of it" in order to "get the nomination or election;" and other things being equal, the name with the longest purse is pretty sure to win. For other reasons, however, than those of having a good name and a long

angels all the while, as the reformers of these days have done and will do. Verily, the world moves, as we moderns say.

It took our forefathers a good while to find out that the spot on which the City of Baltimore now stands, was the most eligible site for a great city to be found in the neighborhood of Chesapeake Bay; the spot most get-at-able by the largest number of tillers of the soil, and manufacturers and general laborers, and at the same time possessing more commercial advantages than any other locality in the State. They were not geese

enough in those days to fly around in oil-cloth balloons, either on voyages of pleasure or discovery, generally to come dangling down to mother earth with their necks broken; and they had not the fine railways, and perfect atlases to guide them, as, thanks to patient and faithful engineering, we have in these days; they had to find their chosen spots slowly. But nature helped the genius there and then as always, and gradu-



THE OLD CITY HALL.

ally it became apparent that not Providence—later Annapolis, or St. Mary's—but Baltimore, was to be the great city of the State, and in many respects destined in later years to be no mean rival of the greatest cities in the Union. With remarkable accuracy, and without any explanation of the discrepancy, it is stated in Appleton's "New American Encyclopedia," in the article on Maryland, Volume XL, page 249, that "in 1729 Baltimore was laid out," and in the article on Baltimore, Volume II., page 548, just as positively, "On January 12, 1730, a town of sixty acres of land"—it would hardly be of water—"was laid out by the county surveyors and commissioners, west of Jones's Falls, and called Baltimore in honor of Cecilius Calvert, Lord Baltimore." At all events it was not until 1729-30, with probably a little of the work done in bot-

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that the fates and the powers that be seized the fertile, well-watered; undulating and tined acres, at a cost of about ten dollars and began in official earnest to plant and the City of Baltimore, now the solid, earnest, Monumental City of the Union; the home y reconciled national contradictions, pos-a most varied population of black and rich and poor, and in many respects the magnetic and attractive place in our whole

arly as 1662, a Charles Gorsuch, ker, possessing ritable "practi-a," might have en perambulat-e arms of the o with indica-f a thoughtful anning under his eristic broad-He patented res of land on ne Point, oppo-eastern section resent city; but ch actual labor mprovement in or by proxy he o the soil does clearly appear. n affliction to uch a name as n, and of course

t of the acres was ever called after this In 1682 a David Jones, more favored of ning powers, and the first settler on the ide of the harbor, got his name attached to all stream which now divides Baltimore Old Town" and "New Town;" and as 1732, a new town of ten acres, in twenty as "laid out" on the east of Jones's Falls, lled Jonestown, in honor of said David, the tler. In a few years Mr. Jones had to be name, however. Baltimore looked east-as well as north and west, and in 1745 own, now represented by the section known Town, fell into the embrace of the more dis-bed family name of the Calverts. In 1730 William Fell, a ship-carpenter of the period,

but evidently with ideas beyond the mere work of caulking, and not outraged with an ugly or common name, "purchased a tract" of land east of Jones's Falls, and called it Fell's Point, a name which, under many newer sectional names, the tract still bears. The growth of the city has always been what might be called slow and sure—that is, in comparison with some of our newer Western cities. In 1752 Baltimore contained but twenty-five houses and two hundred inhabitants—really a village—with a house here and there on the hills.



OLD CONGRESS HALL.

Twenty-one years later William Goddard, a printer from Rhode Island, began to publish the *Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser*, the first newspaper in Baltimore. To-day the *Baltimore American*, the outgrowth of Goddard's enterprise, and *The Sun* rank among the best and most enterprising daily papers in the country, and *The News*, "the four o'clock News," as the ragged persistent newsboys yell right in your ears on the street and in the horse-cars, within two minutes after the town clock has struck that hour every afternoon, is a gossip and spicy vehicle of the large and small talk of Baltimore and the world. Baltimore has several other luminaries of the modern political home and foreign talk and tattle; and if the Sultan of Turkey has the ear-ache, or

THE MONUMENTAL CITY.—BALTIMORE, OLD AND NEW.

President of the United States has made a speech, the residents of the fifth city in the Union know it, and exult or mourn over it as soon as the travellers in New York or Berlin or London; so perfect in these days are our means for carrying the small talk and small doings of the world.

In 1769 a few public-spirited men bought the first fire-engine at a cost of £99, and the same year the first Roman Catholic church was erected on the site now occupied by Calvert Hall, a school of the Redemptorists, on Saratoga street.

In the same year that William Goddard began his newspaper, 1773, the Baltimoreans got a line of stage-coaches on the road, rough and rugged enough in those days, between their town and Philadelphia, and gave themselves two or three

years ago it was the very last house at the end. The spot is now in the centre of the business portion of the city.

Baltimore is situated on a crooked stream or feeder of the Patapsco River, 14 miles from Chesapeake Bay, 178 miles from the Atlantic Ocean, 38 miles by rail northeast of Washington, 97 miles southwest of Philadelphia, and 110 miles southwest of New York. The approach to the city by rail are comparatively tame at all times of the year, but particularly barren-looking in winter. To the left of the railroad, as you go on one of the hills near the city, is the almshouse. In this instance it has at least the advantage of high ground and such of the breezes as travel that way. The building



WILLIAM KNABE & CO'S PIANO FACTORY.

days in rickety, hard and jolting old wagons, called stages, to accomplish the distance which one gets over in these days, in the richly-cushioned, easy-spring railway coaches of the finely managed Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, in three or four hours. Now, the world does move in that line, without a shadow of doubt. In 1775 Baltimore contained 564 houses and 5,934 inhabitants; to-day, in 1877, the population is something over 270,000.

While the British kept possession of Philadelphia in 1776, Baltimore had the honor of being the seat of the National government, the place of meeting being Jacob Fite's building, located at the southeast corner of Baltimore and Liberty streets. According to John Adair, this temporary "Congress Hall" was in those times owned by "a Quaker, who built it for a tavern." A hundred

a pale, red brick structure, of abundant proportions, but like the immortal poor mixture of "matter and form" of this most unlovely universe.

Before leaving the city, the locomotive is reminded by the black and white four miles and the highest speed through the so the f

of the nineteenth century has to cover the old stage-coach time as he enters the lines of our progressive temples of modern cities of these new days. This slow abundant time to cast one's eyes become sufficiently impressed with the venerableness of the city of the C more has a venerable and proud poorer sections. It is a little staid looking, too; the feeling that the fine old aristocratic names to mail getting into the buildings and looking from all the windows and even more resembles Boston in general and appearance, more nearly an American city; and in some staid and aged look of such Liverpool and Manchester.

the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad escort you to the foot of President street, where the horse cars pick you up, and take you to almost any part of the city you may wish to go.

The impression one gets on entering Baltimore is that it is, as the facts prove, a city of considerable commercial importance. The shipping being massed in a bay, is more impressive to the eye than the same number of vessels would be if extended along lengthy river fronts, as in New York and Philadelphia. As it were in the midst of the countless masts of ships, two or three enormous grain-elevators lift their huge proportions, indicating that Baltimore seeks and holds a fair portion of that traffic which binds the prairies of the Western States to all the cities and homes of the Old World. Thus, even to the eye of the ordinary traveller, the harbor and its surroundings offer palpable evidence that Baltimore is a city of no mean standing and destiny. The bare reference to the annual statistics of its shipping and railroad business will confirm this impression, and show conclusively how readily this city of the South is growing in all the material prosperity of the times. The following statistics of shipping, flour and grain receipts, etc., for the month of February, 1877, are worthy of perusal:

There were 90 vessels arrived from foreign ports, viz: Steamships 5, ships 4, barks 60, brigs

11, schooners 10; of which 34 brought cargoes, and 16 were under the American flag. The principal articles imported were 1,219 hogsheads, 74 tierces, 5,531 bags and 69 barrels sugar; 875 hogs-



MOUNT VERNON PLACE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

heads melado; 29,745 bags coffee; 15,260 boxes oranges; 2,525 boxes lemons; 1,296 tons, 5,964 sacks, 17,956 bushels salt; 1,270 tons iron ore; 370 barrels vinegar; 15,595 boxes tin-plates; 1,900 tons guano; 570 tons brimstone; 65 blocks Italian marble; 190 tons chalk; together with

THE MONUMENTAL CITY.—BALTIMORE, OLD AND NEW

icals, glass, earthen- and iron-ware, etc.,
ht in steamships and sailing vessels.
ere were 122 vessels cleared for foreign ports,
with cargoes, viz: Steamships 6, ships 4, barks
brigs 15, schooners 12. The principal articles
ported were 2,434,494 bushels corn, against
13,035 bushels in January; 37,117 bushels
heat, 37,927 barrels flour, 1,308,712 gallons
troleum, 708,079 pounds lard, 601,009 pounds
acon; 2,108 hogsheads, 1,536 cases, 30,000
ounds tobacco; 815 hogsheads tobacco stems,
5,774 bags bark, 1,020 sacks clover seed, 152 rolls
leather, 2,179 bales cotton, 3,373 tons coal,
together with miscellaneous products. Total value
of exports, \$2,839,627.

The comparative receipts of grain for the months
of February, 1876 and 1877, were as follows:

| | Wheat. | Corn. | Oats. | Rye. |
|----------------------|---------|-----------|--------|--------|
| February, 1876 . . . | 93,856 | 2,719,138 | 64,025 | 3,574 |
| February, 1877 . . . | 116,849 | 2,299,040 | 35,063 | 10,422 |
| Increase | 22,993 | | | 6,848 |
| Decrease | | 420,098 | 28,962 | |

The comparative receipts of flour, etc., for the
months of February, 1876 and 1877, were as
follows:

| | City Millers. Barrels. | Per Rail. Barrels. | Lt. Pt. Delivered. | C'n Mt. Barrels. |
|----------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| February, 1876 . . . | 23,223 | 68,862 | 10,119 | 3,636 |
| February, 1877 . . . | 23,556 | 77,106 | 8,140 | 2,295 |
| Increase | 333 | 8,244 | | |
| Decrease | | | 1,979 | 1,341 |

Southern coastwise trade was in the usual vol-
ume, exports comprising groceries, provisions, dry
goods, etc., and imports including cotton, naval
stores, lumber, tobacco, etc.

Receipts for duties in coin at the custom-house
were \$284,518.45, and from all sources \$298,-
456.02.

Another side of our "modern Christian civili-
zation" is well represented by Fort McHenry,
situated on a point of land between the harbor
and the Patapsco. Here, in 1814, the English
Britishers and the American Britishers (for there
was hardly time in those days for real Americans
to be born) felt called upon to pound and pepper
each other with cannon-balls and red-hot shot,
over the trifling questions that lay at the bottom
of what is known as the War of 1812. The fort
was bravely commanded, in those days, by a Col-
onel Armistead, otherwise, like other millions of
flows, long since forgotten; and was success-

fully defended against the impru-
The event is mainly memorable, by
the fact that on this occasion Fra-
while a prisoner on board one of
vessels (the historians do not tell us
but on an actual British-oak ship, t
more Bay, his patriotic soul chafing
tivity, and his eyes straining, peering
ship's hole as they put him in, die
trying circumstances, compose our
"the Star-Spangled Banner," the
hymn of any force and fire that
Muse has inspired and given us, e
these days. "The Star-Spangled
mean the song, is worth the war an
who died in it, and it does seem
forth such flaming snatches of soul-fi-
pangs and general agonies of peace
permitted in this world. At all ev-
soner Key and his burst of song as
sole surviving, actual and command
that are left to us from those days; ar
ever come when men will be really
nothing of Christian, will they ne
McHenry into a monument to this
spike its guns and devote its exp
national music or some culture of th

Many years afterwards Edgar Al-
some beautiful, and many weird and
here, laboring under the influence o
bondage, not so noble or ennobling
but the Muse still hovers over th
speak of the many tootings and f
Baltimore poets of the male an
sion, the city has given us in the
Lanier, one of the special pets
cotemporary—a most irregular
mental, extravagant and gran
poet, who has written Cente
much else of the same sort, i
four years; a man of consi
feeling; a sort of combinat
features of Milton and Swi
dignity of the one or the
the other—a poet such as th
Philadelphia *Evening Bull*
gantly, which is not say
mentary thing in the worl

By a necessary law of
Baltimore, like most of
from east to west and fr

the pressure of the Old World toward the Pacific, and still on to India and the cradle of the race; like a hare started by the hounds, flies over the acres but seeks its lair toward the end of the chase and the evening of the day. It is the seeking of conquering races, on all spots, for the nearest approaches to the temperature out of which their fathers have come for all these thousands of years. "Old Town," where our friend David Jones perambulated a hundred years ago, the section of the

thoroughfare. Like most main business streets of great cities, Baltimore street, as by a law of nature, occupies a very central position. All parts of the city seem to flow into it. It is not like Chestnut street, Philadelphia, or Broadway, New York, but is a sort of mixture of Broadway and Fourth avenue, or Chestnut and Market streets. It has the usual display of empty trowsers, ribbons, and calicoes, with the usual crowds of admirers and purchasers. A few of the dry-goods houses are



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

city now gone through by the traveller in the steam cars before he reaches the depot, is not the most beautiful neighborhood to be found on this planet. It has the air of faded respectability, and is mainly noted, in these days, as the section where the impulsive Baltimoreans flew at the Federal troops, from Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, while on their way to Washington, April 19, 1861; but many of the houses in this section still have the comfortable conscious look of old time gentility. "Up town" and "West," however, are the ways of wealth and fashion. Baltimore, formerly Market street, is the great retail business

very elegant and beautiful, both in their internal arrangements and external appearance.

To get a good idea of the city one cannot do better than walk or ride a mile or so through the business part of Baltimore street, then stroll or drive up Charles street to the Washington Monument, pay your fifteen cents, take a lantern and mount the dark spiral stairway two hundred and twenty-seven steps to the top of this fine marble Doric pile, erected by the people of Maryland to the memory of the immortal Washington. We believe in monuments in general, not so much for the good they are to the dead as the living, and

we believe in this Washington Monument particularly. It is a fine, clean marble column, one hundred and sixty-four feet high, with a good solid base fifty feet square, with inscriptions of important events in the life of Washington, wrought in iron letters on each of its four sides.

The view from the top commands the whole

of the four streets running east, west, north and south from the monument, has a little park in the centre, and the churches, public buildings and private mansions about them all indicate wealth and luxury. On one corner, at the base of the monument, is the noted Peabody Institute, a very substantial looking building of white



LORD BALTIMORE (SIR GEORGE CALVERT).¹

situation, and the immediate vicinity of the monument is the richest, healthiest looking, cleanest and most aristocratic portion of the city. Each

¹The founder and enlightened lawgiver of Maryland—born at Kipling, in Yorkshire, England, about 1582, was descended from a noble Flemish family of the same name. He was educated at Oxford University. By his talents and virtues he gained the confidence of James I., who appointed him, in 1619, one of the principal Secretaries of State. Bancroft says, "Calvert deserved to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent lawgivers of all ages. He was the first to plan the establishment of popular institutions, with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience."

EDITOR.

in plain Grecian style, with copper roof one hundred and seventy feet on Mount Vernon Place and one hundred and fifty feet on Lexington street. The Institute was dedicated October 1866. It has four separate departments, a reference library, a lecture department, a conservatory of music and an art gallery. The building at this writing contains over sixty-two thousand volumes, selected with great care, and fairly represents the most valuable literature of the country. The Maryland Institute for the promotion of mechanic arts, the Academy of Science, and the Maryland Historical Society, are places of

interest, and are worthy of mention. On an opposite corner from the Peabody Institute is the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, a well proportioned and beautiful, though somewhat diminutive looking Gothic structure, built of the new serpentine, or green stone, with facings and trimmings of brown and drab; steeple and all decorations of solid stone. As to its architecture, it is one of the most perfect little gems we have ever seen in any American city; but it does not look as though it amounted to much as a place for Methodist preaching, and looks altogether more like a thing of ornament than of any real religious utility.

The new building of the Young Men's Christian Association is, if anything, more pretentious looking than its sister institution in Philadelphia. It is at the corner of Charles and Saratoga streets, is six stories high, built of brick and drab stone, and presents a brilliant and imposing appearance; the style of architecture being what may be called the tall and loud style of this generation, a sort of mixture of Roman and French and modern *exurge*. But it is quite handsome as modern buildings go, and is a noble monument to the young Christian enterprise of this growing city. A little further east, on Holliday street, is the new City Hall. It is of white marble, in Roman and French, with many features of real beauty and but as many defects, as is unfortunately the case

with most all our public and large buildings of these days, simply because they are mixed and mongrel in style, while expensive and elaborate in material and workmanship. A little further north, on Holliday street above Lexington, is the old City Hall, a very modest, worn and dusty old rat-hole, occupied in these days by certain boards



THE SUN BUILDING.

of review, etc., such as are always floating along the stream of political organizations. We recently climbed its rickety stairways to the trap-door in the roof. It is a place fit for owls and bats. Compared with it the new City Hall looks a shining palace of beauty and culture, and shows what strides in wealth and ambition the City of Baltimore has made in the last fifty years; and

no doubt the tax-payers here, as in other great cities, have a very keen and practical sense of the change. A city like Baltimore has of course a great many handsome buildings worthy of notice if there were time and space for the work. There are two marked features. The old churches and public institutions nearly all took the shape of a square sort of building with a low dome. It was the rage of a certain period. The University of Maryland, the Catholic Cathedral and the Unitarian Church, are cases in point; the new churches invariably run to the Gothic. The dwelling-houses are pleasantly varied by brownstone, plain bricks and bricks painted in various shades of brown and drab. The city is well supplied with buildings provided for public charities: The Hebrew Hospital, the Blind Asylum, Boys' Home, Methodist Home for the Aged, are a few of the most noted of these.

In point of social life and culture, Baltimore is to Maryland and a large portion of the South what Boston is to New England. It is *the* great Southern city. Neither New Orleans nor Charleston nor Richmond can compare with it; it is more intensely *South* in its temper and habit than Louisville, St. Louis, or Cincinnati. The home life has a rich dignity, with a little too careless luxury; and the queens and priestesses of the hearthstone and the home altars are simply among the gentlest, most elegant and charming creations to be found on this planet.

The Baltimoreans do not seem to travel much. In repeated visits to the city, we have remarked how comparatively few people, especially of the home people, were on the trains going into or leaving the city; yet Baltimore is one of the few great railroad centres. Next to the "New York Central" and the "Pennsylvania," the "Baltimore and Ohio" is certainly the road most talked about and best known east of the Mississippi River. It had a most dignified beginning. Charles Carroll of Carrollton laid the corner-stone, July 4th, 1828, and to-day, under the efficient management of Mr. John W. Garrett, its tracks may be counted by thousands of miles, and are connected with nearly all the prominent lines in the Middle, Western and Southern States. The "Baltimore and Potomac" is another road that one hears a good deal about in Baltimore, in these days. It was projected before the late war, but the work was not actually commenced on it till 1867. The "Baltimore and Potomac" was the first streak of nine-

teenth century civilization that the population "Prince George," "St. Mary's," "Charles," "Anne Arundel" and "Calvert" Counties, knew anything about. The road connects Baltimore with the Potomac River, and was opened Baltimore to Washington, July 2d, 1872. Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, already mentioned, is one of the safest and managed, and best-known roads in the country, a sort of backbone between the North and South, although more noted for its utility than for its beauties.

The Baltimore oysters are delicious and famous. Among the leading industries of the city may be mentioned, oyster packing; the canning of fruit and vegetables; and the establishments of W. Mumsen & Sons, Kensett & Co., Mahoney & Co. give employment to thousands of people, and among the best-known houses of this sort in the city. From the Washington Monument there still to be seen one solitary shot-tower in the Monumental City; but for various reasons this trade is not as prosperous in Baltimore as in former years. Baltimore devotes a good deal of attention to the business of sugar-cleaning. The Calvert Sugar Refinery, the Maryland Sugar Refining Company, and the Baltimore Steam Sugar Refinery, are enormous establishments in this line. In Baltimore in 1871 the receipts from this trade were nearly two-thirds as great as the aggregate of Boston, Philadelphia and New Orleans. Among the hotels, the Carrollton is perhaps the most elegant and most modern—one of the most extensive and luxurious houses in the country.

Of course Baltimore has a Park, and the one chosen for it is the most poetical of any park-name in the country. The enthusiastic Baltimorean declares that "Druid Hill is the most beautiful Park in America;" but he probably has not spent much time in New York Central Park, and perhaps he has not been half-way over Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, really the most beautiful public park in the world; but Druid Hill is beautiful enough, and under the ambitious influence of the Monumental City will for many years rank among the handsomest pleasure-grounds in the country. In every sense of the word, Baltimore is a great city, having a great past of which it may well be proud, and destined to a much greater future toward which it may well devote the best energy of all its people.

STAINED GLASS.

BY CHARLES STOKES WAYNE.

THE growing interest in all branches of decorative art, brings to our consideration the subject of stained glass; its style, manufacture, and æsthetic effect.

Although the ancients attributed to the Phœnicians the honor of originating it, yet careful research has shown conclusively that the art of its manufacture was known to the Egyptians as early as 1500 B.C., many years before its first appearance in Phœnicia. That of any shade, however, other than a pale blue, was not made in any degree of excellence until three hundred and fifty years later, when the manufacturers discovered that by a systematic use of the metals a variety of colors could be produced. With the increase of luxury and consequent growth of artistic taste in Rome, under the reign of Tiberius, glass began to be used not only in the shape of bottles, jars, and the like, but for inlaying the walls and pavements of palaces and public buildings. About the first century it came sparingly into use for windows, but it was not generally adopted for this purpose until many centuries after. For a number of years Venice was the principal seat of its manufacture, but some time later Belgium became the greatest glass-making country in the world. In the time of the Second Henry of England the people of the British Isles considered houses provided with stained glass windows magnificent. It was not until 1439 that these people began the manufacture of window glass for themselves, and for many years following they expressed a decided preference for the glass from "beyond the seas," just as Americans of to-day express a preference for European, and especially English, stained glass work.

That there are two principal kinds of colored glass, has become a generally recognized fact; and a few observations on the peculiarities of each may enable any one to discern the difference at a moment's glance.

The first method and the only one, which has any pretension to artistic excellence is called the mosaic method. In works formed by this process the various colors are represented by separate pieces of *pot-metal* glass, in which the whole

substance is permeated by the color. The only exceptions to this rule are as follows: *red* or *ruby* is invariably a coated glass, the coloring matter being so intense that were it made in sheets of the usual thickness, it would appear opaque.

A light transparent *yellow* stain, penetrating to quite a depth, is in some cases imparted by the use of pure silver. This color is much fainter than the intense pot-metal yellows.

A third exception results from the fact that blue and yellow form *green*. Thus, part of a piece of blue glass may be changed to green by the addition of the above-mentioned yellow stain. All *brown* and *black* parts, together with subordinate outlines and the shadows, are executed by means of the pigment *enamel brown*, laid on with a brush.

The process of preparing a work by this method is an exceedingly interesting operation. Having selected the design, the first thing necessary is to make a full-sized drawing of the window, representing the exact dimensions of the several parts. It is desirable to introduce the lead so that it will form bold outlines, and thus heighten the effect of the glass by plainly separating the figures from the background, and by giving a depth of shade to the folds of the drapery. If attention is paid to this, the lines, instead of marring the effect of the work by their prominence will add greatly to its beauty. From the first drawing a second one is traced, and is called the "cutting drawing," showing the shape and size of each piece of glass to be used. On this the artist marks the tints and colors he wishes, and the drawing is then sent to the glass-cutter, who selects from the various sheets of colored glass the tints desired. He then with a diamond cuts out the required shapes, and they are sent to the artist, who places them temporarily upon a glass easel, and paints on the minor outlines, the shadows, and the black and brown parts with *enamel brown*. The parts that he wishes to be stained yellow he covers with silver mixed with ochre or clay, and the pieces are removed to the kilns. Here they are placed on iron shelves and exposed to a heat sufficient to slightly fuse the surface of the glass, thus causing

the outlines, shading and yellow staining, to become permanently imprinted upon it. The brilliancy of the glass may be injured by a failure to stop the firing at the right moment, or by defects in the construction of the kiln. Great care is taken to allow it to cool very slowly, as by rapid cooling it is liable to crack. One firing, as a general thing, is insufficient, many of the parts requiring further painting, which being done, they are placed again in the kiln and receive a final firing. The "cutting drawing" having been laid on a large board or table, the various pieces are properly placed upon it, and are then joined together by means of leaden bands grooved on each side and bent according to the drawing. These having been soldered together at all their intersections, the parts are all united and the window or panel is made.

Enamelled glass, that in which the surface only is colored, is much more modern, and exceedingly cheaper than the manufactures of *pot-metal*, above described. The origin of enamelled glass was in the futile effort of glass painters to imitate nature more closely than was possible by the mosaic method. They wished to produce on transparent glass the same effect obtained by artists on canvas, and their endeavors were accordingly useless. All attempts at painting pictures true to nature on transparent surfaces are necessarily failures, and though the resemblance to the original may be *better* than in mosaic glass, the colors do not possess the depth and brilliancy of the *pot-metal*. Painted windows all sooner or later become dingy; and, as a writer has stated, "are not very much superior, as far as coloring is concerned, to the productions of the modern art of 'diaphanic,' or the transparencies displayed on the streets about election times." The mosaic method, as I have before stated, is the only process worthy of our consideration, and to that art I shall endeavor to confine the remainder of this article.

To the late Mr. Charles Winston, of England, we owe much, if not all, that we know of the different styles of English ancient and mediæval stained glass. As the late Mr. Rickman divided English architecture from the Conquest to the Reformation into three principal styles: the *Early English*, the *Decorated* and the *Perpendicular*, so he classified painted windows. So minute was his attention to detail, that we are now able to distinguish by the peculiarities of

drawing and coloring, the period in which the window was painted. In the following list of the styles, our principal authority is Mr. Winston's work on this subject:

THE EARLY ENGLISH STYLE may be said to have continued from the first introduction of stained glass windows until the earlier part of the reign of Edward I., or about the year 1280. The characteristics of this style may be summed up as follows:

The foliage is generally unnatural, and the artificial and ornamental scrolls of the early English stonework. The figures are of an exceedingly flat appearance, there is no attempt whatever to make them appear in relief. There is an utter want of perspective in the canopies, which are generally low in proportion to the figures which they contain. The windows of this period are noted for drawing and disregard of anatomy in the representations of the human figure. There are many peculiarities in the glass itself, and in the method of its construction. The glass is not so transparent as that of later periods, and the colors are much richer and softer than those seen in windows of a subsequent period. The windows of this period are noted for strong dark lines of enamel bordering the glass by a large quantity of lead work. The most early English examples are *white pattern* windows, composed of panels of white glass, on which is drawn a distinct foliated pattern.

The windows of the DECORATED STYLE followed the early English and flourished during the thirteenth century, from 1280 to 1380, are characterized by more natural forms of foliage, the introduction of the before mentioned yellow stain, and the canopies, exhibiting quite an amount of architectural detail. These have flat fronts, straight gables, and high spires and pinnacles, colored red, blue, or green. The glass of this period is less substantial than formerly, the lines less thick and less frequent, and the figures are more anatomically correct.

In the PERPENDICULAR STYLE, dating from about 1380 to 1530, there is a return to convention, and a predominance of a peculiarly flat and delicate kind, and a dominance of yellow and white stain. After the middle of the fifteenth century the canopies are conspicuous for the first time for any attempt at perspective.

THE CINQUE CENTO, or sixteenth century, has for its distinctive characteristic the

aisance and Italian forms in the place sometimes the styles are mingled, and the Gothic is dropped entirely. It emerges and more varied subjects than any crosses, and by some is considered the of the art of stained glass manufacture. ly considered, stained glass windows tive of the finest effects. In churches rals they seem to be most appropriate. rays of the glorious sun falling through aking of their rich colors, and withal em to impress the beholder with the the place. Thus must the poet Milton impressed when in his beautiful poem, so," he wrote these lines:

And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light."

glass, from designs of a domestic has a rich appearance in dwellings. ndows of this material give an exceed-effect, and are by no means uncommon.

Stained glass windows to admit light to stairways are frequently used in villas, but for city mansions they are mostly inappropriate, on account of the gloom, as a general rule, caused by surrounding buildings. As fire-screens stained glass in frames of oak, ebony, walnut, or mahogany, is very pleasing. The bright glow of the fire shining through the rich dark colors of the *pot-metal* glass, gives a cheerful tone to the whole apartment. Stained glass medallions and panels hung in windows, are a very pleasant decoration. There are also numerous other ways in which stained glass may be applied to domestic purposes; and now that Americans are becoming more susceptible to the claims of art in household decoration, some attention to this subject, will, I trust, cause them to see its advantages as a beautifier of the home as well as the church.

The upper panes of windows in houses built in the Queen Anne style, are very generally filled in with stained glass, usually in heraldic designs, adding greatly to the beauty of the apartments.

HOW THINGS MOVE.

BY MARY GRANGER CHASE.

g ago a lady was singing in a room andelier with many glass shades was The lady's voice was loud and strong, continued her song, her voice shattered glass shades to fragments. hat sounds like a strange story to you, but voices do and always have done, igs. There was once an inn-keeper to his earnings by letting his guests see drinking cups with his voice. In the e Jews' ancient book of laws, there is said about the reparation that should hen an article is broken by the voice estic animal. We are told that on the ain roads of Switzerland, the muleteers bells of their mules, lest the tinkling an avalanche. A dog can play the o far as to make certain strings vibrate; and, after all, vibration of the strings es all the music of the pianoforte.

is a moving to and fro as we see the f the clock do. All things have a

certain vibration, though it cannot always be seen; some things have a number of vibrations in their different parts. And when two things vibrate in time with each other, and are near each other, though it is only air that connects them, the moving of one is affected by that of the other. The lady's voice broke the shade because they vibrated in time with each other, and the motion of the voice so increased the motion of the glass as to loosen its particles and make it fall apart. When two clocks, with pendulums that have the same range of vibration, are in the same room, and the clock doors are open, if the pendulum of one is set in motion, the pendulum of the other will move too. This is the principle; every time the pendulum of the first clock vibrates, it sends a puff of air in the direction of the pendulum of the second clock; and these puffs, continued regularly, set the pendulum of the second clock a-going. When two pianos are in the same room, if the strings of one are struck, not only will they vibrate, but also the corresponding strings of the other

piano, provided that the forte pedal of the second piano has been depressed. And if you whistle a note into a piano, or violin, the strings of the instrument in unison with that note will audibly take it up.

In London boys carry milk about the streets in pails which hang from a yoke on their shoulders, and are held off from their bodies by hoops just below the waist. If these boys kept up a regular step, the vibration of their bodies would increase the vibration of the milk until that was spilled. The little fellows may not quite understand the philosophy of the matter, but they know they must change their step from time to time to keep their milk in the pails.

A strong gust of wind will uproot a majestic tree when it comes just in time with the tree's own swing, or vibration. Some years ago there was considerable annoyance in one of the mills in Lowell, because the walls and floors of the building were shaken on certain days by the machinery. At these times, a pail of water would be almost emptied of its contents by the motion of the factory. It was finally discovered that on the days of disturbance the machinery went at a rate in keeping with the vibration of the building, and the trouble was readily overcome, by making the machinery work either faster or slower than had been the custom.

The first iron bridge ever built was that at Colebrooke Dale, in England. While it was building a fiddler came along, and exclaimed, "I can fiddle that bridge down!" The workmen, little alarmed, bade him fiddle away to his heart's content. Whereupon the musician tried one note after another upon his instrument until he hit upon one in tune with the movement of the bridge, and then the structure began to quiver so perceptibly that the laborers begged him to cease and let them alone.

It is usual for a band of soldiers when they come to a bridge to stop music and walk over in broken file. Terrible calamities have occurred in cases where this precaution was not taken, as at Angiers, in France, where a suspension-bridge broke in under a body of soldiers marching over in file, and two hundred and eighty lives were lost. Robert Stephenson said there was not so much danger when a bridge was crowded with men or cattle, or when cavalry were on it, as when soldiers passed over keeping step. Indeed, if it were

possible to make a mouse walk back continuously over a bridge, keeping the vibration of the bridge, the mouse would eventually destroy the bridge.

When Galileo discovered, that by holding his mouth upon a pendulum each time it came away from him, he could greatly increase its velocity, he arrived at the important principle, that a slight impulse, if regularly repeated, is of great consequence. On the same principle, a heavy bell that a strong man can scarcely move by one pull with all his might, can be set in violent motion by a mere boy, if there be regular pulls at the rope, because each pull increases the bell's vibration. So in a child, if a push is given every time the child comes back, he will keep going higher until he finally goes over the tree; but the sameness of the motion by giving a push when the swing has come way back, and yanking it when the swing is coming forward, will stop the swing.

Put a tuning-fork in connection with another tuning-fork of the same pitch, and its vibration will be increased. The same effect is produced by holding a tuning-fork over the mouth of a bottle, or by applying one that vibrates in time with the vibration of the bottle. The sound, called the song of the shell, that is heard when a shell is held to the ear, is the vibration of air in the shell. The same vibration of air is caused by the vibration of the pipes. Sound is the sensation we receive from vibrations that reach the ear. These vibrations are constantly passing through the air, and other matter may convey them. When a tuning-fork is felled, if a person slightly scratches the tuning-fork with a knife on one end of the tree, another person with his ear pressed at the other end can distinctly hear the sound, which in this instance is conveyed through the tree itself.

But what of the statement, that two vibrations create silence? At first thought, as suggested, it seems as absurd as to say that two loaves can make no bread. But when we remember that sound comes from vibration of air, we can believe that when two vibrations of the same system unite, they sometimes increase the sound, and, sometimes, just destroy each other and create silence. It is with sounds, or vibrations of air, exactly as in the case of the waves of the sea. One wave may join another in such manner as to ride triumphantly on its crest; or it may

the other's trough, and so stop the motion of
At one point on the coast of Ireland
is no tide, because the waves of the Irish
and the Atlantic Ocean unite in the latter

has been found that the Davy Lamp, invented
olliers to take into the mines, is not always
ty-lamp, for a very loud noise, like that of a
in a coal mine, may cause such an increase
ibration that the flame and the outside gas
meet. The effect of firing a pistol near a
Lamp was tried, and it was found that the
rt caused the flame and outside gas to meet.
Manchester, in Massachusetts, there is a
derful singing beach; for, owing to some
ilarity of form, the vibration of the sand on
beach is keenly musical.

here is also on the peninsula of Mount Sinai a
called Gibel Nakus, or Mountain of the Bell,
re musical tones are distinctly heard, and have
ited much curiosity and given rise to various
ulations concerning their origin. Some years
a Lieutenant Newbold, of the Madras army,
ited this curious hill. Setting off from Wadi
r, "after two hours' riding and a short walk
half an hour, he reached the place, which he
scribed as a belt-shaped hill, from three hun-
dred and fifty to four hundred feet in height. On
western side, which faces the Red Sea, is a
pe of about eighty feet, covered with a very
e quartzose sand, varying in depth from five or
t inches to as many feet, according to the form
the sandstone rock which it covers. This is the
ot from which the mysterious sounds issue. Not
e slightest noise was heard; but their Arab
ide, desiring them to wait still at the bottom
f the slope, began to ascend the slope, sinking

to his knees at every step. The travellers soon
heard a faint sound resembling the lower string
of a violoncello slightly touched; and being dis-
appointed at the result, determined to ascend
themselves, in spite of the intense heat of the sun
and extreme fineness of the sand. On reaching
the summit they sat down to observe the effect.
The particles of sand set in motion agitated not
only those below them, but, though in a less
degree, those all around them, like the surface of
water disturbed by a stone. In about two minutes
they heard a rustling sound, and then the musical
tone above alluded to, which gradually increased
to that of a deep mellow church bell, so loud that
it recalled the rumbling of distant thunder. This
occurred when the whole surface was in motion,
and the effect upon themselves, the travellers
compared to what they supposed might be felt
by persons seated upon some enormous stringed
instrument, while a bow was slowly drawn over
the chords. They descended while the sound
was at its height; and soon after it began to lessen
with the motion of the sand, until, at the end of
a quarter of an hour, all was perfectly still again."

There are also what are called "singing flames;"
for two or more flames burning within tubes will
vibrate in unison as long as they are kept apart,
and by means of them music can be produced
that sounds surprisingly like that of the human
voice.

If a tuning-fork, while vibrating, is held near a
certain kind of flame its vibrations will be caught
up by the flames, and by the aid of a special
contrivance can be *seen*. This brings us to visible
music, a real art now, and a highly interesting
and enjoyable one, but we must not enter upon it
in this paper.

OH, SAY NOT LIFE IS DARK!

Oh, say not life is dark!
There's brightness for us all;
For you and me and every one
The warming sun rays fall;
The moon and stars at night thy path
Illumine as well as mine,
For you and me and every one
The beams of pleasure shine.
Oh, say not life is dark,
Though fortune be not fair!
The cottage of the toiling man
May have a jewel there!
Though wealth has never round its hearth
Its golden circle bent,
Perhaps the gem of love is there
That hearth to ornament.

Oh, say not life is dark,
Though poverty be there!
Thou hast a heart within thy breast,
A soul which is divine.
Strive on, plod on thy humble way,
And peace thy lot shall bless,
The fountain-head whence issues all
Of human blessedness.
Oh, say not life is dark!
There's brightness all around;
How oft beneath a homely garb
A noble heart is found;
The laborer in his lowly cot,
The beggar on the road,
The miser and the millionaire,
All have one common God.

ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS, AS SEEN IN THE RELIGIOUS EDIFICES OF THE WORLD.

By REV. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, D.D., LL.D.

IV. EARLY CHRISTIAN, ROMAN AND BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE.

IN Greece, after the days of Alexander, the social condition of the provinces into which his empire was divided affected the condition of art; so, during the decline of the Roman power, archi-

When the Emperor professed the new faith, he caused certain of the buildings then existing to be devoted to Christian uses. It happened that some of them were so arranged that they could easily



BASILICA CHURCH OF ST. MARIA MAGGIORE, ROME.

ture speedily began to show that the age of purity and unity of design had died out. Indeed, for several ages nearly all the buildings erected were an assemblage of incongruous elements, in which new forms were commingled with others that were Roman in character, showing that the palmy days of building had passed away.

Two great events contributed to bring about this change, which became broadly marked in the beginning of the fourth century. The first was the conversion of the Emperor Constantine to Christianity, and the second was the establishment of the Byzantine or Constantinopolitan empire.

be adapted to the purposes for which they were to be employed, and in consequence of custom and usage their form affected the style in which future edifices were built, when new places of worship were required.

In Rome, important causes united to influence the style of early Christian art. The Christians were not a distinct people, they did not constitute a separate nationality, they had no special art or artists of their own. As formerly stated, they had at first to use such edifices as they could procure, and when they were permitted to build, they had to employ such artificers as they found around

them, whether Greek or Roman. Then again, when the Ostrogoths and the Lombards poured over the Alps into Italy they brought no architectural style along with them. They were ready to accept such edifices as they found in their new homes, and hence the style of the Roman Christian prevailed not in Italy alone, but it was

throne of the Cæsars, and when the heathen priesthood gave place to the ministers of the Christian faith, it was found that the Basilicas presented the most convenient form for Christian use. These buildings combined the two features of an exchange and a court of justice. They were oblong rectangular buildings, with a semi-circular



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNE IN THE FORUM AT ROME.

accepted and adopted among the Franks and the Anglo-Saxons.

No Christian churches of any importance were built at Rome before the time of Constantine, and by the time the Christians enjoyed the privilege of raising edifices of their own, their tastes and habits had been formed by their use of the old buildings which they had been permitted to occupy. The Roman Basilica became the model of the Christian church, for when Christianity emerged from the Catacombs to be seated on the

recess at the end, remote from the entrance. The interior was divided by two ranges of columns into three longitudinal avenues, the widest being in the centre. Across the end at which the recess was placed, an aisle or raised part was carried, and here the advocates and all who had cases to be determined took their places, while the judges on elevated seats occupied the recess. In very large basilicas the central avenue was open to the air, but the side aisles or avenues, which often had galleries, were open to merchants or spectators

interested in the proceedings of the court below. The illustrations herewith given, will enable the reader to understand the general form and appearance of the Basilica, better than any verbal description. It has been held that Constantine gave up his palace of the Lateran to the Bishop of Rome, in which an edifice of this kind existed, that the first church which he built was one over the tomb of St. Peter, and that he subsequently erected others, which were dedicated to the mem-

and the ministers who read the Scriptures and conducted the services, had to be provided for, and places were assigned to them in the central nave. The women were placed in galleries, or in the side aisles, and the altar or communion table was at the elevated spot which separated the nave from the apse or semi-circular recess, in which were the seats of the Bishop and the higher clergy; but afterwards the clergy were removed from behind the table to places on either side or



RUSSO-GREEK CHURCH, AT BUCHAREST, WALLACHIA.

ory of St. Paul, St. Lawrence, and St. Agnese. These edifices were built in the suburbs; for the central parts of Rome continued to be Pagan, long after the time of Constantine. Little is known of these churches which were built by Constantine; for they soon disappeared, and when Theodosius reached the sceptre, he had to rebuild them.

The heathen temples, if adorned externally, satisfied the populace without much internal convenience; but the nature of Christian worship led to the erection of spacious buildings, to accommodate the audiences and those who took part in the various services. The choristers who sung,

before it. In time also, though when it is uncertain, a cross aisle was carried out beyond the flank walls, and thus the transepts originated. The structure thus became cruciform in shape, and the term "Greek cross" was given to those buildings where the arms were of equal length, while the term "Latin cross" designated those churches where the nave was longer than the transepts, and the apse or choir which extended beyond the crossing formed by the four parts into which the whole was thus divided.

Though the Latin cross thus became the type of the Western Church, there were some buildings in which circular and polygonal forms were

ed. A round church was erected at Jerusalem by the Empress Helena, and in a short time, in Germany, England and France, the form was copied in a few places, out of which for the model in the "Holy City." When basilicas were erected, they were usually polygonal, as may be seen in the specimens that remain at Ravenna, Canossa, Parma, Bologna, Verona, Padua, Volterra, Florence and Padua.

the sculptured architraves of old ruined buildings. The internal beauty largely depended on the rows of columns used to separate the central avenue or nave from the aisles, and as many of these columns had graced older structures of taste and beauty, they displayed a certain style; but, in many cases, the effect was injured by the juxtaposition of columns brought from different places and wanting in harmony, while broken capitals were mended or



BASILICA CHURCH OF ST. JOHN LATERAN, ROME.

consequence of the low state of art, as well as owing to want of funds, the exteriors of the Roman churches were remarkably plain. They were built of brick. At the entrance end there was a low portico, which only rose about half the height of the building, thus showing utter want of the real use of a portico. Over the portico were three round-headed windows were usually placed, and over them again was a circular window. In the flank walls, windows were opened up near the eave. The entrances were square-headed, the common decoration being taken from

rather patched in a style inconsistent with the original.

One of the Basilicas built by Constantine is known to have had a hemispherical vaulted roof; but it was quite common in early Christian structures to have open wooden roofs, and this custom has continued from age to age and from land to land, especially in those buildings which affect an adherence to the antique in style. After the reign of Constantine, little was done for some years in church architecture. The greatest product of the times was the Basilica of Theodosius, which

remained until 1823, when it was destroyed by fire; but it has been rebuilt on the old plan. This



LOMBARDIC ARCH.

finest of the edifices of the age was four hundred and twenty feet long by two hundred and twenty, the church having a central nave eighty feet wide with four aisles. The pillars of the Colonnade, which were fine, were taken from other buildings, the walls were resplendent with frescoes, and the doors were of bronze.

New dynasties and new varieties of architecture appear in the seventh century in Italy. The Lombards had risen to influence, and they were great builders. In the forms of their churches, as well as in architectural details, they combined many different elements. The Latin Basilica, the Byzantine Cupola, the polygonal and the circular forms were adopted by them. They decked their churches with striking features. Coming from northern regions through Germany, they had Pagan and Christian symbols blended together. Externally they used slender compound piers, which were carried up the fronts of the churches from the ground to the eaves. Small arcades followed the shape of the gable internally, rules and proportions were neglected, the pillar or pier rested on a simple base, and the arch sprung direct from the capital, while the decorative imagery was profuse and heterogeneous. The four beasts of the Apocalypse, the dove, the Paschal Lamb, the fish, the hart, the

vine, Daniel, Lazarus, David, Goliath, Theseus, syrens, serpents, eagles, dragons and other symbols were of common use. The imagery was confined to the portals, but was carried in bas-relief along the whole front. In time, however, Scandinavian elements of these symbols disappeared, and the ornamentation became more homogeneous. Thus in the districts of Italy where Lombard influence prevailed, such changes were introduced as led in time to the prevalence of a style which has long been known as Lombard or Italian, and which may be seen in the cathedrals and structures of the Peninsula; but the inhabitants of the capital still adhered to the Basilican type. North and west of the Alps, the edifices which were now erected for ecclesiastical uses had the leading features of the Lombard style, inasmuch as the arches were carried from capital to capital, the arch being semi-circular, but the forms of ground plans usually adhered to the old method. Gradually a style was developed which, by the massiveness of the column, the elaboration of ornament on the curves of arches of doors, and of circular windows attained to a deserved celebrity. In Normandy and in England it reached the highest perfection of which the style was capable, and to it the next paper must be devoted.

Such was the early condition and its transitional history in "Old Rome." To the eastern part of



LOMBARDIC ARCH.

Empire and to the style which prevailed along the Bosphorus and in the East it is necessary now to turn

ne was fully aware of the fact that the heathen priesthood over the populace, influence which vested interests in an old ly organized state can always exert, e a formidable obstacle to any scheme e would attempt to undermine or sup- ncient national faith. Accordingly, d the idea of founding a new capital

which any ruler ever attempted, and the capital thus founded survived by a thousand years the glory of the elder Rome; while its final fall was only affected by the appearance of foes far more powerful than those by whom Italy and Rome had been overthrown. Far different from the expectation of Constantine was the result of his scheme, for the founding of this Eastern capital contributed



BASILICA CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, ROME.

would be at liberty to carry out his out such opposition as he expected to t Rome. Byzantium, the place which , though a small town, was admirably No doubt he entertained the belief that dation of his power on the Bosphorus le him to hold the sway of the East er grasp, while the influence of the old old still uphold the mastery of the the West. Thus, at a single stroke, e greatest measures was accomplished

very directly to the downfall of Rome. The sons and nephews of Constantine, by their quarrels respecting the provinces which had been assigned to them, weakened the central power; and the party which recognized Constantinople as the capital gradually became consolidated, and the Empire thus formed, became known as the Eastern, the Greek, the Lower, the Byzantine and the Constantinopolitan Empire.

A peculiar variety of architecture was developed in these regions, which spread eastward, southward

and northward, known as the Byzantine, the Arabic or the Moorish, and the Greco-Russian. The social condition of the East led to the prevalence of this style, which, in various forms and under different nationalities, was carried into Asia and Africa. It became highly enriched in the East and in Spain, in the hands of the professors of the faith and of the Prophet; but the limits of our space forbid an attempt at setting forth the

Ravenna, an Italian city, which continued under the rule of the Greek emperors for many years.

Until the time of Constantine, ecclesiastical edifices had usually been quadrangular in form. When a circular building with a domed covering such as the Pantheon, was attempted, the dome was placed on a circular, heavy wall; but the architects of Constantine and his successors adopted the bold device of rejecting the wall, and placing



BASILICA CHURCH OF ST. AGNESE, ROME.

differences which obtained between the Moorish on the one hand, and the Russo-Greek on the other hand, in their divergence from the common forms of Byzantine art. All even that may be stated about Byzantine architecture itself, must mainly be devoted to a brief description of the grandest structure ever built in this style. Constantine erected an immense number of churches resembling each other in their chief details; but none of those which he or his immediate successors finished remain, except his great work in Constantinople and the Church of St. Vitale, at

Ravenna, an Italian city, which continued under the rule of the Greek emperors for many years. The device at once led to a great enlargement of the space that might be included in the building, and it became possible, by placing the dome over the centre, to extend projections in the form of cross, and thus secure what in mediæval churches became known as the nave, the transepts and the choir. In the twentieth year of his reign, Constantine began his greatest work, the church dedicated to the Divine Wisdom—Santa Sophia—which was subsequently enlarged and beautified. It was burned in the year A.D. 404, rebuilt by

Theodosius, then burned again; but Justinian resolved to rebuild it and to make it the "grandest monument ever erected by the hand of man." Marble from distant provinces, columns from ancient buildings, eight of white marble from Palmyra, and eight of green marble from the temple of Diana at Ephesus, were procured. The

piers sustain semi-circular arches, and by means of triangular vaultings known as pendentives, the means are obtained for sustaining the huge central dome, the diameter of which was about one hundred and twenty feet. A rectangular court paved with marble and surrounded with Ionic columns formed the approach to an outer vestibule, out



THE FAMOUS TAJ, ON THE WEST BANK OF THE JUMNA, INDIA.

expense of the structure was enormous. The wealth of the royal treasury, tribute from the provinces, gifts from the people and heavy taxes were all required to complete the vast undertaking; seven years being spent in collecting the materials, and nine devoted to the erection of this magnificent church. The building stood east and west, the ground plan, approaching a square, being two hundred and fifty-two long by two hundred and thirty feet broad. In the centre, four massive

of which five doors led to an inner vestibule and from it nine doors of cedar, adorned with ivory, amber and silver, led into the body of the church. The nave included the part under the dome, and the spaces east and west of it, and these were paved with green marble. A cornice of white marble ran around the base of the dome, while the dome itself was pierced with forty-four windows. Forty enormous columns separated the nave from several side aisles and compartments,

one of the latter being set apart for the Emperor, and a magnificent gallery in the second story being devoted to the Empress. As the sexes were early separated in Christian churches, the galleries in the second story north and south of the dome were assigned to the women, while gorgeous thrones were prepared for the bishop and the clergy in the space at the opposite to the entrance, and in the semi-circular apse at the extreme end was placed the altar or holy table. In order that the idea of reverence which Justinian entertained for holy things might be adequately displayed, he

churches in the West; but in the Byzantine churches the eye was always arrested by the majesty of the central object, and carried upwards to contemplate the overshadowing dome. Still in buildings of the class which imitated the great work of Justinian, length was not despised; as the nave was extended beyond the dome, and on the altar side had the semi-circular apse; but it was otherwise in all edifices which assumed the octagonal or circular plan, the dome then being the only attractive feature. Another point ought not to be overlooked. External form and picturesque effect



THE RUSSIAN PATRIARCHAL CHURCH, AT MOSCOW.

ordered that pearls, diamonds, gold, silver, platinum and iron should all be melted and mixed together to form the mass with which the table might be made. When reduced to shape, it was ornamented with gems, and supported on pillars of gold. Engravings of this great church will be found in the number of the MONTHLY for December, 1876, at pages 412 and 413.

The principle thus established became a rule in all Byzantine edifices, that domes should spring from a square, and that galleries should be provided for women, except on the altar side. Still farther, it soon became obvious that a lengthened internal vista and a pleasing apsidal termination at the east end formed the impressive features of

soon became recognized as an element in ecclesiastical structures of the West, while Byzantine edifices were always simple in the exterior, the desire for magnificence and ornament which has always existed in the East being displayed by costly internal adornment.

It is not the purpose of these papers to add at length to Moorish or Saracenic edifices. It may suffice to state that the influence of Byzantium affected the East, and the style which prevailed on the Bosphorus became the basis for the work of Arabian architects, which presented very different forms in the several countries in which Mohammedanism prevailed. It was rigid in Egypt, florid in India, and gorgeous in Spain. Rep

tations of men or of animals being forbidden the Creed of the Prophet, the fancy and active imagination of the Arab mind found vent in picturing ornamental figures of minute and most complicated arrangement. The style reached its perfection when the Mohammedan power, reaching from India to Spain, became consolidated, and the best monuments of Saracenic art were displayed in the palaces and mosques which were erected in India, Persia, Syria, Egypt, Africa and Spain. Of these the Mosque of Cordova and the Alham-

large area, although there was a want of altitude, still the feeling of great wealth prevailed. To describe the Alhambra is beyond our purpose. (See pages 9, 10 and 11 of the MONTHLY for January, 1877). Volumes have been devoted to it. Its magnitude may be conceived when it is stated, that the flanking wall is two thousand five hundred feet long, and six hundred and fifty broad. This vast area, which was defended with towers, could contain forty thousand men. The interior was divided into courts, halls, porticos, galleries



THE GREAT ARCHES OF DELHI.

or Moorish palace at Granada surpassed all the Saracenic buildings of the West. Originally, the Mosque covered an area of six hundred and twenty feet by four hundred and fifty. (See page 7 of the MONTHLY for January, 1877). Seventeen gates opened into the building, and as there were vistas formed by nineteen ranges of columns the impression made on the spectator must have been exceedingly great. The illustrations given, of the Moorish column and the horse-shoe arch which prevailed in this style, will serve to show that in all large Saracenic structures where these members were multiplied until they covered a

and apartments. Everywhere the slender column, the ornamented Moorish arch, the Mosaic decorations on the walls, the cooling fountains, and the endless details of this enchanting scene were calculated to overwhelm the mind with wonder and admiration. It is not strange that the most eminent artists of modern times have devoted years of study amid the ruins of the Alhambra with a view to exhibit to the world the glories of a palace and a stronghold which in the days of their perfection must have presented an appearance of enchantment to astonished beholders.

THE AMERICAN DRAMA—ITS SUCCESSES AND FAILURES.

By A. E. LANCASTER.

THE FOURTH PAPER.

DURING the past few years quite a number of plays have been produced, most of them in New York, which legitimately come within the scope of the present article. From time to time Mr. Daly has brought out at his own New York Theatre—the Fifth Avenue—those peculiar translations and adaptations to which he gave the not inappropriate title of dramas of contemporary human interest. It is detracting nothing from Mr. Daly's great ability to remark, that he is more a user of the good material provided by others than a creator. His experience of the demands and necessities of the stage, and his constant study of the public, have given him an experience that is not without value, and though he has never yet written a single play that can strictly be called original, he has shown great knack in adapting the works of greater writers. He is a most invincible manager, forever providing novelties, and reading promptly and punctually all plays submitted to him that he has the least reason to suppose may prove of use to his theatre. "Saratoga," produced at the first Fifth Avenue Theatre, in Twenty-fourth street, some years ago, was by Mr. Bronson Howard, and attained its one hundredth night. It is a bright rattling farce in five acts, and from time to time is reproduced and always proves attractive. During the last season or two Mr. Daly has produced no piece by an American author. His intention seems to be to limit the new plays he puts upon his stage to adaptations made by himself and his coadjutors. The recent success of "Lemons," a translation from the German, is an illustration of this.

Wallack's Theatre takes very little interest in the American drama. After a long apathy the management one year ago, and after the expectation of the public had been considerably whetted, brought out a comedy-drama entitled "The Twins," the joint production of Mr. A. C. Wheeler and Mr. James Steele Mackaye. Mr. Wheeler was well known as a journalist, the author of the brilliant and witty "Nym Crinkle," *feuilletons* which for some years had been appearing in the *Sunday World*. He had had many years experience as a dramatic critic, and was noted for the keenness of his analysis and the pungent

briskness with which he habitually placed finger upon the weak points of dramatic construction. Mr. Mackaye was equally well known as the pupil and follower of Delsarte, the French expositor of what might be briefly described as the scientific school of acting. It was fair to conclude that the dramatic work of such a pair would be either a popular or an artistic success, not both. "Twins" was neither, but it was handled with bitter and unjust severity by a considerable portion of the New York press. The brisk repartees it contained were not bright and numerous enough for so sparkling a wit as that of Mr. Wheeler; the plot was obscure and involved, and most of the dramatic tableaux lacked point. At the same time "Twins" was a careful piece of work. It was veined by an excellent central idea; it contained more fine intellectual matter than most plays do which win noisy success, and a tone that certainly was not frank and amiable pervaded not a few of the criticisms upon it. Both Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Mackaye possessed such bright and brave ability, and such a true knowledge of what excellence of dramatic composition consists in, that either a joint production or a separate play from each ought to be expected by their friends at no very distant day. Apparently the Wallack management has since abjured American playwrights, though Mr. Wallack professes his willingness to give any American play a trial, provided the American play seems to him to deserve one.

Thanks to the unwearied industry and keen discrimination of Mr. A. M. Palmer, and the unhesitating liberality of Mr. Sheridan Shook, the Union Square Theatre is one of the most successful in New York. But three American plays have been produced at this establishment, namely, "The Gilded Age" (now acted under the name of "Colonel Sellers"); "Conscience"; and "The Two Men of Sandy Bar." "The Gilded Age" was a reproduction, and due reference will be made to it further on. The authorship of "Conscience" precludes my making any comments upon whatever merits or demerits it may

¹An original play, composed expressly for the Union Square Theatre, by A. E. Lancaster and Julian Magnus.

have. It was produced at the Union Square Theatre on the evening of May 9th, 1876, ran successfully until the end of the season, and has since been played with equal success, in most of the principal cities of the United States, with Miss Kate Claxton in the rôle of Constance Harewood. The authors have always felt indebted for their success to the exquisite manner in which their play was placed upon the stage by the management, and to the magnificent acting of Mr. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., as Eustace Lawton, in conjunction with Miss Claxton's fine impersonation of Constance, and commensurate impersonations by such artists as Mrs. Wilkins, Mr. Parselle, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Stoddart, and Mr. Theodore Hamilton. On the 9th of last October the same drama opened the regular season of the ill-fated Brooklyn Theatre, Miss Clara Morris creating a profound impression in the rôle of Constance, and the unfortunate Mr. H. S. Murdoch (who subsequently perished in the burning of the theatre) giving a very strong interpretation to the character of Eustace.

"The Two Men of Sandy Bar," Mr. Bret Harte's first attempt at dramatic composition—at least the first of which the public has any knowledge—was produced at this same theatre early last autumn, and drew fair houses for five weeks. It possessed excellent and picturesque material badly arranged. It presented phases of American life, however, that were novel upon the stage; and when Mr. Harte attains the difficult art of dramatic construction, or when he collaborates with some one who understands that art much better than Mr. Harte now does, he will bring forth a play that will keep the stage, and deserve to keep it.

The Park Theatre has been the home of several recent successes. Its first great success was that attained a year and a half ago by "The Mighty Dollar," by Mr. B. E. Woolf. Mr. Woolf may be described as a theatrico-journalist, having spent many years in newspaper life, and an equal number among the theatres. "The Mighty Dollar" is his first great success, and he abundantly deserves it; and this we say while remaining fully cognizant of the demerits of that play. Bardwell Slote is a disgusting and contemptible politician, and Mrs. Gilflory is a coarse and vulgar woman. In an artistic production two such characters could never have remained the principal ones. Such as

they are, however, they are just dashed with that extravagant spirit which is relished by a certain grade of American audiences; they are amazingly well acted by Mr. and Mrs. Florence, and a vein of coarse-grained satire upon "American institutions" runs through the piece and tickles the palates of the multitude. A still less artistic piece than this was "The Gilded Age," by Mark Twain, in which Mr. Raymond, as Colonel Sellers, made the success of his lifetime. During the present season, a very pretty little play, "Clouds," by Mr. Marsden, lacking any very strong element, was produced and ran a somewhat successful course of several weeks. The great success of the present season, however, is Mr. Leonard Grover's "Our Boarding House," of which Philadelphians know quite as much as any one in New York can tell them. It is a roaring farce, threaded with melodrama, and quite clever enough to encourage the expectation that Mr. Grover will some day soon offer another play still cleverer.

An entire chapter remains to be written upon the reasons why more plays by Americans are not produced. It is not so necessary that a good American play should be written, as that a good play should be written by an American. If a first-class drama be produced that is not only American in its subject, but also American in its authorship, so much the better. Almost every journalist in New York has an unproduced play in his pigeon-hole or his tin box, and we presume it is the same with most journalists in large cities. A great deal of vituperation is flung at managers for not producing more of these plays, but we cannot see that the managers are much to blame. They certainly cannot be very severely censured for putting upon the stage plays from which they think they will make money; and we venture to predict, that as soon as an American writes an original play as good as "Led Astray," or "The Two Orphans," or "Miss Multon," or "The Danicheffs," or "The Shagraun," or "Forbidden Fruit," or "Lemons," or "Pique," and succeeds in getting an intelligent manager to read it, his chances of ultimate victory as a dramatist become great. The art of successful dramatic composition is still in its infancy among the writers of the United States. In order to triumph greatly in that arduous sphere, we need, first, the dramatic instinct, then close observation, the study of the best models, patient toil and patient waiting.

"THE SHADOW OF STRENGTH."

BY WILL WILLIS.

"You do not understand us, George. Women are naturally very sensitive, and many things appear to pass unnoticed, which, in reality, are treasured with many a heart-ache."

"Certainly, Laura, some women are very sensitive, but not all. Some little women are as easily shaken as the dew-drops, and their tears fall as easily as the summer rain. But there are others, like yourself, dear Laura, who can take the world something as we men have to take it, just as it comes, without allowing ourselves to waste any of that surplus strength, for which we always find need."

"Then you do not think that I am sensitive?"

"Certainly not."

"Then perhaps I only wear my mask well."

As Laura Clifton said this, she turned her face away, and the eyes that sought to look into her own with a quick, questioning glance, only saw two little restless fingers that beat upon the window, as she seemed to be peering out into the darkness.

For an instant there seemed to be a shadow creeping over George Wilmington's face; and then, laying his hands upon her shoulders, he wheeled her around facing him again. But it was only a smiling face that met his. And he kissed the sweet lips that seemed self-reliant enough, just now.

"Laura, darling, you are not one of the women that would imagine a man did not love you because he happened to go away after breakfast without giving you a parting kiss. You are so much the woman that you can live within yourself, and never find it necessary to borrow all of your life from those little outside blunders."

Laura received his proffered caresses, and only wondered if he had the least idea how many times this interpretation of her womanly nature had brought a sudden pang to her heart. But her face bore no trace of the wonder within; and the smile upon her lips reassured the somewhat doubting lover, as to whether he had understood the course of her woman strength.

"I shall certainly take the world as I find it, George; and I shall accommodate myself to what-

ever does not appear to be just as I would. But I am something of a woman after all."

"Yes, 'something of a woman,' with a dash of a man's strength. Why, with all that boasted strength, I have envied you that calm exterior that seems never to have been unawares. Really, Laura, I am proud when I compare you with the rest of this fluttering mass of humanity called woman."

Laura's heart gave a great bound, for truly a woman in her love of approbation from the one she loved. And it was not only George Wilmington was thus enthusiastic in his praise of her. True, since their first acquaintance he had always treated her with the utmost kindness and respect; and his eyes always followed her if he felt that she was truly a queen in her right. But since his first outburst of love, he had never said, "I love you," but only by his actions. Often he gathered her up in his arms and held her there; but never until to-night, had he been so warm in his testations of affection.

Laura loved him with her whole soul, and would have given the whole world to have changed a little of this distant pride which he regarded her, for a little of the humble devotion that would submit to be expressed in words. But she would not tell him. He was proud of her as she appeared to be—stronger with more strength than feeling. So she gathered up her heart, and only laid her hand softly upon his, as she replied:

"George, I am glad that you are proud of me, for you are all—are all the—the—"

She was going to say, "all the world," but she glanced up into his face and saw the look, which her quick apprehension interpreted into misapprobation; and the words died upon her lips before they had been given utterance.

But when he gathered both of her hands in his own, and looked into her eyes with that searching gaze, she would have given anything to have been able to say: "George, I only tell you how deeply I loved you." But

not trust her voice to make another effort; so he only saw the old calm look, for which he had been praising her a few moments before.

He arose to take his departure, still imprisoning her little hands between his own; and a look of disappointment slowly crept over his features. He stood looking down at her for a few moments, then drew her up slowly until she was half encircled within his arms. But then, suddenly, as if something had stung him, he turned around abruptly, bade her good night, and went away.

Laura stood and looked after him, while the pain gathered around her heart. But the pain at her heart did not disturb the smile that rested upon her lips; for a life of peculiar trials had schooled her into making no sign. None but herself could have guessed that there was anything but calmness within.

She had been thrown upon her own resources from an early age. And there was a little romance mixed up in her early womanhood, of which not many knew; a fond lover, an enforced separation; and long years of cruel suspense, until the shock came, and he was dead; only returning to her a plain gold ring that had been a pledge of her enduring faith in him; telling her that the waiting was over, and the meeting could only be in Heaven. This she had borne and made no sign, because she must. And now, at twenty-seven, people called her cold and self-reliant! What wonder that her lover too had misunderstood her with the rest; she asked herself the question, as she sat and looked into the glowing grate. The busy thoughts kept turning themselves over and over again in her restless mind, and would not be quieted. But her hands were folded calmly together, as if in all the world there was nothing but rest.

So thought the one who stood and looked at her furtively, through the half-open door. It was only George Wilmington, who had returned to bid her a more lover-like good-night. Laura made a restless movement, and he started as if he would rush forward and clasp her in his arms; but she settled back with the old calm look, and he stood undecided. Then he turned away; he could not disturb her in that serene calmness. She had not even thought that he was unlover-like in his treatment! Ah! he heaved a quick sigh, and wished that she was a little more impulsive in her way. But the thought startled him; had he not, within

the hour, praised that undisturbed equanimity with which she looked upon all things? He went home and locked himself within his room, and paced the floor back and forth, with a restless movement.

"O, Laura! Laura! my darling! you have the man's strength, and I only the woman's! I have looked upon your brow that was calm and serene, while mine was bursting that I had not poured my passionate love into your ears. To-night, you turned me into a strange vein of thought. I almost thought that I detected in you my own unconquerable longing, but it could not have been. The smiling face that you turned toward me, covered no raging, stormy feelings. Laura, my darling, I worship your wonderful calmness; but I can never emulate it."

George Wilmington passed a restless night, and the next day looked nervous and worn; so much so that he would not trust himself to visit Laura as usual in the evening. The second evening came, and still he did not go; the third and he found himself somewhat constrained, when he presented himself before the woman he adored.

She had the same unruffled calmness, and he inwardly cursed himself that he must appear before her with anything less. He talked in a kind of random way, trying to drive away a seeming shadow that had crept between them; and she listened in the same old way, happy and smiling, until the man at her side grew almost desperate. But she could not see; could not know of this struggle within him. At last he could stand no more; and he went away, as upon the evening previous, with a suddenness that was almost startling.

The evenings came and went; and the ghost that had only been a shadow at first, grew to be real and weird in its presence. And the pleasant little calls that Laura had had from Mr. Wilmington every evening for several weeks, now ceased, sometimes for a whole week together. Everything seemed so changed, and yet no word had been spoken from which either could have said there was aught between them. That which stood between them was a shadow, but which neither could put aside. There was happiness which was not real; sorrow which could not be defined. There was calmness which, like Egyptian darkness, could be felt; and strength which despised its own greatness.

The weeks gathered into months, and still there was no change. They loved each other too dearly to part forever, and yet they could come no nearer to each other. Their very love stood between them. But this could not last forever; for even greatest strength must fail, when taxed beyond the power of human endurance.

Three months had passed, and George Wilmington again sat in the cozy little parlor, and Laura by his side. And the shadowy ghost seemed to have enlarged its proportions. Even Laura's feet beat restlessly upon the floor, though her voice was calm and even. But her words came in flashes; sometimes brilliant and charming, then sinking into the merest monosyllables.

There was something weird and changeful in the very surroundings. The winds roared angrily and threatening one moment, and then the next were as soft and musical as lover-like melody. The coals within the grate flashed up with enchanting brightness, and then died away in a flickering glare. This fitfulness in the air seemed to have entered their very souls; and the calmness that each was wearing as a mask, seemed almost ready to be carried away; and then it was drawn closer about them than ever.

George watched the little restless foot that beat upon the floor, and every movement seemed to strike upon his heart. He drew nearer, and again he imprisoned both little hands within his own. The propitious moment seemed to have come; Laura trembled. George did not look at her face, but his courage arose, and he burst forth in a passionate way:

"Laura! my darling! what is this shadow that has come between us? Is it that I have misunderstood you, and you me?"

Suddenly he stopped; the woman was as calm as death. There was no trembling now in the little hands that lay within his own. He looked into her face. My God! she did not understand him; she had no feeling, no soul!

With a quick bound he was on his feet, and flying from her. He reached the door; but a dull, heavy thud upon the floor caused him to turn and take one glance backward. What was that he saw in a dark heap upon the floor! He was back as quickly as he had fled away. He gathered her up in his arms, but the face that now met his was as white as marble. "She is dead!" he moaned despairingly, as he pressed her passionately to his breast.

"Yes, she is dead," said the anxious friend that came at his despairing outcry. And he sought to release her from the passionate embrace of her lover; but he did not hear them or them, and only rocked himself back and forth still holding her in his arms and repeating: "She is dead! and I wronged her in her last breath, thinking that the poor dead face had no feeling or soul, because it did not respond to my withheld adoration. Oh, Laura! my Laura!"

The hands they unclasped from her an hour afterwards were almost as cold and lifeless as her own. He was alone, and she was dead. The calmness which she had worn in his presence so long a time had taken her life. She wanted to be gathered up in his arms and loved as other women were. But she could not tell him so, her only effort to do such a thing had brought a shadow over his face that had forever altered it between them. He was satisfied with this emotionless coldness, and she would die or else succeed in being what he wished her to be. Twelve months like this had passed, but when, this night, he pressed her hands in his own, they felt like a dove that had been suddenly caught. She would have given worlds, if he would only tell her again that he loved her. But he should not see that she was weak; so she smiled softly as of old, and—she knew no more. The beautiful world had vanished. There was literally nothing. She was gone. She was a woman, strong in herself; strong enough to meet death, but not strong enough to meet her lover's displeasure. She could die, but she could not tell him this.

They clothed her in the soft white garments of death, and wrapped the snowy sheets around her. All was hushed, and nothing but the muffled tones and softly whispered words, told what was a calamity that had so suddenly befallen them.

Laura was beautiful in death. The same calm soft smile that had made her lover frantic, lingered upon her lips.

George Wilmington entered the room, and stood back, as knowing his the greater grief. His tender hand uncovered the beautiful face for him. He came and looked with a long, sad look. He bent over her and still stood looking. What was it that he saw? The people looked at him, and thought him mad. But suddenly they, too, stood still and looked. The snowy garments quivered, and a soft white hand was raised, and a weak voice

ered softly, but distinctly: "It is only the
w of strength! press me not too far. I am
nan, only a woman, after all!"
e white face that bent over her waited no
r. She was again clasped in strong arms
warmed and thrilled her back to life. The
e that had been hushed, was now full of noisy

running to and fro. Warm blankets were brought
and wines; and—But all was life!

Death had been very near, but did not claim a
victim. It only broke through the shadow of
strength, and bound two hearts together in their
weakness. Thus with their experience came wis-
dom, which is the foundation of all true happiness.

COTTON SPINNING.

BY EMMA L. PLIMPTON.

PART II.

With what unutterable longing Slater must have
thought of his old home in Derbyshire when, after
ling into Pawtucket, Rhode Island, he first
ted upon the miserable jenny with one card-
er, which was dignified by the name of a mill!
he had contracted to run for Almy, Brown &
; but finding it literally good for nothing, he
ruined from memory to erect the Arkwright
bine. He had not even a memorandum to
t in the calculations, and was forced to make
y of the tools wherewith to work; but, after
h labor and attention he succeeded, and to the
of the whole nation made yarn which proved
e as good as the best made in England at the
, specimens of which may yet be seen at the
eum in Philadelphia.

his was the first mill in the United States
ed by water-power. Encouraged by its suc-
ful operation others sprung up on all sides,
ng them one in Kingston, Rhode Island,
ch is still standing. Although no larger than
welling-house, it seemed in those days an affair
great magnitude, and a large stock company
formed to manage so vast an enterprise.

it was now thought that the factory system had
en raised to the greatest perfection which human
ll could effect, and no one dreamed that an iron
would be added, which would never weary,
t, driven by the force of steam, could whirl
und two thousand spindles in a single machine.
To employ steam to produce motion was first
gested by a Roman philosopher named Brancas,
o worked a number of mills in Italy by means
steam blowing against the vanes of the wheels.
s moved several Englishmen to construct steam-
ines.

James Watt, a Scotchman, invented the one

now in use, and he is, therefore, numbered among
that noble band whose fame has been established
by the wonderful impulse they have given to our
manufactures. Unlike Sir Richard Arkwright, he
was well educated and a philosopher, the com-
panion and cherished friend of the scientists of his
day; and, to carry the dissimilarity yet farther,
he was greatly aided and encouraged by his wife, a
lady of intelligence and ability.

The destruction of Arkwright's models by his
wife, mentioned in the first part of this article
(published in the April number), interfered with
his favorite pursuit, and caused considerable family
contention; indeed, Arkwright never forgave his
wife for this act. Subsequently it was the cause of
their separation; after which he devoted himself
with renewed zeal to his invention until it was com-
plete. Thousands came then to look with jealous
eyes at the "spinning engine without hands,"
which his genius had constructed, and gazed with
wondering faces at the successive pairs of rollers,
which could draw out and twist into a continuous
thread with the same dexterity as if the thumb and
finger were applied. The spinning frame became
so heavy by these intricate mechanisms that horses
were employed to turn the wheel; but this power
proved too expensive to be practical, and in Ark-
wright's famous mill at Crowford water-power
was used.

It is said that Mrs. Hargreave, in an evil hour,
boasted of having spun a pound of cotton during
a short absence from the sick-bed of a neighboring
friend. However this may be, the extraordinary
doings in her humble home were noised abroad,
and one night a mob broke into the house and
destroyed the jenny.

In the history of manufactures, we find that the

art (in its primitive forms) of spinning and weaving wool and flax into cloth was introduced by the Romans into Gaul—now France—and into Great Britain, before the Christian era, or about that time, yet the manufacture of cloth in these countries was extremely limited, until within the last two or three centuries. Flanders or Burgundy, now Belgium, was the first country in a high latitude and cold climate where the manufacture of cloth of any kind was ever carried to such an extent as to make it an article of foreign commerce and exportation. Though the Flemish seem to have been in advance, in the manufacture of cloth, of the English, French, Spaniards, and all the nations of Central and Northern Europe during the time of the Crusades, and for some centuries previous, yet they were behind the Venetians, and did not make very rapid progress in manufactures (and in fact it was impossible for them to do so) until the latter part of the thirteenth century, after the introduction of chimnies with flues, and glass windows in their houses and workshops. Flanders flourished and increased in population, wealth and power during the whole of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and until the commencement of the religious persecutions and wars of Philip II. of Spain, and the Duke of Alva, about the year 1507, with greater rapidity than any other part of Europe, except Venice, prior to the discovery of America. Venice prospered by means of manufacturing industry, and commercial enterprise combined; but the chief source of the prosperity and increase of population and wealth in Flanders, was their extensive manufactures of wool, linen, laces, etc.

Coming down again to our own time and our country, the United States, we may remark that our factories generally, and the cotton manufactures particularly, have been much affected by the importation of foreign goods, caused mainly by too low a tariff on those importations. The facilities we possess for the manufacture of this staple line of goods should enable us to compete with the world. The United States are not only producers of the raw cotton, as well as of manufacturing goods, but we are able to make cotton one of the chief articles of exportation to all the commercial centres of Europe. Like breadstuffs, with which we are able to feed the inhabitants of the Continent and isles of the sea, in addition to meeting the demands for home consumption—cotton is a principal medium to regulate the ex-

changes between the countries, and turn balance of monetary values in our favor.

Again, as to manufactures, it may be a matter of interest to capitulate the extent of the cotton manufactories throughout the entire civilized world.

The number of spindles employed in various parts of the world, are 28,985,000. These are distributed as follows: Great Britain, 17,500,000; France, 4,300,000; United States, 2,500,000; Germany, 815,000; Russia, 700,000; Switzerland, 650,000; Belgium, 420,000; Spain, 300,000; Italy, 300,000. Of the 2,500,000 in the United States, 150,000 are in the Southern States, and 100,000 spindles in the Western States.

The immense amount of capital invested in the growth and manufacture of cotton, and the large number of persons employed, make this a subject of great importance. It must proceed and increase on measures must be adopted to regulate the system with freedom and good morals. We cannot ignore this vast community. Industry and talent must be called into action for the promotion of the best possible order in manufacturing establishments, such as will conserve best the interests of all identified with them.

Worthy of the consideration of capitalists in this connection, are the States of the South. The 150,000 spindles now there, are small in number to what ten years, or even five years hence will witness. The extinction of slavery by the war, and the necessity which has forced all classes to struggle for existence, together with the settling of many enterprising spirits of the North in the South, taking with them their characteristic energies and inventive capacities, and no inconsiderable amount of capital, are all calculated to give an impetus to manufacturing interests. The triumph of the Eastern States will ere long greet the traveller in the Sunny South.

"He'll hear the spindle twirl the slender thread,

He'll hear the shuttle fly to win the worker bread."

Want of space forbids us from extending these observations upon a subject related so intimately to the growth of the inventive wealth of the nation, as well as the domestic comforts of every household.

As we clothe ourselves in the dainty cotton fabrics now within the means of the poorest among us, let us give all honor where honor is due, to these great men who have brought this thing to pass, and furnished pleasant and profitable employment to the thousands in our land who may be found in the cotton factories of the United States.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

By T. M. S.

OUGH the morning had been bright and the sky became overcast towards noon, and the shifting to the south gave indications of about three o'clock it began to fall. There was help for it, however; I had lost so much along the picturesque ruins of Schauenburg was already doubtful whether I should arrive enaue by daylight, unless indeed I should with a "fuhrwerk," under which generic suppose every possible kind of wheeled is included. "But if I should be," I thought to myself, "it will not be the, and who knows what new experiences or res it may lead to?" So I walked on edly.

ing an angle of the road, I observed before an in a black surtout, rather short in the and skirts, as if it had been made for his rother, with blue trousers turned up about les, and a large straw hat. I soon overtook d greeted him in the usual German fashion. wered cordially, and quickened his pace to e company. I slackened mine to accom- him, and we entered into conversation. ke a little English, and told me he was "a ' and that his "sufferings" were at Ober-

It was not a pleasant thing to be a ic" he said; people sent for him at all of the night; they had so little consideration, e payment of the sufferings (as he rendered ents") was almost nothing.

ou are not obliged to go," I suggested.

cannot refuse," he answered; "I should ld responsible for any consequences that follow. There is not a greater slave in than a German 'physic' in his own y. This very morning I was called up at o'clock by a peasant ringing at the door antly. 'What do you want?' I asked."

A bottle of mixture for tailor Sneck.' "

Is he worse? "

I don't know; he told me to call for it.' "

mixed the draught, and made it pretty for I felt angry. When it was ready, I to the peasant. Would you believe it?— it down and said he would call for it by-

and-by; he was going to a town some miles away, and, should be passing again a few hours later! A physic is not treated so in England, I should hope?"

With such conversation we beguiled the way, while the clouds gathered overhead, and the first heavy drops of rain began to rustle in the trees around us. We were now passing through a thick forest; before, behind, on every side, the lofty pines arose, shutting out the twilight, and making our road darker at every step. I began to think of shelter.

"Shelter there is none," said my companion; "scarcely a house of any kind for miles; we must push on to Oppenau."

We pushed on accordingly three or four miles farther; but the clouds grew darker, the rain poured down heavily, and the night closed in.

"What will become of your patient?" I asked; for the physic had told me he was on his way to visit one.

"My patient must take care of himself; probably it was only sausage-indigestion, and he may be well again by this time. I shall remain with you and share your destiny to-night; I could not well do otherwise, for it is so dark that the road is almost as difficult and uncertain now to me as to yourself. We must creep into the first hovel that comes in our way, or wait under the trees until the moon rises and the rain clears off."

At that moment I observed a light—a feeble glimmer, at some distance from us; it was stationary, and came most probably from some cottage window. We went towards it, and found a low range of buildings surrounding a farm-yard; there was an open space beyond it, where the timber had been cleared and the land cultivated. The sign over the door, although we did not see it till next morning, bade us welcome to the Golden Pig; and the place was but a beer-house of the humblest kind, but we rejoiced in it no less than if it had been a "company's" hotel. The principal room in the house served for kitchen, guest-chamber, and other common uses. There was a fire burning on the hearth, to which the haus-frau added some dry logs and branches as we entered,

and sat down by it. The doctor took off his coat and hung it up in the chimney-corner.

"See how it smokes," he said; "I might be said *uvide suspendisse vestimenta*, as an offering to the genius of the house for our hospitable reception. I wish the genius may be propitiated by it for the sake of this good woman, who seems to have something very dismal upon her mind, judging by her sighs and exclamations."

The poor woman did indeed appear to be very unhappy; but she spread our table with the best provisions that she had, and wished us a good digestion, yet in a tone so miserable that it was more calculated to spoil our appetite than to improve it.

"What is the matter, dame?" the doctor asked her, kindly; "you seem to have something upon your mind."

"What is the matter?" she replied. "Ah, great things—I am in trouble; alas, my sirs! what a trouble is mine!"

"Tell me what it is about," said the doctor; "perhaps I may be of use to you."

"No one can be of use to me," she replied; "but kind words are pleasant. I am a widow. I lost my husband by an accident suddenly, three months ago or more. I have carried on this little farm and *schenke* since then by myself; but I shall have to leave it soon; they will take all my pigs, too, and everything I have, and I shall have no livelihood in my old age—Ach weh!"

After a pause she resumed. "My husband always paid his rent to the day; he never failed; we put it away in readiness for the steward, and never touched it for anything else, however badly we might want it. My poor dear man used to keep it tied up in a stocking in a hole behind the chimney. He was very close, and never told me, his wedded wife, where it was hidden; but I found it out by accident one day, and after that he chose some other place, I know not where. Oh, that I could find it! And the steward was a rogue, and ran away with all the rents; and the last half-year's payment which my husband made is gone with the rest; and now they tell me I must pay it all again."

"Who tells you so?"

"The new steward—a hard man—a cruel man; and I am a stranger to him."

"And have you no receipt for the rent paid?"

"I cannot find it. My poor, dear man is gone,

and cannot come back to tell me where he put it. And the money; that is lost also. I have searched everywhere, but in vain; and if they turn me out of this place, some one else, perhaps, will find it and keep it for his own. Ach weh! alas! alas!"

It was a hard case, certainly, and I felt sorry for the poor widow. But what could I do? Her constant sighing, her frequent sobs, and ejaculations, added little to the cheerfulness of the evening; and as the rain continued to pour down outside also, we resolved to go to rest early in the hope of starting again at daylight the next morning. In reply to the question of *bed*, the widow told us there was but one bed-chamber in the house—her own. We could have that. We climbed a step-ladder to inspect it. I am not very particular, but the doctor, I suppose, was less so; for while I hesitated, he said it would do very well, and prepared to take possession of it.

"The bed is large enough for two," he remarked, pointing to it, cheerfully.

It was with difficulty I persuaded him that I would rather lie before the fire in the room below upon some sacks which happened to be there; but, after a good deal of argument, it was agreed that I should do so. "The English were an eccentric people," he had heard, "and I must have my own way." The widow did her best to make me comfortable; she had a place for herself in a closet off the common room, to which she was accustomed to retire whenever her bed was wanted for a guest, which rarely happened, and she would be close at hand, she told me, if I should want anything. "But I hope," she added with a doleful look, "I hope you will not be disturbed during the night."

"Disturbed!" I exclaimed; "How should I?"

"Ah, no! of course not. How, indeed?"

But I saw plainly there was something on her mind, and was resolved to have it out.

It was not without some difficulty that I persuaded my hostess to explain the meaning of her dark hints about being disturbed in the night. It was a subject that she feared to speak about, although it was evident that she would gladly have taken me into her confidence if she had dared to do so. At length she told me, looking about her nervously, that some folks said—*and for her part, she believed it*—that there were certain kind of fairies—little men, or *Kobolds* (that was the name), which came sometimes

the night to houses where there was any trouble. They did no harm unless one meddled with them. She had heard strange noises lately in this room, which was just under where she generally slept, but did not come down to inquire into the cause, nor could she now have spent the night so near it unless I had been there also.

"If anything should come," she said, impressively, "don't notice it; don't speak; don't move. Watch it and follow it with your eyes; observe everything it does, but don't call out nor stir till it is gone."

She sat down by the fireside, shivering, evidently too much alarmed just then to leave the room, although her little bed-place was so near, and separated only by a screen.

"Hans, the miller," she said, "saw one of these people once; it used to come and sweep out the mill and oil the works at night, and do many a handy turn for him; and he used to leave a little milk in a wooden bowl, with a spoon beside it, on the table, and a chair placed ready; and every morning he found the bowl empty and the spoon in it, and nobody had been there but the cat, and of course she wouldn't use a spoon, you know—cats never do. So it was plain the manikin came there; and besides, Hans watched for him once, and saw him. And I remember hearing of a traveller," she continued, "who came as you might to the mill to ask for a night's lodging in the pouring rain, and because there was no other place for him, they gave him some sacks to lie upon in the common room, as you are going to lie this night. The traveller had his supper, too, as you have had; but he was not satisfied with that, and in the night he got up and drank the milk which had been left upon the table for the—you know what I mean. And after he had lain down again, and was just dropping off to sleep, he saw the door open silently and the—what I told you—entered. It had a big head and broad shoulders and short legs—quite a dwarf, but strong as a bear. And it went about the room, sweeping here and dusting there, and looking into all of the drawers and cupboards; and he saw it mend a table, which was broken, with some nails and a hammer, but the hammer never made the slightest sound, although he used it lustily; and I have mended the table myself, so it must be true. And when the—little gentleman had done everything, it went to the high chair, which was set

ready for it, and climbed up and took the wooden spoon into its hand and wiped its mouth with a duster, and was just going to drink the milk, when it perceived the bowl was empty. It looked surprised at first, but dipped the spoon into the bowl three times and took up nothing, and then dashed it down upon the table in a fury. At last it fixed its eyes upon the traveller, who was lying trembling upon the hearth, as you might lie, and down it jumped in an instant, seized him in its great, rough, bony hands; shook him as a cat would shake a mouse, then swung him around against the wall, dashed him upon the floor again, jumped upon him, and would have killed him, but just then a cock crew, most conveniently, and the little man, with a frightful grimace, rushed away around the chimney-corner, and was never seen again. The poor traveller was terribly bruised, and although some people would have it it was all a dream, and he had had too much schnapps—because there was an empty bottle in his pocket—and had fallen about and hurt himself, yet he stuck to his own story. And who was likely to know best, I wonder! So if anything should come, just take no notice of it; and if it looks for something to eat," she continued, glancing towards the table, upon which was half a sausage and a slice of bread left, as if by accident, "let it take what it will. Ach himmel! who knows where help may come from? Good-night, my sir; sleep well." With these words the old woman retired slowly and reluctantly, looking around her timidly as she went, and I could hear her sighs and exclamations in the closet long after she had closed the door.

I don't pretend to say how much truth there may have been in the conjecture thrown out as to the condition of the traveller in the good wife's story, his bottle, and his dream; but I can assure the reader most positively, that the circumstance which I am now about to relate was not a dream, and cannot be accounted for by any such hypothesis as that above mentioned. I had no flask with me, and had drunk only about a glass and a half of "*halb-bier*," and that was of a kind far more likely to affect the stomach than the head. There was a good fire burning on the hearth; and as the *uvula vestimenta* of my friend the *physic*, and my own overcoat, were still hanging up to dry, I put on two or three more logs, and sat for some time watching the flames leap up, and the

changing shadows of the garments on the wall, there being no other light in the apartment. At length, growing sleepy, I adjusted my knapsack and the other sacks upon the hearthstone, and lay down.

I slept soundly for two or three hours. When I awoke the fire was still burning, though rather low. The rain had ceased, and the moon, then nearly at the full, shone in through the window, and lighted up everything in the room distinctly, especially at that end of it where I was lying. I took notice of this, and began to wonder what o'clock it might be. My watch was on the table, and I thought I would get up presently and look at it, and also stir the fire; but I felt drowsy, and disinclined to move, and presently the wooden clock in the room began to whirl and creak, and then struck twelve. Turning a little on my hard resting-place, my eye fell for the first time upon a strange figure sitting within a few feet of me in the chimney-corner; its elbow rested upon a small round table, and it seemed to be gazing thoughtfully into the fire; it was quite immovable, and I could hardly persuade myself that I had not mistaken some piece of furniture, a chair, perhaps, with a coat thrown over it, for a human form; but a more careful inspection satisfied me that such was not the case. I raised myself silently upon my elbow, and watched the figure steadily for a long time. The face was turned away, but it was apparently the form of an old man, dressed in the garb of a German peasant. On its head was a red night-cap; it had knee-breeches unfastened at the knees, and thick coarse stockings, but no shoes; the coat was long and wide in the skirts, and of some dark material. All this I could see distinctly, and I had plenty of time to make my observations, as neither the figure nor I myself moved for several minutes. I reflected that there certainly had been no other person in the house at the time when it was locked up for the night, but the doctor, the old woman and myself; and it was equally clear that the house-door had not been opened since then, or I must have been aware of it. What then could this motionless figure mean? Whence had it come? and how had it obtained entrance? I thought of what the old woman had said about "you know what," and remembered her timid glance around the room every time she spoke of it. Could she have anticipated this visitation? and was this really a Kobold, or something else uncanny?

While I was meditating thus, with my steadily fixed upon the object of my speculation and (I will admit it) of my vague and increasing alarm, it moved; it began to feel in its pocket if searching for something; each pocket-coat was visited in turn, but each appeared empty; the only thing produced was an old tobacco-box; and that was evidently not the object sought for, for the figure laid it down on the table with, as I thought, a gesture of perplexity and disappointment.

Presently the figure arose and walked slowly and carefully about the room, handling the chair and tables as it passed them. I could now see it more plainly, and my first impressions of it were confirmed. Once it stumbled against a wicker footstool, but did not take any notice of it. After walking twice around the room disappeared silently in the recess where the step-ladder which led to the upper floor. I thought I would follow it, but before I could do so I heard a movement in the widow's closet, and the next moment the door was opened, and she appeared, falling forward into the room, with a gasping cry or scream. I ran to help her, and found that she had fainted, or was in a swoon. I lighted a candle, brought some water, and did everything I could think of to revive her; I remembered that there was a doctor in the village, and shouted to him. It was a long time before he heard me, but he appeared at last, and with his assistance the poor woman revived. As she had recovered consciousness, she exclaimed with a shudder:

"It was he—I saw him!"

"Saw whom?" I asked.

"My husband!"

She was greatly agitated, and could not be calmed or pacified.

"My husband!" she repeated; "I saw him, saw him!"

The doctor told her she had been dreaming.

"Dreaming!" she exclaimed; "but I was awake. I heard a noise; I got up and looked through the door, between the boards, and saw him—saw him! This good sir saw him too. They were in the room with him," she continued, appealing to me, "and you must have seen him!"

She then described the figure, its colour, height, and general appearance, exactly as I had observed it.

"It was my husband," she repeated, "and

as; any one who knew him when he was old have recognized him; and without too, just as he used to sit before the fire any evening in that chair. It was he—I—Ach weh! it was he if I should never hear word!"

Some considerable time she grew more Ah, well!" she said, "time will show. Two hence perhaps we shall know what visitation means; it did not come for nothing—the gentlemen have been disturbed; I for it; it is my affair, not theirs; I will go to my little room. I beg the gentlemen's pardon; they must not be troubled, but go to bed; only I will have my lamp lighted and the large one off the drawers. Think of me. I will pass the night waking, but in the morning I will disturb no one any more."

She begged her to come near the fire, and to keep her company awhile, till she should have recovered from her alarm, but she refused. She was too troublesome already, she said. The doctor persuaded her, however, to take a few minutes something good to compose her; and so she went away to her little room and closed the door. The doctor murmured somewhat "his usual destiny—called up, of course, and ascended yawning to his bed-chamber left alone."

He sat by the fire pondering over what had happened and looking from time to time over my shoulder with a creeping sensation, expecting to find the chair occupied, as before, by the silent mysterious figure. Whenever I moved or made a noise, I fancied the sound was echoed behind me; but that, of course, was imagination. At length I turned briskly resolved to shake off this morbid state of mind, and looked about me; and now my eye was riveted instantly upon an object which had hitherto escaped my notice. There, on a little round table close to where I was sitting, lay the tin tobacco-box which the phantom had taken from his pocket. I was quite sure that no such box had been there in the middle of the evening, and that it had been brought there, as I had seen with my own eyes, by the old woman which the old woman had identified as the ghost of her husband. Was this the ghost of the tobacco-box, or was it a reality? I looked at it with a feeling almost of awe, and put out my

hand two or three times before I could summon resolution to touch it. At last I did so. It was a very ordinary box, with the initials H. S. rudely engraved upon it. The late landlord's name was Heinrich Stoffel! This, then, had been his box, and here was tangible evidence of the strange visitation which I had witnessed. Had he come back from the grave on purpose to leave this box upon the table? It was empty; did he want it filled? Even that thought crossed my mind, for I was in a matter-of-fact humor, notwithstanding my nervousness; and I remembered the bread and sausage left by the widow for "anything" that might happen to come. The Kobold, too, had been particular about his milk—how about the tobacco? But no; graver thoughts returned quickly. Yet this box must have some meaning in it; the receipt for the rent—could it be in here? There might be a false bottom to the box! I examined it, and pushed and twisted it, but could discover nothing. I turned it over and over a dozen times, and searched carefully for some secret fastening, but in vain. The only thing I noticed was a kind of figure something like a gravestone, scratched as with the point of a penknife, upon the bottom of the box. The more I examined this the more I felt persuaded that it was no accidental scratch, but was intended to represent something. There was a mark across the middle, and at one side of this mark a sort of flourish like the letters J. S., as if another of the Stoffels had placed his initials there; or it might be that these were numerals, instead of letters, intended to indicate the number 18. I had almost left off conjecturing what these marks could mean, when my eye fell upon the hearthstone at my feet, and it occurred to me that the outline of this stone was somewhat similar to that of the figure on the box; there was a crack across it, too, which corresponded with the irregular scratch above mentioned. This set me thinking once more. I compared the two outlines, and was confirmed in my impression as to their resemblance; but there was no mark to represent the J. S. or the 18, whichever it might be. The floor around the hearth-stone was formed of narrow bricks placed on edge; I counted these, beginning at the crack in the stone, and found that the eighteenth was concealed by a large wicker basket containing fire-wood, which apparently was seldom moved. I moved it, however, and swept away the dust and dirt from underneath it. Again I

counted the bricks, and a very short inspection of the eighteenth in order showed me that it was loose. I lifted it; dust and rubbish underneath; that too I removed, and was rewarded with the discovery of a small jar containing some papers and a bag of coin. I cannot describe my feelings, as, without lifting the jar from the place of its concealment, I replaced the brick, covered it again with the basket, and sat down before the fire to watch till morning.

Soon after daylight began to appear the doctor came down; but I said nothing to him, for I felt that this was a matter which concerned the widow only, and that the less it was talked about in the neighborhood the better. He called up the old woman, spoke kindly to her about her indisposition, and departed, having as he said, "sufferings" to visit, who would be wondering what had become of their "physic." When he was gone, I drew the widow to the fireplace, showed her the loosened brick in the pavement, took out the jar, and bade her examine its contents. She recognized the bag in a moment; it was one which she had made for her husband. In it, among other papers, the receipt for the rent was discovered, an I O U from a neighbor for a small debt, and three or four pieces of gold. I afterwards showed her the box, and explained by what steps I had been led to the discovery of the bag.

"Ach weh!" she exclaimed; "my poor dear man! it was his box; he always carried it about with him; I found it in his pocket—his best coat-pocket, after he was dead, but it was empty, and I left it there. And he came back last night because I was in trouble, to show me where he had hidden the bag. Oh, may he rest well in his grave henceforth! I shall have a house over my head now, as long as I live. I hope he will have nothing more to trouble him, and bring him here again. Oh, it's an awful thing to have the dead coming to and fro in this way. But he'll never come again, I dare say, now his mind's at rest."

Soon afterwards she called me up stairs into her

chamber; there were her husband's coat-breeches, the same which I had seen worn in apparition, lying upon the bed. "See," she said, "he went to his own box to get them out; he knew where to find them; he couldn't take them with him when he went away again, but he stopped to fold them up. I always used to do for him, and . . . it's like old times."

I left the house that day under a full persuasion that I had seen a ghost. But there was something grotesque in the idea of a spirit coming from the other world, going to his chest, and, with a natural sense of propriety, putting on his clothes before making his appearance in public, and then taking them off, and not stopping to fold them up before he put them away. And as I walked on I could not help thinking whether the events of the past were capable of any other and more natural interpretation. I came to the following conclusion. The doctor, after retiring to rest, felt cold; he had left the greater part of his garments below before the fire; he got up and searched the chamber for some extra covering; the lock of the chest in which the old man's clothes were kept was unlocked, and he drew them forth to lay upon the bed. During the night the old woman's dream recurred to him in his dreams; he got up, unable to sleep (being perhaps a little under the influence of opium, which it was evident he carried with him), put on the old man's clothes as if they had been his own, and came down stairs. After a fruitless search in his pockets and about the room for something which he seemed to think had been mislaid, he went up to bed again, entirely unconscious of all that had occurred. The marks on the tobacco-box were a kind of *memoria technica*, which the old man had made for himself when he first deposited his treasure in the new hiding-place, and the production of the box itself was, of course, a mere accident arising out of the doctor's dream. The doctor was the "ghost." No explanation is not satisfactory, I can think of nothing other.

MENTAL EXCURSIONS.

LOCKE, whom there is no reason to suspect of being a favorer of idleness or libertinism, has advanced, that whoever hopes to employ any part of his time with efficacy and vigor, must allow some of it to pass in trifles. It is beyond the

powers of humanity to pass a whole life in perpetual study and intense meditation, and the most rigorous exacters of industry and seriousness have appointed some hours for relaxation and amusement.

tain that, with or without our consent, the few moments allotted us will slide away, and that the mind will break from its stated task into sudden idleness. Severe and connected attention is needed for a short time, and when a man is alone in his closet, and bends himself to the discussion of any abstruse question, and his faculties continually stealing away to pleasing entertainment, and often find himself, when he returns to his first object as if he had never known where he forsook it, long he has been abstracted from it.

When he retires to his apartments, shut from the cares and interruptions of mankind, he gives himself up to his own fancy; new images come before him, one image is succeeded by another, and a long succession of images dances around him. He is at last drawn to life by nature, or by custom, and is drawn into society, because he cannot be alone to his own will. He returns from his excursions with a peevishness, though not with the edge of a student, and hastens again to his studies with the eagerness of a man bent on the advancement of some favorite science. His attention strengthens by degrees, and, like the effect of opiates, weakens his powers without any other symptom of malignity.

It is, indeed, that these hypocrites of the mind are in time detected, and convinced by the disappointment of the difference between the labor of thought and the sport of the imagination. But this discovery is not often made, till after a long time has been wasted. A thousand accidents may, indeed, draw these drones to a more early sense of their error and their shame. But those who are conscious of the necessity of breaking from this slothfulness, too often relapse, in spite of their resolutions; for these ideal seducers are ever present, and neither any particularity of time nor any particularity of place is necessary to their influence; they come upon the soul without warning, and have often met with resistance before their approaches are perceived or suspected.

Perhaps, not impossible to promote the cure of this mental malady, by close application to new study, which may pour in fresh ideas, and keep the mind in perpetual motion. But

study requires solitude, and solitude is a state dangerous to those who are too much accustomed to sink into themselves. Active employment, or public pleasure, is generally a necessary part of this intellectual regimen, without which, though some remission may be obtained, a complete cure will scarcely be effected.

This is a formidable and obstinate disease of the intellect, of which, when it has once become radicating by time, the remedy is one of the hardest tasks of reason and virtue. Its first attacks, therefore, should be watchfully opposed; and he that finds the frigid and narcotic infection beginning to seize him, should turn his whole attention against it, and check it at the first discovery by proper counteraction.

The first resolution to be formed, when happiness and virtue are thus formidably attacked, is, that no part of life be spent in a state of neutrality or indifference, but that some pleasure be found for every moment that is not devoted to labor; and that, whenever the necessary employments of life grow irksome, or disgusting, an immediate transition be made to diversion or gaiety.

After the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be, that interchange of thoughts which is practiced in free and easy conversation; where suspicion is banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint but unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than the desire to be pleased.

There must be a time in which every man trifles; and the only choice that nature offers us, is, to trifle in company or alone. To join profit with pleasure, has been an old precept among men who have had very different conceptions of profit. All have agreed that our amusements should not terminate wholly in the present moment, but contribute more or less to future advantages. He that amuses himself among well-chosen companions, can scarcely fail to receive from the most careless and obstreperous merriment which virtue can allow, some useful hints; nor can converse on the most familiar topics, without some casual information. The loose sparkles of thoughtless wit may give new light to the mind, and the gay contention for paradoxical positions rectify the opinions.

IN THE LIGHT.

BY MRS. L. S. MCPHERSON.

THE peculiar light in which Angelo lived, accounts for his excellence as an author and artist. Very few persons live in the light always, but almost every one approaches it some time in their lives.

Whether from this light, or from some other source, I will not pretend to say, but there are moments when the soul seems to rise into a clearer, higher atmosphere than usual, and with a strength unknown to it before, shakes off its shackles, asserts itself, and for the time is almost omnipotent.

History is everywhere studded with illustrations of the wonderful power of the human mind, when inspired to acts of heroism. Under the influence of some hitherto unknown power, men have performed wonders, startled the world, and rendered themselves famous for all time. Almost impossible victories have been won on the field of battle, where victory was wholly due to the inspiring force of a single man, whose magnetic presence was sufficient to thrill a whole army with enthusiasm, confidence and valor.

The inspiration of Napoleon Bonaparte rendered him more than equal to the combined forces of France during the hottest of "the Reign of Terror." And though one of this world's great ones calls him a

"Pagod thing of sabre sway,

With front of brass, and feet of clay."

he must add, perforce,

"Earth rocked beneath him to its base."

But it is not alone on the field of battle that man's great might declares itself. From the very lowest depths of suffering and sorrow, a single hand has sometimes been put forth, which has shaken a dreaming world from its slumber, led in a day of wonders, and renewed the cry of the Thessalonians, "These that have turned the world upside down, have come hither also!"

The single hand of a Luther, baptized in the font of eternal truth, was sufficient to tear away the subtle vail of superstition and deceit woven by a crafty priesthood, from the beclouded eyes of half a world, hurl the mitres from the brows of

priests and humble mailed princes in the d and, smiting the rock of delusion, he started o divine current which has never ceased to flow.

The hearts of the world's poets have utter themselves only in life's supreme moments. Hence a pathos so deep and tender as to leave a wor in tears; a grace and grandeur which lifts us abo the pains and miseries of common existence, beauty which has strewn the roughest paths o human life with imperishable bloom and unfad lustre; a delicacy which has touched and tran figured the hearts of millions; a truthfulness whic has made the world of literature a shrine for ever truth-loving soul, and a sanctuary for every bruis and troubled heart, with ability to feel, and tas to enjoy.

Byron, Burns and Moore, though neither c them acknowledged their inspiration as coming from "God's peculiar light," nevertheless, wring from their hearts, touched a chord in the bosom of the universal brotherhood, which has never ceased to vibrate, and whose last echo will doubtless break upon the farthest shore a time. All the finest productions of art, statuary, painting, poetry and music, have been produced while the minds of the artists were elevated, energized and impelled by some latent or external force, and so prepared for their immortal labors. Raphael's last and best picture, "The Transfiguration," had its origin in a mind illuminated by divine grace, and inspired by a love which quickened in him an immortal impulse, and crowned him a master revelator of sentiment, as well as beauty, a high priest of a royal art, who, feeling his triumph just at hand while passing through the door of death, as it closed upon him, whispered back to his weeping friends, "Great is the honor and beautiful the prize!"

All the grand oratory which has reached and thrilled the hearts of the people and wrought substantial changes in governments and societies has been but outbursts of irresistible feeling which, like jets from a live fountain, rose higher than their source, because impelled by some irresistible power.

THE FAIR PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION.

By DAVID MURDOCH.

CHAPTER XXVI. A MASQUERADE.

Our adventurer went out from the house of the Dominie, chewing the cud of the matter, and felt ready for anything that might come in his way of escape. He was becoming aware that the meshes of a plot were drawing around

him," said he to himself, "parson or executioner for that mock governor, and I am over, through the other parson I am fool enough to wait here till he tethers the rope around my neck."

He looked up to the mountain, and saw that it rose from the Indian's camp, and he was sure of being well received; but he did not make his escape without exciting some of his quandary he began to whistle, and he was passing him, whispered: "that air is not to be trusted in this region." It was "God Save the King" that had become treason on the other side of the Atlantic. So Clarence, the brave, held his breath as if he had been shot in the chest by a pistol which was fired at George Washington on his way to Parliament.

His eye was attracted to a stranger, who moved before him in the crowd like a China image of the London tea-trader, forward, yet shaking at every step, and then the last before a fall. So interested was he in the creature before him become, that his attention was completely riveted. When he felt his astonishment was, when on his right hand, there rose a sharp whisper, "Follow him, he has something to tell you," then on the left hand, a still louder voice said, "Clarence could not help looking on at the speakers, but there were none who would lead on as he felt inclined, he was dwarfed to a bridge; when coming to the right hand guard, a voice distinctly said, 'Follow him, he has something to tell you.' Running to that side the messenger looked, seeing nothing, nor was he persuaded, however, that there was a communication between the invisible whisperer and him, he through curiosity followed on to a small tavern, standing by a mill

surrounded by a few houses, built of red and yellow brick. The inn had a low *stoop*, which ran along its front, on which were forms for the lazy and the lame. A group of motley gossip-mongers were all around, made up of white, black, yellow, and other dingy colors. Dame Krouse kept the best of "Hollands imported," as she said on her sign-board; though her negro Tim, a great braggart, declared that he was a "better brewer than the bogs of Dutch land produced."

The different groups of men were engaged when Clarence came up to the tavern door, according to their tastes. The grave and gray men were discussing the late trial, and others were playing at quoits, and pitch the stone; while the boys were running at tag and leap-frog. It was a busy place considering the size of the small hamlet. Somehow a report had gone through the country, that an affair of moment demanded the presence of all who were able-bodied, and with the instinct of animal nature, they came where the carcass was. Sopus had been burned; Brandt was on the mountain; and Burgoyne had been captured, and something must be done at home to prove their interest in the public weal; even the young fry of the place were ranged under a captain of their own size as soldiers, following the sound of an old frying-pan, which a thick-set bare-headed negro, of the class simpleton, was beating with a club, in imitation of a bass drum.

Our adventurer stepped on to the piazza of the tavern, and mixed with the men who were engaged in discussing the affair of the church-meeting. It was plain enough that a difference of opinion existed outside the Consistory, notwithstanding the apparent acquiescence in-doors, concerning the precognition of the woman's case that morning; nor was the Dominie without his share of censure. The public mind, always severe at the time when treason is ripe and when fear has the ascendancy, was loud against the woman who carried such unmistakable evidence with her of being a spy, and of holding communication between Burgoyne's army and that of Clinton.

"Did na ye see the face o' the limmer when the minister put the question to her? she spoke up as

bardy as you like. Na, I thocht that the gude man himself was a wee bit bewitched, else he would na been sae easily bamboozled wi' the pawky quean."

This was said by a brawny Scotchman, who held in his hand a pewter cup filled with the strongest kind of cider-brandy, which he sucked up with a zest that showed his experience.

"Such stuff as that is gude enough to wet one's wizzan in this country, where you canna get better; but, man, if I had but a coggie of Glenlivet, how it would mak' me fidge wi' fainness. But anent, that action o' the minister's, he should hae sent the jade to Albany."

"Donald Grant, you are always finding fault with the powers that be; and even the Dominie cannot escape your rasping tongue."

This was said sharply by a small man dressed in silver-gray that fitted close to his body, and, though worn bare, was carefully brushed. His look and his manners bore evidence of his New England origin, and his pedantic speech spoke him to be of the pedagogue order, a class of men that have done much to leaven the west side of the Hudson with the love of learning, and who had, notwithstanding the repugnance of the Dutch to all the Yankee brood, found their way among them as peddlers, pedagogues and singing-masters.

"Noo, maister," said Donald, "you would tell me that men in authority should be respected, and my mither aye said that ministers were black crows to shoot at; and there's yoursel', for instance, in your schule, have a gude right to use the taws in makin' your words be enforced, but if you wranged my callant there, I would lick your hide out here till you were black and blue. Noo, as the Dominie himsel' says, you can mak' the application of this discourse at your leisure."

"I am not going to contend with you, Grant, when club-law is the rule; but law is law, and must be obeyed. The men that administer the law must be sustained, else where are we going to but down-stream? And for my part I do not value a man more than a tenpenny whittler who does not stand by the law. There, now, something is going on among that black generation. I must look after these imps of Satan."

"Mind, maister, I'll not let you interfere with a wee bit fun, for I like it o'er weel mysel'. You are king in your ain dominion, but here you are nae mair than a common man."

"Dat's true, Grant," said a rough-looking native with as many capes on his coat as there are plis on a tulip, and whose whole exterior was homespun in a figurative and literal sense; "but de santing cannot pe said ov de Dominie, who is a gre man every place he goes."

"Oh, you need na mak' the man mair tha mortel, Myndert Overpaugh. Sit him down on rock, with a spoon in his han', and he will find little to sup as the smallest o' us all. Grant was determined to find fault, and his spirit was up after he had drank a second cup of the cider brandy.

"That's a fact, Grant, the Dominie can br well enough on the bench yonder, when he has got all the congregation to carry out his will; but I would like to see him in the woods alone, and see if he would be so strong as he pretends."

"Now," said Grant, "I will not let any man say a word against the gude man in his absence, mair especially against his courage. He is a ston bodie, and there, nae later than last Saturday night, that ne'er-do-well Bob Eltinge and crony the smith were determined to shoot the gude man between this and Cocksackie. They themselves behind a tree in the woods, and lay their guns ready primed; but the minute that they saw the white o' the Dominie's een, they fell d like shot doves and let him pass. That pro Bromie, whatever you may say to the contrary, that nae man should lift his han' against the Lord anointed."

By this time the party had entered the mill, and were mounting to the loft, to which Clarence had ascended by the rear unquestioned. Sacks of grain lay around the large apartment, and on these sat a crowd of different kind of people who were enjoying greatly some sport going on at the upper end of the gallery. Bags of the wheat had been thrown together so as to form a platform above the main floor. On these were nine other sacks, which served as seats, where were sitting as many black dressed in their master's clothes, which they had borrowed without leave. The middle seat had on it one dressed in the true outer garb of the Dominie. His cocked hat, but crushed in at the sides, his coat, but rusty, and a large towel tied around the neck fell down over his breast in square ends to imitate the Geneva bands. Four on the right hand, and as many on the left, represented the deacons and elders, while in the front stood

young negro dressed in woman's clothes. A faded silk gown, with a high bonnet held up, so as to look like the high knots of hair fashionable among high-born ladies.

"The black devils that they are," said the man of books. "What a faculty they have for imitation. Making fun they are of serious things. I must teach them Connecticut manners;" and here he was about to act the part of select man, when Grant spoke out:

"You'll do nae sic thing as stop the masquerade. Let them get their sport out. My certie, but they play it weel. Noo be quiet."

The mock Dominie called out in tones meant as imitation of the real voice:

"Dis Consist'ry come to order. Squia perceed."

The man called the "Squia" had on spectacles like his model, and pen and ink before him, as if prepared to take notes.

"That's intended for mockery of the Consistory," said the teacher, "and shows how the public mind is exercised upon that trial of the woman. Hear the sham Squire, how he questions the *female lady*, that had the cup in her sack."

"Ha! but see how the black gipsy tosses her head there, imitating the white limmer in the kirk, that we saw. Her curls swing finely. See how the blackamoors jump at the sight. It's perfect pleasure to them. But, man, what a noise they mak'. I could hear it frae Cladich to Loch Awe on a Halloween nicht." Here Grant was getting disgusted with the capers, and stepping forward himself into the midst of the den, he lifted up a stout fellow by the nape of the neck and the seat of his tubbs, and gave him a few slaps with his big hand, that made music of a kind that brought order out of confusion, as he said, "If we are to hae sport, let us have it, and na mair o' deviltry."

Here the president called out at the top of his voice, "Silends! perceed to furdur bis'ness."

"Call in de oder prisoner," said the mock Squire. A young, lithe negro was here brought forward, charged with stealing a horse from Nellius Wynkoop, being a spy, and as guilty of forgery.

"What can be the meaning o' that?" said Grant. "Naithing o' sic kind has come up that the public kens about."

"That is, you have not heard about it, you mean. Everything is not told to Donald Grant

that happens in the court of justices, or it would not be a secret very long after he got it."

"What do you mean with your jibs and your hints?" said Grant. "If you don't tell me all you ken about that business, I'll serve you as I did that black dog there a minute since."

And with that the rough Scotchman was about taking the cross-grip, when the man of letters sputtered out, "Let me alone, and I'll tell you all I know; and listen yourself for the conclusion of the whole matter." Here a full account was given in loud whispers of the appearance Clarence had made that morning, and of the trial that was to come off that afternoon. "See that Tom there, the Dominie's chief man, sitting in the middle. He has access to all his master's secret drawers, and generally can tell beforehand what disposal the reverend man intends to make of his cases."

Clarence, who heard all the account given to Grant, looked to the prisoner, and saw a fac-simile of himself in size and dress, to the very patch on the knee, pointed out before. There was no more fun in the play to him. A strange confusion of ideas was curdling up in his brain, like what he had often experienced in a dream. He took hold of his own arm, to be certain of his own identity. It seemed like phantasmagoria. He was recalled to his case by the mock Dominie crying out:

"My freen and Bruder Doll nebbber steal Nellius Wynkoop's horse. Me know nothink of dis letter; youd a spy, to be hanged at te cart tail."

Here the masque at the bar, cried out, "me no spy, but true man, seeking my sistern."

Here was such a clapping of hands and screeching that it seemed Bedlam let loose. All the dominoes on the sacks joined in the fun, forgetful of their mock dignity. Quiet being restored, the call was given to bring in the witnesses. When Caese, the old fiddler, stepped forward, and gave a rambling account of the frolic at Phoebe's Hotel, and of de man who came and spoiled de dance, in de middle of de fine tune, by de niggering of Nelly Wynkoop's horse.

"Wat says de prisoner to dat?" was the president's demand.

"O your reberance, me on de way to de mountains to seek ma sistern."

These words became the password to sport, all through the proceedings, and never failed to make the rafters ring with the echoes of uproarious laughter.

"Please zur," said the black squire, in mock gravity, "vats dat in de breast pocket? Constavel, help de prisoner to take out dose putty tings."

Here a stout fellow put his hand into the bosom of the accused, who screamed out, "Don't take dese tings away frob me, dey are for ma sistern!"

"Treason! treason!" was shrieked out as a pair of large horse pistols were laid upon the table. Those who did not know were actually taken by surprise, at the sight and sound, while those who did know, believed that the case which this foreshadowed was more serious than it had hitherto seemed; and the cry of "treason! treason! to the gallows with the spy," rang longer and louder than mere sport called for in a masquerade trial. Had Clarence been seized at that instant, he would have felt less surprise than he did at the farce itself. Indeed, he half expected something to happen, and was preparing his thoughts for the worst. Here was an evident thrust at him. His object was known. He was regarded by the lowest grade here as either knave or fool. An attempt was making to excite public opinion against him. "Let me try and escape," he inwardly said to himself.

The farce was about to proceed, when who should stalk in but the great man himself, with a long whip, that he could use at ten yards distance. Making it crack at the snapper like a pistol, there was such a scampering among white and black, as might well have employed the pencil of Hogarth, who has given us the Village School in an uproar. Loud natural squeals came from all sides, as the scourge took effect upon the hips of the retreating crew, who crowded out like a drove of hogs through a narrow gate, making the hindermost suffer for the sins of the foremost, while the Dominie sung out: "I'll learn you to make the venerable Consistorial Court of the Protestant Reformed Dutch Church of Holland, in these United States of America, now independent, the subject of fun. You blasphemous crew that you are! I never knew where Pandemonium was before now. You black imps, to mount up to the clouds playing your cantraps. Take that." And here another and another full swing of the stout pastor's arm made the court and the audience tumble out in mixed confusion, that soon exhausted the wrath of the avenger. Coming upon the fellow that had played the part of the female spy, all dressed

up in a full suit of the 'Yfvrow's own wardrobe curls, high-heeled shoes and all, he roared out in loud laughter, that shook his big sides and stopped his whip hand.

The couple that stood beside Clarence had found their way out first, being close by the door. Grant coming up at the back of Clarence, gave him a hard clap with his open hand on the back, thinking that he was one of themselves, and saying:

"Frein, what do you think o' that kind o' play acting? I beg your paurdon, I thought you was our neighbor Charlie Forbes, the English officer. I never saw twa back sae like. But na offence I hope," said the garrulous Scot, putting his arm into that of Clarence, as if he had known him all the days of his life.

"Maister," continued the talking man, "I was just speerin' at our frein' here, what he thought o' that fun in the loft there."

"There is something about to go on here at the parsonage, that will explain all we have seen that darkness there," was the knowing reply of the pedagogue, who prided himself on being acquainted with everything before it took place.

"Oh, aye," said Grant. "You mean that we have been looking on the shadow, and the substance is not far off."

"Or, to speak more classically, we have been observing comedy, and now for tragedy," was the pedantic language of the man of letters.

"As to its being mair classical," said Grant, "I'm thinkin' Norman McKenzie, the schoolmaster of Aberfeldy, would say the scriptural figures were the maist classical of the two; that's neither here nor there, at present. I'm ready to argue that question wi' you next Sabbath day, atween preaching; in the meantime, see you can get me in to hear that tragedy you spoke of, since I have seen the comedy up in the yonder."

Here the two followed the stream of persons who were making their way to the parsonage, with an evident earnestness, that showed their interest in what was about to take place.

CHAPTER XXVII. A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL.

CLARENCE, in no better mood of mind after what he had witnessed, wandered away out of hearing, so that he might consider what would be best for him to do, surrounded as he was by sus-

picion. The chief man here had his eye upon him, the clowns squinted at him, and the common blacks were making him their jest. Were he only certain of getting away, he would run all risks of escaping to the mountains. Where were these king's officers? Their parole did not prevent them from helping others, though it bound them by their honor to remain here till exchanged: "I shall see them out," said the almost desperate young man; "I have just come from seeing my own shadow on the gallows-tree; I would be a fool to run my neck into the noose after the plain warnings given in some mysterious way."

Continuing these reveries, his eye rested on the same strange dwarf that he had followed into the loft. This time the singular creature made more attempts at arresting the notice of the stranger youth, who now became interested in the motions made to him. They had both got on the same bridge, when the call "Captain Clinton," coming from the right, drew Clarence there to look with haste, and with some perturbation. Seeing no one, he still remained intently fixed, with his head bent over, when the voice was on the other side, calling "Captain Clinton, follow."

Clarence, thinking that some mischief was intended, hastily ran forward seizing the dwarf, who merely looked up in the face of the captain with a dull smile, that meant nothing, good or evil. Clarence was ashamed of himself when he saw that he had been rough to a poor deformed negro, whose face showed him to be an idiot. Dropping the arm he held, he merely said to himself, "I wish I knew who calls me," when the same voice on both sides called out:

"Follow him as a brave man may."

Seeing that something was meant, he pointed to the dwarf, who went on, Clarence in his wake. Turning suddenly around as if going down to the creek to fish, for the dwarf carried a hickory pole, which might serve him either for a fishing-rod or a staff of defence, he led the way as Clarence followed. After walking, and sometimes crawling through a low piece of ground covered with hazel bushes, they reached a hut built of mud, and thatched with straw, entirely different from anything that Clarence had ever seen on this continent. The walls stood nearly four square, and rose a foot higher than a common man's height, with here and there a stick of timber set in to prevent the clay from settling. The roof rose

slanting to the ridge-pole, and after having been wattled with willows was stuffed with oat straw, over which was laid a covering of grassy turf, cut in squares from the meadow. Clarence thought upon the clachen of Cladich, in the Scottish highlands, where he had been with a detachment of his regiment, keeping the old adherents of the gallant Pretender in check. There was the same "midden" before the door, the kailyard at the end of the house, with the place for the crummy cow at the back window. "This," said the English youth to himself, "looks like the Scottish Highlands indeed."

But his surprise was still greater, when, after his guide pointed to the low door, which stood open, he was met by an old man in the very "garb of the Gael." The kilt coming down to the knee, met below by the cross-striped hose, tight to the leg above the *brown*, having round tufts which covered the buckles of the garters. The shoes were of the kind called brogues, wooden soles, and vamps of untanned leather. The upper part of the man's dress had a mixture of the Scottish and Dutch in them. The cloth of the coat was woven loose like a coarse blanket, and stained with the juice of the butternut, abundant in the region. An old soldier's stock was round the grim wearer's neck, and it only required the eye of a soldier to observe, in the upright form, the respectful bearing and the firm footing of the stranger, one who had marched through many countries, and was not to be startled, even now, by the sound of a trumpet. He stood over five feet ten; but, from his strength of limb and width of chest, he seemed to be of shorter stature; and though he evidently had put on his best attire, there was a roughness in his appearance, which would have made the tame citizen give him the path without further dispute.

On the entrance of Clarence, he put one hand by his side, and the other to his cap, which the young officer understood at once. Returning the salutation with evident pleasure, as he looked on the face of the stout old man, smiling, as he said with surprise when he saw on the breast of him before him a silver medal bearing the name of the wearer, and of "PLASSY" and of "ABRAHAM PLAINS."

"Sergeant McDonald, Seventy-first Regiment, Glasgow Highlanders! How is this that I meet one of the brave heroes who fought and conquered

with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham?" was the eager inquiry of Clarence.

"I am still a true subject of his Britannic Majesty, and will continue to wear his colors while this head stands higher than the earth; and when in my grave, I have sworn my auld son Oscar to come every Sunday morning, when he must lay this medal aboon my heart, where it hangs now. On the fourth of June, his Majesty's birthday, they will fire a *feu-de-joie* near my auld ear."

"Whist! whist!" was whispered from a corner on the other side of the room, where sat an old woman who was busily engaged twisting a thread by a spindle, that hung between her finger and her thumb, though evidently ill at ease, as she listened to the outpouring of her husband's loyalty.

"Janet," continued the old soldier, "is wearing her life out, 'feared lest thae Whigs come in some day and put a string round my neck; and sorry am I to say, there are some of the ance gallant Seventy-first that would help them. But, sit down, till we hear the word, *advance*."

Clarence took a seat on a stool which stood on three feet, cut out of a rough block, which was the pattern of all the stools in the place. The visitor had time to examine the hut, and mark its resemblance to what he supposed had never crossed the Atlantic. The floor was the bare earth, hardened by the feet of the tenants. Round the centre was all the rude furniture, for there was the fireplace, built of rough stones, like an ancient altar for sacrifice. It stood about three feet high, and measured double that in breadth. On the sides were the vessels for cooking, while over the centre, where the fire burned, hung from a long chain the pot in which the dinner for that day was simmering, and sending out an agreeable flavor. Clarence looked for the chimney, but saw none. The smoke found its way upward, seeking the open air through those crevices which were left by chance in the simple roof.

"Come this way, he calls;" were the words of the old Highlander, and Clarence was pointed to a steep ladder in the rear of the hut. The adventurer had gone too far to hesitate, so, mounting up, he found a door which opened at his touch, swinging back again, so that he was shut completely in.

"By George, I'm caught again," were his first words, when he looked round him, seeing no one;

but he had hardly uttered the exclamation, when another person entered from the opening, who sprung forward seizing the hand which was stretched out, while both were speaking "Clinton! Crawford!" looking into each other's faces to be sure of not being mistaken. The most surprised, from being wholly in the other being near, stood dumb, while the other said:

"I knew you at a glance, whenever I cast my eyes upon you. My fear was that you, by betraying my face, would betray yourself one and the same time."

"Where did you see me to-day? I was not in one place all this morning, and could not be without my discovering you among a thousand of these yellow bores."

"By George, as you said, Clinton, you have a fair skin and sweet voice that have passed through that ordeal. I must be a good lass when I could deceive that shrewd party with his black keen eye, and yourself."

"Is it possible, Crawford, that you have had a near escape with your head in the stocks, and still on your own shoulders? Always in fun called you Lady Crawford."

"No more of that, Clinton; you know it does not sound too pleasantly to my ears. But the desperate condition of our brave fellows, could have tempted me, and now that it has failed in part, we must find a remedy the evil in the best way we can. I will follow your counsel."

"My counsel," was the desponding answer of Clarence, "may be of some good to me, but theirs may be to me; but the desperate condition of our own affairs engrosses my soul so much, that I could not get two connected ideas from my head, if this part of the globe were to sink and sink with it."

"You astonish me," said Crawford, "one of those men of deep enthusiasm, whose countenance spoke more of levity than of gravity." "I supposed that honor and glory, connected with your country, sat highest on the throne of your breast."

"These sentiments," said Clarence, "were more in haste than he intended, 'are the scenes of my life; but after passing the scenes of this week already past, they

counteracted in a great degree by other sentiments no less powerful."

"Pray what may these be that tell so strongly on Clinton's mind?" was the rather bitter question of the other youth, who was evidently galling under some inward source of pain.

"Humanity for mankind in general, and affection for my sister Margaret in particular," said Clarence, with a firmness which cooled his companion down to something like patience.

"Your sister! Miss Clinton! What of her? It can't be possible that the report going round here is true, that she has been abducted from the ship, and that Colonel Clifford is at the bottom of the treason?"

It was now the time for the other to express his astonishment as to the way in which this rumor had got abroad, and of what reliance was to be placed in it. After telling and rehearsing all that was current, and which Crawford had heard from different sources, it appeared that letters had been dropped around the camp, at Saratoga, pointing evidently to this very event as about taking place.

They were written as from one of Clifford's intimate acquaintances; describing the plan and the probable consequences. Clifford and Burgoyne being bosom friends, and of a kindred feeling in pursuits of an evil kind, the secret letter did not excite any seriousness in the gay, lewd camp of the English general. It was different with another communication, which reached the camp of the commanding officer, no one knew how, when a plan of march was laid down so distinctly, for any bold adventurer, that it awakened in Crawford the desire of accomplishing—what was absolutely essential, in order that the Northern army should be saved—a communication with the army of the South under Sir Henry Clinton. A map which marked out two distinct routes was inclosed, giving decided preference to the route over the mountains, when the messenger would come under the protection of Brandt, who was engaged to be there at this time; "and"—what sounded strangely and suspiciously to Burgoyne—"Colonel Clifford would be on the mountain, along with the Great Mohawk, to lend his aid."

"You have seen," said Crawford, "how the most practicable of these routes has been closed against me, but I am determined now to attempt the other. Our brother officers here on parole have encouraged me, and I am just waiting for

your counsel in this matter. All the information sent to the general by that unknown hand has been confirmed since I came here. To-day a stranger, who could not possibly know me, has pointed out the dangers and the advantages of the enterprise; so that my mind is made up. Your account of your sister, Miss Clinton's, abduction corroborates the whole, making it, you perceive, to be your duty, from affection, to join me."

"And you would add," said Clarence, already half persuaded, "that honor and glory will go hand in hand. Before I can say yes to your proposal, I must see my way out of this confounded noose that I feel around my throat. I have learned caution as well as some others, where so many eyes are watching me."

"Why, my noble fellow," Crawford interposed warmly, "if the hangman be so near, are you such a fool as to wait till he puts the hemp on in a workmanlike manner? Sergeant McDonald below here has promised to guide me over the hills by midnight. He would take another under his care for the love of his king and country."

These arguments sank deep into the mind of the anxious brother when he reflected upon the necessity of promptitude in pursuit of his sister; and he all but said yes to the demand made upon his energy, when there was a slight tap at their door, which proved to be a call from Dame McDonald for the gentlemen to "take pot luck for their dinner."

"I dare not venture below," said Crawford; "but, Clinton, come back immediately after you have made the acquaintanceship of the gentlemen on parole. Some of them you know already. They waste out life here, and you will do them good in just showing your face among them."

Clarence descended the way he came up, and soon found himself seated at a deal-table without cloth, but white, being evidently scoured for the occasion. The old woman, dressed in what was known as drugget, had a clean *toy* on her head, which bore the marks of a carefully put on cap, in which the wearer was confident she looked well. The skirt of the gown was drawn through the pocket-hole to prevent its dragging on the floor, which, from its length of train, it would have done. She did not sit down herself, but served the company. Wooden plates, hollowed out of basswood, were ranged round the table; into these a ladleful of the broth, which stood cooling in the

tripod pot, was emptied; and the invitation given, "sit down, sir, and mak yourself at hame. Janet has been busy preparing some sheep's-head kail to put me in mind o' Kenmore."

Clarence had seen, when he was standing by the fire, the nose of some animal pushing itself up among the vegetables in the pot like a black hippopotamus among the reeds of the Nile; but he did not expect to make his dinner of the mess. However, now like a good soldier, he sat down with a ready appetite for whatever was coming, asking no questions. To his agreeable surprise, the soup was white as milk, though the head—it might be of a ram from its size—was there in a large platter, on the centre, without the horns, and the wool singed all off. Garden stuffs of all kinds known, and some only known to Janet, had been boiled for two full hours, with the head among them; so that it would have defied a French cook to tell the prevailing flavor of what McDonald called his dish of hotch potch. Barley bread, unleavened, baked upon a griddle, thin and tough as leather, was eaten to this soup; when at the close Janet put down a square bottle and a basket of oatmeal cakes alongside of a skim-milk cheese; all of which were intended as a dessert. The sergeant lifted a small dish made of narrow pieces of wood of different colors, hooped round, so that it seemed a Lilliputian milk tub. Into that he poured the contents of the bottle, drinking it off at a single draught, after he had, with great solemnity, given "the King, God bless him," as a toast. Clarence had the same put before him: and so it went round the table. The rest who were there seemed to be men who merely listened and looked. When it came to Janet's turn to drink, there was evidently something more expected of her than a bare toast. Putting on the table a crystal goblet, which, from the manner of her unrolling it, she deemed sacred, liquor was poured into it till it stood on the lip. Taking an egg into her hand, she broke it so that the yolk spread through the contents of the glass. Through this compound she looked with a curious eye, as if expecting to see something uncommon in the distance. Tasting of the mixture freely, she leaned her head on her knees, singing a Gaelic song, rocking herself, as she sang for a few minutes, during which the company sat in the profoundest silence, waiting on the will of the actor. When she lifted her head, it was to take

the goblet again in her hand, which she shrank sharply, and gazing intently, she laid it down if in fear at first; but lifting it up, one of the dark smiles came across her wrinkled features which recalls to the traveller's mind a gleam of sunshine on a Scottish sky.

"Tell us what you see, wife, and let us go," said the sergeant, evidently under the enchantment of the occasion. "We want the truth, Janet; the journey must be taken, weal or woe. What does the Brownie say?"

Janet, in a moaning tone, sang, "Smoke, fire, and blood all the first."

"We are ready and prepared for them. You mean that the end will be successful. Let us go," said McDonald, "and see the gentlemen;" and with that he led the way through the low door of the mud cabin, taking the path that led up the side of the creek.

On the way Clarence learned from McDonald that there were several families like himself, who were living among the farmers, and some had risen to be good landholders themselves. The most of them, however, were imprudent, and useless to the community and to themselves. They were divided like the country on the question of the present war, and "you may," said the sergeant, "as weel break a woodie wi' a windle strae change a Hielan man, when he wants to go either up or doon stream."

The two had arrived at the door of a large stone barn that was snugly fenced round, and the yard swept and orderly, showing that the hands of a soldier had been in use here for some time. The door was opened by McDonald, who entered, leading Clarence, hat in hand. The company, all expecting the visit, rose at once, and came forward with the dignity and the frankness of gentlemen and soldiers. The welcome was hearty and full of feeling. Already all had been made aware of the name and of the rank which belonged to the visitor. Of the object in his mind no one knew anything, nor was one of the ten gentlemen at liberty to ask him till he might reveal it himself. Of course they supposed public business alone could induce any one to venture into such a dangerous vicinity. Still as they had heard of overtaken being made to leading Whigs throughout, it was not sound strange when one of them, with a knowing look, whispered, "Sir Harry is cousin to the rebel General Clinton, and his brother the ge-

and the governor knows that these Dominies at men among the Dutch boors."

so the mission of Clarence Clinton was at without being sought out. The opportunity was now sought after by all to make them agreeable, while the young soldier, feeling for them as a brother officer, in the same profession, put forth all his character in their aid, with promises of aid whenever he would visit the headquarters. Some of the number were acquaintances, and the greeting between them cordial. The strangers were no less pleased at a visit from one who was so sure to report of the privations undergone on behalf of his Majesty. The prospect of promotion revived as they looked to the

governor cast his eye round the place where they were met, and learned from them that though they were to assemble here they were by no means crowded to any location. Some were lodged in the village, and others in the families of the soldiers. For some days past they had been preparing for a hunting excursion to the mountains. A pair of catamounts had been seen, and those who were inclined had the chance of putting forth their energies.

"I see," said Clarence, "you have all that is provided," as he glanced round the place where the guns, the lances and the other articles of the huntsman's armory. "You are allowed great freedom when these are put into your possession, and I am sure you will make good use of them. I hope you have ample range and game enough."

"If that, sir, we have nothing to complain of. We have been away twenty-four hours at a time, and have travelled to the borders of civilization; and of us on a journey of pleasure, others on a journey of research, and myself have been to consult the wizard of the spook's den, as the people called him. I went first. We are waiting for a message from him to go on this hunting campaign. He has promised to send us a special warning, so that we may be there in time; and if I am not mistaken, the witch's imp is at this moment."

Clarence looked toward the entrance to which Willoughby pointed, who, from his rank and as for his superior intelligence, was regarded as chief, when he saw the same misshapen dwarf standing toward them, holding a letter in his hand, and he gave to the officer who expected it.

"That will do, Unga," said the captain. "You

may sit down till I send you with my reply;" and the creature stepped high and low as he moved to a settle near the wall where he stretched himself on his back, with his cap over his face.

"Just as I said," were Willoughby's first words. "The hunt comes off to-morrow, and if we wish to see it we must join the party by sunrise at the Round Top, keeping round by—— But see, here is a map of the region. Sergeant McDonald, see this and tell us if it be practicable. We must not trust ourselves in the hand of a spaeman."

The sergeant took the sketch, looking at it with the deepest interest, while all the gentlemen stood around him waiting for his verdict, which he gave briefly.

"You maun tak to the west o' that round hill, then climb the mountain as weel as you can, and when at the top keep west by south, till you come to a waterfall that lies at the head of a deep glen, running to the east. The man that drew that is the same as he who drew another I have seen this morning."

"What do you draw from both, my worthy sergeant?" was the familiar question of the one in command.

Before an answer could be given, a voice, which seemed to sound on the outside of the building, called out, "Clarence Clinton!" That gentleman looked suddenly in the direction, all eyes turned in the same way, when the same voice, but louder, called from the other side:

"*Captain Clarence Clinton, the Consistory of the Protestant Reformed Dutch Church demand your presence at this moment.*"

This, which was said slowly, excited some amusement among the young men who ran out for the purpose of seizing the impudent fool who would so speak. But no one being seen, a singular tremor came over men who would have stood at another time in the face of death. Clarence, who had seen enough of that court of late to despise it, in his present condition took McDonald with him aside, making an appointment to meet him and Crawford in case he found it possible to free himself of the presence of spies. To them he ascribed the voices he had heard all that morning.

Bidding his brother officers a pleasant adieu, and after a successful time on the mountain, he hastily left for the parsonage, where that strange court was to be held, despising it in his soul, and yet forced to appear.

WOODED AND MARRIED.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY,

Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Wee Wife," "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," and "Robert Ord's Atonement."

CHAPTER XXVIII. "QUI PATITUR VINCIT."

THERE are days which, in spite of all their sadness, we would give worlds to live once more.

Dym would have given a good year out of her life if she could have had that Sunday over again.

Life has such terrible surprises; now and then its mysteries are so cruel. If we could only lift the veil just a little; see the sand that is ebbing from the hour-glass; watch the clear steady strokes of the scythe, that is coming our way perhaps; "if we had only known, we should have done so differently," we say.

Ah, that is just it! We come down one morning a little listless, a trifle out of humor; the day goes on; we laugh and talk, we are moody or discontented, we waste our time in trifles, in looking up vacantly at passing clouds, and we do not know that the hours of one we love are numbered; that to-day, or to-morrow, or the next day, we shall say a good-by that will wring our hearts with the remembrance. If we had known!—if we had only known!

This Sunday rose with a misty brightness on it, a soft vaporous light, neither gloom nor sunshine; the pavements were washed clean, little gleams and hints of water glittered under hollow stones and down garden paths; the spring flowers were prematurely faded. William Elliott and his sister looked regretfully at the clumps of battered tulips and narcissus in the little three-cornered garden belonging to the sexton. St. Luke's bell was clanging out with a sturdy wiry sound; in the distance other bells chimed in, in various tones; a few young people were already gossiping in front of the Independent chapel; the minister, a great burly man with a red beard, came round the corner, swinging his arms like pump-handles, and nodded to Will. Will seemed to have a word of greeting for every one he passed—for a friendly omnibus-driver, for a couple of porters off duty, for the old man at the crossing; by and by he stopped to speak to a few loiterers in the Malden Road.

"If I were you, lads, I would not trouble those bells to ring for nothing," he said, halting and looking at them with shrewd, kindly eyes. One

of the youths, who was better dressed than his companions, blushed and looked at Dym.

"Mother goes to chapel," said another, sturdily.

"Church or chapel; but it is the dear old Mother Church that is calling to us all so loudly just now. Come, lads, six days for yourselves, and one for the God who made you." And, to Dym's surprise, three out of the four sheepishly followed them, and the young schismatic remained discontentedly kicking his heels against the wall.

Will left Dym to show the boys to their places, after which she went to her favorite seat under the west window; the old blind man had long ago been gathered to his fathers, but a white-headed sweeper occupied his place. A watery sunbeam or two was shivering against the pillars, and kindling the violet and blue robes in the Evangelist window—the altar was in shadow—all dull reds and faint golds. Will looked shadowy and white as he came out of the vestry; the organ played on its sweet minor chords. Dym, standing up with set lips and wistful far-away eyes, suddenly remembered how a brown hand, with an odd-shaped Oriental ring on it, had in that very place been laid on her book, and how she had flushed up with surprise and pleasure, and left off singing.

Dym could not sing now, not a note, there was such a tangle of pain and weariness in her heart; the words came to her ears with a jangle of meanings and repetitions. "We have erred and strayed," prayed Will. Dym knelt in her place dumb and motionless. "Comfort him, only comfort him, and let little Florence live;" she blended this petition somehow with every response in the Litany, she sang it silently in every line of the hymn; "comfort him, comfort them all." Was there any other prayer worth praying?

"For all that are desolate and in trouble—perhaps, when she comes to that, she may think of me," sighed poor Humphrey.

Will read the prayers and preached. Mr. Benedict was away. There was to be a charity sermon in the evening, somebody said, and the chaplain of the almshouses was to deliver it.

Dym listened in a stupid sort of attention

He thought it odd that Will should be giving a funeral sermon, till she remembered that he had rather a sudden death that had happened in the parish.

Will, comparatively young, had died, leaving six children motherless behind her; she was sitting in a pew to the right of Dym, with two eldest children beside him; the eldest was looking at the crape tucks in her dress, the younger had hold of her father's hand. Dym watched the little group she strove to keep in mind and listen.

When she would have given worlds for that sermon, she could only bring up a few sentences—a word here and there. She had the sense of standing out on a mountain-top, was on tiptoe, giddy and breathless; a door opened, somewhere up above in the sky. Were those the white-robed multitudes Will was talking about? Was Honor there? were those the wives in Paradise Row praying for their husbands?

"I cry, papa," she heard a little voice say.

A man's head went lower and lower, a bowed head, not a brown curly one; broad forehead, that somehow reminded her of Guy, and shook in repressed agitation. "Now, who is able to keep us from falling," a strange falter from Will's lips, the organ to sad minor chords again, and the tears came out. Dym's veil falls over her face, and she sits in the empty church, listening to the music and watching a streak of lilac in the chancel; the widower has gone, his little girl's hand still clinging to his. The tucks are crumpled already, though her face is quite fresh. She has a tender old face that lingers in Dym's memory.

"Are you ready, my dear?" says Will, limping with a tired face. "I have two or three things to see on our way home."

Who is restless, prefers waiting for him, sitting alone in the little parlor. She is climbing down area-steps or stumbling on staircases with undiminished activity.

Today is your hardest day; but I have never looked more weary," she says to him, when he had finished and turned his steps to Paradise Row.

He is tired, too much so to eat, in spite of his dinner. He is getting a battered old Con-

queror now, he tells her. He says it with a sudden sweet smile that brings the odd feeling into her throat again. Dym sits dull and listless when he goes out to the schools presently; the sunbeams have gone in, the afternoon is full of gray neutral tints. Dym's pale face and gray gown, and Kiddle-a-wink's rough coat, seem all in unison. Some pallid sunset clouds are setting westward. "This is more like November than May," Dym thinks; and then she remembers with an inward shiver that this is Guy Chichester's wedding-day.

What is he doing? What are Mrs. Chichester and Humphrey doing? How far had they got on that weary journey of theirs? Dym's mind is travelling on with them while she sits by the little window in Paradise Row, gazing vacantly out on the passers-by. The children troop in by twos and threes from the Sunday-school. Little Dick Maynard clatters by on the pavement, and pulls off his old cap when he sees Dym. The children gather in bands and look slyly down the street; a slight bowed figure comes in sight, with a dying flare of red clouds behind him. There is a little commotion, a dropping of courtesies. Will comes up among them limping in his hasty way. Tired as he is, he has a word and smile for them. "Now, Dymples, a cup of tea, for I must be back in the vestry by half-past six; one of the choir-boys has got into mischief." And Will sinks into his easy-chair with a long sigh of relief.

"I have not had a word with you to-day, Will," said Dym reproachfully, as they hurried through the streets again.

Will suddenly turned and held out his hand to her.

"It is all in the day's work, my dear. But I have saved an hour out of it for you."

"But not to-night, Will. I am not so selfish as to ask you to talk to me to-night."

"I wish it, dear; it is the hardest bit of duty that is left for me yet. I want you to be brave and help me to do it."

"Help you, Will?"

"Yes, my child." But he said no more, and Dym went and sat for a long half-hour in the dimly-lighted church, wondering why Will had asked her to help him, and what he would have to tell her that would be so hard in the telling.

And the real truth never entered into Dym's head for a moment. Will read the prayers again, but a stranger preached; afterwards they had that

wonderful hymn, "The Pilgrims of the Night," which she remembered was Guy Chichester's favorite:

"Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last."

Dym's mind was full of one poor weary pilgrim, when, looking up, she saw Will was not standing in his place, but kneeling low, with hidden face, and his hands stretched out on the desk before him.

Dym waited for him as usual in the porch; she was quickening her steps, for the evening was chilly, but he detained her. "Not so fast; there is no hurry, now. Look up there," and Will pointed to the dark sky above their heads, gemmed over with quivering points and sparkles of light. "I am so glad we can see the stars to-night."

"Why, Will?" Dym was for hurrying on again, but he drew her arm through his.

"I have an odd fancy for starlight on Sunday evening—those many twinkling eyes always recall to me 'the great cloud of witnesses.' I am glad, too, we had that hymn to-night. I wish Chichester could have heard it."

Dym's reply was scarcely audible.

"I thought of another little pilgrim while they were singing it, and wondered where her 'weary steps' would turn by and by. I have been thinking of you on and off all day."

"Of me?" There was certainly a little reproach in Dym's tones; she thought there were others of whom he might have been thinking to-day.

"I have not forgotten them, either"—as though he understood the implied rebuke—"somehow my heart feels large enough to take in the whole world; you will know presently why I think of you most to-day."

They were in one of the by streets leading out of the Malden Road, when all at once Will stopped, and she felt his arm press heavily against hers.

"What is the matter, Will?" for though it was too dark to distinguish his face, she could hear a quick pant, almost a groan. "Is it the pain again?"

"Yes; I must walk slower. Don't speak to me—not this minute, Dym. I shall be better directly." But Dym noticed that he leaned on her more heavily every minute, and that he could hardly drag himself up the few steps that led to their door.

"Dear Will, this cannot be your old pain," she said anxiously, as she watched him sink wearily into his chair.

Will shook his head, and motioned her to him a little bottle that stood near. A blue look had come over his face, and the lips the same dark color that had startled Dym yesterday. The breath seemed to come in heavy pants at each moment, and then the oppression left him for a moment, and then the oppression left him. He opened his eyes and looked at Dym, and then he was kneeling beside him, trying to chafe his cold hands.

"My poor little Dym, I did not mean to see this. Give me a few more drops, and I shall be able to talk presently."

"You must not, Will; it will make you worse," and tears gathered slowly to Dym's eyes—she had never seen him look so bad as that.

"By and by," he repeated, and then he closed his eyes to doze.

Dym noiselessly fed the fire, and sat down to watch him. Tired! He was tired! He was himself out; the colorless face looked sharply cut and haggard against the dark background. The mouth had its usual sweet look, but it was contracted and furrowed with pain. Dym wondered why she had never noticed that his hair was growing gray. His fair hair had a silvery gleam in it in the lamplight.

One thin hand lay over the side of his chair. Dym's lips twitched once or twice as she looked at him, with a dull ache and vague unrest in her heart. Was he ill? Was that what he was going to tell her? Anything but that! Will, Will, I could not bear you to be ill when I want you so! And Dym's head ached with the very thought.

It was quite late, almost midnight, and Will woke and declared himself refreshed.

"And you have been watching me all this time! How kind of you, Dym, and how much you must be!"

But Dym did not feel sleepy to-night. She told him: "I am quite wakeful, too much for my own comfort. Do you really think I am better, dear?"

"The pain has left me," he returned, and as Dym put back the damp hair from his forehead, he said: "Dym, do you think it would be too late for me some tea? I always wake so thirsty after these attacks."

"Too late? of course not." And Dym went off with some feint of cheerfulness. The kettle seemed always singing in the curate's kitchen; it quite bubbled over in its cosy content. Dym made the tea and brought it to Will.

is seems like old times," he said, looking ly in her face. "Are you sure you are i? You must have some tea too. Do, to e, Dym;" and Dym made a great effort llowed some.

v put your head down here," drawing her ak hand among his cushions. "You art me, and I can talk better so. Tell me, have you any idea why I'm thinking of o-night?"

it, Will." Somehow his words seemed er with a sudden sharp pain; she put out d to stop him, but Will carried it to his

ould save my child from this if I could. ws I would willingly have gone on a little or your sake, Dym—only for your sake; l it is not to be, dear; you must make up d to part with your poor old Conqueror." er, never! What are you talking about? will not listen! Oh, Will, Will!" And etched out her arms to him with a piteous for him to stop.

rest, I must say it—it would be cruel to withhold it now. I know I cannot long, Dym."

o says so?—they dare not say so. I will eve it—I will not, I will not!" And rild words came through her clinched strange vehement tones. Believe that Will, could ever leave her? The girl's ing voice filled Will's tender heart with ad anguish.

ou want me to stay in this weary world, " he said, almost reproachfully. "I think tting too weak and tired for my work. is it they were singing to-night, Dym

'Faith's journey ends in welcomes to y!' Would you deprive me of such a as that?"

i, hush! I want you, Will. Oh, Will, I so—I love you!" And the unhappy r her arms around his neck and held him antically.

is the hardest work of all," murmured l. "Oh, my child, be brave, and help ar it!"

not," came sullenly from Dym's lips. almost beside herself.

if it makes me worse to see you like this? o little strength, and this wastes it terri-

bly." And again the ominous darkness came to his lips, and the poor overworked heart labored and strained bravely to do its part.

"Some more drops," he said, faintly; "don't be frightened, I am better again; only we must talk more quietly; lay your head down again, I like to feel it there. When you were a child you always came to your poor old Conqueror to be petted."

"Will, you are breaking my heart!" She could not have helped that cry if her life or his had depended upon it. Perhaps he hoped to move her to tears by the tenderness of his words; perhaps he guessed at the spasm that contracted her throat, and knew the pent-up feelings must have some outlet. Already her breast was heaving with repressed sobs; she clung to him more quietly now, and the tears rained over his hands.

"That is right: cry, it will do you good, and by and by you will be able to listen to me—we must have some long talks together. Dym, darling, you know I love you too."

"But not so much as I do you. Oh, Will, not half so much, not half so much!"

"Do I not, dear? Nay, you are mistaken; you have been dearer to me than any one thing—except—but we will not talk of that. If it had been His will, I would almost have been glad to live a little longer for your sake. You believe this, dear?"

She nodded, as though words were impossible.

"When I knew that I had heart disease, my first thought was to keep it from you. I knew you would never be happy for a moment away from me. I thought I would spare you months, perhaps years of needless anxiety."

She left off sobbing to listen. Perhaps he was not going to die yet—not just yet.

"This is why I did not give you my reason for refusing to leave St. Luke's. There were other difficulties, but for your sake I might have conquered them; only I knew, I knew it would be useless pain to give up my work. You understand me, dear—you do not think I am wrong now?"

"Wouldn't it have made you better?" she whispered.

"No, my child," he replied, firmly; "dismiss that idea from your mind forever. The disease under which I am laboring admits of no human remedy; it is a worn-out heart, Dym, and nothing

will make it work properly, though Dr. Lever says I may live perhaps for years."

"Then why—why did you not come up there and rest?"

"Because I did not believe him. No, my child, there are no years in prospect for me. I have suffered too much, gone through too much. I shall not have to bear much more. Oh, Dym, try to be glad for me; I am longing so sorely for my rest."

She only shook her head and buried her face deeper in the curtains. Glad! how could she be glad, even for his sake? The welcomes might be sweet to the faithful servant, but death itself seemed so terrible to this poor child, stretching out her tender arms to detain the brother who was so dear to her.

"Will, do not leave me; pray that you may not leave me!" clinging to him with one cold little hand, and speaking in such a weary voice.

"Would it help either of us? Dear, I must go or stay, just at His bidding. I am ready to suffer a little more, or I am ready to go to-night."

"I always knew you were too good for this world, Will," exclaimed the weeping girl. But Will silenced her gently.

"Hush! you must not say that; you would not pain me if you could help it, would you? He is more merciful to us than we are to ourselves. He will not remember our failures. I have done so little, and He has done so much."

There was a moment's silence, and then he put his hand fondly on her head.

"Why do you keep your face hidden, Dimples? I want to see it again." Ah, the old pet name, the dear old childish name!

"I am sorry you cannot love Humphrey, my pet; he would have taken such care of you."

"Please don't speak of that to-night, Will."

"Very well" (holding the sad little face between his hands for a moment and looking at it with wistful tenderness); "I should like to feel somebody was taking good care of my child forever and always. But it can't be helped. I know Mrs. Chichester will always be your friend."

"Don't mind about me; nothing will matter then." Dym was feeling for words to-night, but her pain choked them back. He might talk to her, but in her anguish how was she to answer him? Even Guy Chichester faded from her thoughts in the prospect of this new trouble.

"It has all been so sudden. To-morrow God wills, we will talk of this again. No bed, my darling; it is nearly three o'clock."

"No, no," she implored; "I would stop with you to-night. I could not sleep, me sit and watch you, Will, as I did to-night—only just to-night."

"My precious child, it goes hard with me to refuse you; but indeed it is better not. I could sleep now myself, and your presence only keep me restless."

"Shall you go to bed, Will?"

"I think I must; my limbs ache so, and I am strangely weary. This has taken it out of me. You will be good and brave, and try to rest, Dym."

A faint misty smile answered him. "Bless my child!" was all he said; but he held her tightly for a moment, as though he were unwilling to let her go, and in the silence he moved as though he were invoking a blessing. But when she reached the door he called to him and blessed her again and again, her hurriedly that she must be comfortable, would love her dearly—dearly, wherever she went. And so he sent her away.

But when she had closed the door and bowed down heavily in his chair, and bowed his head upon his breast. He was tired, strange thoughts he repeated. This had been the hardest that he had had to do, and it had gone with them both.

As he sat there in the darkness—for the light was flickering low—the words "Oh, Will, you so—I love you so!" seemed ringing in his ears; again he felt her girlish arms about his neck, and her tears wetting his breast, damp soft hair resting against his cheek. The merciful All-powerful, comfort my child, he groaned. And some voice out of the silence seemed to answer, as it had done to-night. "Not now, but presently;" and, as though he himself heard within his heart, the tranquility found peace.

"I must lie down and get an hour's rest," he thought; but some strange torpor oppressed him and he felt unable to move. "Watch the golden gate." I wonder if she will be his last conscious thought before he dies. The dying brands of the fire flared for a moment and smouldered to decay; the la-

tered and hissed, and finally went out ; Kiddle-a-wink stretched himself on the rug with a low whine, as though some dream had disturbed him ; but still Will slept on.

Up-stairs Dym was tossing and weeping on her pillow, and praying impotent prayers ; outside the cocks were crowing, a faint windy dawn stirred in the quiet streets, the stars were paling and dying out, and the quiet figure still sat on in the darkened room below.

"Let us go, that we may awaken him out of sleep," said the loving friends of old. Alas, none but One could awaken William Elliott now !

Dym, waking out of the troubled sleep that had come to her from very weariness of sorrow, heard some strange stir and movement, that seemed to reach her in her dreams. Somewhere, far off, Dick was crying. A voice said, "Hush !" A man's footstep went hurriedly to and fro. Dym threw something around her, and ran down ; some terrible fear was clutching at her heart ; she would have called out, "Will !" but her voice failed her.

The little household, huddled together, saw her advancing on them, slim and white, and looking before her with the fixed dilated eyes of a sleep-walker ; and honest Richard Maynard put out his hand, with something like a sob, to stop her. "No, don't go in there ; my missis here wants to talk to you."

"I know," replied Dym, in an odd far-off voice. She put aside the brawny arm with a little cold hand and pushed through them. Dick fell over one of his crutches, and began to cry again ; and Susan threw her apron over her head. "Ah, lackaday ! the poor young lady, what will we do with her, Richard ?" And Richard drew his rough sleeve before his eyes.

Know—did she know what awaited her ? The blind had been pulled up ; a May sun shone merrily into the window ; Kiddle-a-wink was whining and smelling restlessly about the bowed figure that sat in the easy chair, with its thin hands clasped before it, and a smile on the white face that rested so peacefully among the cushions. There, where he had parted from her last night, there he sat, dead ; but still she made no cry or sign that she understood. She bent over and kissed him with a face that was almost as gray and corpse-like as his, then closed the glazed eyes, and laid the heavy head upon her bosom. Dead ! of course he was dead ; and she was dying too.

It was Richard Maynard who saw the awful shadow in her face and caught her as she fell ; it was he who freed the hands from their fond clutch, and laid the smiling face back on its pillow, and carried the girl up to her little room, and left her with Susan crying plentiful tears over her.

Dym's head was lying on the faithful creature's lap, when she woke from her swoon. Dym held out her arms to Richard Maynard to carry her down again when he came in next to inquire after her. "I dare not. You must help her, Susan ; she bean't fit for anything but bed now."

"I must go to Will, and you must take me," answered Dym, in her feeble voice. "Good Richard, dear Richard, carry me down. Susan, ask him to do it. I cannot leave Will alone."

Richard fairly turned his face to the wall and sobbed, as the girl set forth her miserable little petition. She was hysterical after that, and Susan had her way, and tucked her up in her little bed, and drew down the blinds and sat beside her. Heaven only knows the anguish with which Dym lived through those first few hours. She lay staring at the wall with blank dark eyes, when Susan hoped she was sleeping. Now and then she would throw out her arms and bury her face in the pillow, as some intolerable remembrance came to her mind ; then she would feel Susan's rough hand smoothing her hair. She wanted to be alone—she wanted it with a fierce longing that nearly drove her frantic—but she lacked energy to say so. When the doctor, a white-headed old man, came to her bedside and took her hand (he was an old friend of Will's), she drew it away almost angrily.

"What do you want ? Who sent for you ? who gave you leave to disturb me ?" she said, in a quick vehement way.

The old man understood the girl's despair too well to take umbrage at it ; he answered her with fatherly kindness :

"You are not well, my dear. These good people sent for me. You must be patient, and try and bear your trouble—we all must, you know."

"Can you do any more for Will ? have you been to him ?" pushing back her hair and looking at him with strained, bloodshot eyes.

He shook his head.

"No one can do any more for him, my child ; he is beyond our help now."

"Then you can do nothing for me. I am well, quite well; only I shall want him all my life long," she said, bursting into tears and falling back on her pillow.

It was evening before they left her alone. Susan thought she had fallen asleep at last, and had gone down to sit with her husband a little; but Dym, who had been lying perfectly motionless watching the creeping shadows on the ceiling, suddenly sat up, and then began groping her way down the dark staircase. She had told them in a fierce sort of way that she was well; but as she dragged herself along she felt as though she had risen from a long illness; her limbs ached strangely; her head felt curiously light and confused; every now and then a faintness seemed creeping over her, and she clung to the crazy baluster with both hands.

The house was still—still as death itself, she thought; and yet the surging and noise in her ears went on. Once she thought Will was calling to her, "Dym, Dym, my dear!" She slid on to her knees and gasped for breath when she heard that, and, holding her hands tightly over her burning forehead, whispered out a prayer that God would be good to her and give her strength to see Will again.

She felt better after that, and turned the handle of the parlor door. Some vague instinct told her she should find him there, sitting with clasped hands and smiling white face, as she had seen him last, and she stood stupefied and dizzy for a moment, looking around the dark empty room, till the gleam of light from under the folding-doors recalled her.

They had taken him away; he would look different, somehow. She had scarcely strength to push the door open now; the lights, the whiteness, the awful straightness of the dim form under the sheet, the paraphernalia of the death-chamber, seemed to freeze her faculties and turn her into stone.

How long she would have stood there she never knew, only a little hunched-up figure, sitting at the foot of the bed, slowly shuffled round to her and slid a soft little hand in hers.

"Don't be afraid; there is nothing to be afraid of, father says. Come and look at him; he is smiling like one of God's dear angels he used to tell us about." And Dick drew her forward, and folded back the white covering.

"Smiling like one of God's dear angels."

Thanks, little Dick, for those brave words, the hot pain beats less fiercely in her tears that bring their own healing blood to her dear face again and again.

"Would you deprive me of such a word as that?" he had said to her. Ah, no question that welcome now! The furrow had smoothed out of that calm brow; utterable, profound, yet full of mystery, closely-folded lips and on the white canvas. There he lay, the young soldier of the day, called out from the battle in the very heat of the day. Some one had crossed his arms over his breast, and laid a cluster of spring flowers within the hands; on his forehead had got loosened and disarranged. Dym picked it up, and placed it carefully back again in the green rowan spray.

On the day of the funeral they brought his Bible, his gold Cross and pocket-book, and a lock of soft hair that Susan had cut off when he lay in his coffin.

Dym was forced to own herself ill. The strange fever and helplessness were there since the night when they had found him with her face hidden on the dead man's and her arms clasped so tightly round his that they had had some trouble to loose him, and had carried her back to her little room, where she had never seen him again.

Sometimes in the night a sort of delirium came on, and she would try to go down and look at him. Little Dick saw her once standing with her hair and shining eyes in the middle of the room, her body swaying to and fro from weakness.

"Come, let us go to him," she said, and he took out a hot hand to the boy. "What was said, Dick?—Smiling like one of God's dear angels—yes, I remember. We shall tell him, Dick, none of us; I only want to let him and look at him again."

Dick called his mother, and they laid him to rest again. "Not to-night, dearie; you must wait till to-morrow." And Dym would cry out in his voice, "They are keeping me from you, Oh, Will, your poor little Dym!—your poor unhappy Dym!" and her hands would flutter weakly. Sometimes she would be quiet, and let Susan hush her to sleep; the fond mother would rock the girl's head on her breast.

business overpowered her grief. Dym would not utter fragments of talk. Once she thought she was in her brother's arms again.

"Oh, Will, I do love you—I do love you so!" said, pressing Susan's rough hands closer to her.

Her cheeks were wet with tears when she awoke, but her face had a more peaceful expression on it.

It was the day of the funeral, but they did not come to tell her so till afterwards; the dog sat leaning on her bed half the day, and once he took hold of her sleeve and tried to drag her with his teeth. Dym was too dull and sick to notice the animal's restlessness; she lay torpid and half-dead, unmindful of the unusual sounds about the house.

Little Dick came in once with his eyes swollen with crying. He had just come home with his mother, and had hung his linnet's cage with black. Dym heard the bird's chirping in a dismal sort of way, under the veil of premature night.

Richard Maynard had followed, and so had many of the parishioners. The old vicar of St. Jude's had read the service. Quite a crowd of women and children had followed the poor priest to his resting-place. Some navvies to whom he had done a kindness, and the elder lads from the night-schools, carried the bier. Not one of the friends he loved stood beside his grave; and yet there were no lack of mourners—the children he had baptized followed hand-in-hand, and flung little garlands of simple grasses and field flowers on the coffin as it was lowered from their sight; the tears ran down many a woman's face; the men and boys dragged rough sleeves across their eyes. "He was the poor man's priest; we shall never get such another," said one of them; and a

woman who heard it answered, "Ay, but he was too good for the likes of us; it is the best that is taken; there is not one of us women that haven't lost a friend."

Dym never spoke when they told her, only she turned very white; she clutched the things they brought her, and held them tight; that little worn Bible was dearer to her than anything else, except the lock of soft hair. Dym slept that night holding them still.

It was some days before she ventured to open the pocket-book. There were only a few simple memoranda, money accounts, a visiting list, addresses of parishioners who had lately moved; there was nothing but the dear handwriting to make it valuable.

Dym was closing it carefully, when a little folded paper dropped out of one of the pockets. She opened it; there was a withered flower—pressed carefully—and under it in Will's handwriting, "Given to me by Honor, on her wedding day, May —, 185—. *Qui patitur vincit.*"

Why does Dym suddenly flush up, and press the flower hurriedly to her lips and bosom? Why does she call out Will's name, in those troubled loving tones, as she kindles a light, and watches as the paper and its inclosure crackle into ashes? Has she found out his secret?

"It is all safe with me, dear; no one shall know. Oh, Will! my darling—my darling, to think of this!" And then she whispered softly through her tears, as though he could hear her, that it is so brave to die and make no sign; that she loved him all the dearer for it; that he was her own Will Conqueror still!

Ay, Conqueror; and how nobly she will never know. *Qui patitur vincit.*

"IT WILL ALL BE RIGHT IN THE MORNING."

When the bounding beat of the heart of love,
And the springing step grow slow;
When the form of a cloud in the blue above
Lies dark on the path below,
The song that he sings is lost in a sigh,
And turns where a star is dawning,
And he thinks, as it gladdens his heart and his eye:
"It will all be right in the morning."
When "the strong man armed," in the middle-watch,
From life's dim deck is gazing,
And strives through the wreck of the tempest to catch
A gleam of the day-beam's blazing;
Amid the wild storm, there hard by the helm,
He heeds not the dark ocean yawning;
For this song in his soul not a sorrow can overwhelm,
"It will all be right in the morning."

When the battle is done, the harp unstrung,
Its music trembling—dying;
When his woes are unwept, and his deeds unsung,
And he longs in the grave to be lying,
Then a voice shall charm, as it charmed before
He had wept or waited the dawning;
"They do love there for aye—I'll be there as of yore"—
"It will all be right in the morning."
Thus all through the world, by ship and by shore;
Where the mother bends over
The cradle, whose tenant "has gone before;"
Where the eyes of the lover
Light the way to the soul; whatever the word,
A welcome, a wail, or a warning,
This is everywhere cherished—this everywhere heard:
"It will all be right in the morning."

A CHAT ABOUT THE DOCTOR.

BY MRS. B. F. BAER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

I PUT the Frau Kranich from me with an impatient shrug of the shoulders, and went forward to meet my heroine; but paused ere many pages were turned, to see what I could divine from this:

"Even as you say," replied the Baron; "but it often astonished me, that coming from that fresh green world of yours beyond the sea, you should feel so much interest in these old things."

"Now why had the doctor marked that paragraph, I should like to know," I said, bringing myself to an abrupt halt. True, I knew he had roamed amid Alpine scenery, had dined in German cities, and supped in German inns, perched thousands of feet above the level of the sea; I knew he had been where Paul Flemming had been; had seen what he had seen, but I could not bring myself to think that, like him, my friend had travelled, wrapped in the gloom of despair, with eyes forever looking "mournfully into the past." No, no, his youth was on him then, no silver stranded the dark locks about his brow; and veneration must have forced him to draw that pencil mark, and veneration combined with ideality guided his hand a few pages on, when he stroked these lines:

"Truly, every man has a Paradise around him, until he sins, and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden. And even then there are holy hours when the angel sleeps, and man comes back, and, with the innocent eyes of a child, looks into his Paradise again—into the broad gates and rural solitudes of nature."

How that passage impressed me with its solemn earnestness! O, my friend, there are moments when such as you can go back to your lost paradise—moments when the avenging angel is lulled to sleep by the magic wand of Charity. It may be a little act—a kind word spoken in season—a sympathizing touch in the hour of pain, or it may be a few drops of medicine given to a sufferer, whose scanty pay hardly keeps the home board furnished. If such as you cannot, with the largest capacities for doing good that life presents ever before you, and the responsibilities of the noblest profession, I speak it reverently, that God has

given to man, on you, in Heaven's name, — us can?

With an awe inspired by the soul-stirring graph, I returned to my task, read a few more and found myself at the end of the second book

No heroine yet!

Paul Flemming, whose existence had merged into that of Dr. Hubner, to my vivid imagination at least, would sink into a contemptuous insouciance if the volume should close as it had been, and with fear and trembling (not originally) hastened toward the end, to pause in admiration before the author's description of the Glacier of the Rhone.

"It fills," says Longfellow, "the whole valley between two mountains, running back to the summits. At the base it is arched like a dome and above jagged and rough, and resembles mass of gigantic crystals of a pale emerald tint mingled with white. A snowy crust covers its surface, but at every rent and crevice the pale emerald ice shines clear in the sun. Its shape that of a glove, lying with the palm downward and the fingers crooked and close together. It is a gauntlet of ice, which, centuries ago, won the king of these mountains, threw down defiance to the sun; and year by year the strives in vain to lift it from the ground on point of his glittering spear."

The magnificent description thrilled me, I had never seen the Rhone, and I did not wonder that the doctor, who had seen it and drunk its beauty, should pause to mark the graceful effect but instead, fancied that I heard him exclaim aloud, as did Flemming:

"How wonderful! how glorious!"

Suddenly remembering my purpose, I at once beamed predominant, and I spurred on to find the following exquisite bit of humor:

"On the sofa sat a gentleman reading a gentleman of perhaps forty-five, round and with a head, which being a little better top, looked not unlike a crow's nest with in it."

Here I stopped short, exasperated

measure. "Put eight more years on your thirty-seven, and you will not be far from forty-five yourself," I exclaimed, shutting the book with a vindictive snap.

"You seem to be out of humor, Cary," said my husband, gently—he was always gentle now, in my moments of wilfulness and caprice because he knew that they were born of pain and weakness.

"I have no patience with this book," I answered. "It is called a romance, and yet no woman appears as heroine. I am trying to solve the mystery of Dr. Hubner's bachelorhood from the marked lines, and just as I think I have a clew to it I come across a paragraph like this"—reading the last—"and all vanishes in an instant. I see only the teasing, fun-loving man before me, instead of the disappointed swain; I have almost despaired of my task."

"And not yet through the book? It isn't like you to give up before the end is gained."

"I won't, either," I cried, nerved to fresh exertion by the implied sarcasm; and I plunged resolutely into the romance again to find—what? A heroine at last, dear reader; a real, living, breathing, genuine heroine. The work is redeemed in my eyes. Paul Flemming's character stands forth in enduring colors, since the "Tremulous Star," born of "the rich and glowing evening," has suddenly illuminated his horizon; and across the chasm of twoscore years I shake hands with the author, whose gifted pen wrought the beautiful creation.

More hopeful, more sanguine of success, I was aroused to enthusiasm by coming across another pencil mark:

"I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star. Those only are beautiful, which, like the planets, have a steady, lambent light, are luminous, but not sparkling. Such eyes the Greek poets give to the Immortals."

And such eyes I had given to the stately Diana, with whom I had graced my hero's home—a Grecian type of beauty with steady, luminous brown eyes. Can I ever forgive him for crushing the fair image with a single ruthless blow? But here was a drop of comfort—such had been his ideal at least—those marked lines declared it most emphatically; and, with a triumphant smile, I passed it by to happen on a paragraph that sounded like a funeral dirge:

"Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn on our hearths nor in our hearts; and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold, when he is only sad."

Why, oh, why that heavy mark? Were there hours in the doctor's life when the fire burned neither on his hearth nor in his heart? Was there a past with dark memories, that haunted his solitude? It seemed so; for, following close upon the last, I discovered these words:

"Some feelings are quite untranslatable. No language has yet been formed for them. They gleam upon us beautifully through the dim twilight of fancy, and yet, when we bring them close to us, and hold them up to the light of reason, lose their beauty all at once; as glow-worms, which gleam with such a spiritual light in the shadows of evening, when brought in where the candles are lighted, are found to be only worms, like so many others."

"Then his feelings cannot be translated," I mused, letting the book fall to my lap. "From the far distance, and in the dim light of fancy, they are beautiful enough, but will not stand the test of reason. They put out the fire in his heart, and make him sad because the hopes they have engendered have proved only so many worms, eating into his very soul."

"Oh, who is the Mary Ashburton, that has cast such a shadow over the doctor's life?" I asked myself, as I looked out on the street bathed in a flood of soft silvery moonlight. I seemed to catch inspiration from the quiet panorama. It was no longer Paul Flemming wandering through sylvan groves and German forests by Mary Ashburton's side, but Doctor Hubner; and I do believe, that, when I resumed my reading, I unconsciously dropped the hero's name to substitute the doctor's instead.

Never can I tell with what breathless interest I perused the chapter capped "The Fountain of Oblivion." Just as Flemming wooed, I should imagine Dr. Hubner had wooed; just as he was rejected, the doctor had been rejected; just as he turned his back on Interlachen forever, I should fancy—did fancy—the doctor had turned himself forever from the spot, where he had laid down the richest treasure he possessed, as a tribute to the worshipped one of his dreams, only to have it

refused; and, like Flemming, he had turned from it with no anger in his bosom, no hatred, but with a mournful sadness, tenfold more dangerous than either.

"The hearts of some women tremble like leaves at every breath of love which reaches them, and then are still again. Others, like the ocean, are moved only by the breath of a storm, and not so easily lulled to rest."

I could readily understand the deep mark encircling those lines, as well as imagine the thought that guided the pencil. Like Mary Ashburton, *his* lady's heart was not easily or lightly moved. The storm of his passion had driven its seething breakers full upon her, and his own heart was none the less sore because of the recoil.

How I could have pitied him in that moment, if his manly face had not risen before me with its genial smile, which seemed to ask what there was to pity in its unbroken lines. No; I could not pity him, for that countenance would have rebuked me if I had. Whatever else he might be, the doctor was the last man to excite such a feeling, and closing my heart to anything like it, I rushed on to the end, to find the wealth of disappointed love in his bosom breaking out in the stroke about these lines:

"Alas and alas! Paracelsus of old wasted life in trying to discover its elixir, which, after all, turned out to be alcohol; and instead of being immortal upon earth, he died drunk on the floor of a tavern. The like happens to many of us. We waste our best years in distilling the sweetest flowers of life into love-potions, which, after all, do not immortalize, but only intoxicate us. By Heaven! we are all of us mad."

The death-knell of hope rang out clear in the last sentence. He had loved and lost, had worshipped and been rejected; and in the chagrin of the moment, unable to forget, feeling the burden more than he can bear, he bitterly reprimands himself, and says, in the pain of a sorely bleeding heart, "By Heaven! we are all of us mad."

No one looking at Dr. Hubner could impute to him such a storm of emotion, such a whirlwind of passion, as had swept Flemming's heart. He was thoroughly—my hero, I mean—self-possessed, calm as a summer's afternoon, polite and affable; but if he had never known a kindred feeling, why those pencil marks? I could not forget the old truism, that there is no calm so perfect as the one after a

storm; and thinking of it still, I turned to the next page to fall on the following significant passage:

"You are right," said Berkley; "there is nothing so good for sorrow as rapid motion in the open air. I shall go with you; though, probably, your conversation will not be very various; not but Edward and Kunigunde."

Like a flash—shall I call it inspiration?—came a thought of the three months spent by the doctor on the plains. Had he gone there to kill sorrow in rapid motion? Perhaps; and I could but fancy as I read further on that some friend, like Berkley, more zealous than wise, had borne him company, and kept him continually in memory of that sorrow.

Berkley's self-assumed duty was to console his companion; a duty which he performed like an ancient Spanish Despenadora, whose business it was to attend the sick and put her elbow into the stomach of the dying to shorten their agony."

"Who among us has not known such a friend?" I asked myself briefly; and so closed book the third. The clock had just struck eleven, and looking up from his paper, my husband said:

"It is growing late, Cary, and time for one so feeble as yourself to be in bed."

I answered nothing. I could not bear to have the chain of my thoughts broken by anything so prosaic; and to avoid conversation, at once sought my chamber. Most certainly I was infatuated, for I took up "Hyperion" the next morning as soon as I left the breakfast room, and plunged eagerly into the fourth and last book, feeling a consciousness that the end was almost gained.

"The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life, they all lie behind us; at noon, we trample them under foot; and in the evening, they stretch long, broad, and deep before us. Are not, then, the sorrows of childhood as dark as those of age? Are not the morning shadows of life as deep and broad as those of evening? Yes; but the morning shadows soon fade away; while those of evening reach forward into the night and mingle with the coming darkness."

This was the first pencilled paragraph that met my view, and with the mournful sadness still echoing in my heart, I could scarcely bring myself to think that my friend's hand had drawn that line—the words sounded so like the tolling of a funeral bell. Were the shadows of youth still lingering about him? Was the Past still haunting him with

is bitter memories and blighted hopes? Verily, as; for an answer appeared on the very next page:

"As the moon, whether visible or invisible, has power over the tides of the ocean, so the face of a lady, whether present or absent, had power over the tides of his soul; both by day and night, in waking and sleeping."

"Oh, my friend," I cried, in a sudden burst of sympathy, "why not trample the shadows of noon under your feet now, ere they join those of evening and reach far into the night?" I saw him in that moment as Berkley did Flemming; and I smiled. I saw the mark drawn about the brusque old man's advice:

"Remember my parting words. Never mind the flies. In this world a man must either be anvil or hammer. Care killed a cat!"

Terse, brief words, spoken by homely lips, but words of wisdom nevertheless. Some of the sadnesses vanished from my mind. Hope sprang up in its stead—a hope that the hero would turn his headolutely from the Past—that he would accept the situation as a manly man, and instead of vacillating resolution take upon him life's responsibilities; that, instead of wandering amid Alpine scenes or living in dim old mystic German lore, feeding discontent instead of crushing it, he would throw himself into the busy stream of action flowing through this practical world of ours, to do good in as he received benefit in return.

Would my hope be realized, was the unspoken question trembling on my lips as I hurried through; and I clapped my hands for very joy, as my eye caught the following:

"Look not mournfully into the past. It comes too late. Wisely improve the present. It flies; go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

If that paragraph had remained unnoticed, this world never have been written, for the whole heroic, which I had taken so much pains to rear, would have crumbled away to dust. But it was marked; and so it is.

With the doctor's life before me, even as it had begun from the beginning, I continued, feeling more keenly than ever that my thoughts had not strayed out of the right channel in unravelling the secret of his bachelorhood from this book. He had read and re-read the volume in my hand, for he had told me so, and I could not separate him

from the hero. I grew nervously anxious for the result. How would the book end? Would Flemming meet the "Dark Ladie" in the last pages? and would there be a joyful clash of marriage bells? I hoped it, and yet, if such proved the case, my character-reading would suffer; but for all that I did hope that, even in the last chapter, Mary Ashburton would relent, and in relenting, love.

In a perfect fever of excitement I turned the leaves, and came across the following:

"Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps, and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality! I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is life.

Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!

Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve sooner? Can such a simple result spring only from the long and intricate process of experience? Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life, to light the fires of passion within, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then comes listless irresolution and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began."

I could have laughed aloud in my joy on seeing the mark about these lines, but I did something vastly different. I cried. In that mark, I traced the record of my hero's vow. No listless inaction had been his. He had cast the Past behind him, and seized the Present with a determined grip; and could now look forward to the future without a fear. It held no terrors for him because he had performed his duty, was a man among men; and if the fires of passion had consumed half the leaves of his book, he was, day by day, writing on the remaining pages such a record that neither Ambition, Pride nor Passion could ever obliterate, because it was recorded in the golden characters of Truth, and stamped indelibly with Charity's immortal impress.

But I must away to find the "Dark Ladie." One more chapter, and I shall be done! Ten minutes after, to a second by the clock, I threw "Hyperion" down with a shock that I can never forget. The book fell to the floor with a crash, and I turned to meet two laughing brown eyes, regarding me with a strange mixture of mirth and gravity in their depths.

My hero stood before me, laughing at the great surprise written so plainly on my face. He broke the silence by asking:

"Is that the way you use borrowed books?"

"Such a book as it is!" I exclaimed. "I wish to goodness I had never seen it. I am so disappointed, so surprised at the ending."

"And who is not?" he asked, picking the volume from the floor, and turning the leaves caressingly. "That is one of its charms, and I love it. Whenever I feel particularly blue, and can steal an hour from my office; I like to throw myself down where I can hear the winds sigh, the raindrops—if there be any—patter against the window panes, and read 'Hyperion.'"

"And the blue ribbon—the book-mark—is a love token from some 'Dark Ladie,'" I hazarded, and the next moment I wished that I hadn't. A fierce expression crossed his face, as he laid the

book on the table, and his laughing eyes grew stern as he said:

"Your hand, if you please, madam. My time is limited this morning."

He had chilled all at once into the professional man, and I made no apology for the casual remark, because I knew that he was too generous to be unjust, and left it to time to withdraw the pointed but unintentionally aimed shaft. Yet, as I saw him drive away from the door, his face shrouded in a mantle of reserve, I felt more and more convinced that I had read his secret—that, instead of an ambitious Frau Kranich, a noble Mary Ashburton had impressed her image on his heart, the more indelibly because he could not turn on the angry waters of contempt to sweep her features from a too faithful memory.

Turning away from the window—away from the equinoctial blast moaning and sighing without—sometimes lifting its voice in louder strife—I sat down by the fire, and dreamed it all over again. I may be right in this, my first attempt at character reading by such a novel method, and I may be wrong; perhaps some day in the near or far future I shall find out, and then, reader, in the strictest confidence of course, I'll tell you too all about it.

LIFE WITH A KISS—A HISTORICAL INCIDENT.

By MRS. E. F. ELLET.

A RUDE wooden house on the Neva, in old Petersburg, is still shown to travellers as the abode of Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, when he was building the city. His wooden arm-chair, the rude stool by which he knelt to pray, and the boat he made with his own hands, are exhibited in careful preservation. An incident related of the Czar has been as carefully preserved in the French chronicles.

In August, 1710, Peter was in this modest house with two of his officers. The elder, Captain Stopaus, was old and stupid, and very jealous of the merit of younger men. He hated particularly young Wladimir, who had risen rapidly in the Czar's favor, on account of his courage and rare qualities. Though but twenty-five, he was major of the regiment of Preobajinski, of which Peter was colonel.

The Czar stood by a narrow window, and was gazing at a medallion he had taken from the pocket of his uniform. In this medallion was framed the miniature of a beautiful young girl. Her long blonde curls fell on a neck white as alabaster; her blue eyes and perfect mouth seemed formed only for love, and their expression was exquisite. The name of this lovely creature was Ludmilla, and she was the orphan daughter of a wealthy merchant. The Emperor had seen her but once, when he had become desperately enamored of her. He was sure of her favor; but he wished to owe it to his personal merit; and when he visited her, he sunk the monarch in the lover. She was far from discouraging his passion; indeed he had little doubt that she returned it.

After looking rapturously at the charming miniature, Peter suddenly called Wladimir to him.

red it, asking what he thought of his innamorata.

The young man started back, and grew pale.

Controlling his agitation, though his mind troubled sadly, he replied that the picture was fine.

He observed what escaped the eyes of the young man's emotion. In a few minutes Wladimir left the house. The captain bowed, bowing to the Emperor. He began to say if he had noticed the major's look when he stood on the portrait. The Czar answered that he did not.

He said Stopaus, "the original of that is the betrothed wife of Wladimir. Your father was at Ludmilla's house last evening. When you had left it the major was admitted; soon had risen before he departed from us."

"You sure of this?" asked Peter, calmly. "Quite sure, your Majesty."

"Well," said the Emperor, lifting the portrait in front of him, dashed it on the ground. Such violence it was broken to pieces. The only sign of emotion. Then, fastening on his caftan, he quitted the hut.

The young man had worshipped his beautiful betrothed and they were soon to be married. His father seeing her miniature in the Czar's hands was shocked. How could he doubt her unworthiness? He must have given the picture to Peter, encouraging his fancy for her. Was such a girl a wife for an honorable man?

He crossed the bridge of Tolstoi, leaving the city where the cathedral of Isaac rose in the distance, passed along what was afterwards the boulevard de la Perspective, and arrived at the house.

The house where Ludmilla dwelt was a small one, built in Tartar style. At a whistle the young man, a maid in red tunic and coif, opened the door. He entered the presence of the young girl, his features expressing his profound grief, his eyes deadly despair. The young girl stood motionless at the sight of him, and pale as death.

The young man sat down, but repelled all the tender words of Ludmilla. In a voice faltering and bitterness, he reminded her that he had told her the truest, most passionate love. He laid his life, his fortune, his name, at her feet, but she had repaid him with treachery and in-

She had given him deceitful caresses

and false vows. He asked if the accusation were not true?

Ludmilla's crimson cheeks and a flood of tears, confessed that the charge was deserved. She sobbed unrestrainedly, while the young officer regarded her in gloomy silence. At length she lifted her head, pushed back the ringlets from her cheeks still burning with her shame, and asked to be heard in her own defence.

She owned that she had deceived her lover, that she had given her picture to the Emperor, when he came to woo her. But she had not encouraged his passion from coquetry. When she saw how ardently he loved her, when he continually met her in the street, when he came to visit her and declared his love, she was afraid of him. The least suspicion that she might have given her heart to another, filled him with ungovernable rage. The wrath of a monarch was so terrible! In his flashing eyes she read a sentence of death for any rival. How could she own her love for Wladimir! She dissembled, in her terror for him! She allowed the royal suitor to think he had gained her affections. She gave him the miniature. "But I have been true to you, Wladimir," she sobbed.

The young officer felt her arms clasped around his neck, her tear-wet cheek pressed to his; and her lips uttered broken and passionate words of love. He forgave her; while she protested that she would never have stooped to dissimulation to save her own life.

While the reconciled lovers talked, another man had silently entered the dwelling. The old servant had tried to stop him; but when he threw off his hat and caftan, she saw it was the Emperor, and dared not oppose him. He strode on to the apartment where Ludmilla sat clasped in Wladimir's arms. At sight of the Czar, she started up with a terrified shriek, and fell upon her knees. The officer half drew his sword; but, recognizing his sovereign and superior officer, stood with his head bent, his eyes on the ground.

Peter's flashing eyes gleamed from one to the other, muttering, "a double treachery!" The young girl implored pardon in piteous entreaty.

But the monarch could not pardon such a crime. After a struggle with violent emotion, he became calm and cold, as he ordered the Major Wladimir to go and surrender himself a prisoner at the fortress.

He was soon restored to liberty, as the Emperor

could not imprison for such a cause one of his bravest and best officers. But he gave orders that he should preside at the head of his regiment, at the public punishment of Ludmilla, who was accused of having betrayed certain political secrets to the Swedish agents, and was condemned by the Senate to receive twenty blows with the knout at the Place de la Moika. Peter himself had preferred the false accusation.

The regiment of Preobajinski, ranged in two lines, extended along the banks of the Moika canal to the bridge terminating at the Opera house. That termination was the place appointed for executions. The executioners were armed with the long plaited leather strap called the knout, a few blows of which had sometimes caused the death of culprits.

The officers were in uniform, and Major Wladimir was pale and haggard, but full of inflexible resolution. He had spent hours in prayer by his father's grave in the cemetery of Smolank, and was determined to meet his betrothed, and save her from shame and torture by plunging his dagger in her breast. Then he would immolate himself!

The Emperor had spent the night in anguish, remorse, and alternations of fierce passion. He had traversed his chamber foaming like a chafed lion, beating his breast, and dashing the furniture to pieces. At dawn he called his attendants, and dressed himself in his uniform as Colonel of the Preobajinski, passing around his neck the band of the Chevaliers of the Order of St. Andre.

He went to the house of Menzikoff, overlooking the Moika canal. There he could see from a window all that passed. But his imagination drew a picture that drove him well-nigh to frenzy. He

seemed to see the beautiful, timid young girl he had loved, dragged as a spectacle before a curious, insulting crowd; her bare feet stained with blood, her white shoulders torn by the lash of the executioner!

Unable to remain still, the Czar entered a boat and conveyed to the opposite bank of the canal, where he stood with the tumultuous crowd.

The horrible procession advanced. Peter walked with a firm step, leaning on the arm of the sergeant of the regiment. Her blue eyes were distended with terror, and wandered wildly through the crowd; her white lips moved with incoherent sounds. Her long golden curls floated about her neck of marble whiteness. The sight of her beauty and youth exposed to insult and torture, was enough to move the hardest heart.

She passed slowly across the bridge to the fatal spot. Her lover waited to receive the mortal blow.

Just at that moment, when she was about to step from the Bridge de la Moika, she burst through the crowd into the open square. He rushed to her, threw off his mantle, and advanced towards the young girl, placed his hands on the sides of her head, drew her towards him, and impressed a kiss upon her forehead. She was saved!

It was the privilege of the Chevaliers of St. Andre to save the condemned by a kiss, in the hand of the executioner.

The young girl sank backward in his arms. When consciousness returned she found herself folded in the arms of her faithful lover, who were looking thankfully upwards.

FOOTSTEPS AT THE DOOR.

BY MRS. E. M. CONKLIN.

THE day is done, and swift draws nigh
The twilight hour, serene and sweet;
The busy crowds go hurrying by
With steady thud of thronging feet.

In many a home glad watchers wait,
As they have waited oft before,
To hear a hand upon the gate,
And well known footsteps at the door.

Some list for feet that still and cold
No more the paths of life will tread,
And miss the strong arms' loving fold—
The tender words so often said.

Alas for such! the desolate,
Who half expectant, as of yore,
Still chide the foolish hearts that wait
To hear the footsteps at the door.

Still pass the thronging myriads by,
Nor heed the mourners, watching late
The babes, who for the father cry;
The wives whose light of life is gone.

And some their sadder vigils keep
For living lost ones, mourning sore,
And listening fear, and waiting weep,
And dread their footsteps at the door.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

cient Order of Rechabites.—Will the Editor of the AMERICAN MONTHLY favor a number of readers the undersigned, with something concerning the "Order of Rechabites?" concerning which they to obtain anything satisfactory. The "Order"

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has been ascertained, it is very interesting. From these we learn that they were the descendants of the son of Reul or Reguel, Moses's father-in-law, called Kenites. They appear to have been much even at that early period, by the Israelites, and led by them to come and dwell among them; and certain that they never afterwards deserted each other. The scattering of the Jewish nation. Indeed, the tribe seem to have held high stations among the Israelites. As the Lord speaks of them, in his prophecy, as "a people, who built their nest upon a rock." In Chronicles are mentioned as being "Scribes," and are called "Scribes" who came of Hemath, the father of the house

of the son of Rechab, also, it would appear, was a tribe of the kings and princes of the land, and was at the slaying of the whole house of the wicked king Achaz. It was he who gave his sons that command, "Drink no Wine," the obeying of which procured for them a peculiar blessing from God—which remains to their posterity even to this day,

VIII.—25

as was proved by Wolff, the noted traveller, who met with the tribe, and describes them as still obeying in all things the commands of their father; and although their former allies are scattered about over the whole earth, yet do they remain in the neighborhood of their ancient homes, enjoying all



ARAB FAMILIES HALTING ON A JOURNEY.

their ancient privileges, and worshipping their true God; and are now, according to the same authority, about the finest men in the world.

From this peculiar, favored people, the name of the "Ancient Order of Rechabites" was taken, because, like them, the members of the Order abstain from all that can intoxicate.

This Order spread over the whole kingdom of Great Britain, and it was necessary, for its better government, to divide the country into several parts, or districts, each consisting of an indefinite number of Societies, technically called Tents, each having the entire management of its financial affairs; yet each acknowledging the superior authority of the District Council, the Executive Council, and Annual Movable Committee of the Order, in all cases of disputes or differences, and explanations of the laws; and, in short, regulating their general conduct as Members of the Order.

At this day there is a tribe of Arabs who claim to be the direct descendants of the Rechabites. In our illustrations are shown this peculiar people in their roving and tent-life character.



AN ARAB FAMILY ON A JOURNEY.

Prophecies on Sneezing.—Curious and interesting are the sayings and prophecies concerning the significance of sneezing. Though everybody is personally familiar with the *practical* details of the subject, it may please the readers of the MONTHLY to become more fully acquainted with the theory, art, physiological and mental laws upon which it is based and by which it is governed. While as a custom it dates back to the origin of man, and hence is a very ancient custom, and one that has been continually and universally observed, and according to Blackstone in his learned "Commentaries on Law," it must be "a good custom," and as a sequence, sound law whether in the Written Statutes or not.

Aristotle, in the Problems (XXXIII: 7), inquires why sneezing is considered as emanating from God; to which he suggests, "because it comes from the head, the most divine part of man."

"Athenæus," says Potter, in his "Archæological Græca," "proves that the head was esteemed holy, because it was customary to swear by it, and adore as holy the sneezes that proceeded from it." [Gauged by this latter standard, it would hardly be accepted in our day of false registrations and "bogus returns," though under the sacred seal of an oath.] The same writer also says: "Persons having the inclination but not the power to sneeze, should look at the sun, for reasons he assigns in Problems (XXXIII: 4)."

Plutarch, on the "Damon" of Socrates (§ II.), states the opinion that some persons had formed, "that Socrates' damon was nothing else than the sneezing either of himself or others." Thus: "If any one sneezed at his *right* hand, either before or behind him, he pursued any step he had begun; but sneezing at his *left* hand caused him to desist from his formed purpose." To this he added a remark about the several kinds of sneezing. For instance, "to sneeze

it happened that three beautiful captives were brought and at the same time the fire burnt clear and bright, and a sneeze happened on the right hand. Thereupon the soothsayer, embracing him, predicted a probable victory which was afterwards obtained by him."

From the above observations and extracts, it may be inferred that sneezing was always a prophecy of good or evil. The signs of the constellations, it was considered as under the influence and control of circumstances. The hour of the day or night, and the season of the year, regulated the good or evil that was to come from a sneeze. Some sneezes foretold good luck; others indicated misfortune. A sneeze between midnight and the following noontide was fortunate; but from noontide till midnight a sneeze was an omen of misfortune. If a man sneezed at the table while the cloth was being removed, or if another happened to sneeze on his left, it was un-

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MARBLE STATUETTE OF MINERVA, ATHENA, OR M

if on the right hand, fortunate. If in undertaking business, two or four sneezes occurred, it was a lucky omen and gave encouragement to proceed; if more than four, it was a bad omen; if one or three, it was lucky, and checked them from the business contemplation.

If two men were commencing any business, and sneezed together, it foretold prosperity in business operations.

Being already lengthened our remarks on sneezing, we close by observing that the subject has developed into quite marked as national characteristics, and very odd social in their tendencies. The Scotch proffer of



MINISTERING ANGEL.

From a Painting in the Chapel of Duomo di Orvieto.

of snuff is a social evidence of regard, having in it the sentiment of "God bless you," sneezer! The French, Spanish, and representatives of other nations tender sentiment, "May you attend you!" when passing the friendly comrade the snuff-box. May the spirit which accompanies the pleasant custom continue, even if the use of the well-known powder be not encouraged.

The Editor hope to receive some information and news relative to the origin, use and effect of Snuff? whether it is an excitant or sedative? as opinions seem concerning the subject.

Your P's and Q's.—From the department of NOTES AND QUERIES, I have culled many items of interest and pleasure in many other places, and hence take pleasure in manifesting my recognition of this instructive feature of your MONTHLY. I feel sure that many of your subscribers will derive equal benefit from this department. If not too tedious, I would thank you to give light upon a subject which several friends and I have had a lengthy discussion of, and correct meaning of the familiar terms

P's and Q's. There are various explanations given, all of which seem plausible; but there can be only *one correct* source from which the terms first grew into use.

LANDIS P. NORTH.

In answer to our inquirer, we would state that the expressions are derived from a custom quite ancient: hanging a slate behind the door of an ale-house on which was inscribed or written P. or Q. (*i. e. pint or quart*) opposite the name of each customer, according to the quantity which he had taken, and which was not expected to be paid for till the ensuing Saturday night, when they received their wages.

The expression so familiar to school-boys of "going tick," is traceable to this, a *tick* or mark being put for every glass of ale.

Others have thought that this phrase was originally, "mind your *toupées* and your *queues*"—the *toupe* being the artificial locks of hair on the head, and the *queue* the pigtail of olden time.

A very plausible explanation, however, of the origin is the following, by Charles Knight, published in a book called the "Milledulcia," who says:

"I have always thought that the phrase, 'Mind your P's and Q's,' was derived from the school-room or the printing-office. The forms of the small 'p' and 'q,' in the Roman type, have always been puzzling to the child and the printer's apprentice. In the one the downward stroke is on the left of the oval; in the other, on the right. Now, when the types are reversed, as they are when in the process of distribution, they are returned by the compositor to his case, the mind of the young printer is puzzled to distinguish the 'p' from the 'q.' In sorting *pi*, or a mixed heap of letters, where the 'p' and the 'q' are not in connection with any other letters forming a word, I think it would be impossible for any inexperienced person to say which was which upon the instant. Mind your 'p's' and 'q's'—I write it thus, and not 'Mind your P's and Q's,' has a higher philosophy than mind your *toupées* and your *queues*, which are things essentially different, and impossible to be mistaken. It means, have a regard to small differences; do not be deceived by apparent resemblances; learn to discriminate between things necessarily distinct, but which look the same; be observant; be cautious."

The Hawaiian Language.—Prizing highly the varied points of interest gleaned from the NOTES AND QUERIES columns of POTTER'S instructive MONTHLY (if not too much trouble), the Editor would gratify me by giving the name of the language, where used, and the interpretation of the following: "Na he ahua e hoomaikai mai e oe, a mau loa ahu."
W. O. I.

Inquirer is informed, that the above words are in the language spoken on the Sandwich Islands, known as the Hawaiian, familiar to not only the natives, but many English and American residents of Honolulu. The words translated, signify: "May our heavenly Father bless and protect you, and keep you in the hollow of His hand." The expression is a most beautiful one; but the language itself is peculiar—and as will be noticed, abounds with vowels,

as most every word ends with one. More remarkable, however, does the language sound when heard spoken, which the Editor has frequently had the pleasure of hearing. As Congress has recently ratified a "Commercial Treaty" with the Sovereign of these Islands, with a view of augmenting the commercial relations and traffic between the United States and the inhabitants of those Pacific Isles, it is hoped we may soon become better acquainted with their language, customs and habits.

William Cobbett.—The Open Polar Sea—Wager of Battle and the Ordeal of Touching a Dead Body in the United States.—Mr. Steuben Jenkins, in NOTES AND QUERIES in POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY for March, writes: "William Cobbett was an Englishman of the most inveterate type, who hated and detested everything French, and I am confident that, as well from that as from his defective education, he was never a French teacher." From the second letter in a volume bearing the title, "A French Grammar, or Plain Instruction for the Learning of French. In a Series of Letters. By William Cobbett," I make the following extracts: "How did it happen then, that I, who had every disadvantage to make head against, who began to study French in the woods of North America in 1791; who crossed the Atlantic Ocean twice between that year and 1793; how did it happen, that I, who had never had a master to assist me but one single month in 1792, should in 1793, write and publish, in the French language, a grammar for the teaching of French people English; which grammar, first published at Philadelphia, found its way to France, and has long been, for the purpose for which it was intended, in general use throughout all the countries of Europe? When I afterwards came to teach the English language to French people in Philadelphia, I found that none of the Grammars then to be had were of much use to me. I found them so defective, that I wrote down instructions and gave them to my scholars in manuscript. At the end of a few months, this became too troublesome; and these manuscript instructions assumed the shape of a Grammar in print, the copyright of which I sold to Thomas Bradford, a bookseller of Philadelphia, for a hundred dollars, or twenty-two pounds, eleven shillings and sixpence; which Grammar, under the title of *Maitre d'Anglois*, is, as I have just observed, now in general use all over Europe." Whether Cobbett was ever "a French teacher of note" in Wilmington, I do not know, but that he was such in Philadelphia, his own declaration fully shows.

In Mr. Janvier's admirable paper, "Some Forgotten Arctic Explorers," in the March number, much interesting and valuable historical information is gathered together in an attractive form. I propose to add this NOTE to his list of Forgotten Arctic Explorers, and it is simply the fact, that an open polar sea was claimed to have been discovered previous to 1662. When the Royal Society was first instituted, it was customary to send questions to any traveller who chanced to be in England, after having been in parts of the world which were not commonly frequented. In the year 1662-63, Mr. Oldenburgh, the secretary of the society, was ordered to register a paper entitled "Several inquiries concerning Greenland, answered by Mr. Gray, who had visited these parts." The nineteenth of these queries is as follows:

"How near any one hath been known to approach the pole?"

Answer, "I once met upon the coast of Greenland a Hollander, that swore he had been but a half degree from the pole, showing me his journal, which was also at his mate; when they had seen no ice or land water."

After this entry Mr. Oldenburgh adds, as from Gray, "This is incredible."

In Hall's *Portfolio* (June number, 1824), is the account of a "Wager of Battle in New England" respecting conflicting claims of two towns in Connecticut—Lyme and New London—to certain lands, once gave rise to a dispute for adjusting the title, of which we apprehend no trace is to be found in the common law or the codes of the civil law. The land, says Dr. Dwight, though now of considerable value, was then regarded as a trifling object. The expenses of appointing agents to manage the cause before the law was considerable, and the hazard of the journey was small. In this situation the inhabitants of both towns agreed to settle their respective titles to the land in controversy, by a combat between two champions to be chosen by each for that purpose. New London selected a champion of the name of Picket and Latimer; Lyme chose a champion of the name of Griswold and Ely. (The champions mutually appointed, the champions met and victory was declared in favor of each of the Lyme combatants. Lyme quietly took possession of the controverted tract, and held it undisputed to the present day.) Can any reader give the date when this appeal to arms—place?

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, 1771, is a strange event noticed thus:

"The following extraordinary attestation of the veracity of the body of one Nicholas Tuers, then lying dead, of Bergen County in New Jersey, was communicated by a gentleman of such credit, as leaves not the least doubt of its being genuine.

On the 22d day of September, in the year of our Lord 1767, I Johannes Demarest, Coroner of the County of Bergen and province of New Jersey, was present at the body of one Nicholas Tuers, then lying dead, with the Jury, which I summoned to enquire of the cause of the death of the said Nicholas Tuers. At that time a Negro named Hany, belonging to Hendrick Christians, was suspected of having murdered the said Tuers, but there was no proof of it, and the Negro denied it. I asked the Negro, 'I am not afraid to touch Tuers?' He said No, he was not afraid to touch Tuers; and immediately came up to the corpse, and laid his hand on the said Tuers's face, and then I heard a cry in the room of the dead man, saying 'He is the man,' and I was desired to cut off the dead body; and was told that the said Negro Hany had laid his hand on Tuers's face, and that the blood immediately ran out of the nose of the dead man Tuers. I saw the blood on his face, and ordered the Negro to rub his hand again on Tuers's face; he did so, and immediately

of the said Tuers's nose at both nostrils, near a spoonful at each nostril, as well as I could reupon the people all charged him with being ; but he denied it for a few minutes, and then he had murdered the said Nicholas Tuers, by him on the head with an axe, and then driving in his ear; though afterwards he said he d time with his axe, and then held him till he

was done struggling; when that was done he awoke some of the family, and said Tuers was dying, he believed.

JOHANNES DEMAREST, COR."

I would like some of your readers to inform me whether this case is noted in any of the State or County Histories of New Jersey, together with any further particulars of this strange occurrence they can supply.

H. G. ASHMEAD.

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

et.—The President has nominated and the ed the following gentlemen, who are to form et of the nation :

State, William M. Evarts, New York.

Treasury, John Sherman, Ohio.

War, George W. McCrary, Iowa.

Navy, Richard W. Thompson, Indiana.

Interior, Carl Schurz, Missouri.

General, Charles Devens, Massachusetts.

General, David M. Key, Tennessee.

displayed by our new Executive in the ese advisers will be more manifest when the deliberations take tangible shape and expres-niliating measure, their choice can scarcely better fraternal feelings between the North as an evidence of a desire to reorganize the f the civil service it will be welcomed by the of both parties; as a departure from political e brdader interests of the whole country, it is a move eminently patriotic..

ry of State, Mr. William M. Evarts, has the impress of his character on the nation. as a member of the legal profession, whether of counsel, pleader, or jurist; eminent as a l constitutional advocate; but in a higher given marked proofs that he can stand up ndent of party cliques and powers when the is services. As the position he holds is one wisdom and experience are required, the ly will feel that our relations with foreign wisely considered, and that all subjects of an aracter will be in safe hands. We believe s will show himself firm in his adhesion to t in him President Hayes will have safe ne of the spirits identified with the cause of ebrated "Fifth Avenue Conference," prior on of the Ohio candidate, the new Secretary to aid the Executive in carrying into effect the und long demanded reforms in the various the government.

, from the same State as the President, has esented his State in Congress, and though or himself in connection with the disputed orts from the Southern States, at issue in the tation not to be envied by any patriot, it is

hoped the costly experience gathered by his unwise course there pursued, will serve to make him wiser in the future. Experience is a grand educator, even in private life, but how much more so, when the scrutiny and gaze of a whole nation are centred upon the public functionary, to applaud or condemn the words and acts which are to live in history, either to the shame or honor of the public actor.

The West is represented in George W. McCrary, of Iowa, and Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana; the former as head of the War, the latter of the Navy Department. Both of these men are comparatively unknown to the new generation, yet both bring to their high offices reputations for character and ability commensurate with their duties. Mr. McCrary's antecedents point towards conservatism and peace. Mr. Thompson's early life was associated with the great questions which kindled the fires of a Henry Clay in the Whig times of the "long ago." While he borders on seventy he gives signs of the mental freshness of youth, which coupled with his large experience, cannot fail to increase the wisdom of the Cabinet.

The South is pacified in one if not in both of the members designated as representatives from that section.

Mr. Carl Schurz, the creature of education and circumstances, rather than the statesman of convictions, holds the portfolio of the Department of the Interior. The ungraceful somersaults made by Mr. Schurz since his bold proclamation from "Fifth Avenue" in behalf of reform as opposed to both parties, we trust, as with Mr. Sherman, will have imparted to him wisdom to guide him into safer waters.

General David M. Key, of Tennessee, will direct that gigantic branch of the government known as the Post-Office Department. He brings to his office a record of independence in politics, and while an exponent of the principles of the Democratic party, he never allowed himself to be made the willing instrument or aid to fraud. Mr. Hayes, in making this selection, recognizes the rightful claims of the South, and by it infuses a healthy spirit into the Cabinet as a collective body.

We have thus given considerable space to the elements which enter into and constitute the counselors of the nation through our chief Executive.

The President's Address, in itself, gives no evidence of a comprehensive and broad statesmanship, nor even of ability to grapple with the great national questions which

must come up under his administration; it does not even touch upon many of the "all-important subjects" which are the arteries of the nation's life. The document is mainly devoted to the interests of the Southern States, and the new order of things resulting from the late war. As to the principles which are to guide him, he indicates that they are embodied in his letter accepting the nomination. The general tone and spirit of the paper, however, is conservative and patriotic, and foreshadows that it will be his aim to serve the best interests of the country, rather than that of party. The antecedents of President Hayes's civil life lead us to anticipate a peaceful administration during his rule.

One measure alone in the civil service—the retention in office of those who have shown themselves faithful to public trusts—will save a vast amount of discord and personal dissension. No greater evil ever afflicted a people than practically carrying into effect, in civil life, the doctrine, "to the victor belong the spoils," to the entire exclusion of the true and tried servants of the nation. This is especially so in the Postal and Revenue Departments of the Government, where many years are essential to thoroughly understand the duties pertaining to the offices.

But after all, gracefully rounded periods and winning principles and measures as laid down and outlined on paper, or as eloquently sent forth by human voice, are only as the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" until they are baptized in the living waters of life; until they breathe as vital acts. The *deed* is what gives force to all measures and principles. Reform comes not alone from thought; it grows out of a complete regeneration of the inner springs of existence, whether applied to nations or individuals. The fountain head must be made pure by inletting from the non-corrupted streams of a higher and better morality and intelligence. The high moral excellence attributed to our new President gives birth to reasonable hopes for the future of the country. The selection of his Cabinet—given elsewhere—marks a step towards a higher plane to which the nation is destined to surely move.

Suicide Statistics.—A curious and suggestive table of statistics has recently appeared in France, which will doubtless prove of much value in the hands of students of psychology and nervous mental ailments. It relates to suicides; and the conditions, etc., of the people who made away with themselves in 1874 in France are taken as the basis of the figures. In that year, 5,617 suicides occurred, the largest number ever known in any one year in the country. Of these, 4,435, or 79 per cent., were committed by men, 1,182, or 21 per cent., by women. In spite of the careful investigations of the police, the ages of 105 people could not be determined. The 5,512 others are divided as follows: 16 years, 29; between 16 and 21 years, 193; between 21 and 40 years, 1,477; between 40 and 60 years, 2,214; exceeding the last mentioned age, 1,599. About 36 per cent. of these unfortunates were unmarried, 48 per cent. married, and 16 per cent. widowers. Of those which constituted the last two classes, nearly two-thirds had children. More than seven-tenths of the suicides were effected by strangulation or drowning. The crime was most frequently committed during spring, when 31 per cent. of the whole

number destroyed themselves; during other seasons percentages were: in summer, 27; in winter, 23; in autumn, 24.

Included in the tables are the results of the inquiries, showing the professions and callings of the dead. About 33 per cent. were farmers, 30 per cent. mechanics, 16 per cent. merchants or business men, 16 per cent. of the liberal professions, 4 per cent. servants, and 1 per cent. had no known calling. The table even analyses all but 481 people, the motives which caused the deaths. Thus we are told that 653 killed themselves because of reverses in fortune, 701 through family troubles, 472 drunkenness, 243 through love, debauchery, etc.; 59 to avoid physical suffering, 59 to avoid the penalties of capital crimes, 489 for unclassified troubles, and 1,646 clearly shown to have been afflicted with some disease.

Infectious Disease Propagation.—The following by the *British Medical Journal* are wholesome warnings. "There are three common ways by means of which infectious diseases may be very widely spread. It is a very bad practice for parents to take children suffering from fever, measles, etc., to a public dispensary, in order to get advice and medicines. It is little less than crime to take children in the streets of a town and in the crowded waiting-rooms of a dispensary, children afflicted with such complaints. Persons who are recovering from infectious disorders should not row books out of the lending departments of public libraries. These books, on their reissue to fresh borrowers, are of very great danger. In all libraries, notices should be posted up informing borrowers that no books will be lent to persons who are suffering from diseases of an infectious character; and that any person so suffering will be prohibited from borrowing during the time of his illness. Lastly, the habit of distributing tracts is a very bad one. It is the habit for some unmeaning people to call at a house where a person is suffering from an infectious disease, to leave him a tract. In a week or so the tract is called again, another left in its place, and the old one is left for another person. It needs not much imagination to see with what result to health such a practice will lead if the person be in scarlet fever or small-pox."

Dr. Hutton offers "a warning on the reckless manner in which parents allow their healthy children to run about the houses of acquaintances who have members of their families suffering from scarlatina, etc., and states that he has seen infection thus carried from the patient, and several persons attacked."

Losses by Fire.—In an address recently delivered in Chicago, Mr. J. B. Bennett stated that "The destruction of property by fire in the United States is calculated to be \$1,000,000,000 per annum. The entire gold product of the country during the last twenty-seven years, annually, only \$100,000,000. In 1874 and 1875 it was under \$100,000,000. Since 1850 \$2,000,000,000 of the wealth of this nation has been annihilated by fire (a sum sufficient to pay or extinguish the national debt), besides accumulating this wealth without any estimate being made for its compounding or calculating for credit equal to every dollar of capital burnt up. Such is the past. What of the future?"

ation of President Hayes.—As chroniclers of events, we give the inaugural address of President Hayes, and other matters relating to the new administration, have greeted most of our readers, through the weekly journals, prior to their appearance in the

This is unavoidable, as our forms go to press a month, that we may get out the edition in season to many subscribers in distant sections of the country. It is our aim to make record, to the very latest of all subjects worthy of note; and that we may in consecutive and chronological order notations of the future reference, the valuable State paper and alluded to, are given place in our columns. We trust the Address will not lose interest nor significance on reading.

On Monday, March 5th, the new Senate was called to order by Vice-President William A. Wheeler in extra session. President Grant and President Hayes were notified that the Senate was ready to receive them, and accordingly they arrived. The body then proceeded to the portico of the Capitol, where in presence of an immense audience, Chief Justice Waite administered the oath to President Hayes, following which he delivered, from manuscript, a memorable address.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

CITIZENS:—We have assembled to repeat the ceremony begun by Washington, observed by all my predecessors, and now a time-honored custom, which marks the commencement of a new term of the Presidential office. The duties of this great trust, I proceed in common usage to announce some of the leading principles and subjects that have chiefly engaged the public attention, which it is my desire to be guided in the discharge of these duties.

I do not undertake to lay down irrevocable principles or administer, but rather to speak of the motives which should animate us, and to suggest certain important principles attained in accordance with our institutions, and the welfare of our country.

The subject of the discussion which preceded the recent Presidential election, it seemed to me fitting that I should make known my sentiments in regard to several of the questions which then appeared to demand the attention of the country.

Following the eminent example, and in part adopting the course of my predecessors, I wish now, when every misrepresentation has passed away, to repeat what I said before the election, trusting that my countrymen will weigh and understand it, and that they will find that the sentiments declared in accepting the office for the Presidency, will be the standard of my conduct. The path before me, charged as I now am with the difficult task of carrying them out in the administration of the government, so far as they depend on the constitution and law, on the chief executive officer.

The permanent pacification of the country upon such terms and by such measures as will secure the complete enjoyment of all its citizens in the free enjoyment of all their civil rights, is now the one subject in our public mind. All thoughtful and patriotic citizens regard as of paramount importance. Many of the calamitous effects of the revolution which has passed over the Southern States remain. The immeasurable benefits which will flow from it, sooner or later, its hearty and generous action cannot be over-estimated.

The legitimate results of that revolution have not yet been realized. Difficult and embarrassing questions meet us at the threshold of this subject. The people of those States are still impoverished, and the inestimable blessings of wise, honest and peaceful self-government are not fully enjoyed.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the cause of this condition of things, the fact is clear that in the progress of events the time has come when such government is the imperative necessity required by all the varied interests, public and private, of those States. But it must not be forgotten that only a local government which recognizes and maintains the rights of all, is true self-government.

With respect to the two distinct races, whose peculiar relations to each other have brought upon us the deplorable complications and perplexities which exist in those States, it must be a government which submits legally and heartily to the constitution and the laws—the laws of the nation and the laws of the States, accepting and observing faithfully the whole constitution. Resting upon this sure and substantial foundation, the superstructure of beneficial local government can be built up, and not otherwise.

In furtherance of such obedience to the letter and the spirit of the constitution, and in behalf of all that its attainment implies, all so-called party interests lose their apparent importance, and party lines may all be permitted to fade into insignificance. The question we have to consider for the immediate welfare of those States of the Union, is the question of government, order and all the peaceful industries and the happiness that belong to it, or a return to barbarism.

It is a question in which every citizen of the nation is deeply interested, and with respect to which we ought not to be, in a partisan sense, either Republicans or Democrats, but fellow-citizens and fellow-men, to whom the interests of a common country and a common humanity are dear.

The sweeping revolution of the entire labor system of a large portion of our country, and the advance of four millions of people from a condition of servitude to that of citizenship upon an equal foundation with their former masters, could not occur without presenting problems of the gravest moment to be dealt with by the emancipated race, by their former masters, and by the general government.

That the act of emancipation was a wise, just and providential act, fraught with good for all concerned, is now generally conceded throughout the country. That a moral obligation rests upon the national government to apply its constitutional powers to influence and to establish the rights of the people it has emancipated, and to protect them in the enjoyment of those rights when they are infringed or assailed, is also generally admitted.

The evils which afflict the Southern States can only be removed or relieved by the united and harmonious efforts of both races, actuated by motives of mutual sympathy and regard; and while in duty bound and fully determined to protect the rights of all by every constitutional means at the disposal of my administration, I am sincerely anxious to use every legitimate influence in favor of honest and effectual local self-government as the true resource of those States for the promotion of the contentment and prosperity of their citizens.

In the effort I shall make to accomplish this purpose, I ask the cordial coöperation of all who cherish an interest in the welfare of the country, trusting that party ties and the prejudice of race will be freely surrendered in behalf of the great purpose to be accomplished.

In the important work of restoration of the South it is not the political situation alone that merits attention. The material development of that section of the country has been arrested by the social and political revolution through which it has passed, and now needs and deserves the considerate care of the national government within the just limits prescribed by the constitution and a wise public economy.

But at the basis of all prosperity for that, as well as for every other part of the country, lies the promotion of the intellectual and moral condition of the people. Universal suffrage should rest upon universal education. To this end, liberal and permanent provision should be made for the support of free schools by the State governments, and, if need be, supplemented by legitimate aid from national authority.

Let me assure my countrymen of the Southern States, that it is my earnest desire to regard and promote their truest interests, the interest of the white and colored people, both; and to put forth my best efforts in behalf of a civil policy which will forever wipe out in our political affairs the color line and the distinction between North and South, that we may have not merely a united North or a united South, but a united country.

Looking for the guidance of that Divine hand by which the destinies of nations and individuals are shaped, I call upon you, Senators, Representatives, judges, fellow-citizens here and everywhere, to unite with me in an earnest effort to secure to our country the blessing, not only of material prosperity, but of justice, peace and union—a union depending not upon the constituency of force, but upon the loving devotion of a free people, that all things may be so ordered and settled upon the best and surest foundation; that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be established among us for all generations.

Annual Report of the Patent Office.—The annual report to Congress of the Commissioner of Patents, for the year 1876, has made its appearance.

The amount received on applications for patents, reissues, designs, extensions, caveats, disclaimers, appeals, trade-marks, labels, copies, etc., was \$757,987.65. The amount paid for salaries was \$425,930; other expenses, \$226,612. Total payments, \$652,542.

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| Number of applications for patents during the year 1876. | 21,425 |
| Number of patents issued, including reissues and designs. | 15,595 |
| Number of applications for extension of patents | 2 |
| Number of patents extended. | 3 |
| Number of caveats filed during the year. | 2,697 |
| Number of patents expired during the year | 814 |
| Number of patents allowed but not issued for want of final fee | 3,353 |
| Number of applications for registering of trade-marks | 1,081 |
| Number of trade marks registered | 959 |
| Number of applications for registering of labels | 650 |
| Number of labels registered | 402 |
| Of the patents granted there were to— | |
| Citizens of the United States. | 16,239 |
| Subjects of Great Britain | 511 |
| Subjects of France. | 104 |
| Subjects of other foreign governments. | 172 |
| Total | 17,026 |

Postage Stamp Frauds.—The *Scientific American* says: In reply to a paragraph recently published in these columns, suggesting the importance of discovering some new invention by which the fraudulent washing of postage stamps can be prevented, we have received many replies. A variety of novel plans for accomplishing the desired end have been presented to us, together with several very old ideas. For the benefit of those of our readers who may still be studying upon it, the following plans are old, and time spent in their reinvention as well as the expense incurred is wasted:

1. The printing of the postal stamp in ink that when moisture is applied to the face of the stamp, cellation of the stamp by means of indelible ink. lation by means of a cutter stamp that cuts the stamp. 4. Coupon stamps, one portion of which the letter envelope, while the other portion or flap med and is torn off as a cancel in the post-office. lucent stamps gummed upon the face, and secured upon the envelope, so that, if the stamp is remove ture, the ink leaves the stamp and adheres to the e

More Body Guards.—The class of 1877, number hundred and twenty-one students, was graduated medical department of the University of Pennsylvania the usual pleasant commencement ceremonies in the of Music, Philadelphia, at noon March 12th. The of the newly-made doctors began on the ground University, where the graduates assembled at 10 o'clock their cerulean badges, that looked to the spectators a distance like so many blue-glass medals of gold. At the Academy anxious mothers and sisters, dissecuring front seats, were waiting, bouquets in hand as 10 o'clock. A half-hour later the doors were open, and from that time until nearly 12 the pol danced around to the "Mignon," "Flirtation" Juive," of Hassler's Orchestra, daintily touching and broadcloth and directing visitors to parquet at theatre. A corps of bouquet-bearers, under the direction of a professor, were busy passing to the stage flower gays and eye-delights, unique fruit baskets, packages and books and small, suspicious-looking boxes that contained sweetmeats, but were possibly filled enough to mark the hours of an Æsculapian banquet. Students who were not to graduate with '77 sat in the gallery and hammered out rollicking theses from with their canes, indulging in remarks that were as to cause the grave doctors on the stage to shudder. At the meridian precisely Provost Charles J. Stillé, LL.D., presided by the professors of the faculties, the members of the Board of Trustees, many distinguished physicians and the graduating class entered and took the seats assigned, occupying a portion of the parquet. After the applause and "tigers" of the irrepressible young men in the upper gallery, Rev. E. R. Beadle, D.D., presided over the ceremonies with prayer for the "temporal and eternal health" of the men about to go out into the world for the world's good.

Hampton and Nichols vs. Chamberlain and—Right at the threshold of the President's administration the great civil suit as to who shall be the Governor of North Carolina and Louisiana comes up for settlement. The significance is not so much as to *who* shall be the Executive? as whether the Constitution and laws are sustained, and State Government represent the voice of the people. A withdrawal of the troops from the South those States would show where that voice is, and the moral and moral forces behind it. A difficult and embarrassing question can thus be easily adjusted, and we believe only policy which will ensure peace in the South and public confidence of the whole country.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Domain of Literature.—Unlike all other departments of culture, this is not hemmed in as the rich man's and guarded by gatemens who dispute the right of entry to the favored few. It is rather more like the breezy and wild forests, over and through which the breeze roams free as the air of heaven, and resembling it in its alighting influences. This domain is world-wide, without and taking in all latitudes, climates, nationalities, and tongues. It is bound to no creed, sex, color, or condition of life. In it the peasant and peer; the king and waiting-maid; the princely merchant and the tradesmen; the artist and student; the mechanic and the peasant; the manufacturer and mill-hand; the weaver and the man of letters and his scribe; the officer and his clerks—and, indeed, all those in both the high and lower walks of life are interviewed and studied, appear in the placid, as well as the boisterous seasons of life's voyage. Here, in the literary world, we are acquainted with them in their sunshines and their shadows, in their joys and sorrows, their heart-burnings and moments of passion: all these are made social, intellectual, moral, and useful food, in the domain of literature. In this domain we think, feel, speak, and write without fetters or restraints. We learn here to know the thoughts and emotions of all men kind, and are able to send back responsive answers. History, Biography, Romance, Art, and Science, all developed through human experience, ingenuity, and genius, are made the open letters of introduction to the members of the one great and universal family. Whether dead or living, those mighty levers—the Pen and the Printing Press—enable us to hold communion with those that once were, as well as those that now are, of a bodily organism. "Homer's Iliad," "Milton's Paradise Lost," "Pope's Essays on Man," "Shakespeare's Plays," "Moore's Melodies," "Byron's Poems," "Locke on the Human Understanding," and the list of a thousand others, in prose and verse, have not only instructed, charmed, but even kindled in us a love for knowledge as if by Divine Power; and by the golden chords of the heart of a universal brotherhood and sisterhood, they have entwined us together as one.

In our excursions in this domain, we are led beyond the narrow limits of logical thought and action in human history, and find ourselves fascinated as we wander along the paths of the fabled literature. Any allusion to the heroes and the gods and goddesses who in ancient periods moved the emotions, forms of worship and adoration, and to awaken strange conjectures and excite curiosity about them. The supernatural power attributed to their characters induces us to give our readers in this domain briefs and illustrations of some of the more interesting divinities. May they lead to a better understanding of the mythology, so frequently interwoven with the history of the present day. There Wisdom, Light, Youth, and Love, are personified in Minerva, Diana, Hebe and

the child Jupiter. There we see, as here we know, that the great "problem of life" was unsolved, and, as now, a mystery. The mind-soarings and heart-yearnings knew no



THE GODDESS OF YOUTH.

bounds; both claimed universal liberty; it was then as now—*libertas vita literatura*.

As bearing directly upon our train of ideas, we add the following from the *Literary World*, which will be appreciated:

"The domain of literature is broad. Here our reverence for God, our love of country, our philanthropic sentiment

toward mankind, may have free scope and exercise. Here are no sects, no parties, no schools, which can command our thought or action within narrow limits. Here we can look around the whole circle of the world, and take note of, and feel the liveliest interest in, all the intellectual, religious, moral and secular life of humanity. Here we can think and feel and live with the noblest and best of our race; and here, also, we can approach and enter into the joys and sorrows, the common lot of all our kind. The far and near, the ancient and modern, the Christian and Pagan, the wise and less wise, here draw near and speak with us, and invite us to become acquainted with experiences which are as universal as life itself. Here our minds and hearts are not narrowed, but broadened; and here our sympathies are challenged, not by a portion, but by all of our fellow-men.

The thoughtful and just man feels lonely everywhere but in literature. He desires relations with his kind, and would not be solitary or cynical, but large-minded and large-hearted. Yet in the ordinary walks, pursuits, and ambitions of men his constant experience is of being thrust back upon himself, repelled by the aims and *animus* of the company he tries to keep. In scrambling and competing crowds, men never think their best thoughts, never breathe their noblest aspirations, never perform their highest deeds: it is when they are alone with themselves, alone with God, alone with those sweet, pure, true souls that ever have been set in life and history to shine as the stars with tranquil and unfading lustre—it is then that they best can listen to and obey those voices which prompt to divinest things, and grow and ripen in the privacy of the heart and spirit.

We plead, then, for the greater and more common of literature. Let our youth be trained to reading those books which the best minds and so produced, and which stand the test of time. Let them be forced to live in the midst of secular activities, market, the court, the public place, the scene of strife and competition—let all such, as they value the development of intellect, conscience and heart, cultivate the capacity of enjoyment in 'breathing the still air of delightful studies.' We sincerely believe that we can render no truer service to our countrymen, in these intense and noisy times, than to urge them to the acquirement of literary tastes and habits; to the securing of that 'sweetness and light' which are to be found in the calm walks and ways of literature."

Hebe.—We are told that Hebe was the daughter of Jupiter and Juno, and that she was regarded as the Goddess of Youth. The "Iliad," however, gives no account of her parentage. Homer mentions that Ganymede was carried off by the gods as a cup-bearer, and afterward mentioned Hebe as servant in this capacity. Her position upon Mount Olympus appears to have been that of a waiting-maid at the banquets of the gods, without any degree of degradation in connection with it. When Here carried to the skies, Hebe was given to him in thus uniting the venerated sun-god to immortal youth goddess is represented in the arts as a charming young woman crowned with a wreath of flowers, her dress adorned with roses, and holding in her hand the cup in which she brought the nectar to the gods. An eagle is sometimes represented as standing by her side and receiving her caresses.

The Greek Diana—Goddess of Light.—Diana (the name of a female deity among the Romans, and under other names venerable in the East). Among the Romans she was the Goddess of Light, and her name contains the same root, "dies"—day. Diana, the God of Light, as Diana was represented as the moon



THE GODDESS OF LIGHT.



THE GODDESS OF YOUTH.

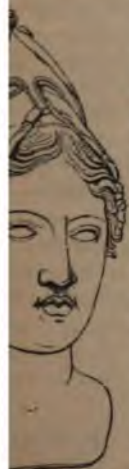
ates of the Greek goddess were attributed to the ana. 2. She was a great divinity among the Greeks, called Artemis. She was reputed to be the daughter of Leto, and the twin sister of Apollo. With her arrows, she sent plagues and death among men and specially sudden death among women. Like Apollo was a healing as well as a destructive god, Artemis sufferings of mortals; she was the protectress of and of yet a hunter ever ready to yield she slew changed to a stag saw her

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According to Hesiod she was classed among the ocean nymphs. Pindar calls her of Jupiter, and says she was one of the destinies. worshipped at Thebes, where she held the emblem in her arms. In Italy, among the Etrurians and, this deity received great honor. In our day many who believe that some supernatural being and directs their destinies.

Minerva—The Goddess of Wisdom.—(Mi-nerv'ah), the Latin goddess corresponding to, ended with the Grecian Pallas or Athena. She

was fabled to have sprung in full armor from the forehead of her father Jupiter. Minerva was worshipped as the Goddess of Wisdom, and the patroness of industry and the arts. Athens, to which she gave name, was her favorite city, and there her worship was celebrated with great splendor, and the magnificent temple—the Parthenon—was erected to her honor. She was also worshipped at Rome with peculiar veneration, and two great festivals were held in her praise. Three temples were dedicated to her—one on the Capitol, which she shared with Jupiter and Juno; a second on the Aventine, and a third on the Coelian Mount. The origin of the name has long puzzled etymologists, but it is most probably



MINERVA.

derived from "Menra," the popular Tuscan name of the goddess.

John Milton (Mil'tun), the author of "Paradise Lost," was born in London, in 1608. At ten years of age he had already composed verses, and in 1620 he was sent to St. Paul's School, whence he entered Christ College, Cambridge,

in 1625. His great works in prose and poetry have made his name immortal. In 1667 appeared the great epic which stands alone in our language, in unapproachable preëminence, "Paradise Lost," for which he received the sum of five pounds.



DEAN SWIFT.

Dean Swift.—

As appropriate to this department, on account of his wonderful success as a satirical, political,

and literary writer, Dean Swift's scholarly face is here given. He was born at Dublin, in 1667, and in his early life was left to the care of his uncle. On reaching manhood, he became distinguished as a writer, and among the books he published was one under the title of "Tale of a Tub," replete with humor and wit.

Professor Louis Jean Rudolph Agassiz.—This eminent naturalist was born in the Parish of Mottier, Canton Freiburg, Switzerland (not far from Neuchâtel), on the 28th May, 1807. In 1846 he came to this country, and at the time of his death, on the 14th December, 1873, he was a non-resident Professor of Cornell University, at Ithaca, New York. His valuable services to science and the students of natural history, are too well known to need recapitulation here.

As the anniversary of the birth of this most eminent scientist occurs on the 28th of this month, it is fitting that we should give space in this issue for the following tribute to his memory. The naturalness, ease, and musical flow of thought which so happily blend with sadness, give a marked beauty to the stanzas. They are a graceful offer-



JOHN LOCKE.

ing, and well calculated to keep green the good works of the distinguished dead.¹

THE GRAVE OF AGASSIZ.

The wind, gently breathing,
Is lowly bequeathing
A peaceful repose over Agassiz's grave,
And rare birds are bringing
Their tributes of singing,
And in the pure sunbeams their plumage they lave.

The sky may seem redder,
Yet nature is sadder,
And in the low West is a sorrowful tinge;
The twilight is brighter,
The daisies are whiter,
Yet glistens a dew-drop upon each fair fringe.

All things that have living
Seem mournfully striving
In blessing his mem'ry, their voices to lend;
No animate creature,
No object in nature,
But seems full aware of the loss of a friend.

But then, can we wonder,
Above us and under;
The birds of the air and the fish of the sea
All mourn the departed,
And seem sadder-hearted,
And miss his near presence as fully as we?

May nursed him in flowers
And evergreen bowers,
And taught him to love all the works of God's hand;
The earth yielded pleasures,
The ocean her treasures,
Till death brought him bliss on Eternity's strand.

Thus Time will bereave us,
And great men must leave us,
And those that they loved and were kind to on earth
Will linger in sorrow,
While trying to borrow
A shadow of comfort from thoughts of their worth.

The birds are still bringing
Sweet tributes of singing,
Which plaintively undulate, wave upon wave;
And tho' we feel gladly,
We'll drop a tear sadly,
And step very softly o'er Agassiz's grave.

The flowers are purer
And happiness surer,
That ever will rest on his radiant brow,
For God's Angels meet him,
With welcome to greet him,
Rewarding him there for his kindness below.

The Past History and Present Resources of Baltimore, by George W. Howard, 3d edition, must command public attention, especially to those interested in the early history and almost marvelous growth of what has been designated as "The Liverpool of America."

In this connection our leader in this number, "BALTIMORE OLD AND NEW," can scarcely fail to instruct and please the readers of the MONTHLY.

¹ See POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY, Vol. IV., page 39

The Illustrated Hand-Book to all Religions. 600 pages. Philadelphia: JOHN E. POTTER.

This work groups together all the Christian doctrines from the earliest age down to the present time, in order, and contains nearly *three hundred* illustrations. A somewhat critical examination of it leads us to believe that it fills a gap long open in religious and historical literature. It is written in a liberal and impartial spirit, and in the interest of organization nor collective body of Christians admirably guards the sacredness of the views of each, free from bias or a warping tendency. In this respect cannot fail to make it win favor. As a reference it must prove invaluable to all seeking relative to the origin, growth and development of any particular sect or creed. The author in his Preface to this compendious volume on the history and doctrines of various religious denominations of the world, writes, and, as far as possible, in an impartial spirit, has wanted. The value of such a work will at once be known by those who have sought for information on matters of ecclesiastical history in the countless writers, intricate and antiquated, or deeply prejudiced and imperfectly informed. An ecclesiastical history, under the name, and suited to the wants of the age, has not yet been written; and the labors and difficulties of the enterprise, that fear, likely to be undertaken by competent hands, on he says, "The author has endeavored to place the situation of a candid member of the church of the story was before him, and to avoid distortion and coloring. The facts have been drawn mainly from authors in each denomination, and their own given, unless when opponents have denied the facts. Where the matter is controverted, the statements are, in general, placed before the reader, and he is left to draw his own conclusion."

From the extracts above given, it will be seen that the true Catholic spirit has guided in the preparation of this volume. As we finger the leaves of the public will not only be attracted by the illustrations, but imbued with the idea that it typifies most forcibly the union of a complete harmony, bound together in cloth, if not in Christian fellowship. May we not, right here, express that as all diverging opinions on matters of faith find in this book a common converging centre, so may the pages tend to break down the barriers to a broad and universal Christianhood more universal in conception, and more true in character.

The Popular Science Monthly, Edited by E. S. Youmans, for April, comes as usual, from the original articles, from some of the best minds of the country.

Polar Colonization and Exploration. A memoir to Congress by Henry W. Howgate, a report to accompany bill, on the subject of "Exploring the Arctic Seas."

Part VI. of the History of the City of New York. By Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, A. S. Barnes & Co. published. It does not lessen in spirit and attractiveness.

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

Knowledge in its Monetary Bearings.—In visionary schemes, and almost herculean efforts to into projects, if not of a questionable character, aimed and hastily considered, it is refreshing to see evidences that real scientific knowledge is generally diffused among the masses. And stilling to see that this knowledge is being made to / upon the practical affairs of everyday life. collect all the money worse than squandered utilize useless ideas and conceptions on art, mechanics and manufactures, it would form a e than mountain high. Hence, it deserves our en we find such minds as that of J. Thackray gland, at an annual meeting of the Birmingham d Institute, engaged in the discussion and n of the monetary or commercial value of sciendege. As chairman of that meeting, he enunllowing upon the relations such knowledge has pursuits, which must command the consideration : of the MONTHLY:

ly of Science we do not mean study in its highest se, a search after knowledge for its own sake, ount of study which is undertaken for the gives in competition with other manufacturers als, and with other nations. As a nation we kers, producers; we cannot afford to wander y-ways of learning for the mere pleasure of wledge; we must, or the great majority of us he broad roads already graded and laid out by kers, picking up all the information we can, in orderly fashion in our mental wallets for use

Others amongst us—a gradually increasing l strike out paths for themselves across untrodden ek for new treasures with more or less of success. ll make researches and experiments, nor are we the work; but we can all learn something of wn already, and so prepare ourselves to take and utilize the discoveries of scientific investiry artisan in the kingdom can, if he will, make united with the principles on which the practices he is familiar are based, and there is no and no industry in the country which would ed by such knowledge on the part of its workers. rs now a considerable portion of our workers who are more or less well grounded in theory; ving a technical education, and when they enter the industrial army they must, in the natural ings, occupy prominent places. Even now holars, at present a comparatively small number, ay readily to the front, and in competition with humb men gain an easy victory. This patent rly make an impression on the artisan world, years we shall see that technical education will as a necessary part of the training of our d other workers.

readily understood how important is the posh theoretical and practical knowledge by the while the scientific man is capable of pointing nents in processes, he is so placed in the ases that he is unacquainted with the methods on the other hand, the practical man, looking

upon his processes as trade secrets, and being unacquainted with their defects, never seeks the aid which a knowledge of Science places at his disposal." Many instances of a persistence in wrong methods or in wasteful processes might be collected, but one alluded to by Mr. Bunce will sufficiently indicate the commercial value of a knowledge of Science.

"Birmingham, as is well known, reckons amongst its most important industries the manufacture of jewelry, and in the processes of coloring and refining gold and silver considerable waste of the valuable metals was, and probably is still to some extent, incurred. In the process of coloring gold articles a minute portion of the valuable metal is washed off; but owing to a want of acquaintance with the chemical processes involved, only a percentage of the gold is recovered from the washing waters. Thus, in recovering silver from the liquor, the usual process is to throw it down as chloride by means of common salt, but the workmen and the employers being unaware of the fact that an excess of salt redissolves a portion of the silver, have for years been throwing away a considerable quantity of silver. On the authority of Mr. Woodward, the Professor of Chemistry in the Institute, it is stated that one firm has effected a very material saving in this process entirely by the knowledge gained by one of its members while attending the classes of the Institute. Here we have a definite instance of the commercial value of a knowledge of Science; but, if the proposition were not obviously true and required to be demonstrated by evidence, many instances might be gathered together."

The commercial value of such knowledge is being still more remarkably exemplified in the utilizing of the "Blue Glass" theory—now the engrossing theme all over the United States. In a subsequent issue of the MONTHLY, we hope to give our subscribers a sketch of the wonders said to have been performed and cures effected by Blue Glass.

Ornamental Iron Work.—Professor Pliny E. Chase, of Haverford College, delivered the second lecture of his course on "Lessons of the Centennial," at the Franklin Institute recently. Beginning with a historical account of iron industries he referred to Tubal Cain, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," about 3700 B.C.; chariots of iron and the giant Og's bedstead of iron, about 1450 B.C.; saws, axes and filters of iron, 1030 B.C.; iron work in Britain, A.D. 120; iron pillars in India over 1,500 years old; the importations of steel from China and Powticia in the times of the Roman Emperors; the common use of steel arrows by the soldiers of William the Conqueror; the mediæval iron work of Quinton Mutsy's and various unknown smiths, and the revival in England about the time of the first International Exhibition of the ornamental treatment of wrought-iron, which had nearly become one of the "lost arts." The process of pressing, punching, inlaying, mosaic, electrotyping, enamelling and repousse may be applied to iron and steel as well as to the precious metals, not only in the ornamentation of armor or personal decorations, but also in nearly every variety of vase, terra, plate, casket and in many household implements. In cast-iron ornamental work there is abundant

aste of design and merit of execution which are worthy of almost unqualified praise, and the structure of the Main Exhibition Building showed much commendable architectural effect from the judicious combination wrought in cast-iron. Prosper Schroyer's door, in the Belgian department, with its wrought-iron vines, grapes and bunches of climbing flowers; the griddles, altar rails, standard English fire-dogs, in the Loan Exhibition in the Pennsylvania Museum; the Hartford Cathedral screen, and the Centennial exhibit of Hart, Son, Peard & Co., show that the strength, plasticity and elasticity of iron fit it for a wide range of the most satisfactory decorative uses. The lecture was illustrated by ornamental specimens, both of cast- and wrought-iron, by lantern pictures and by an exhibition of the mechanical processes of snarling (or repousse) and chasing.

Physical Phenomena.—The *Honolulu Gazette* contains an account of a remarkable submarine volcanic outbreak recently, in Kealakekua, near the terrace to the harbor. The natives report the eruption occurred at 3 o'clock in the morning, appearing like innumerable red, blue and green lights. In the forenoon several boats visited the place of the eruption, cruising over the most active part, where the water was in a state of peculiar activity, boiling and appearing as if passing over rapids, or very much like the water at Hell Gate, New York. Blocks of lava, two feet square, came up from below, frequently striking and jarring the boats. As the lava was quite soft, no harm was done. Nearly all the pieces on reaching the surface were red hot, emitting steam and gas, strongly sulphurous. Rumbling noises were heard like those made by rocks in a freshet, caused no doubt by the eruption of lava from a submarine crater, which is supposed to be a crack or line of rupture extending at least a mile from shore. Another rupture, doubtless a continuation of the submarine fissure, was traced inland from shore nearly three miles, varying in width from a few inches to three feet. In some places water was seen pouring down into the abyss below. A severe shock of earthquake was felt by those living at Kaowaloa and Kell during the night of the eruption, which must have preceded the outbreak. It was quite severe, but no damage was reported.

Comparative Weight of the Brain.—Although we do not consider the *weight* of the brain as of much consequence in comparison with the *quality* and discipline of the brain, still as disseminators of the scientific theories of the age, we give the following from a recent publication of Fowler & Wells:

Comparative Weight of the Brain in Men and Women.—As a contribution to social science, and as a curious illustration of the principles of psychology taught by Gall and Spurzheim, the latest results concerning the relative development of the various centres of nervous activity in men and women, may not be destitute of interest. Professor Jacobi, of Berlin, whose great work on the "Evolution of Society" is in its second volume, has made a most careful and exhaustive investigation on this subject as respects the Germanic races. He finds that the spinal marrow in women is appreciably smaller in transverse section than it is in men, and

that the development of the anterior horns of the gray is less marked; showing, as concerns the instinctive centres, a decided preponderance in favor of the male. It is true of the mammalia, as a class, and indicates an increased capacity on the part of the male to endure muscular exertion. The contents of the spinal canal stand for the two sexes in the proportion of 100 in the female to 115 in the male. The frontal lobes of the brain in the male are to those of the female as 113 to 100. In men the ideomotor centres are to the rest of the brain as 51 to 100; in women, as 45 to 100. The temporospheroid lobes are as 114 in men to 100 in women; the vital centres as 107 to 100; the lobes of the cerebellum as 108 to 100; the occipital lobes as 111 to 100. The posterior parietal region preponderates in the female and is to the same region in the male as 105 to 100. The anterior parietal region preponderates in the female and is to the same region in the male as 105 to 100. The superior parietal region shows an average equality in both sexes. The lumbar section of the spinal marrow is as 105 in the female to 100 in the male. The relative weight of the brain in the two sexes during the forty years of active life, from 20 to 50 years of age, is as follows in grammes:

| | Men. | Women. |
|--------------------------------------|------|--------|
| 20 to 25 years old | 1394 | 1394 |
| 25 to 30 " " | 1414 | 1414 |
| 30 to 40 " " | 1404 | 1404 |
| 40 to 50 " " | 1379 | 1379 |
| 50 to 60 " " | 1365 | 1365 |
| Average during active life | 1389 | 1389 |
| Relative proportions | 111 | 100 |

Dry as these data seem, they constitute such valuable materials for the comparative psychology of the sexes as to enable the man of science to indicate the relative sphere of activity of the two in active life. The distinction of sex comes into play indeed, in the very first processes of fetal development, previous to any distinct traces of organic structure, the predominance of the serous over the mucous layer, or of the mucous over the serous; so that a practical physiologist would be able to state with proximate certainty that a serous predominance in the first that the still rudimentary embryo will produce a male, and from the mucous predominance in the last that a female will be the result.

Captain Eads's Success.—Captain Eads has completed the first installment, five hundred thousand dollars, of the States bonds, on account of the payment for his jetties, which have proved, as we always predicted, would, a grand success. The United States ship *Albatross* has passed through the line of jetties at low water, the first war-vessel to traverse the new channel. She required sixteen feet of water, and the least depth found by the jetties was eighteen feet. The passage of the upper jetties by the ship under full steam-power in eight minutes and fifteen seconds. Between the jetties there is a channel four feet deep and two hundred feet wide. At the South Pass there is a minimum depth of two feet. On the charts of 1873 the last-mentioned section was fifteen feet; and at the mouth of the Pass, at the lead showed but three, four and seven feet.

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

The Bright Side of Life.—More than half of the troubles of life are purely imaginary—and no small proportion of the other half made worse than they really are, by brooding over those that are already here, and anticipating those that have not yet come. The poet truthfully says:

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Yet notwithstanding this, it is remarkable how much mental effort is put forth in order to ferret out and fasten upon some evil to befall us in the near or far future. Many a weary hour is spent in endeavors to penetrate the unknown, and work out some complex problem not yet visible to the physical eye. The midnight oil oft is consumed in vain efforts to lift the curtain which shuts out the time and vicissitudes of a life not yet born. With youth the "looking forward" is most always to the bright side, for then the pulsations are more active, the blood warmer, and hope brighter; then, bounding thoughts and swelling aspirations leap upward and onward toward the heart's wish rather than the mind's real reality. And, well that it is so. Their ignorance is joy; their folly is happiness. Loth, indeed, should we be to change the order of Providence. God's wisdom is made manifest in thus rendering invisible to the young the shadows and dark spots of this checkered world. It is manifest in the ringing laugh and merry bound of childhood; it is reflected in the sparkling eye and implicit faith of our loved ones at home; it is crystallized too plainly in human history everywhere to make us desire to alter or change it had we even the power.

But what does it teach us? Does it not say, to those in more mature years, look at the bright side of life? see the silver lining which gilds the dark cloud? see the dawning springtime (now near at hand) with its buds, blossoms and flowers? Yea! more than all this—it tells us by the voice of inspiration that there is a beauty and a pleasure to be drawn from all things; that there is "good everywhere."

To send a ray of this light into each household where the **MOSTLY** finds a friend, is the object of this department. Little flashes or sunbeams, caught now and then, or gathered here and there, it will be our aim to cheer you with, and make many an hour, otherwise lonely, one of joy. May we not, in our editorial labors, receive responsive echoes from our readers in good words "fitly spoken" in our behalf!

Celery.—Celery is the greatest food in the world for nerves. Persons doing much brain work find it invaluable. In cities, where the brain and nerves are called to severe exercise, people hunger for it, and the demand for it grows so that ignorant people cannot understand why it should be so. It seems as though nature, in her quiet way, finds and materializes out of herself food or recuperation for all parts of the system that are exhausted in the demand for progress. Where people work their muscles more than their brains, beans, corn, meat and such food are most in demand, and celery is not in much demand. But in cities, where brain and nerves are overworked, appetite clamors for something that will repair the waste and do the weary parts the most and quickest good.

G. W. Davis, in a recent *Semi-Tropical*, says: "We have often been requested to name twelve varieties of our



THE ROSE OF SHARON.

roses which in our judgment were the best for amateurs to begin with in starting a flower-garden; and, although it is difficult to choose, where all are so lovely, yet we shall not hesitate to name the following varieties: America, Bon Silene, Chromatella, Empress Eugenie, Hermosa, Isabella Sprunt,



ROSE OF JERICHO.

Lamarque, Louis Philippe, Marechal Niel, Queen of Lombardy, Sofrano, and Zelia Pradel. These comprise varieties from each class, all the colors and shading, and the best in regard to vigorous growth, perfection of bud and flowers, and we believe will give general satisfaction."

How to Rejuvenate an Old Rose-Bush.—Never give up a decaying rose-bush till you have tried watering it two or three times a week with soot tea. Make the concoction with boiling water, from soot taken from the chimney or stove in which wood is burned. When cold, water the bush with it. When it is used up, pour boiling hot water on the soot a second time. Rose-bushes treated in this way will often send out thrifty shoots, the leaves will become large and thick, the blossoms will greatly improve in size and be more richly tinted than before.

Known by his Walk.—A tutor in one of the Oxford colleges who limped in his walk, was some years after accosted by a well-known politician, who asked him if he was not the chaplain of the college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. The interrogator observed: "I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression than my preaching." "Ah! doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk, rather than by his conversation."

What is Fortune?—What dost thou mean by fortune? If mere chance, then to envy the lot of others, or murmur at thine own, is folly; if Providence, then it is impiety; for whatever goodness, guided by unerring wisdom, doth, must be so well done that it cannot be mended; and whatever is merely in the power of a blind, giddy and inconstant humor (which is the notion by which men choose to express fortune), can neither be prevented, fixed or regulated.

"**Woman is a delusion!**" exclaimed a crusty bachelor to a witty young lady. "And men are always hugging some delusion," was the quick retort.

The Human Face.—The countenance of every nation defines the characteristics of its people. Every human face indicates the moral training as well as the temperament and the ruling traits of its owner, just as much as every human form indicates the quality and amount of its physical exercise. This is proven by the variety of human faces everywhere visible. Those whose lives have been given to physical labor, unbrightened by an education of ideas, have always a stolid, stupid expression, even while their limbs and muscles are splendidly developed. The more savage the people, the uglier they are in facial development. The very features of their faces are disfigured by violent and ungoverned passions. People whose employments are intellectual, have invariably a large, clear gaze, a bright outlying expression, as if from an inward light shining through a vase. Where a fine organization and a deep sensibility accompany the practice of intellectual pursuits, often the features take on a transparent luminous look. Persons endowed with powerful sensibility, however plain their features, always have moments of absolute beauty.

May.—Pleasant, indeed, are many of the social observed in various sections of the country, appropriate and coupled with the seasons. We all know of the anticipations as well as the happy realizations which about Christmas and New Year, when long absent renew their annual greetings around the festive board at least, the shadows of the past are forgotten, sparkling embers, and still more sparkling eyes as hearts speak of the silver linings and budding promise of life. The origin of many of these beautiful customs far back into antiquity, and to tradition mainly indebted for most of them.

The first of May is so called in England in commemoration of the festivities which, from a very early period and still are observed on that day. Many of the customs, such as plucking branches of trees, and adorning with nosegays and crowns of flowers, dancing around garlands, had no doubt their birth in the observances at this season in honor of "Flora," the goddess of fruits and flowers. Elsewhere we find that the first of May was typical of a young woman:

"The fairest May she was that ever went."

Again, it signifies the early part of life:

"The May of youth and bloom of lusthood."

It is the time when the hawthorn blooms, and the apple invites to the shady and emerald groves. In France it signifies *Maius*, so named in honor of the goddess of a fair daughter of Atlas, and mother of Mercury by Juno. It is the fifth month of the year, and, it is said, May dew falling on linen makes it a beautiful white. Indeed, many are the benefits conferred by this month upon the young and the old. "I shall be married in the May," denotes the honor and delight with which the young are regarded. Its observance is certainly a very beautiful custom, and we hope it may long continue.

The Company will Pay for the Bees.—Thanked a thousand of them, to that unknown genius who entered the trunk, with a hive of bees in it, to the tender mercies of the Syracuse baggage-master, the other day. The company will pay for the bees, and the doctor thinks his patient will be around again in a fortnight or so.

Knowledge and wisdom far from being one.
Have oftimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

It Might Melt.—"Ah, parson, I wish I could melt with me," said a dying man to his pastor. "You might," was the consoling answer.

An Original Returning Board.—Pettengill's first "Returning Board" of which he has any record was a shingle in the hands of his father. The three sons and shingle—used to hold frequent committee meetings in the back shed, but the returns came in so swift and fair count was impracticable.

A glass-blower has recently died, at the age of 100 years. His great age is another proof of the truth of the old glass-blowing theory.

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THE MORAVIANS IN THE REVOLUTION.

BY CHARLES H. WOODMAN.



MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT, BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA (FOUNDED IN 1741).
As seen from the Union Depot.

ONE gloomy night in September, 1742, two stalwart Shawnees left the Susquehanna's shore, and crept stealthily through the forest to slay the first intruder from beyond the great waters into the Valley of Wyoming. With tomahawk in hand, and scalping-knife between their teeth, they drew near the lighted tent. Hitherto their hunting-grounds had been inviolate, and their hearts burned with hatred of the white man who had dared to spread his canvas in these mighty shades. Noiselessly they approached their victim, and drew softly back the heavy blanket-door. Within the tent a man still young reclined upon a couch of dry weeds. His rich, brown hair lay in masses on his shoulders; his fair and shaven face was filled with a light new to Indian eyes; his hands were clasped, his lips moved in prayer. Awe fell upon the savage hearts; a breath from

the Great Spirit descended on them, and they paused. The tent was pitched against a large sycamore, at the foot of which burned a dull, low fire. While the Shawnees were held in the grasp of awe, a large rattlesnake, roused by the heat, unwound its coils gleaming in the red light and crawled out from the hollow trunk. Raising its glittering eyes, it looked around, then dropped its head and glided toward the praying saint. It crept across his limbs, lifted its crest and looked him in the face. The Indians held their breath. The unconscious saint prayed on, nor knew his two-fold danger. The reptile forbore to strike; it glided quietly back to its den. Overpowered by a feeling they could not name, the Shawnees turned and sped away to their village. They called the tribe together and told them that the white man was the best beloved of the Great

Spirit. With hate now turned to reverence, the tribe brought the stranger to the village, and asked to hear of the God who loved his children so well.

The man so miraculously saved was Nicholas, Count Zinzendorf. Patron of the Moravians, and their brightest light, he had come to America to visit the missions. He pushed his way into the Valley of Wyoming and pleaded with the Indians to accept the Man of Peace. But the savages could not believe that a white man would cross the great waters out of simple love for their souls. They suspected he was a spy, who would soon lead an army into their forests. A council was held, and two of the bravest warriors were sent to take his life. But God caused the wrath of man to praise Him; the attempt to slay the preacher ended in the establishment of a mission, and the salvation of many souls.

The Moravians were a peculiar people, with a peculiar history. A few years before this, these poor, oppressed followers of John Huss, wandering in the German forests, came to the estate of Count Zinzendorf, in Lusatia, and were allowed to stay. The young nobleman was so moved by their simple piety and purity of life that he became a disciple. Ardently devoting himself to God, he gave henceforth his time and wealth as a Moravian missionary. The village of Hernhutt, whence the sect has its name of Hernhutters, quickly arose on his estate. The body spread through Bohemia and Moravia, and soon began that wonderful foreign missionary work in which their pure Christianity has always shone so brightly. They crossed the sea and carried their godly lives and preaching into the depths of the American wilds. From forests which had heard naught but war-songs and the whoop of savages, now rose the hymn and prayer. Around the Forks of the Delaware they built five settlements, giving them the sweet names of Judea or of Fatherland—Bethlehem, Nain, Freidenshal, Gnadenthal and Gnadenhütten. In

Georgia they went up a lovely stream to Savannah, in 1736, and founded the settlement of Ebenezer, which remains to this day another body of the *Unitas Fratrum* tract of one hundred thousand acres. Dan and the Tadkin, in North Carolina, their domain Wachovia, for an estate of Count Zinzendorf in Austria. When he went to war with the Spaniards, in 1741, the Georgia Moravians refused to bear arms, being subjected to persecution, many of them followed George Whitefield, who had been preaching among them, to Pennsylvania. A Moravian preacher chose a site ten miles from

and named Bethlehem. He began to build a large house for negroes. The Moravians of Bethlehem, bought it when it was finished, called it for Moravians. It still stands in the eastern border of the village.

The Moravians were peculiarly fitted among the Indians. They were harmless in



A HISTORIC BUILDING—"THE SUN INN,"¹ BETHLEHEM, PA.
Erected in 1758.

never were found in arms; never sold to the poor savage; never defrauded of land. They met with great success among untutored red men, in some cases entirely changing the character of a tribe. The place was called hütten, or "Tents of Mercy," was built for such Indians as became Christians. During the French and Indian war these settlements were greatly troubled, and Gnadenhütten was a special target of hatred to the unregenerated savages. In 1782, occurred the fearful massacre of three hundred Christian Indians by white men.

¹It was long and favorably known as "The Sun Inn," and was the first house of entertainment for the Brethren within the limits of their earliest settlement in Pennsylvania. During the eventful period of 1780 it was the frequent stopping-place of many of the great and military heroes of the day, a record of which has been carefully preserved and forms part of the local history.

pretext that they were about to attack the settlers. Shikellimus, the great Cayuga chief, father of Logan, whose touching speech on the massacre of his family has been preserved to us by Jefferson, was one of the Moravian converts and lived a godly life.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, the Moravian settlements in America were very prosperous. The brethren in North Carolina and Pennsylvania were wealthy, being thrifty tillers of the soil. At Bethlehem, especially, they had become a powerful

party, and they performed this office with impartial Christian love. Their sympathies could not help appearing, of course, but their acts were governed by the principles of the good Samaritan. They possessed a fifteen hundred acre farm at Bethlehem, besides outlying lands, about ninety buildings, all of stone; while the members of the community numbered six hundred.

While the smoke of battle still drifted over these forests from the Brandywine, one day in September, 1777, a heavy carriage drove up to



THE EAGLE HOTEL, BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA (1876).

influence. There they were delightfully situated in a fertile country. The scenery around the village was charming to the highest degree. A vast and beautiful plain stretched out toward the Delaware, whose two streams lay like shafts of lights among the forests. Out of dense woods, on a noble height, the massive stone buildings of the Moravians rose into the air and looked off toward the Blue Ridge, the Wind-Gap and Water-Gap, the Kittatinny and great Broad Mountains. It was an earthly paradise, and the loving hearts of pure men had cultivated a patch of heaven among these wild hills. Although they were mainly patriots at heart, they took no active part in the struggle, holding principles of peace; but their situation made them often the hosts of each

the Moravian Inn and stopped. The outriders lifted from the coach a slight, pale lad of twenty and bore him up the broad stone steps. His youth and evident suffering opened wide the hearts of the tender Moravian sisters, always eager as they were to succor the distressed. In the sweetest and cleanest of beds the young soldier was laid; deft hands soon filled the room with the odor of wild flowers; and when the heavy curtains were drawn close, the delightful quiet after the roar of battle charmed the sufferer into slumber.

This was the Marquis de Lafayette, just twenty years of age and a Major-General in the American army. Fighting splendidly at the battle of Brandywine, determined to win the command which Congress had bestowed upon him as an honor,

he leaped from his horse where Cornwallis's cannons were mowing their cleanest swath, and called the flying patriots to rally and charge the guns. At this moment he received a fearful wound, his leg shot through. Reckless of this, he dashed off to the rear, barricaded the road and stationed a strong guard at the bridge to prevent the panic-stricken troops from crossing. Then he yielded to loss of blood, and was carried to Philadelphia, and thence by Henry Laurens, President of Congress, to Bethlehem. For two months the young hero remained in these kind hands, nursed in the tenderest manner by the pure-hearted sisters. When, finally, he set out again for the army, he had finished a chapter in his life which he was wont to say was one of the brightest and happiest.

While yet the young Marquis was in the pious Moravian hands, another noble-looking man came to the village and in broken English inquired for the wounded officer. It was Count Pulaski, who came to strike hands with his friend. The Pole's wonderful history was well known to some of the Moravians, who had even received, on their estate in Germany, some of his scattered followers. His majestic bearing, his high-bred courtesy and gallant manner, completely won the hearts of the simple sisters. He had commanded the cavalry in the late battle, but was now on the way to Baltimore to raise the legion which afterward fought so nobly under his lead. When his intention became known in the Moravian community, the nuns determined to make him some expression of their reverence, both for his personal qualities and for his services in behalf of liberty. Their deft fingers were soon at work upon a fabric which has won eternal fame. A field of double silk was made twenty inches square. On this glowing crimson ground the sisters wrought devices in yellow silk, shaded with green. On one side were the letters, "U. S.," and circling them the words, "*Unita Virtus Forcior*"—*united valor is stronger*. On the other side, in the centre, was the omniscient Eye, in a triangle within a star; thirteen small stars surrounded this device, and around all shone the legend, "*Non Alius Regit*"—*no other governs*. A heavy green bullion fringe adorned the edges of the banner. It was a beautiful piece of work; many beautiful hands and lovable hearts were employed upon it; and unnumbered, but not unanswered, prayers were woven in with the golden threads. Doubtless many unwhispered loving wishes also hid them-

selves within the seams and scrolls; women never saw such distinguished manners in their paradise as the tale revealed, and the charming courtesies pressed their hearts. They sent the general with their blessing, and no greater could befall a man than the benediction of these hearted women. The Count was deeply and displayed the liveliest gratitude. It was a standard through many bloody scenes, and last beneath its widened folds.

Not alone, however, by the fame of its immortality been secured; for many members has woven around it a charm memory young. Some of Longfellow's finest lines are in his "Hymn of the Nuns at the Consecration of Pulaski's

"When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowed head,
And the censer burning swung,
When before the altar hung
That proud banner, which, with
Had been consecrated there;
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard
Sung low in the dim mysterious aisle."

As the holy sisters chant, they wear for mercy which well expresses a story of their faith and natures:

"Take thy banner. But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquish'd warrior bow,
Spare him—by our holy vow;
By our prayers and many tears;
By the mercy that endears;
Spare him—he our love hath shared
Spare him—as thou would'st be."

Take thy banner; and if e'er
Thou should'st press the soldier's
And the muffled drum should be
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee
And the warrior took that banner proud
And it was his martial cloak and shroud

For two years this consecrated banner from the lance-head 'mid battle-smoke. It received the last glance of Pulaski, and then, leading the charge upon Savannah, flag and man were struck down by a cannon-shot. A lieutenant seized the banner and rushed

too, fell, riddled by fourteen shots. But with a few faithful soldiers he contrived to drag himself and his commander from the field. Nor was the banner left behind. The poet has taken some license with the facts. The noble Pole was buried by his lieutenant beneath a mammoth tree on St. Helen's Island; but the banner was not "his martial cloak and shroud." Lieutenant Litomiski, after closing the hero's eyes, gave the standard to Captain Bentalou, who, after bearing it in other fights, took it home with him to Baltimore. In 1824 it was used in the procession that welcomed Lafayette; and some years afterward was given to the Maryland Historical Society, in whose rooms it is now carefully preserved. Its pristine beauty, however, has long since vanished; but the memories, tender and warlike, which rush tumultuously upon the heart of the gazer, blind his eyes to aught but the beauty of the pure love and the

glory of battle which have made it sacred forever.

Two years passed on, and Bethlehem "saw another sight" in the way of distinguished foreigners. In the early fall of 1779 a private coach stopped at the inn-door, and a German officer handed out a lady of charming loveliness and several little children. The Baron and Baroness de Riedesel were on their way north, expecting to be exchanged. They were among the surrendered of Burgoyne, at Saratoga, and had been living with the other "Convention prisoners" at Colle, Virginia. Their stay now was brief, however, and the simple Moravians watched them curiously as they departed, thinking how near to their own old fatherland home they were returning. The Baroness, who seemed always to belong to the army as much as her husband, for she had shared his battles and marches, was in high spirits and

left behind her a ripple of the world's joy in the quiet nuns' hearts. She speaks of the country as one magnificent and richly cultivated, and says one district was called the "Holy Sepulchre," and another the "Holy Land." But the roused curiosity of these secluded dwellers was yet to be better satisfied. The German family, with General Phillips and two other English officers, reached Elizabethtown and confidently expected to cross over to New York the next morning, and be



THE LEHIGH VALLEY AT FREEMANSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

restored to liberty. As they sat at dinner, talking happily of approaching freedom, the door suddenly opened and an officer from General Washington delivered a letter, ordering the party to return again to Virginia, as Congress had refused to ratify the exchange. General Phillips received this with a paroxysm of rage; but the brave little Baroness choked down her grief and indignation, and soothed the irate Englishman. Although this best and dearest of women was so situated as to sorely need the advantages of the city, she turned about with the rest and took up the backward journey toward the wilderness without a murmur. Hers was a rare soul, and with German frankness she pours it out in her letters and journal. In these pages are found a sweet, child-like trust in God and submission to His will, seldom if ever excelled. Her letters, published

not long since, are among the most charming on record. And God rewarded her trust. They were forced to go no farther than to Bethlehem. Here the party remained six weeks. Madame Riedesel had ways of irresistible winsomeness, before which the simple Moravian hearts melted like snow. The children, too, were their mother's own, as charming and lovable as children can be. Children were not numerous at Bethlehem, for the Moravians were mostly celibates—forgetting that through the holiness of maternity came the light of the world—and now the little strangers were as sunbeams in some dim cathedral aisles where the joyous out-door light has been kept too softened. The little witch, Caroline, but three years old, was quite out of sorts with a cough, but nothing could repress her mischief-loving, merry-making spirit. General Riedesel himself was also ill there, and experienced the sympathetic, skillful nursing of the Moravians. He had been sun-struck in Virginia, and now suffered greatly with his head. In her peculiarly charming way, Madame Riedesel tells us how she won him to lay aside his pipe for the snuff-box, when he became relieved. The little lady entered into all the joys and sorrows of the nuns, chatting with them of Fatherland and of their own peculiar life. She bought "magnificent embroidery and other beautiful handiworks," taking them across the sea and cherishing them all her life. She was especially surprised at the factory for dressing leather, "which was as good as that of England and *half as cheap*." "All sorts of manufactories were there;" and "very clever cabinet-makers, workers in steel, and excellent smiths." She speaks with delight of often attending church and of "the splendid singing." One sad sight she saw, which deeply impressed her tender heart. The minister's wife died while she was there, and the good man was left alone, far from kindred and the dear home of their early life. The Baroness saw the body laid out in a barred enclosure, away from the dwelling, awaiting burial, for the Moravians never kept a dead body in the house.

But the party found that "Satan came also" even into this holy community. The Baroness speaks very indignantly of the extortion practiced upon them by the inn-keeper. They supposed him to be an honest and reasonable man; "and the more so," she adds, "as he belonged to the community of Moravian Brethren." The party

consisted of sixteen persons, besides four servants. There were also about twenty horses. A windfall for the landlord, and he seems to have made the most of it. He treated them with hospitality when they first came there, and they naturally turned to him now on their second visit. He would not make any definite agreement for a board, which pleased the officers, for none had money at the time. They liked their host more and more as the weeks rolled on, but weeks had passed, and they were to leave for New York, he brought in a bill of thirty-two thousand dollars, in American paper money, or about a hundred guineas in gold! The entire party could not produce so much, and they were in distress. But a wealthy royalist passed through the village at this crisis, and from him they were able to obtain what they needed, exchanging *piastre for eighty dollars*, so anxious was he to get hard money. These were the times of "depreciation of the currency." Aubrey, a British writer who was charmed with the Moravians at Bethlehem, says, in his "Travels," that his reckoning at a tavern in Frederick amounted to £73² sterling, with about forty shillings a half guineas! A curious reminiscence of the "Convention troops" occurred in New York a few years since. In December, 1866, a merchant of that city received from a German house a bill for a hundred dollars in *Continental* money, with a request that it should be placed to his credit. He was probably some of the money which the British troops of the king carried home with them after the war.

The inn where the royal officers experienced such kind hospitality and such extortionate demands, was a spacious stone building, erected for the Moravians, and stood at the entrance to Bethlehem. It was a noble structure, of generous proportions, and pronounced by the British to be the best of English inns, which it resembled in all its appointments. It held famous guests in those days, the highest officers of both armies stopping there on different occasions. It was the one where Lafayette had spent months of happy convalescence, and where he had been his guest. Its table was richly laid, its *ménu* very appetizing to the gustatory tastes of the British. The translator of "De Chastillon's Travels" speaks enthusiastically of its fare, and he experienced about this time. His party

taining men of national fame now, Pierce Butler and Charles Pinckney, "were constantly supplied with venison, moor game, the most delicious red and yellow-bellied trout, the highest flavored wild strawberries, the most luxuriant asparagus and the best vegetables, in short, I ever saw; and notwithstanding the difficulty of procuring good wine and spirits at that period, throughout the Continent, we were regaled with rum and brandy of the best quality, and exquisite old Port and Madeira." Certainly, however abstemious the pious Moravians were themselves, they knew how to provide luxuriously for their guests.

The Marquis de Chastellux himself came here in 1782, and has given us the best account we have of the settlement at that time. De Chastellux was a major-general in the French army, commanding the first division. He travelled extensively through our country, and has left us the liveliest pictures of its customs and condition during the war. His work is rare and of great value. This noble officer, on his journey southward, turned out of the great highway to Philadelphia for the purpose of visiting the Forks of the Delaware and the Moravian settlements. Before entering the village he rode to the Moravian mill, "the most beautiful," he says, "and best contrived I ever saw." This is high praise, from so accomplished a traveller, bestowed upon a mill in the depths of an American wilderness. But his account of the wonderful things it did, fully justifies his words. He found the cultivation of the fields and every branch of industry carried to a high degree of perfection. At Nazareth was a famous gunsmith, where one officer bought a brace of pistols of most exquisite workmanship. "Nothing can be more enchanting," adds his translator, "than these establishments; out of the sequestered wilderness they have formed well-built towns, vast edifices of stone, large orchards, beautiful and regular shaded walks in the European fashion, and seem to combine with the most complete separation from the world, all the comforts and many of the luxuries of polished life." Riding on through the majestic

forests between Nazareth and Bethlehem, the party were astonished with the delicious sounds of music. They turned aside and entered a house whence the harmony came. They found here only common workmen, who had taken up their instruments a few moments for their own amusement. The Marquis found, afterwards, that many of the brethren's rooms had violins and wind-



THE LEHIGH GAP, BLUE MOUNTAINS.

Near where Moravians were massacred by the Indians in 1755.

pieces hanging on the walls, and that this pious people were superb musicians. Surely here is a picture of a true Arcadia!

From the mill, the Marquis visited the church, not yet in the village, and which he thought was like the Presbyterian meeting-houses, with the exception of containing an organ and some religious paintings. The people seemed to regard the pictures with a feeling approaching to idolatry. Pressing on to Bethlehem, he took lodgings at the famous inn. The landlord was a retired seaman, and appears, as we have seen, to have shown a sailor's liberal spirit, at least in his charges. The Marquis could extract no information from him,

THE MORAVIANS IN THE REVOLUTION.

at himself on a tour of inspection. It was to the House of the Nuns, or even; for in those days the Moravians were divided into classes, each class occupying a separate establishment. This house was of wood and of stone. The superintendent showed him through the premises—Madame de Saxon, a lady of rank and of elegant manners. She appeared quite pleased with the

beds, even in the hottest weather, and the visit to Bethlehem suffered much in this respect. Each nun had a separate bed, kept beautifully clean. They had one good sanitary principle; for no food was allowed in the sleeping-room, which was high and airy, with a large ventilator in the ceiling. The nuns dined at the refectory, had a good table. They paid into the treasury a penny per day for board. They had also to



GENERAL OGLETHORPE,
The leader of the first Moravians, who settled in America in 1733.

blantery of the Frenchman in offering his hand, whenever they went up and down stairs. Her lieutenant was "a very mild, pretty-behaved Englishwoman, who had been a follower of George Whitefield." Wonderful lives many of these quiet people had led, and marvelous tales they could tell, if they would! The edifice had many large chambers, heated with *stoves*, in which the nuns were working; some on coarse work, like hemp and wool, others in dainty tasks of embroidery, or on "pocket-books and pin-cushions." The present peculiarly American habit was in full vogue even then; for the Marquis complains that Americans were remarkably fond of soft feather-

beds, even in the hottest weather, and the visit to Bethlehem suffered much in this respect. Each nun had a separate bed, kept beautifully clean. They had one good sanitary principle; for no food was allowed in the sleeping-room, which was high and airy, with a large ventilator in the ceiling. The nuns dined at the refectory, had a good table. They paid into the treasury a penny per day for board. They had also to

for fire and light; beyond this they had earned. The "Sisters' House" had a pretentious used only for evening prayers, as all attended church on Sundays. Still there was a gallery in the chapel, and several instruments hanging on the walls. The "House for Single Men" was situated near the nuns. A primitive but very effective method for awakening any brother in the morning was in vogue. Each bed was near the door was hung a slate. If a man woke at five, he simply wrote on the slate the number and the figure 5; the morning seeing this, went to the bed and

There was also a "Widows' House," however, the wary Frenchman wisely abstained from visiting.

Superintendent of the "House for Single" a German, as, indeed, were nearly all the brethren. The Marquis found him in his room playing music. He began a conversation on the subject, and found he was not only a musician, but also a composer. The superintendent sat down to the piano-forte and "disseminated excellent music," producing delicious and grand chords, *impromptu*. From

the Marquis perceived the peculiarity of the sect.

Even in the Moravian town of Salem, and, they were subject to their brethren in Germany. Officers from the field visited the missions, and the Moravians were practical. Moravians were Germans, and, as a consequence, they had a concourse with the French, and, and nothing of the kind across sea, either. The

Frenchmen advanced the sums necessary to carry on any mission, which then sent back all the proceeds beyond what was required for self-support. When a person bought a tract of land for a mission, it was always on condition that he withdraw from the sect or emigrate, and the land should revert to the mission, and he paid back the original purchase-money. They had no creed; but their opinions were more liberal than Calvinistic. They, however, were fond of music and pictures to their churches, and themselves passionately fond of both. The Marquis says they had no bishops; which is a novelty, since they have had bishops from the beginning. These dignitaries, however, are not bishops, and do not exercise an authority corresponding to that in other sects.

Their discipline was monastic; recommending

celibacy without enforcing it, and keeping the sexes apart. Owing to this custom marriages were not frequent, and their numbers increased slowly, chiefly from converts. They discouraged marrying from inclination. If a young man felt moved to take a wife, he must first show that he was in a condition to support well a family. Then he applied to the commissary and asked that a girl should be given him. If he was not satisfied, he could refuse her; but he could not choose for himself.

The Moravians in North Carolina had no such pleasant war-experiences as befell their brethren by the Delaware. The Moravian town of Salem, with its outlying villages, was on the great highway through the Carolinas; and the war in the South was waged with remarkable bitterness. It became a civil, as well as foreign, contest; and every man's hand was against his brother. In this condition of things the Moravians had additional inducements to remain quiet and



BISHOPTHORPE SCHOOL, BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA.

neutral, besides their well-known peace principles. The slightest decisive act would have brought vengeance upon them, and it would have mattered not what side they chose, as their villages were occupied by both armies, rushing back and forth through the country.

When Cornwallis was pursuing Greene, in 1781, the Earl passed the shallow ford of the Yadkin on the 7th of February and struck at once into the Moravian country. Notwithstanding his wholesale plundering of the regions he had come through, his army had fared poorly, and their eyes looked greedily on the great barns that rose in the distance before them. The fierce Tarleton, in his entertaining history of the Southern campaigns, says, speaking of the Moravian country, "the mild and hospitable disposition of the inhabitants, being assisted by the well-cultivated and fruitful

plantations in their possession, afforded abundant and seasonable supplies to the king's troops during their passage through this district ;" but he abstains from informing us of the way in which these supplies were "afforded." Some mouldy old documents in the Society's archives, however, partially tell the story. During the three days preceding Cornwallis's passage of the Yadkin, companies and straggling bands of half-starved Americans passed through the village, but molested nothing. On the 9th, about noon, the Earl reached Bethany, now called Hausertown, and encamped with the whole British army. The men immediately spread through the village, while the officers entered the houses and began a term of most disgraceful rioting. The officers first seized and sent to the camp whatever was of use. Three hundred pounds of bread, all the flour that could be found, and one hundred gallons of whisky were taken. Sixty head of cattle, and innumerable sheep and poultry came next. The officers demanded twenty horses, but there were not so many in the place. The officers then threatened to burn the houses and destroy the settlement. The peace-loving "brethren" looked on in stupefied amazement; and the poor nuns were forced to conceal themselves in their homes to escape grossest insults. There were large quantities of liquor in the village, and several distilleries in the neighborhood. The officers, overjoyed to reach a land flowing with rum and corn-cake after such desert marches, gave themselves up to revelry. Of course, the men followed suit. The result was, that the whole army got so royally drunk that five hundred determined patriots could have bagged them, officers and all. So say the village records; and Cornwallis's "general orders" for the next day recognize the unusual flow of liquor.

During this "spree," some officers proposed to make every man in the village drink the health of King George. The Earl fell in with the wild scheme at once; hoping thereby either to get the men committed, or at least humiliate their pride. The leading brethren were dragged from town to headquarters, just out of the village. The head man was a German, Hauser, after whom the place was named. Cornwallis began with the old man; telling him he must drink the health of King George, he handed him the bottle.

Hauser flatly refused. No coaxing could prevail. An officer, then becoming angry, drew his sword

and swore he would run the patriot through did not drink at once. The honest old D was flanked; dogged obstinacy would do no A score of enraged, half-drunken officers g him. Slowly stretching out his hand, took the bottle from Cornwallis and said den, here is to de helt of King Chorg raised the bottle to his mouth, tipped enough to make it gurgle without disch drop, at the same time pretending to Then, his lips unmoistened, the victorior vian handed back the bottle and, turning whispered to his friends, "And he is nu petter for dat!" These others, catching t drank the King's health in the same wa the Earl and his officers were too drunk t deception.

The effects of their debauch appear aga evening orders, which appoint seven t morning as the hour for marching, instead as usual. On the 10th, then, the British Bethany and passed through Bethabara ten in the forenoon. Here the Moravians grievously maltreated and despoiled. A fine oxen among other things were seized troops had taken seventeen noble horses Bethany, and here they captured more. Bethabara they entered Salem, occupying hours in passing through. Cornwallis's staff visited the Moravian establishments but as the head man was a royalist, the depredations were not so severe. But if the head man was a royalist, the cook was not. He was a Whig. Cornwallis wished for dinner, the obsequious superintendent hastened to the Here the cook bluntly refused to get a dinner for the invaders. The head man, Marshall and threatened. Then came Cornwallis's staff, likewise coaxing and cursing. But could move the sturdy Moravian patriot folded his arms and coolly told the Earl thought of the British King, his government, army, and objects. Then, turning on his heel, he left the royal officers to ride away hungry.

This simple and pious folk endured hardships throughout the long war, and at its close were considerably impoverished; the settlements, communities suffering the most by far, returning peace they flourished anew; thus the nation's progress they have maintained ever pure influence. And yet, as we look

the Moravian fields in our country, we are by the extreme smallness of increase since the revolutionary period. This has been owing to the system inherent to the system. The Moravians have maintained Spener's idea of *ecclesiastical* *discipline*. But while they sought not to make themselves different from other Christian faiths, they also did not but slowly within their folds, owing to the principle of discouraging marriage. Their

This devout and earnest Christian sect has no creed, no confession of faith. Their doctrines are embodied in a catechism and service called, "Easter morning Litany," and used on the morning of Easter. They are very liberal and charitable in judging those who differ from them. There is no fanaticism or harshness in the Moravian heart. Their practice can be best described by the famous words of Augustine, "In essentials, unity; in non-



LECHAUWEKI SPRINGS, BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA.

regarding the holding of property have likewise been a drawback to their growth.

In the last three decades have wrought many changes in this simple sect. The General Synod

Hernhutt in 1857, remodelled the constitution and took measures for a more general union of the churches and missions. There are three provinces, the Continental, British, and American. These govern themselves in all local affairs, but regarding doctrines and discipline they form one church. In the United States there are two districts, called "North" and "South," having their principal seats at Bethlehem and Salem. The American Moravians have become like all other bodies of Christians in many respects. The system of seclusion and exclusiveness has vanished; there are no more "Brethren's" and "Sisters'" and "Widows'" Houses.

essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." No people ever displayed more of Christ's spirit of self-sacrifice and love to man than the Moravians have shown since their origin. The history of their missions beneath the equatorial sun and amid Arctic seas, is more wonderful and thrilling than any romance. Their religion has been a peculiarly warm-hearted one. A century ago, under the old régime, these fervid natures poured out, in their hymns and prayers, that glowing ecstatic love for Christ which is the inevitable outgrowth of a pure monastic seclusion. One of the hymns sung at Bethlehem when De Chastellux was there, sounds like the Canticles in mediæval robes:

"And she so blessed is,
She gives him many a kiss;
Fix'd are her eyes on him;
Thence moves her every limb;

And since she him so loves,
And only with him moves,
His matters and his blood
Appear her only good."

With this rapturous mysticism, however, were joined the utmost diligence in good works, and strong practical thrift in daily life. This passionate expression of the spiritual love, too, has now nearly disappeared.

The part taken by the Moravians in educating the young was begun very early in their career; for during the Revolution we find the son of General Joseph Reed, the incorruptible President of Pennsylvania, receiving his education at Bethlehem. To-day there is scarcely a large town in our country but holds in its bosom the fruits of the thorough and noble training which is given by Moravian teachers near the lovely Forks of the Delaware.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLUE RIDGE.

BY MARVIN HALL MARSH.

DURING the winter of 1855 my wife's health rendered life for her in Baltimore impossible. I determined to locate for a few months in that famously healthy region, the Blue Ridge, in Virginia. Tolerable fishing was to be had, and very fine shooting; besides, Harry Forrester and his wife, being our sworn friends, determined to join us. We were a happy party, just enough and none too many.

Mrs. Forrester was a perfect slave to her pencil and color-box, and often took long rambles alone for sketching purposes, whilst my wife, as an invalid, was compelled to remain most of her time indoors, Harry Forrester and I fishing, shooting, or exploring, as fancy prompted us. Our retreat was quite in the heart of the mountains, and the inn at which we stayed was a real old-fashioned Virginia inn, our host a quaint gentleman of the olden type.

Of course a winter in the mountains must necessarily be spent mostly indoors by ladies, and yet there were days, yea, often weeks, of fine weather, which we enjoyed to the uttermost. When shut up within doors we whiled away the time with books brought from the city. My wife's health improved rapidly under the pure, invigorating air, whilst the grandeur of the scenery compensated her in part for the loss of society.

Monday, the 8th of February, was Mrs. Forrester's birthday, and Harry on that morning presented her with a beautiful little pistol, which he had procured at one of the nearest stores, saying, "Jenny, dear, it may be silly, but I should feel more comfortable when you are rambling alone, if I knew you had this trusty friend in your belt or pocket." "Oh," she replied, "I don't sup-

pose I shall ever meet anything very dreadful, or I shouldn't go alone." "Well," said I, "'tis a beauty, certainly! Take care you don't shoot yourself, that is all;" and with a laughing promise on her part to "try not," we went our different ways, to prepare for our usual expeditions. We were all eager to take advantage of the fine weather, such as is sometimes seen in February.

What blind moles we were! How little did any of us dream, that before another day drew to its close her life would hang on the way she used that revolver; that in a few hours she would meet that "something dreadful," so lightly spoken of, to conquer it or die one of the most horrible of deaths! On the day in question, Forrester and I started together with Mrs. Forrester; but she left us at the entrance to a valley or ravine in the mountains, which ran at right angles with the country we were to shoot over. She had often fancied that fine views were to be obtained in this gorge, and was determined to take advantage of the beauty of this day, to have a good day's work there. We bade each other a merry farewell, only Forrester insisting that his wife should take her revolver and plenty of ammunition; laughing she called back to us, "perhaps I shall bag a giant or two before I return."

At this point, though, I had best give place to Mrs. Forrester, and let her tell her story in her own words, as she told it to us long afterward, when she was in some measure recovered from the effects of that terrible day.

MRS. FORRESTER'S STORY.

"The weather was so fine and so bracing, the scenery so grand and majestic, that instead of

stopping to work, I wandered on, always believing that the next ridge climbed would cap the present view. Thus one led to another, and yet another, and I only just began to find out how far I had strayed, further than was at all safe at this season, even though I had a pistol, when I awakened to the fact that the sun was sinking behind the high mountain crests to the west, and that did I not hurry, moonlight would be the only light by which I could return.

Of course drawing was now out of the question, and I looked anxiously around, to see what landmarks I had passed in the morning. Luckily, though long, the ravine was straight, and I could see far off the opening which I had entered at noonday, and which I knew by a very high rock which jutted from the mountain side, and overhung the entrance; but the road back was rugged, and precipitous in many places, though for the last half-mile it would be tolerably good. I judged this rock to be distant at least three miles, and I was now conscious of considerable fatigue, yet I calculated that two hours at most of steady walking would bring me at last to open country, when our inn would be not more than a mile distant, and where I flattered myself I should at last find some of you coming to meet me. Off I started, therefore, and walked with a will. In a very short time the sun went down, and then for a while darkness, the darkness of the forest, closed around me. To press on not minding the stumbles or falls, and to keep as brave a heart as I could, was all that was possible; and I had reached nearly the last bridge, close to open ground, and could see my rock looming through the dim light, now pierced by the first rays of the rising moon; then I thought I heard a sound behind me, and I paused for a moment to listen, thinking it probable some other person might be belated like myself. *For only a moment, though;* the next, I was rushing along as fast as terror could drive me, throwing away, as I ran, my sketching books, cloak, umbrella—everything which could impede my flight; for, in that one moment, all the tales told us on winter nights of the ferocious packs of starved wolves which sometimes infest these mountains, flashed through my mind, and I knew by instinct that the cry I had heard came from one of them, as it had stumbled upon my trail, and that the whole pack would be down on me long before I could reach the inn.

For some moments as I fled wildly along, I never remembered my pistol; but as the hungry howling drew nearer and nearer, the horror of the death before me roused a courage in me such as I had never before known, and remembering my revolver, I determined to sell my life dearly. At this moment I gained open ground; the moon in its full splendor lighted up the scene, and brought into strong relief the frowning rock, not now far away, and which I thought, O! if I could reach it I am safe, for I knew that if I clambered its sides I could from thence climb one of the trees which grew near it, and which otherwise I could not even reach. I pulled my revolver out, hardly abating my speed, slipped the safety-stop and made for a thicket of pines some fifty yards in front; the cruel howling sounded closer and closer, and seemed as though hundreds of hungry wolves were at my heels; if I could not gain a little time I must be torn to pieces in a few moments. Suddenly facing them, as I reached the thicket, and instinctively remembering your directions, Harry, to aim low, I fired each barrel in quick succession, then rushed on again. I had killed some, at all events; I knew it by the howling and fighting over the dead bodies; I knew that these wolves never leave the mountain fastnesses unless driven by starvation, and that under these circumstances they do not hesitate to devour their dead or dying comrades; so on I ran, reloading as I ran, my hope being that I might gain time by firing amongst the troop. How it was I do not know; I suppose every one has felt the same when the first brunt of any danger is passed, and one is still safe, but a reckless determination, so to speak, not to be killed took possession of me.

On I went, my pace a little slackened, for I feared my strength would not hold out, and I was congratulating myself upon the precious moments I had gained, when I heard a horrible bark or howl so close behind me, that an agony of terror put my courage to flight for the moment, and I almost felt paralyzed with fear, as turning my head I saw two glaring eyes within a yard of me. In less time, however, than it takes to tell it, I revived again, fired, and waiting only to be sure the creature was disabled, struggled on once more, and now only a few more yards from the friendly rock with trees growing below it; I was looking to see which would be best to make for, when the pack came on in full cry. Alas! no friendly

thicket was near for my defence, and I knew all was lost if they once got to close quarters. I turned and fired, giving them all my barrels, though pretty much at random; then making the last effort I felt to be possible, I reached the rock and trees. How I scrambled up one of them I never have known, or what became of me for a while afterwards. I know only that when I came to myself and looked down on that sea of glaring eyes 'twas more than I could endure. Yet I saw they could not reach me, leap as they might; and all stories of animals gnawing trees down to get at their prey I believed to be pure fiction, so that I had only to sit still to be safe. But for how long? I had only two loads left; I could not count the wolves, but was sure there were over one hundred, and I did not know whether they would leave even at daylight. But even should they stay long, which was not probable after they found it useless, I suddenly thought that my husband would come to look for me, would come to this very entrance where we had parted, and probably come without arms and alone; if so, nothing could save him. This was the worst of all, and as I sat thinking of it, the cold dews of horror gathered on my brow, and I put back the whistle I always carried when walking alone, and which I was about to blow, for fear it should be too true an index to my place of refuge.

How long I sat crouching in those branches I know not. It must have been hours, for the moon had travelled far over head, when from the gorge before mentioned there came a shout! I knew the voice well, Harry, and would not answer lest I should lead you on to certain death. The few moments of suspense that followed were more terrible than all. But soon there came other shouts and at the same moment torches appeared with voices speaking together, whilst a large body of men turned into the valley. The relief was too great; I tried to shout too, but my voice died away in my throat; I tried to blow my whistle, but the sound I made was too faint to be heard. At last I remembered my revolver, and fired off both charges, and then—why you know what happened better than I do myself."

What happened to Mrs. Forrester was as follows:

As we neared the rock so often alluded to, and to which we were directed by the sound of the pistol as well as by the barking of the wolves, the pack left their useless pursuit and rushed *en masse* upon us. But we were prepared for them,

and they received two or three volleys so tell that after coming at us once again, they bet themselves to the shelter of the forest. I said were prepared for them, for returning home our expedition about an hour before, we met a laborer who told us that "he and some one had seen the largest pack of wolves that which had been seen in these parts for forty years. They were descending the high ridges toward these detached spurs, and as they were not far off he "wondered we were not afraid to be overtaken late in so small a party," for these wolves were desperately savage when driven to it by starvation. We asked him in what direction they had gone with a view to a day's sport. Judge of our happiness to be told that it was the very valley where Mrs. Forrester had been sketching. He pointed to a peak just above it as the point where he had seen them. Ere he had ended his sentence, we were hurrying home at full speed, hoping to find no fears groundless, when we reached there, three hours later than she usually stayed out; our hearts sank as to our quick question of "Where was Mrs. Forrester?" my wife replied, "I do not know; she has not come in; I thought she was with you."

Instantly the alarm was given; all the people in the inn turned out each with a gun, and we went on our way to the entrance of the valley, silent with fear of the fate which ere this had probably befallen her. After the rout of the wolves was hastened to the tree and climbing it, by the aid of our torches, lifted Mrs. Forrester down. She was quite insensible, though unhurt. Except blood and tears from falls and thorns, there was no mark of teeth upon her at all events. We took her home and used every effort to restore her to consciousness; but, alas! the horrors she had undergone had been too great, and it was many, many days before she recovered enough to give us her account.

As soon as Mrs. Forrester was well enough to travel, we determined that we had seen enough of life in the Blue Ridge, and set full sail for Baltimore. Mrs. Forrester still treasures her birthday gift, and looks upon it as the chief safeguard under Providence, of her life; but we, who had heard her tell her story, thought the pistol would have been useless, had it not been for the wonderful pluck and incredible courage which bore her through hours of danger more appalling than any falls to the lot of man to endure, much less that of a lady.

LEGEND OF A WESTCHESTER (NEW YORK) HOMESTEAD.

BY CHARLES PRYER.

ON the shores of the Sound, about two miles from the village of Mamaroneck, stands a large old house in which I spent my boyhood. It was built many years before the Revolution, and was the scene of several stirring events that occurred during that struggle, and I give the following tale on the authority of an old proprietor, whose mother is the heroine of the story.

One evening, during the time of the "old war," a young girl was seated in the library of the house referred to, waiting for the return of the family who were absent with some neighbors. While she sat watching the sun set, she thought of the fearful tales about the murders and depredations of the Skinners, that had been current of late, and wondered if they could be true.

Just as she began to get nervous about the protracted absence of the family, she was startled by a loud rapping at the front door, and before she could open it a number of armed men entered the room. They were all powerful, ill-looking fellows, with an appearance that clearly denoted the desperado, and were dressed in a half-civil, half-military costume, that was characteristic of those irregular foragers. Their leader walked up to the now trembling girl, and after questioning her as to the whereabouts of her father, and finding he was out asked, "Where does the old man keep his money?" The girl either not knowing or not caring to tell, replied with some spirit, "I do not think you have any right to know, and I shall not tell you."

The Skinner at this broke out with a volley of threats and imprecations; but not thinking it worth while to waste more time with the girl, left her in charge of one of the gang, and proceeded with the rest to search the house in quest of valuables. While the party was gone with their leader, the man left on guard entered into conversation with his prisoner, and told her that if his companions were unsuccessful in their hunt for treasure, her life was in great danger if she

refused to inform them where what they desired was to be found; but she still remained silent, and when the captain returned in a fury from his fruitless search, to question her again, she gave him no more satisfaction than she had before. Ordering one of his men to procure a rope and lantern, he caught the girl by the arm and half led, half dragged her to a large barn that stands a short distance in the rear of the house, where he proceeded to go through all the preliminaries of an execution. He passed the rope over one of the great oaken rafters of the building, and made a noose in one end, while he gave the other to one of his men, and told him to be ready to pull when he gave the word. He then got a barrel on which he placed the terrified girl, passed the noose over her head, and said, "I will give you one more chance for life; tell where the old man keeps his money and you shall be liberated; refuse, and you die."

The girl stammered out something about not knowing whether he had any or not, but still refused to say anything definite, one way or the other. The Skinner captain now ordered the execution to proceed, and the barrel was about to be shoved from under his victim, when a shot sounded upon the night air, and the robber leader lay dead. The next instant the barn was filled with British soldiers, and the girl was immediately released from her perilous situation. The soldiers had been brought by the owner of the house, who had returned home a few moments after the marauders had taken possession, and seeing how matters stood, left immediately for the British camp, which fortunately was not far distant. The commander at once despatched the squad of men that arrived so opportunely. It is hardly, however, to be supposed that the Skinners really intended to hang the girl (as that would have done them but little good), but merely thought to intimidate her into giving all the information she could about her father's affairs.

V. NORMAN ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.

A detailed architectural drawing of the interior of the Basilica of San Vitale in Ravenna. The drawing shows the nave with its piers, arches, and mosaics. The piers are decorated with spiral patterns, and the arches are filled with mosaics. The drawing is a black and white line drawing with some color washes.

INTERIOR OF WALTHAM ABBEY.

Charlemagne brought Bavaria, Saxony and Lombardy to yield to his sceptre, it was natural to expect that in architecture, as well as in other matters connected with civilization, the less cultured lands would receive an influence from those in which the arts and sciences had prevailed. On the death of his father Pepin, in A.D. 768, Charlemagne succeeded to the sway of Austrasia and Neustria, and in A.D. 771, on the death of his brother Carloman, he became master of all the dominions of his father. Saxony and Lombardy were subjugated, and in A.D. 800 he was crowned at Rome by Pope Leo III. as Emperor of the West.

He was a great builder of churches, and of religious edifices; and thus owing to connection with hardly a powerful influence passed forward over and became in all the land which his and the other viking men ruled.

About the ninth century the fierce tribe of the Danavians, repeated invasions succeeded in establishing them in the north of France. The country over which they secured an ascendancy was named Normandy, or the people afterwards called the Normans. The language spoken was not

kingdom, but a duchy held as a sovereign of the rest of France; the dukes of Normandy managed to exercise kingly sway until about the beginning of the thirteenth century, when the duchy was added to the French crown. It was during this time that the Normans also established themselves in England, under William the Conqueror, and thus brought to submit to Norman sway. One might have been expected from the sea rovers, as soon as they had come down in their new lands, they would have introduced the arts of peace. In the main

They accepted the style which they found had been prevailing in their adopted country, and they did not hesitate to employ such builders as were available, in the erection of churches, in the restoration of others that had been desolated by the wars, and in raising the castles and great strongholds on which their chieftains relied as central points in the consolidation of their power. Still, in their church architecture they did not slavishly follow the Italian or Roman styles that they found around them, for in Normandy proper, in Sicily and in England a style of building began to appear which assumed a distinctive character, usually called by the same name; but in these different regions presenting such peculiarities as authorize writers to speak of English Norman, Sicilian Norman, as well as the style which was developed in the Northern province of France. The last-mentioned class of churches present their claims for notice before adverting to the others. When Norman taste began to influence the character of architecture, the churches in different parts of France were overloaded with ridiculous figures and imagery of a debased character. This practice had prevailed to such an extent that the original features of the Roman style had been obscured; but the Norman builders cast aside the monstrous figures and the absurd imagery which a vitiated taste had sanctioned, and relied for grandeur of effect on the size, the solidity, and the elevation of their buildings. Instead of aiming at great effects by meretricious adornment and overloading of minute details, they sought by a severe simplicity and correctness of outline to satisfy the judgment and to elevate the mind. Then again, in reference to a feature of great importance which gave character to Norman churches, and which also became prominent in successive styles, it is well observed by Mr. Gally Knight: "The Normans had the boldness to insist upon an addition to their churches, which is admitted to be the grandest feature and chief ornament of ecclesiastical buildings—I mean the central tower. Towers had fortunately become an integral part of churches before the Normans began to build in Neustria (the former name of the district of France afterwards called Normandy);

but the few towers which at that time existed in other parts of France only adorned the western end; and to this day scarcely anything deserving the name of a central tower is to be found in France beyond the limits of Normandy. No one will be prepared to deny that the effect of a cathedral as a whole, and the fine play of its outline, are chiefly produced by the central tower. Take away the central tower, and in situations where the whole fabric can be seen at once, how tame the cathedral becomes!"



INTERIOR—WHITE CHAPEL, IN THE TOWER, LONDON.

Great solidity formed a leading feature in Norman edifices. The walls were rubble in their character, that is, the centre was made of stones of different sizes and forms held together with a plentiful supply of coarse, strong mortar, while the outer face was composed of smoother stones so as to make a regular wall. The mortar was often cast in while quite warm, and as the walls were thick the whole mass soon became united together in a firm bond, and no buttresses were required to sustain them; though at an early date the bald and plain appearance of the surface was relieved by incipient projections or buttresses which stood out a little so as to break the flat uniformity of the wall. Little need be said touching the Norman castle. Generally, the houses of the Normans were built of wood; but the barons, fully aware of the danger of unsettled times, took care to

shield themselves in fortified strongholds. On an eminence, or on the verge of a precipice, the great structure arose, with dungeons underground, the walls of immense thickness, the windows few and narrow, the entrance high up and reached by a staircase, commanded by those who were within and above. The keep or stronghold was enclosed in one or even two courts, and by means of flanking walls every contrivance was adopted which the military science of the age could devise, to resist aggression from without and shield the inmates in

semi-columns were attached to them, so as to enable the arches to spring from their capitals. It would seem that the piers with the semi-column attached, are later than the single column, the use of the pier being no doubt required by a desire for strength and safety when larger buildings began to be raised. In all cases where pillars are introduced, capitals are used, and at first they were quite plain; but after the commencement of the eleventh century they were ornamented with leaves of a peculiar character, which are easily recognized

as characteristic of this style. Even when foliage was introduced, the architects aimed at retaining as much as possible of the Roman element; but in the use of semi-columns attached to the piers and in the case of small columns at the jambs of windows, a practice obtained which was directly opposite to the Roman custom, inasmuch as the Normans set the pillars back into the recesses while the Romans projected them, and this custom obtained so generally that it became a law.



THE CRYPT OF ST. PETER'S, OXFORD, ENGLAND.

their home. Even in these castles, so far as windows, the heads of doors and the jambs of openings are concerned, the ornamentation was similar to that which prevailed in churches, and indicated that both were from the same hand and belonged to the same age.

The Norman church in plan was a Basilica, with a semi-circular apse which served as a choir. In large churches transepts and aisles were introduced, but in village or rural churches the building was small, in form a parallelogram, with the apse at the eastern end. In edifices where there are aisles, the arches which divide the aisles from the central nave either spring from Norman columns (of which a description will be given further on) or as frequently was the case, piers were built and

Windows were semi-circular or round-headed and they were undivided by any perpendicular horizontal bar. Small columns were placed at the external jambs of the windows, and from the capitals mouldings were carried around the heads of the windows. Like the windows, the doors were round-headed, and on either side columns were placed increasing in number in proportion to the magnitude of the building. The great thickness of the walls enabled the builders to place these columns on a splay line, so that when three or four or more stood on each side of the door, arches rising from them overhead formed an open bayed porch of a most effective character. Doors and windows in Normandy were never ornamented with the same degree of richness as the English

builders produced in their churches; and it is worthy of note that Norman builders still adhered to the plain column instead of being led away into the very questionable practice which prevailed



INTERSECTING ARCHES,
From the Cathedral of Lincoln, England.

in the twelfth century in other parts of France, and which is so conspicuous at the entrances of the great Cathedral of Chartres; where statues and figures in different forms are made to occupy the place of columns, in violation of an obvious principle. The column is for support, while the statue is for honor and for ornament, and it may be placed in a niche or under a canopy; but the departure from principle among the Greeks in the use of caryatides can form no valid apology for a similar violation of propriety and taste in later times.

In Normandy a great degree of plainness, even in many cases extending to baldness, characterized the smaller churches; while in England the type was carried out with more adherence to style, and the enrichment of windows and doors was often of an exceedingly florid character. The different kinds of ornament introduced by Norman builders

will be better understood by an examination of the illustrations than by any mere verbal definitions. They have been known as the chevron, the zigzag, the rope, the billet, the star, and in late specimens the dog-tooth was introduced; while in foliage, the ivy, the vine and other vegetable forms were used. In the early period of Norman art there was little or no ornamentation, and the bands which were carried around the arch from pillar to pillar were quite plain; but eventually the style



ARCADE, NORTH TRANSEPT
OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

became affected by influences from other provinces.



DOORWAY OF BARFRESTON CHURCH, KENT, ENGLAND.

oldest Norman building of any consequence which remains in its primitive condition. Like other structures of that age it is quite plain, but it acquires dignity from its size. At Jumièges and

In very early Norman churches, the roofs of the main building were of wood, but the apse was vaulted with stone. In time, the side aisles were vaulted, and the nave being wider had a wooden roof; but in the middle of the twelfth century vaulted roofs became common, at first being without ribs, and made of small stones held well together by a strong band of good mortar. In a few cases only, dome-vaulting was introduced over the side aisles. The reign of this style in Normandy lasted from about A.D. 900 to the year A.D. 1100; but of all the earliest buildings few specimens remain. According to Mr. Knight, the Abbey Church of Bernay is the

Cerisy the abbey churches, portions of the Cathedral of St. Goreu and of the Church of Mount St. Michael, belong to the first half of the eleventh century, while two churches at Caen date from the second half of that century.

Until the age of Duke William, who subjugated England, the Norman style was exceedingly plain,

part of the building was undisfigured by this heterogeneous and mis-shaped brood." The rage for this species of ornament continued for nearly fifty years, but it was greatly abated at the close of the twelfth century. In Caen there are two churches, one of them being built by William the Conqueror and the other by Matilda his queen.

the churches of St. Etienne, and of the Holy Trinity. They are good specimens of the age. The west end of the Church of St. Etienne, the whole of the body, and the interior with the exception of the choir, are nearly in the state in which William left them. The building is in the form of a cross with an apse at the end of the nave and one at the end of each aisle. Half columns attached to piers uphold the arches that divide the nave from the aisles. The capitals are enriched with simple foliage.

A clerestory lights the centre and there is a triforium over the aisles. The groining of the nave is evidently of a later date; but this plain church of Duke William is characterized by a substantial dignity and an aspect of solemn repose. The church of Matilda—the Holy Trinity—is much more ornamental. The doorways in the western façade are enriched. Internally the piers are light and lofty; the pillars and capitals have more foliage than in the other church, while in the apse there are two rows of pillars, one row above the other, and underneath the choir is a crypt of which the roof is supported by a great number of pillars. The taste

and munificence of the royal foundress is still further displayed by an embattled fretwork which is carried round the arches of the nave. No better specimens of the architecture of the age can be seen than these churches present, and they are easily accessible to all our citizens who enter France by way of Havre and Rouen.

The effect of the Norman conquest in England was as powerful in the department of architecture as in any other sphere of social life. The followers of William, who had distinguished themselves in the field, were forthwith endowed with fair lands



CHRIST CHURCH, HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND.

but a love of ornament began to prevail in his reign, and by the beginning of the twelfth century it had widely extended and a florid character of architecture was firmly established. As an eminent architectural critic has said, "When the love of ornament prevailed over a more lofty sentiment, the vicious consequences soon appeared in an admission of the singular ornaments in which other parts of France had long rejoiced. From the corbles under the eaves, the monsters descended to the portals, from the portals they forced their way to the capitals of the interior; till in the end no

manors. They became feudal lords and
ers in great castles which they were
erect for the main-
their power, and these
s, as at Newcastle-on-
wich, Rochester, Lon-
elsewhere over the
all bore the impress
ie style. Their walls
nmense thickness, so
deed, that, as at New-
fyne, a monarch could
bedchamber in an
in the wall, the room
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pass through. The
l windows bore the
igzag and other en-
and all these struc-
ated the age in which,
the race by which,
built. These doorways were a chief
all these buildings, and their great rich-

ness still impresses the modern beholder, while
they display the taste of a rough and daring age.



ROUND CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE.

The windows were narrow, but the splay on the
inside was so great that considerable light was
admitted, for the narrow part of the window
stood at the outer face of the wall.

In ecclesiastical buildings, attempts had
been made to introduce Norman forms into
England from the time of Edward the Con-
fessor, and builders were beginning to
abandon the rude Anglo-Saxon style; but
when Duke William brought over the clergy
who were settled in important abbeys and
rich dioceses, they began to build with
amazing industry, and the country soon bore
witness to their energy and zeal. English
Norman was an importation from France;
but it is a fact that in England the style
was displayed in much purer forms than in
the province whence it came. And so deci-
dedly is this the case, that even a non-
professional eye can detect the difference.
There is a majestic grandeur, combined
with a feeling of unity, that appeals to the
spectator with a power which is never ex-
perienced in the French Norman building.
In the latter there is a mixture of styles which
indicates a want of taste; but in the portions
of those English Norman edifices which
remain, there is a unity apparent, which
shows a decided apprehension on the part



LITTLE CHURCH, OXFORD, ENGLAND.



FRONT OF ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL, ENGLAND.

of their builders of what a style should be. In the Anglo-Norman churches, the piers, pillars and capitals are all remarkable. Some pillars were octagonal, some were ornamented with a spiral band, and some had a cable moulding carried around the shaft. The arches were semi-circular, and they were frequently embellished with the ornaments of the style; especial attention being given to the arch between the nave and the chancel. In early specimens, a flat boarded ceiling with painted ornaments covered the nave; but in cathedrals and large churches the naves were vaulted with stone, and in process of time groins with

decorated ribs were introduced. The Norman tower was low and dumpy, usually little more than a diameter above the roof. The tower walls in small churches often had blank semi-circular arches intersecting each other ranged along the walls, with a single light window in the lower story, and a double light opening in the upper story or belfry. The walls of the tower had a horizontal finish, and the embattled parapets which are now seen on old Norman buildings are of later date. The tower was placed at the west end in small churches, but in cathedrals and large churches it rose above the crossing of the nave and the choir by the transepts. In England, many of the early Norman churches have quite changed their appearance, because in all cases where parts of them were destroyed by fire, the restorations were made not in the original style, but in the style which then had come into use. Hence, at Durham, that majestic pile which crowns its lofty site with one of the most really magnificent specimens of church architecture in the world, shows the nave, the western towers, the transepts and the choir in massive Norman; while the eastern end of the choir is crossed by the beautiful transept known as the Chapel of the Nine Altars, in Transition Early English. The great window of the northern transept is in the Decorative period, while in the additional story



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, NORTHAMPTON.

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STEWKLEY CHURCH, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, ENGLAND.



NORMAN, SHOWING ZIGZAG ORNAMENT.

the work of Gundulph, brought from Bec near Rouen. He was consecrated by Lanfranc, in A.D. 1077, who aided him in procuring the means of building this cathedral. All who look on the nave of Rochester see the oldest part now existing of any of the great English churches. It retains nearly all its original features; the western window only being changed and the roof of the nave being raised. Then, again, the work of Bishop Walkelyn at Winchester, in the two transepts and the huge central tower, still remain to attest his undoubted skill; for like William de Carilepho, of Durham, he built for all future ages. Peterborough is also justly proud of its far-famed nave. It was finished in A.D. 1143, by Martin de Vecti, but the roof appears to have suffered, as Abbot Benedict made certain restorations as late as A.D. 1177. Then, again, the nave and choir of the first-class Cathedral of Norwich, together with the Castle, have borne testimony for centuries to the vastness of the



NORWICH CASTLE, SOUTHWEST VIEW.

conceptions and the energy of the men who founded them and who carried these enormous edifices to completion. Fine specimens of this style may also be seen in the nave, aisles, transept and west front



RECESS OF WEST FRONT OF ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

of Tewkesbury; the nave and west front of Malmesbury; Wimborn Minster, Dunstable; St. Cross at Winchester; Romsey in Hampshire; and in many of the remains of the early larger "religious" houses. In other cathedrals, the style is displayed in the nave of Ely; the western towers and nave, choir and round part called Becket's Crown at Canterbury; the nave and choir at Hereford; the Chapter-house at Ches-

ter; the nave at Gloucester; the pre and other parts at Chichester; but the limit of our space forbid any attempt at details. The illustrations given in this paper will amply suffice to indicate to the eye the peculiar features of this most impressive style. Parish and rural churches of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, of great beauty, abound in England, and they all bear the impress of their Norman parentage; but as most things human change, so the features of the Norman began to



INTERSECTING ARCHES From the Abbey of Croyland, Lincolnshire.

place to a different, and in many respects a later and more impressive style, which in another paper remains to be described.



NORMAN CAPITAL OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

Touching the Norman-Sicilian style, it may suffice to say, that in Sicily the Normans produced a style which is not seen in any other country. It was Saracenic in its arches, Roman in its pillars and capitals, Byzantine in its



THE TOWER OF EARL'S BARTON CHURCH.

ments. Even in the forms of the churches a change obtained. The kings and chiefs adopted the Latin form, thus showing an adherence to the faith which they professed; but the body of the people adopted the Greek form which had been familiar to the inhabitants from ancient times. In this mixed style there seems to have been no prevailing principle, for the pointed arch was not adopted from any regard to the vertical principle, the columns were used because they were at hand, and custom or usage coming down from former ages all seem to have produced the strange medley which was recognized as Norman in this island.



RECESS OF EAST FRONT OF ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

There are three or four Norman churches in Sicily which illustrate this mixed style very characteristically. One is the Capella Palatina at Palermo. It was built by King Roger, and finished A.D. 1132. Though small, it has a nave, side aisles and three apses, the form being an oblong, and yet it has a Byzantine cupola over the junction of the nave and the transept. The Church of San Giovanni degli Eremiti, also built by Roger at the same period, has so Oriental an appearance that it might be taken for a Mohammedan mosque. It has five cupolas formed of stone, and four of them yet remain. The Church of La Martorana, at Palermo, is another specimen of this mixed style; and the Norman Cathedral at Monreale, four miles from Palermo, is quite gorgeous, and rich in mosaics. Sicily presents the best specimens of this strange hybrid style, but examples may be seen at Cerini in Cyprus and at Toledo in Spain.

ANGLING FOR A PRIZE.

BY LETTIE ELLIOTT

YES, I belong to that much-abused sisterhood, and it seems to me that considering our important position in society, we deserve a little more respect, and a little less persecution; for I would like to ask the gentlemen where in the world they would find wives if it were not for the prospective mothers-in-law? But, no, we are considered lawful targets for all the shafts of wit and sarcasm that are flying recklessly about, and not one magnanimous soul ever takes up a pen in our defence. Indeed, the mother-in-law is greatly to be pitied—all the family disputes, quarrels, and misfortunes, are laid at her door, and her mission, according to the popular theory regarding her, is told in a very few words. After angling adroitly for years to secure a matrimonial prize, she succeeds at last in obtaining one for the guileless maiden of perhaps thirty summers, and then she immediately sets herself to work to create a disturbance in the family, even to the extent of causing a divorce; for a man would much rather blame the mother than the wife, because even if he has ceased to care for the latter, he hates to believe that she would willingly and of her own accord separate from a delightful creature like himself.

Being a mother-in-law, I am, of course, sensitive. I had one daughter, Elinor, and a pretty, winsome darling she was too, although she had plenty of fire and spirit in her nature. At sixteen she began to have lovers, but she did not seem to care for any one in particular, and so she rejected, in her gentle, deprecating way (that made them love her more than ever), one man after another, until she was twenty-three years old. Then Charles Cramer appeared, cultivated, handsome and fascinating. I saw that she was pleased from the first, but I soon understood his character, and knew that he was not the man for her; for, although generous and affectionate in disposition, he would be exacting to the last degree—a very tyrant. So when I saw that he was trying his best (and successfully) to win my darling's love, I sent for him, and begged that he would desist from visiting her. He looked at me in utter amazement. "Mrs. Elliott," he said, "I love your daughter, why do you object to my suit? Am I not a gentleman?"

"Certainly, Mr. Cramer," I replied, quietly, "and most women would feel proud to receive you into their family, but you and Elinor will be happy together."

"Why do you think so? I will try to make her life a pleasant one—I can gratify her every wish—I am rich, and you surely do not think me niggardly."

"Far from it—I know that you are generous and not at all fault-finding."

"Then tell me why you object."

"Because I understand your disposition well, Mr. Cramer; you will make a tyrannical husband; Elinor is very high-spirited, and although she may submit at first, it will not last."

"You do me great injustice, Mrs. Elliott," I assure you. I love her too well to make unreasonable demands, and I have flattered myself that she returned my affection."

"That is what I feared, and so I sent for you to beg that you will let the matter go no further—that you will cease in your attentions to my child."

"I cannot make any such promise, Mrs. Elliott. I cannot give her up. You will not try to induce her against me?"

"Certainly not; it would only incline her more to take your part. She would be more devoted to you then, for a little opposition renders an affair of this kind ten times more interesting. So having gained nothing by my appeal to her, I determined to take Elinor away. She objected at first, but she was never a selfish girl, and finding that I was really very anxious, she made the necessary preparations, and went with me the very next day."

But we had not been in Springfield long when one morning Elinor came in from a walk with cheeks, eyes and face all alight. "Oh, mother," she cried, "whom do you have seen? But you will never guess. It was Mr. Cramer; and, mother, he asked me to be his wife."

"And you have accepted him?"

"Accepted him? Why, mother, I am a girl that would not feel proud to be married to any other man."

My heart sank, but I tried hard to look pleased, and not chill the heart of my child in her young happiness.

"Are you angry with me, Mrs. Elliott?" he asked, when I saw him afterwards. "I could not help following her, life seems so dark away from her. You will forgive me?"

"Oh, yes, I forgive you, but I tremble for the future." They did not seem to have any misgivings, however, and as there did not appear to be any object in our staying away now, we in a few days went home, accompanied by the persistent suitor.

They were married in six weeks, and left me all alone; and after a long bridal tour, they went to housekeeping in a pleasant village several miles away, and although they both wrote urgent and affectionate letters, inviting me to make my home with them, I thought it best not to do so. But I sent for an orphaned niece, a bright, intelligent girl, who proved a great comfort to me. For the first six months the newly-married pair were very happy; Elinor wrote me that she had the kindest husband in the world, and he also pronounced his wife quite perfect—I hoped that it would last. After they had been married somewhat over a year, Charles told his wife that he was going to Boston to spend several months, and wished her to accompany him. They were to board at a fashionable hotel, which was not at all agreeable to Elinor, and she begged her husband to take rooms in a private boarding-house, but he refused very decidedly, without giving his reasons for so doing. "Charley," she pleaded earnestly, "I dislike being in a hotel so much; let me go and make mother a visit, while you are in Boston."

"I prefer to have you with me," was the concise reply.

"Why, Charley," she said, "how odd you are to-day!"

"Odd, because I desire my wife's society?" he asked, and she said no more. They went to Boston, and one evening after they had been there a few weeks, a lady requested Elinor to go and try the piano in the parlor of the hotel; and she, being a fine musician, consented at once. Her voice was remarkably clear and sweet, and she soon had a large and delighted audience. Suddenly her husband appeared beside her, and in sarcastic tones whispered, "Had I not better pass around the hat, now?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," she replied, commencing another air.

"I wish you to go up to your room at once," he continued, in the same low voice.

"I have promised," she said aloud, "to sing two songs for Mr. Arthurs, then I will go up stairs, if you desire." So she sang the songs, chatted a few moments with the company assembled, and then sauntered slowly up to her room. She had never seen her husband so furiously angry before, and she looked at him in amazement. "Well, Mrs. Cramer," he inquired, "how often do you intend to perform for the gratification of a mob?"

She opened her eyes to their full extent, and with a sudden gesture of disdain, replied, "You are angry, Mr. Cramer, and I must say that it makes you very absurd."

"Absurd, or not, I will have no more such exhibitions."

She closed the book that she had taken up and answered coldly, "You insisted upon bringing me to this hotel entirely against my own wishes, and now that I am here, I certainly shall not make a prisoner of myself. I have done nothing improper. The mob of which you speak, consists of the ladies and gentlemen to whom you have introduced me, and I am happy to have given them pleasure."

"It seems to me that a modest woman would confine her audience to a smaller number."

"If you will mention the exact number that may listen to my singing without derogating from my reputation as a modest woman, I will try to have all others kept out of the parlor when I perform."

"Well, I wish no more of it." Elinor did not go into the parlor again, but at the table where they sat there was a very agreeable Parisian, with whom she was in the habit of conversing in his own language. One day her husband demanded that she should cease her conversations with the polite Frenchman. Completely out of patience, she turned upon him indignantly, saying, "Mr. Cramer, I shall go now as I first proposed, and make my mother a visit."

"I forbid your going."

"Indeed! you forget that we are living in the nineteenth century; I shall go home to-morrow." And she came back to me, hurt, indignant, and angry. "Why did you let me marry him, mother?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, my darling," I said, as I tried to soothe her, "this will not last; we are all unreasonable sometimes; you know Charley loves you, and now that he is alone he will regret his churlishness I hope."

"He would make me his slave."

"Oh, no, this will be a lesson for him, Elinor; if he pleads for forgiveness, you must not be obstinate."

"He will *never* do that." And at this moment, Janet, my niece, entered the room, and in her sweet, cheerful way, drew Elinor into a lively conversation, that made her forget her troubles for a time at least. Janet was not a brilliant girl, but she had an exquisite tact that was almost a talent, and we loved her dearly. Five weeks or more passed away, during which my darling received several letters from her husband, amusing, careless letters, such as any good-natured acquaintance might write, and I frequently saw the tears in her eyes as she laid them away. At length he came himself, greeting her as if nothing unusual had passed between them, but said that he was going to take her home. "Charley," she replied very quietly, but firmly, "I wish to remain here a few weeks longer, then I will go back, if you desire it." I saw an angry look come into his face, but he said nothing. "Oh, Aunt," Janet inquired of me a few moments afterwards, "why does not Elinor go back with her husband?"

"She thinks it wisest to remain here a short time longer; Mr. Cramer has made some unreasonable demands, Janet."

"But, Aunt, is it not a wife's duty to yield to the wishes of her husband?"

"Of course, my dear, she should do so generally, but you do not know how much Elinor has been tried."

"I know that it's not any business of mine, but I do feel so sorry for them both, and Mr. Cramer is such a splendid man."

"Elinor is worthy of any man living."

"Yes, Aunt, but"—Of course the child did not see with my eyes.

Mr. Cramer went away, and about a week afterwards my darling took a severe cold which ended in pneumonia. I saw that there was no hope of her recovery, and sent at once for her husband. He came with face all drawn and pale with mental suffering, and seizing my hands, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, is this my work? Am I to blame?"

"It would have happened just the same," answered, "if she had been the happiest woman in the world." She died in his arms, with her head in mine, and he begged that he might remain with me. I could not bear his presence then. I told him to go away and travel for a year, if he still wished it, to return and share my life. He seemed to consider his mother-in-law the best friend he had. That year passed away the darkest, saddest year of my whole life, and he returned. I knew how it would end; I forgave all; Janet was very lovely, and she had pronounced him from the first the most delightful man of my acquaintance. Before six months had glided by I knew that those two loved each other more than their own lives, and still they did not confess their love. It was very hard for me; it wrecked the life of my Elinor, and now he comes to my sweet Janet, who had been like a daughter to me ever since my darling's death, but resignation is a necessity in this world. One day I saw the young girl sobbing in her own room as if her heart would break.

"What is it, Janet?" I inquired; "tell me, child."

"Oh, aunty, he is going away," she said.

"You mean Mr. Cramer, of course, dear; does he go?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you that," she murmured, hiding her face.

"Where is he now? I will speak to him. I soon found him, looking pale and aged. "Why are you going away, Charles?" I asked at once.

"I dare not tell you, mother," he replied. "I have darkened your life sufficiently already. I will go away now, and not cause you any more trouble."

"You love Janet; is it not so?"

"Yes, mother; how could I help it?"

"And she loves you in return?"

"I have not asked her that."

"Why not, if you love her?"

"And would you give her to me? I dare not entrust her happiness into my hands."

"Yes, Charles, I think that you would make a better husband to her than you ever were to poor Elinor. She is yielding, gentle, and devoted to you with her whole heart. You will not take unfair advantage of her gentle disposition. I could not bear at first to see their happiness

cruel; but then it was very natural. I said that no man wanted a mother-in-law, Janet's reply was, "but you know." And so they settled the matter. Now there is a little dark-eyed Elinor about the house, who upsets my work-

basket, raveling my yarn, and will not let my cap remain straight upon my head, and she is the very image of my own lost darling. Charles has become a kind, devoted husband, and when inclined to exercise the old dictatorial spirit, he says that all he needs is one glance of warning from the eyes of his mother-in-law.

IS IT EDUCATION OR TACT THAT WINS

BY HORACE PLATO SPENCER.

observer there is a marked difference in progress among the moving throngs in the great thoroughfares. Those who are out of doors loiter at the more attractive shops, and make a sort of holiday on the occasion; stand still and gossip with old acquaintances whom they chance to meet, and are impediments to the more active pedestrians.

A certain number press right on as if nothing but the object in view, which determines their destination in the least time possible; of course, they could make greater speed in a car or a cab, but in either case some expense would be incurred, and therefore, unless the necessity be very great, they trust to their own means of locomotion and power of endurance.

Not a miniature view of the world at large, everywhere, humanity presents the same conditions in degrees made variable by place, circumstances. In general there is a hurrying as if some important issues were to be decided by bridging space with accelerated speed; but amidst this conspicuous haste are clusters of individuals who, despite their business and responsibilities, loiter on the sidewalk with complacent indifference, make life a mere amusement, spend means and time idly, and as they age find themselves drifted high and low in conditions that are absolutely pitiable, which they have themselves alone to blame. They cannot eat their bannock and still complain. That is a commonplace, but nevertheless a truth. An old proverbial philosophy is as much. Nor was it ever until now that there was anything wrong in the more economical getting ahead of the lazy,

the loitering, and the indifferent. The new doctrine, propounded, we regret to say, by a minister of State, amounts to this: That in the general struggle of life, one has no right to use his best endeavors to surpass his fellows. Or, to revert to our simile, the more active pedestrians in the street are, as an act of justice and propriety, not to outdo the feeble or sluggish, who prefer to take things easily, without a thought as to the probable consequence of their lethargic movements. In short, all must go at a decorous funeral pace; no one is, on any account, to strive to get before another.

This is the new philosophy that was set before an assembly of students at Edinburgh on the subject to which studies should be directed. The Earl of Derby did not seem to object to what he termed a *wholesome* emulation, but somewhat contradictorily opposed any one trying to do his best in the rivalry of his fellows. "I am not blind," he said, "to the advantages which a State gains by the existence among its citizens of a strong feeling of social emulation; but personally I am not a believer in what has been called the 'gospel of winning.' It is a gospel which can only be preached to a small minority. To be successful in the world's sense, means to have got over your neighbor's head; to be rich, as the word is used, means to be richer than your neighbor; and by the very nature of the case, these are results which, if everybody aims at them, involve failure and disappointment to nine out of ten. We all start in life with the notion of beating our equals in the race; it is a useful stimulus at the outset of a career; but I think I have noticed that as they go on in life, most men who are worth their salt think more and more of

doing their work as it ought to be done, and less of the return in fame or gratified vanity which it is likely to bring them. College successes no doubt give a good start in life, and are a useful preparation for that keen professional competition which, whether we like it or not, is inevitable in most employments. I do not assuredly undervalue them in that respect. But if we are to look at the naked truth of the matter, I do not think I could honestly tell you that the highest literary, artistic, or scientific culture always leads to what the vulgar call the substantial prizes of life. Many very illiterate persons have accumulated large fortunes by their own energy and sharpness. Even in the most intellectual professions many men have risen high, and filled considerable posts and enjoyed widespread reputations, who knew but little outside the range of their professional work, though no doubt they knew that thoroughly well. Do not understand me as denying or doubting that habits of industry and mental training are an advantage for active life; they are an advantage, and a very great one; but what I would urge upon you is that devotion to study, if it be real and sincere, must rest on motives far stronger, reasons more conclusive than can be drawn from a calculation of chances in the great lottery of the world. Culture may disappoint you, if you seek it for what can be got out of it; it can never disappoint you if you seek it for itself. Say what we like about the lessening of social differences there will always be a gulf not easily passed over, a difference which must make itself seen and felt, between the cultivated and the vacant intellect. The man who has read little and thought little, to whom history has no meaning, and for whom literature has no existence, may prosper in business, but he prepares for himself a dull existence and a melancholy old age. There are many such; and sometimes you see them toiling on to the last, determined, as they say, 'to die in the harness,' not because they have any further need to work, not even because their work continues to interest them, but because they have no other interest and nothing else to turn to. I hardly know a more miserable alternative than for a wealthy and prosperous man either to exhaust his last years with needless labor,

Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease,
or else to sink into that vacuity and *ennui* which, to an active temperament, is often worse than even acute suffering."

These views are in the main sound, and from the standpoint and plane of life occupy his lordship, or those in affluence and which form but a minor or small proportion of the world. They are practicable only with a state of independence, or such as are free from the necessities of winning their subsistence. The essentials for those who are dependents horizon is not sufficiently broad to take a *greater* number which goes to make up the nerve, the talent, genius, muscle and forces which move and control the great scientific, mechanical, educational and industrial systems of States and nations. With the men those who are dedicating their best efforts to knowledge, there are and must ever be independent of the inherent good such knowledge gives. Nor is it at all that these incentives should be of a superfluous and worthless character. Fame and reputation in themselves mere bubbles, are even worth the manly endeavor, if they are to be found they sometimes are, upon honest efforts in the pursuit of truth and right. Nothing, indeed, can be pure metal, no matter where found or by what means coined. It will stand the ordeal of both public and private scrutiny. True greatness is a thing of other words, none the less great because the professor's name is on every tongue, his achievements spread far and wide. Thus built, both fame and reputation are to be regarded as prizes worth working for. They inevitably, as time wears on, bring as their sequence, what might almost be inseparably associated with happy Honor. For this many of the noblest men recorded in the world's history have lived, and died to win. To gain the world's honor men and women in all ages have committed themselves to their ideal. History, Art, Science, Literature and Religion have been wedded by indissoluble bonds in early, middle and mature life to thousands who saw first a glimpse of Honor as one of the principal rewards for toil.

And in contradistinction to the opinion of the Earl of Derby, what shall we say of wealth as an incentive to education? While it is true that history is sparse in her names of those who have acquired riches as the outgrowth from literary or educational labor, still that compared to the many that have made fortunes by accumulating worldly possessions, have even

and stimulated students while gathering action and wisdom, and by the potent and living illustrations of success, they have been able to climb over barriers and surmount obstacles which without these forces might never have been accomplished.

Weakness of the views advanced to the effect is still more apparent when we consider the condition of the mind of youth. Young man sees but dimly the *inherent* good; he does see (as he thinks) clearly the profits of worldly sense which must flow from his grasp. Money and the influence it gives, are means ignored by him. Gauged by any standard you choose as to its intrinsic worth, it, he says, "carries with it power." We all know that this power is coveted by no insignificant proportion of mankind.

This leads us to consider education as a *winning* of what we call *success*. If success be defined by the ability to accumulate money and to gain influence, we may well ask how does education meet the required ends? To question better, we inquire, how far does the present system of what is called a scholastic education qualify for that success? If the chief objects of mental training are money, to what degree of perfection are the graduates of our colleges fitted for the work which is upon them? Measuring this success in the light we speak of, are we not forced to the conclusion that the major portion of those engaged in purely classical or literary pursuits are miserable failures? While the mind has been disciplined (the chief objects in view), and the memory stored with knowledge as gleaned from the curriculum of the college course, have these not been at the cost of a sacrifice of individuality and the everyday-world-wisdom, in many instances equal to or more than the benefits derived from our present course? Weaned as the student is not only from the bustling world for six or eight years, at the very budding of life, does not his loss of daily contact with the real world and matter as they move up and down the ever-shifting tides and ebbs of the business-world, more than counterbalance the advantage of purely theoretical book-learning? These are questions of the highest importance, and they demand the consideration of the best minds of

the plowshare is brightened only by constant

use and contact with the soil, so, we believe, the mind can be made really bright only by continual contact with men and things. What the world calls Tact is that brightness which penetrates the very thoughts and emotions of men.

This Tact is the one thing needful, in addition to knowledge, in order to succeed. Independently of each other, we may well ask which is the most valuable as a factor to success? Which would win, Education or Tact, in a fair race for the prize, success? With these interrogatories might be placed another, Does not the educative process in our colleges weaken this power?

While we do not in this paper propose to answer all of these queries, we are free to say that we believe that Tact will win nine times out of ten, in the race for success. The disciples of our present system of education would find, on such a trial of strength, that their representatives failed in the struggle. The history of the business world shows this. Here and there the world is dotted with those who mainly through the strength and capital of an education have carved out wealth and influence; but almost everywhere are the footprints seen of men and women who have won the golden prize through that intrinsic capital called Tact. In civil life, Tact sees the time and opportunity to strike and the men and things that are to guard and protect the actor. In war, it meets the unexpected emergency, supplies the breach in rank, and fills the gap at the opportune moment. It is said,

"There is a tide in the affairs of men

Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

Tact seizes this tide at the flood and utilizes its power. It captures time and opportunity by the forelock, and appropriates their offerings to individual aggrandizement. Every practical man knows its worth. As a factor or element of success it is indispensable in almost every department of life. The banker, broker, manufacturer, merchant, and man of commerce, base their prosperity in a large degree upon tact. Nor is it the less valuable even to the professional man. The lawyer, physician, minister and teacher are indebted to it for a large share of their prosperity. As a commodity in the commercial, financial and literary world, it is always marketable, never at a discount, but most generally draws a premium. As its value is generally conceded, we are led to inquire (1), Is it a teachable faculty? (2) Does our present college system of education develop

it? Tact is defined by Webster as *touch, feeling, faculty, peculiar skill, nice perception*. Now, to educate is to draw out, unfold, discipline, and store the mind. If the definition of tact we have presented be correct, it is certainly clear that in a large degree it is a teachable faculty. Keeness and quickness of perception are in a great measure the result of the *using* of this faculty. Peculiar skill is one of the fruits of *individual* training. It is evident that we are able to answer affirmatively the first question, "Is it a teachable faculty?" To the second interrogative, "Does our present college system of education develop it?" there comes no response at all satisfactory; but on the contrary we are compelled to acknowledge negative if not positively opposite results—whether these be from pursuing the strict class system, or severe memory-tax method of instruction so general in our higher institutions of learning, we are not fully prepared to say. It needs no great stretch of comprehension, however, to enable any one to understand that our present system of education is decidedly defective. It fails to give us a graduate fully equipped for the battles of life. Our common-school system also, though much boasted of, most lamentably fails in many of its pretended achievements; and in lieu of turning out young men and young women armored for both the aggressive and defensive duties which crowd upon them, it gives feeble and vacillating crops of both

every year. The technical departments of education, where the hand and head, the eye and brain, the muscle and mind, are schooled together—one to *think*, the other to do—the first to see, the second to feel—give to the world much more of what the world calls for. Many of these institutions are private, and the instruction is largely *individual*. This personal education does not deaden the native force and talent of the pupil, even if it fail to arouse latent power and genius. Our truly great men and great women are never imitators; they mould and carve from nature's own creations. The minds of such move not always with public opinion or the great current of thought; but more frequently they are the opposing forces—waging war upon error and ever holding aloft the banner of truth and right. It is to be regretted that our FREE SCHOOL system has crippled and even driven out of the field such a large number of our private schools and seminaries. With their retirement individual instruction is greatly diminished, and with its decrease a very conspicuous aid to tact-training disappears. For it matters not from what standpoint we view it, we find that success is based in an eminent degree upon what the world calls *tact*; and to it more than education in its general sense, is due the credit of achieving many of the greatest victories over mind and matter. It is the sure courser that wins in the long or short race of life.

SEA DRIFT.

By THOMAS S. COLLIER.

SMALL, moss-grown fragment from some hidden wreck

Now lying in a far-off ocean cave,
How long have the winds tossed you at their beck,
Hither and thither on the rolling wave?

Through what old argosies of other years
Did you float upward to the light of day?
Were their dead guardians armed with shields and spears,
'Or dark mouthed cannon frowning for a fray?

By what strange lands have you been journeying?
Did you come far through the bright orient seas,
Where dainty flowers their fragrance rich out-fling
From unknown islands, crowned by patriarch trees?

Ah! what sad scenes have you been witness to,
When the dark waters rose in dreadful might,
And loud the storm wind sang, while pale and blue
The phosphor flame shone buried in the night.

Then, when the staggering ship swept madly on,
With torn sails fluttering like spectres gray
From spars that bent and broke, till all were gone,
And she rolled shuddering 'mid driving spray,

What wild eyes gazed despairing through the storm,
That never more will see the land-loom rise
Which tells of home, and kisses sweet and warm,
And the glad glory of bright love-lit eyes.

You saw them, and then drifted swiftly on,
Past reefs that echoed with the breakers roar,
And met the day, like a ghost sad and wan,
Stealing up toward a cold and wreck-strewn shore.

Strange company you've had. The albatross
Has shadowed you with his ne'er tiring wing;
And sportive dolphin in your track would cross,
And huge whales o'er you foamy sprays would fling.

And now you lie here on this shining sand,
And fill the soul with many a vague surmise
Of the strange sights you've seen on sea and land,
That never can be shown to mortal eyes.

Moss-grown and water-soaked you lie at rest,
No more the waves will toss you in wild glee;
And while you moulder here, some foam-crowned crest
Sweeps on with a new message from the sea.

MISS WARREN'S MISTAKE.

By Miss M. C. HOLMES.

ALONE in her cosy sitting-room, half-hidden in the depths of a sleepy, hollow chair, sat pretty Helen Warren, lost in reverie; her hands were folded idly in her lap, and the tips of two dainty slippers resting on the fender added to the *dolce far niente* attitude of the attractive figure momentarily revealed by the firelight's sudden flashes.

"I will have to give a decided answer to-night," soliloquized the young lady, frowning in deep thought and mechanically smoothing out the wrinkles with her fingers. "Ned demands it, and deserves it, and I must make up my mind to accept or dismiss the boy without further hesitation. If I'm in love, the real feeling certainly differs from the ideal I have had, but Aunt Hannah may be right in denouncing all such thoughts as romance and foolishness; certainly at twenty-three one should be sensible. Well, I'll leave it to Fate!" And having thus divested herself of all responsibility on the subject, Miss Warren reluctantly arose and obeyed her summons to the parlor.

"How could you keep me waiting such an eternity!" exclaimed the visitor reproachfully, advancing to seize her extended hand as Helen entered the drawing-room door; "It was positively cruel! here I've been waiting a full half hour, enduring most horrible tortures of suspense."

"You are mistaken, Ned," calmly replied the young lady, languidly glancing at her watch; "it is precisely six minutes since you entered the house; one should not exaggerate, you know." And Miss Warren wheeled a chair in front of the glowing grate, sank comfortably back in its cushions and serenely folded her arms.

"You'll thaw, if you get so close to the fire!" and with an irate glance toward his placid companion, Ned threw himself pettishly on a sofa in the farthest corner of the room. "I never did see such a girl as you are, Helen; one day all smiles and dimples, the next, a regular ice queen; a fellow can't come anywhere near you without danger of being frosted; you've nipped me in the bud already; I am utterly blighted; now Nellie, come," he pleaded, melting into a softened state and subsiding into an ottoman at her

side, "do have a little pity on me and be good to-night; you know I'm half frantic when you treat me coldly; put away your teasing and give me some satisfaction; it would be so easy for you to make me happy, Nellie!" and Ned captured the white hand nearest him and patted it softly, not daring to make any further demonstrations.

Miss Warren's dark eyes grew a shade deeper in hue, and the little tremor of her lips proved she was moved. Hers was a lonely life, without father or mother, brother or sister. Suitors she had had, but all failed to interest her, and at length she became convinced that the love of which she dreamed existed only in imagination.

When but twelve years of age she had been left an orphan, and her life from that time until her twenty-first birthday was quietly spent in the seclusion of an old-fashioned boarding-school; her wardship then expiring, and finding herself mistress of a very comfortable income, Helen furnished a house in the city, and invited a widowed aunt to superintend it, determined to live no longer without a home. Caring little for general society, she depended chiefly upon the companionship of a few old schoolmates who were congenial in mind and tastes, and through one of these friends she had first become acquainted with handsome, impulsive Ned Harding.

During Miss Warren's reverie, Ned had the prudence not to interrupt her train of thought; so, holding the one hand fast between his own, he watched the shadows of changeable feeling chase each other over the fair face before him, and felt a dim consciousness that there were depths in this nature he never yet had fathomed.

Suddenly Helen leaned toward him, and placing her other hand on his, said, softly, "Ned, do you truly love me, and if I promise to be your wife are you sure, very sure, you will never regret it?"

"Regret it, Nellie! how could I?" was the rapturous reply; "and do you really promise?"

"Yes, I promise, for I sincerely like you, Ned, and in time my feeling may grow stronger; are you content to accept the regard I can give, such as it is?"

"Content! I am in Paradise! and to tell the

truth, Nell, I believe you care more for me than you think you do;" with which encouraging remark Mr. Harding encircled his lady love's waist with his arm, and pressed a kiss upon her passive lips.

"There, that will do!" exclaimed Helen, drawing back with a start and a slight blush. "Fold your arms and be sensible; I am going to catechise you, so be honest and answer truly. How many times have you been in love in your life?"

"Never before," replied Ned, with an injured glance, and a tone of decision; "as for imagining myself so afflicted, that was a different thing; but the delusion always passed away in a very few days."

"And, please, how long does your lordship think this attack will last? until you meet another new face that strikes your fancy? It is only two months since our acquaintance began, Ned; remember that."

"It is more than enough time for a man to learn his mind, Nellie, and if I'm satisfied you should be. In a day or two mother will send you a letter asking for a visit, and we'll have a jolly lark; you will like my mother, she's a regular trump, and admires you hugely already; she is only waiting my permission to congratulate you, for I told her three weeks ago we were as good as engaged."

"How dared you take so much for granted, you conceited boy! At that time the idea of marrying you had never entered my mind; and as for your mother's congratulations, pray for what am I to receive them? Is your honor's offer such a brilliant one?" And an amused smile parted Miss Warren's lips, and slipped out in a silvery laugh.

"Don't be sarcastic, Helen, it isn't comfortable;" and the young man rose and moved farther away. "Hear what my venerable brother says about you, and recover your amiability," So saying he took a letter from his pocket and proceeded to read aloud: "If you have seriously decided that Miss Warren is the woman you desire to marry, I wish you happiness and success; but by all the powers that be, Ned, I beg of you"—"Oh that part is stupid and won't interest you," remarked Mr. Harding, carelessly turning the page; "we'll skip it and begin the next sentence." "Miss Warren is certainly a woman in a thousand; one worthy a man's thorough respect and love; and if she promises

to be your wife, my brother will be proud of Fortune's favorites." "There's a treat for you, Miss Helen! John will make a good brother, for you're just a girl after his own heart; dignified, sensible, and generally superior to most of the women I know. He never cares a snap for preposterous women like Annie Conway, who can do nothing but dance divinely and sing ballads like a nightingale. As for your old classical music"—

"Hush, Ned!" exclaimed the young lady with heightened color; "be silent on a subject so grand for your comprehension. It is time to go now, and I insist upon one thing, tell your family of our engagement it is all in confidence, not another soul must suspect it. We are more than commonplace friends; please me in this?"

"Of course, if you say so; but for how long?" exclaimed the young man, petulantly. "I'll give you your ring a week ago, and want to see you without it."

"What blissful self-confidence! Never mind the ring; there's a whole lifetime before us for the present our engagement must be a secret. So saying, Miss Warren ushered her lover to the street-door, and with a sisterly clasp of the hand bade him good-night.

For some time Helen was obdurate in her refusal to spend the Christmas holidays at the house of her lover; and having exhausted all resources in argument, and his patience in reply, Ned was finally surprised by his lady's sudden capitulation in the moment of victory.

"You would be so awfully dull without me," he urged.

"Oh, indeed! do you really think so?" inquired Miss Warren, elevating her eyebrows and smiling a slight smile; "perhaps since I've had the assurance of your society every evening during the last three weeks of our engagement, I might be able to sustain a few days separation."

"Impossible, Nell; you haven't the fortitude," returned the young man, suppressing a yawn; and with the injunction that she must receive only the moderate degree of attention to be paid to a guest of his mother's, Mr. Harding, with Helen's promise to go with him the next afternoon.

The following evening was cold and bleak, and Helen was nearly carried away by the storm when she stepped from the platform of the ex-

now-crusted ground, on her arrival in New England village of Arlington. As among the sleigh-ropes and closing she fell to wondering about the people she saw, wishing the ordeal over; for, with Mr. Warren's seeming self-possession, she had a considerable dread of meeting strangers.

As the sleigh stopped, and Helen was a flood of light pouring from the open brilliantly illumined windows of a large, old, comfortable stone house; another and her inside the hall being unwrapped and by the nimble fingers of a bright-haired, sweet-faced old lady, who affectionately, rubbed her cold hands, and laughed so cheerily, that Helen she had known the kind little woman a

dear, you may have just ten minutes to come to the sitting-room and you are awaiting you;" and leaving Helen at her chamber, the old lady rejoined

"perfectly charming, Ned," was Mrs. Warren's comment upon their guest; "at first her greenness is a little overawing, but she is simple and unaffected as a child; and beautiful!"

"true," assented Ned, complacently; "she has stunning eyes. My! don't they show she is angry! and he emphasized the remark with a soft whistle. "I'm proud of you; and when I thought she wouldn't be, she was the most cut up fellow you ever saw." "which pathetic remark the young man made to his mother around the waist, waltzed her round, then ran up stairs three steps at a time. Mr. Harding looked after her boy with a content smile, walked down the hall and entered the kitchen.

A few moments passed before Helen, after her hasty toilet, entered the sitting-room, finding it unoccupied, stood thoughtfully gazing into the cheerful fire, her elbow on the mantel and fell into a reverie. A sudden movement of the curtains in the bay-window caused her to look up, and her lover leaning against the sash, aware of her presence, Miss Warren went behind him, and laying her hand on his shoulder, softly, "Your description of your mother does not half do her justice, for she is the

very loveliest woman I ever met; you don't begin to be worthy of her, and I shall marry you purely for her sake;" then looking up with a smile full of mischief, Helen met the quiet glance of two dark brown eyes that she certainly had never encountered before.

"You are right, Miss Warren," replied the mother, the owner of these orbs, quite calmly; "she is a wonderful woman, and neither of her sons deserve the privilege of such a mother; the older I grow the better I appreciate her character; but no one can fully do her justice."

Helen by this time had nearly recovered from the confusion occasioned by her mistake, and mentally thanking John Harding for his tact in relieving her embarrassment, she succeeded in conversing with a moderate degree of composure until Mrs. Harding summoned them to tea. The old lady's exclamation of surprise at finding them acquainted, was met by John with the quiet explanation that they had been forced to introduce themselves, since no one was present to perform that important ceremony for them; and Helen, with a burning face, kept her eyes on the floor, and was silent.

The first evening passed pleasantly with music and lively talk, the bright old lady proving herself an adept at entertaining. Helen was a thorough musician, and loved her art with her whole soul; so when Ned advanced, with a bow and a flourish, to escort her to the piano, she arose without hesitation and complied, surprising and delighting John's cultivated taste, with her exquisite renderings of Schubert and Beethoven.

Ned, the incorrigible, declared there was no music like the Strauss waltzes, which was perfect bliss with Annie Conway for a partner; then turning to his mother he plied her with questions concerning the neighborhood girls, and was jubilant over the information that Miss Conway had called in the afternoon with invitations for a dance at her house on Christmas eve.

The following morning John Harding returned from a walk to the post-office with an expression of irritation in his usually serene eyes, and the shadow was not dispelled by the pleasant picture that met his view as he entered the door of the cosy sitting-room. Helen, looking contented and happy, was ensconced in a large chair before the fire, daintily assorting a perfect rainbow of delicately tinted zephyrs.

"I suppose it is useless to ask you for one of

those letters," she said, with a smile of welcome, nodding toward the package he held in his hand; "I am too lately arrived to be so favored; do prove your magnanimity by reading yours immediately that I may cease to be tantalized."

"Thank you, I will do so," was the smiling answer, "and when the duty is performed you must reward me with a game of chess; it is not often I meet with an enthusiast like yourself."

Helen gave a willing assent, and laying aside her worsteds, removed the books from a small inlaid chess-table, and proceeded to arrange the pretty ivories upon their respective squares. The last letter was read and replaced in its envelope, and John took his seat opposite Helen, merely smiling as she indignantly refused the advantage of the first move, and bade him choose between her two hands for his black pawn.

The game was fairly begun, when Mrs. Harding's cheery voice in the doorway asked, "Where is Ned?"

A frown contracted John's smooth forehead, and he was silent for an instant, then without looking up, he said, laconically, "at Annie Conway's."

"I suppose he considered it his duty to call soon for old acquaintance sake," apologized the mother, a little anxiously; "he won't stay long, I'm sure." Then with a change of tone, "Queen Helen, if I'm needed as umpire in the course of this game, you will find me in the kitchen up to my elbows in pastry; and the only plea I can offer in extenuation of my cruel desertion is, that I am a New England housekeeper, and this is the week before Christmas."

"Are Ned and Miss Conway very old friends?" asked Helen, meditatively, as she checked her opponent's king.

"They were inseparable as children; but have met seldom the past year," was the careless reply. A few moves were made in total silence.

"She is very charming and pretty, is she not?—I mean Miss Conway—now Mr. Harding, in two moves you will be mated."

"Profoundly true," said John, at length, after attentively studying the board; "Is Miss Conway pretty? Yes, by many people she is considered so. I resign," he added, immediately; "deliver myself up a captive, vanquished in fair fight. Pray, what will be your Majesty's sentence upon her prisoner?" and rising he stood before her

with bowed head and folded arms, the picture of manly submission. Queen Helen was merciful; and on receiving his oath that he should have a game of chess every day during his reign, the captive was released on parole.

Dinner-time arrived, but Ned did not; it passed, but still no word from the true culprit. His absence was not remarked upon, but a relief took the place of anxiety on Mrs. Harding's face when her son's step finally crossed the threshold. Ned seemed to think no explanation of his conduct necessary; talked freely of the fun he had during the day, and was enthusiastic in his praises of Miss Conway, who had "improved most wonderfully in the past six months."

Helen listened to this discourse with eyes fixed on her work, and when Ned expressed a desire that she should see this fascinating young lady, quietly, she would "be most happy to meet her." Miss Conway, indeed, felt quite anxious to do so.

During the days until Christmas eve, Ned was almost a myth in the family circle; from breakfast until tea-time he was always absent, and did not return until the household were in bed. His mother made the excuse that he had many friends to visit, but still she seemed much troubled, and John, grown strangely nervous and restless, observed Helen closely to discover the cause upon her of her lover's inattention. The lady, however, seemed serene and cheerful, and became intensely interested in a series of chess contests, and apparently enjoyed with her heart the daily sleigh-ride given her by John. He exerted every means in his power to supply the deficiencies of his brother's neglect by his kindness and attention to their guest.

The evening of the party at length arrived. Helen, truly lovely in a silk of delicate color, entered the sitting-room to await the rest of the family.

"You look magnificent, Nell," approved Ned patronizingly, as he walked around her for a careful survey; "all you need is some white buds in your hair, and here they are, for I thought they would be becoming, and said I better get them for you."

"Your brother is very thoughtful, and so is he," was Miss Warren's quiet reply, as she turned to the glass and fastened the flowers among her heavy braids. This remark called for no reply, so Ned very judiciously made none. The

in made his appearance to announce and the young people soon found on the steps of Mrs. Conway's brilliant house.

Brothers left her at the dressing-room aid, carelessly, "Shall I wait and take Nell?"

; no, if your brother will do me that and she turned to John with a smile tion.

you for the permission," said Mr. th a sudden flash in his brown eyes.

was playing "The Blue Danube" as ing on her escort's arm, entered the , and the first familiar figure that met as Ned dancing with a young lady, in face and form, so airily light and it Helen could not subdue her admiration lovely! how perfectly bewitching!" in a low tone, to her companion; who she is!"

the direction of Miss Warren's gaze, ed, then looking her straight in the l, "Miss Annie Conway."

nd of the waltz Helen received an to her fair hostess, and was greeted t smile, and a bashful pressure of the sing herself to Ned, she brought for- esented half a dozen gentlemen, stood l a few moments, and then leaving i surrounded by this group, she again d's arm and took her own place in adrille.

clined round dances; so, during the had much opportunity for quiet obser- especially was she interested in one ntleman who were seldom seen apart; pretty little Annie was induced to honor artner, Ned stood in the corner with led, and never once removed his eyes uptivating little creature until he was at her side. Helen saw everything; talked and entertained so brilliantly constantly surrounded by an admiring teners. Twice, on glancing at the l of the room, she met John's keen ing gaze fastened upon her, as though ading her very soul; for the strange this engaged couple apparently inter- harding not a little.

he close of the evening, just after

Helen had declined Ned's first invitation to dance, good-natured Mrs. Conway rustling to her side, sank comfortably into a chair, and with folded arms and a sigh of satisfaction, proceeded to talk volubly of the sweetness and prettiness of her "dearest Annie."

"Yes, I think that will be a match," she whispered, with a sly smile, nodding toward a deep window near by, wherein Ned and Annie, half-hidden by the long curtains, stood in earnest conversation. "The dear children were always devoted school friends," she continued, confidentially; "and they were as good as engaged when Ned went to the city to live, six months ago; poor Annie nearly broke her heart over the separation, and has not been herself since, till she heard the boy was coming home for the holidays; its all right between them now, I fancy, for the child is as happy as a lark, and sings from morning till night without stopping. Excuse me, dear, I must go talk to old lady Martin and find a partner for her ugly daughter, or my character as a hostess will suffer to-morrow." Then for one brief moment Helen was left alone.

As soon as the first movements of departure were made, she pleaded a headache, and gladly accepted John's offer to take her home; and during the lonely ride in the cold moonlight neither of them spoke one word.

The remaining week of the holidays was merry with sleighing parties, dances and tableaux. Helen was as gay as the gayest, and won the hearts, not only of all the gentlemen, but (a much greater proof of her fascinating powers) of the ladies also, both old and young. Her manner to Ned when they chanced to meet was so serenely kind and self-possessed that Mrs. Harding and John were thoroughly puzzled, and could only wait wonderingly for the *denouement*.

It was New Year's eve, and Mrs. Harding's parlors were bright with the happy voices and pretty costumes of young people in fancy dress. The hour to unmask had come, and a brilliant Queen of Night, glittering with stars, entered the conservatory leaning on the arm of a Capuchin Monk; they, too, had vainly tried to penetrate each other's disguise, and both were unwilling to acknowledge their attempts foiled. Pausing a moment in their stroll to admire the beauty of a large magnolia laden with blossoms, a low sob from the depths of the shrubbery near by broke

the silence that had fallen upon them, and a voice filled with tears falteringly said: "But day after to-morrow you will be gone, and then I may not see you for another six months."

"What can you think of me, Annie, darling?" was the tender exclamation, in a low and impassioned tone. "Though I have never said so in words, you must see and feel that I love you. Six months ago I was blind, and did not realize what you were to me; but my eyes are opened now, and I cannot live without you. Trust me for a few days, until some important business matters are arranged, then I can formally ask your father's consent to our engagement."

With a slight shiver the Queen of Night slipped her hand through her companion's arm, and turned silently away toward the drawing-room door.

"Now will your Majesty remove her mask?" demanded the monk, with his hand upon her own.

The lady dropped her silk disguise, and looked up with a tremulous smile into the flashing eyes of John Harding.

"Helen Warren, what manner of woman are you, to have heard that conversation unmoved!"

Miss Warren's head drooped, and a tear fell on her cheek, as she answered in a low tone: "I am not unmoved; I tremble to think of the misery I might have caused little Annie." Then dropping John's arm, Helen left him, nor was he able to exchange another word with her that evening.

The following morning dawned fresh and bright and Helen came down to breakfast with a face like the morning, wraps in hand, prepared for her early trip to the city. At the table John was silent, and Ned looked grave; and even cheery Mrs. Harding talked without animation, and their guest was the only one of the group whose spirits maintained their even tenor. As the sleigh drove to the door, tears filled the old lady's eyes, and she took Helen to her heart with such warmth of feeling that the young girl's lashes were also moist: a kiss was her only answer to Mrs. Harding's softly-expressed hope that she would soon return, then giving her hand for an instant to John, without lifting her eyes from the floor, she took her place in the sleigh and in ten minutes more was steaming away to her city home.

When the carriage stopped at her own door Miss Warren said, quietly, "I won't ask you to come in now, Ned; but will you give me half an hour's conversation this evening?"

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure," the gentleman, his eyes on the ground.

"Very well, I will expect you," and gave her hand a friendly pressure, Miss Warren entered her house.

Ned threw himself back in the soft cushion with knit brows and compressed lips gave himself up to his own reflections.

Scarcely was he seated in Miss Warren's room that evening, before the rustling of silk stairway announced the young lady's approach. With a pleasant greeting and a reassuring smile she spoke at once of the experiment they had tried.

"You see Ned, we did not know ourselves each other; my feeling for you developed nothing but sister—friendly, regard, and yours for me; and we are fortunate to have our eyes opened to the truth, before we were miserable for life. We will always be friends, will we not?" she said in conclusion, rising and extending her hand.

"Indeed, we will," answered the young man heartily; "you are a noble girl, Helen; with such men as I, and if you will let me, I will be a brother to you the rest of my life;" and noticing the flush on Miss Warren's cheeks, he shook both her hands warmly, and departed.

Three days had passed away, and Miss Warren's visit to the Harding family began to assume the unsubstantiality of a dream; she seemed, however, very contented and happy, indulged more than ever in her habit of reverie, and so betrayed a slight impatience at being recalled to the realities of life.

Enconced in her favorite chair in the parlour on this stormy January evening, she was dreaming of pleasant dreams, if one might judge by the smile on her lip and the vexed expression it gave to her brow, as the door opened and Janet made her appearance on the threshold. "A gentleman has come to see you, Miss Helen."

"On such a night!" she exclaimed in surprise, as a gust of rain and sleet dashed against the window. "What name did he give?"

"Mr. Harding, ma'am."

"Oh, very well, ask him to come up," said Miss Warren. And leaning back in her chair, she listened to the approaching footfalls, wondering that Ned would care to see her again so soon.

As the steps entered the room she held out her hand without looking around, and said:

"My dear boy, what consideration could have brought you out in such a gale as this! you must have something very important to tell me."

"I have." The voice, and the strong pressure of the hand that clasped hers, made Helen start to her feet dyed in blushes. "I thought it was Ned," she faltered, trying vainly to regain composure.

"The second time you have mistaken me for him; but is Ned's brother to have no welcome? will you not say you are glad to see me, Helen?"

"I am glad to see you of course, but you must not expect me to say so until I recover from my surprise. When did you reach the city, and why did you come?"

"An hour ago, and I came because I have some news to tell you; an engagement to announce."

"Ned's!" and Helen leaned forward, and looked up in her companion's face, with eyes full of interest and amusement.

"Yes, Ned's; he came home the night before last, and astonished the family just as we were sitting down to tea; he would give us no satisfaction as to the cause of his return, and was preparing to leave the house in the evening, when I took him by main force into my room, and demanded the whole story. Knowing he was going to see Annie, I sat up to congratulate him; and congratulate him I did, with my whole heart. Now, Helen, you know what I came for to-night, do you not?"

"Yes," replied Miss Warren, demurely; "to tell me of Ned's engagement."

"Not entirely," said John, with a tender smile, as he arose and leaned over her chair. "I came to tell you that I love you; did you guess it before? look into my eyes, Nellie, and answer."

"I did guess it before," was the soft reply.

"And the reason Ned's behavior did not affect you, Nellie, was because you loved me, was it not? Say it was because you loved me."

"Yes, it was because you loved me;" and Miss Warren's long lashes fell, to hide the mischief and happiness dancing in her eyes.

"In spite of this wicked enjoyment of your power, Queen Helen, you are at my mercy; for you have promised to marry me, and that too before I asked you to do so. Never shall I forget our first *tête-à-tête* in the bay-window at home."

"Don't, please don't," cried Helen, burying her face in her hands; "that was such a dreadful mistake."

"Indeed it was," said John, taking possession of the hands in one of his, and with the other raising the crimson face. "And now, since you are to marry me, is it for my mother's sake, or for my own? I insist upon knowing this before it is too late. No, you shall not have your freedom until you tell me!"

"Tyrant! to take such base advantage of my weakness!" then, with a shining light in her uplifted eyes, she said, "I marry you purely for yourself, John."

HISTORIC LEGEND OF THE CEDAR OF LEBANON.

THIS ancient legend, the dream perhaps of a Syrian hermit, shows that the Cedar of Lebanon, the timber-tree of the temple built on Zion, was held in the highest estimation, and exercised the fancy. The story relates that Seth received from the angels three seeds of that tree which he beheld still standing on the spot where sin had been first committed, but standing there blasted and dead. He carried the seeds home, placed them in the mouth of the dead Adam, and so buried them. Their future history is curious. Growing on the grave of Adam in Hebron, they were afterwards most carefully protected by Abraham, Moses, and David. After their removal to Jerusalem, the Psalms were composed beneath them; and in due time, when they had grown

together and united in one giant tree, they, or it—for it was now one tree, a Cedar of Lebanon—was felled by Solomon for the purpose of being preserved forever as a beam in the Temple. But the design failed; the king's carpenters found themselves utterly unable to manage the mighty beam. They raised it to its intended position, and found it too long. They sawed it, and it then proved too short. They spliced it, and then found it wrong. It was evidently intended for another, perhaps a more sacred office, and they laid it aside in the Temple to bide its time. While awaiting for its appointed hour, the beam was on one occasion improperly made use of by a woman named Maximella, who took the liberty of sitting on it, and presently found her garments on fire. Instantly

she raised a cry, and feeling the flames severely, she invoked the aid of Christ, and was immediately driven from the city and stoned, becoming in her death a pro-Christian martyr. In the course of an eventful history the predestined beam became a bridge over Cedron, and being then thrown into the Pool of Bethesda, it proved the cause of its healing virtues. Finally, it became the Cross, was buried in Calvary, exhumed by the Empress Helena, chopped up by a Church, and distributed.

be said to extend about eighty or ninety miles in length, and from fifteen to twenty in breadth; though, of course, in estimating the breadth and length of such a range, it is not easy to give a precise measurement. The two ranges were well known to classical writers as Libanus and Antilibanus; and though this distinction is not directly brought out in Scripture, yet it is not unlikely that Lebanon, "toward the sun-rising" (Joshua 13: 5), is meant to indicate Antilibanus.

Looking up the slopes of Lebanon from the



DISTANT VIEW OF THE LEBANON MOUNTAINS.

Our illustration shows the mountains of Lebanon in the distance—a double range known in Scripture as to the north of Palestine. Lebanon signifies "white," or "exceeding white." It takes its name from the brilliance of its snow peaks, not, as some conjecture, from its gray limestone, which gives to so many parts of Palestine a faded appearance. Lebanon does not rise in groups or clusters like the Alps, or in one long ridge like the Apennines, but in two parallel ranges of very unequal height, running nearly north and south—the western sloping gradually down, by many subordinate ridges and spurs, to the maritime plain of Phœnicia; the eastern, by a similar series of descents, to the sandy flats of ancient Aram that encircles Damascus.

According to the usual reckoning, Lebanon may

maritime plains of Phœnicia, one is not struck with the fertility of the district; but when we ascend the barrenness disappears, and we find ourselves among cultivated slopes and terraces covered with both fruit trees and forest trees. Many parts of Lebanon are verdureless, but others are rich in verdure. The heights are often barren, but the valleys are clothed with all kinds of trees—pines, oaks, mulberries, olives, and even figs and vines. The cedar is not so plentiful as it was three thousand years ago. There are allusions to several ridges or peaks of Lebanon in Scripture, but the identification of these with any modern name is difficult. The thunder storms of Lebanon are terrific; the thick clouds, the dashing rain, the wild mountain blasts, and the rapid lightning gleams, make up a scene of terrific grandeur.

THE FAIR PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY DAVID MURDOCH.

VIII. JUDGMENT AND MERCY KISSED.

g Englishman entered the Dominie's a thousand revolving feelings in his ie ridicule thrown upon his errand in those guissards had more effect upon the arguments of his friend Crawford. announcement of the meeting by that voice, made him, brave as he was, and hich God must own as holy, step with ice than before he left the parsonage. entrance was full, as were all the rooms. privacy seemed to be here. As Clar- d through, he was brushed against by io said, "Remember, a straight story." t that advice before, and the words is energies, which had been sinking. himself:

friends, and will hold up my head in all."

r door was opened by Tom, who was is post, looking demure or roguish as or the other of the company would be

He gave a roguish leer on Clarence, t by one of fire, which men accustomed d are sure, to have at disposal, and eal slave is ever able to meet without red by it. The impudent fellow cow- the glance of his superior at once, nor oked him in the face.

Domilie in de C'nsistory. Gen'lm'n down till he be called for."

said to show the power of the master press the attendant Englishman with

ur master, sirrah," said Clarence, with that Mr. Clarence Clinton is here and ittance immediately."

t of this command upon Tom, as well those who were waiting, was quite evi- negro came back bowing his best sa- g:

Clary vill walk in."

ient the door inside was shut and Tom side, the rogue gave a wink to the which nearly upset their gravity This acting between the false and the true eresting not to excite attention, and

caused more than common anxiety concerning what was going on. The domini in the loft, conducted as these were known to be by the Dominie's private secretary, prepared the minds of the public for a real case of treason; and the manner and the name of the stranger were gradually producing that intensity of feeling which always followed secrecy and hints; so that pretty loud murmuring was beginning to show itself by those who were debarred admittance to the tribunal. The design of Tom was working out. He had vowed revenge on Clarence for what he supposed him guilty of—informing his master of his late peccadillo; and so he was accomplishing the end.

The prisoner, for now he was so in reality, found the court in session. He, by this time, was becoming acquainted with Consistorial forms of investigation, and knew already the strong and the weak places, of which he was determined to avail himself. There was the chief man in his canonicals in the centre, and the same Anthony Van Bergen in the threefold capacity of elder, squire and clerk.

"Mr. Clarence, I think your name is?" said the questioner.

"Clarence Clinton, at your service," was the answer. At the same time he stepped forward, and half demanded the authority of this court to put him through an investigation. He saw plainly that it was a mongrel court, which did not differ much in his esteem from the mockery in the mill. For one moment his mind was so confused that he almost imagined himself standing before the other cocked-hat on the wheat-sack.

"You are charged here, sir, with stealing a horse from Cornelius Wynkoop."

"I deny the charge," said the prisoner, with great warmth, and almost starting forward to punish the insulter.

"Call the witnesses," was the cry of the squire; when the door opened, and in stepped the same old negro, telling exactly the same story, though with less palaver.

"Vat says de prisoner to dat?" said the squire, glancing aside to his chief.

"I say," was the reply, "that all the old man

says is true; but it does not show that I stole the animal. If the reverend gentleman will look at the letter I put in his hand this morning, from a worthy brother of his own, it will account for what is here produced as evidence."

"My dear sir," said the Dominie, "I have reason to believe that the letter you produced to me is a forgery. I am quite sure that my good friend and brother, whose name is here, never entered a barn at midnight, to take even the loan of a horse, for—for"—he hesitated to say the other word, but it came out "in short, for a spy."

At this word the accused felt as if nature was giving way. The scene in the mill was all present with him, but there was no laughter here. These were earnest men, looking cold and determined.

"You be a spy," said the Squire, "and will be thrown off at de cart tail."

By this time the door was open. Tom had purposely left it so, and a crowd gathered up close to where the accused young man stood, whose faces did not show any sympathy with him. Remembering what he had been warned against, and feeling that if the worst came upon him at the last, he would suffer more in feeling afterward that he had told untruth, than the fear of death could bring, he resolved to give a full account of the whole, omitting only the fact of his being at the Sopus burning.

He began by saying in a hesitating tone, for he actually felt the influence of the farce still: "I came to these mountains in search of my sister." He continued giving a brief and touching account of her romantic character, of how she had been abducted, and of where he believed her to be, and concluded by saying, that if he must die in the manner threatened, he would die a true man, and no spy. For the moment, they believed him to be under some hallucination, and they were sensibly touched with his account. The grave Dominie's features were relaxed into uncertainty, while Grant was wiping his eyes, as he said to the pedagogue, the "fule has made me greet." Tom, who stood behind his master's chair, and had fixed his mouth for the general guffaw at the usual watchword, hid his teeth, wondering that "white folks neber 'joyed any funny ting at all."

When all had recovered themselves sufficiently for business, the Dominie said, "Young man, your story is too unlikely to be believed anywhere; and even though we did receive it as true, there are others to whom we are accountable who would

laugh at our easy faith in these times, where the name you give is so obnoxious through all this to-day." These allusions moved the spirit of the young British soldier, and raising himself up haughtily, he answered: "If you are amenable then, to higher authority, I prefer to be tried in a regular court of the country."

This was unfortunate, since it insinuated a want of due authority in the court where the president judge was always the law, and sometime executor. Drawing himself out of his large seat, he rose to his feet, saying, with a force and a grace which might have suited the church if they had been that morning:

"You must understand, Mr. Clarence Clarendon, that this is not the mill loft; nor is this Consistory Court of the Protestant Reformed Dutch Church of Holland in these United States of North America, a court of mountebanks, but has had its existence ever since the sitting of the Synod of Dort; and be it known to you that they have sufficient power to try you, or any one else of the king's slaves, that falls provokingly into their hands. A mongrel court, indeed! You are thinking of those blasphemous grims that who dared to mock me and my court, almost blighted my face; some of them will have to take stripes save one."

During this speech, every man, white and black, was quiet as a mouse. The sly fellow behind the chair looked down and pretended to wipe his eyes.

Just at this point, when all seemed to be looking against the accused, to make the matter still more serious for him, some one suggested that the prisoners be searched for arms. Now Clarence, remembering again the scene at the mill, saw that he was indeed, and immediately produced his pistol and laid them on the table before them, saying:

"You may be sure, gentlemen, that no man on a mission like what I say I am upon, can dispense with the use of arms; and here they are at the disposal of the legal power."

"We have the legal and the moral authority together in this house," said the president with more than his usual severity; "and as there is great doubt concerning you, there is no harm in us but to keep you in custody till these doubts are cleared up."

Clarence bowed low; when some one near his elbow whispered, "produce your sealed packet." This recalled to his mind what he would then have forgotten, the letter he received just as he met

the horse. Putting his hand hastily in his bosom, he took out a small package addressed, "To those in authority, given by the hand of Clarence C—."

The Dominie cast his eye over the superscription, and saying hastily, "I am—at least, *we* are the men here in authority," and breaking the seal, he read to himself, all the time changing color; looking first to the outside, then again on the inside, while his eye every now and then was turned on the face of the prisoner. At last he drew the Squire and other two into a corner for consultation.

During all this time every one was still as death. Something real was now before their eyes, and a *denouement* was about to take place, as was evident from the whole demeanor of the chief men. Even Clarence was ignorant of the contents of the package, and was in as great a quandary as the spectators. At last the court again took their seats, when the Dominie, not being willing to trust his aid in this business, took up speech himself.

"We have come to the conclusion, sir, that this is another forgery, only it is of a more heinous nature than that already committed by you. The other was only the name of an obscure minister of the Gospel—as great a sin in the sight of God as could be committed; but this, in addition, is a sin against the highest authority in this State. The name of George Clinton, the chief-magistrate, in which he is purported to say, 'allow the bearer, Clarence Clinton, to pass and repass unmolested.' Now our decision is, that you be retained here till evidence can be produced from headquarters of the genuineness of this document, or till you give such security as will satisfy this court."

Clarence replied: "After what you have declared, no affirmation of mine will avail. Of the manner in which the first letter was got I know something; but how the Governor of this State, as you call him, should have given me that letter, I am ignorant; and as there is no one here who will be security for a stranger lying under such charges as you prefer, I must be resigned to my fate."

At this point of interest, a slight movement was observed in one corner of the room; and after the Dominie had said, "Then you have no cautioner to give us," there stepped up to the table by the side of Clarence, the tall bearded man he had seen in the crowd that morning, dressed in a still more fantastic manner; and throwing down a small card

on the table before which the Dominie sat, he demanded "if that would be of sufficient assurance for the accused." The person to whom this was addressed arose in a moment, gave a glance at the paper, and as he handed it back, said, bowing in a most respectful manner, "Your own word would be enough;" and turning to Clarence, remarked, "you are at liberty, sir."

Clarence, before whom all this was acted, looked around for the man who had changed the whole from darkness to light so suddenly; but he was gone, and turning to the chair again, he said:

"Reverend sir, did I understand you aright? Am I at liberty?"

The president repeated his words in the most respectful manner; leaving Clarence and the whole auditory in far greater wonder than he did when he entered the mill, whip in hand, to chastise those negro actors. He seemed to those who knew him as if he were the one who underwent the scrutiny of a pair of eyes more penetrating than his own; and that toward the late prisoner he became obsequious. A kind of amazement held all in silence, waiting for something, they knew not what, when a stir among the crowd at the door attracted the eyes of the court. The children in the yard below were screaming through fear, and even the inexperienced men grew a little pale when a tall young man entered dressed in the costume of the mock Indians of the region. It was evident that he was meeting but a doubtful reception. The men around were seen handling their hidden weapons, for all expected a tribe of Mohawks certainly to follow.

"No occasion for alarm," said the intruder. "I am a messenger of peace and one of your own friends, though for the present obliged for good reasons to wear this disguise. I am now on an errand of deliverance." The president on his feet answered:

"Teunis Roe, when we see the garb of the cruel Brandt stained with blood, you can hardly expect that the man who wears it should receive a friendly welcome."

"That is true, Dominie, but you preach yourself, 'judge not according to appearance.' Safer to meet an angel in the garment of Satan, than Satan in that of an angel of light; I am alone. Hear me and then judge," said Teunis, for it was our friend the young Boerman of the Flats who spoke.

"You have given us a new rendering of that Scripture, and something like a new doctrine upon it; but see that you do not wrest it to your own destruction. But what have you to say about that fire raising and midnight marauder; that heathen and scalper that has torn up the nests of our best folks, and left so many weeping and wailing below on the Vlatts, while he, like the hawk, sits up there looking down into their yards."

"Do not fear that I am not come to help the bloody crew, so be at rest."

"Teunis," said the aroused Dominie, "we never knew fear. 'A good conscience is always brave.'"

"No one," said the youth, "ever questioned the Dominie's courage; and it is for that reason I am here at the risk of my life; and if you will here my story you will not be long sitting there on your soft chairs while your brethren of the Grand Consistory are up yonder chained to the rock."

"Hearken to Teunis Roe," said the Dominie, striking his large fist down on the table with a force that made Tom jump a foot high, and put all the rest into silence.

"My tale is soon told," said Teunis. "You know that Elder Abiel and Martin Schuyler are in the hands of the Philistines; and Brandt says he is only waiting till he gets a few more, and the Dominie himself, and then he will go off with them to see the great falls of Ni-a-a-gara."

"And by old St. Nicholas," said the brave soldier of the cross and of the State, "I will meet the red sinner half-way, that he may see how the Lord will deliver me out of the mouth of the bear, and out of the paw of the lion. Go on, Teunie, and let us hear the rest of that fine tale. Here, Tom, you blaspheming rascal, that mocked me behind my back, bring me the tobacco pouch and pipes for us all."

In a short time every mouth was puffing out smoke till the whole room was so thick with vapor that "a piece of it," Clarence afterward wrote, "could have been cut out and sent as a specimen of a Dutchman's breath."

The sum of Teunis's story was, that he was sent with a message from the captives to the Consistory, desiring assistance; showing how it was not only possible, but highly probable, for a few men to surprise the Indians and the Tories on the next day, as it was their intention to divide off into companies, so that the whole woods and caves round the region might be scoured for some

prisoners that had escaped. In the course narrative which Teunis gave, it leaked out that Elsie Schuyler was one of these fugitives, and along with her was a young lady who had been taken to the mountains, no one could tell where. It would, nevertheless, be a great act of heroism to save two such young and beautiful girls from such a spoiling set of murderers as these Indians were.

"Oh! yaw, yaw! Teunis, you have got a great deal to say for every piece of humanity, and for every woman kind in general; but for Elsie in a particular degree. Well, no harm in that; I could not tell myself, if the 'Yfrow' were here. Let her pass, and tell us something more about that young girl; I see a pair of eyes in that corner looking at you as if they would draw you to them. Here, Mr. Clarence, or whatever they call you, here is some corroborative of your unlikely tale. What say you, neighbor, to a young man going off to the mountains to save his sister?" and the Dominie laughed at this now, and all joined Tom with the rest, till the court-room into a house of mirth.

In the meantime, Clarence had taken out by himself, making all the inquiries which his passionate earnestness could suggest. For a while he was persuaded that it could be none other than Margaret. The answers he received all to confirm him in the suspicion he had at the moment that Teunis had said there were two young women, and one of them a stranger. It was something to know she was out of the hands of the destroyer, but the dangers which still surrounded her made him all the more eager to get her off; which he and Teunis were determined to do whatever might be the conclusion of the reverend conclave.

The discussions now were informal, and turned upon the best way of accomplishing the object. As in all bodies of men, there was a division of opinion. The Dominie headed one side and old Mat Van Deusen the other, the latter had objections to everything, and no plan. He appeared to have no heart in the matter. Clarence made up his mind that he would be one of those secret friends of the king, who would wish Brandt to get off with his company. Could the young Englishman only have heard of the Dutchman a few minutes, he thought an argument might be produced, that would

and efficient. As things appeared, nothing likely to be done by such slow men, and no counsel.

prevailed, and even darkness brooded over the place; scarcely a face could be distinctly seen in the smoke that rose from every mouth. He took the cue from the chief man, and he was left to his own thoughts; and might be fol- lowed by some knotty text, or deep doctrine, but the counsellors were quite as silent, and their utterances more meaningless. But at this time the door was flung wide open with haste, and he stepped Grant, the Scotchman, out of the room. His first words were:

"Come, you and your session there sit at your ease, when the work of treason is going on around you."

"Now, Hugh Grant," said the Dominie, "take the long pipe from his mouth, holding it in his hand, and blow the blast. 'We have seen you on fire and with that he continued on with his

"...weel," said Grant, "maybe you'll lock the door when the steed is stown; but I'll shake the ear of the sin at any rate. I'm tauld those offishers o' the king are awa' on a he tap o' Ben—I mean Roun' Tap, and wild Tory Sergeant McDonald has gane on; taken a young lad dressed in the aboon the knee; and it is thocht by the folks to be nae one else than her that was the lady here before you this morning. She is carrying dispatches to the south by the river since the road by the river is closed."

Grant was through, not a pipe but was between the finger and the thumb of its owner. The president had removed his, and was holding the tobacco bag with care, evidently holding himself up into a state of excitement, and would venture to express his determination. Old Mat Van Deusen looked mad at the things were taking, and was the first to speak. "It is time for us to act." The decision hanging every moment more forcible, though nothing was spoken, or a movement from where they sat. Clarence, all excited, afraid lest something might come out of his knowledge of the real state of affairs, was planning within himself how he might avoid incurring the suspicion of those who probably knew more than was expressed.

CHAPTER XXIX. THE MARSHALING AND MARCHING OF THE MIGHTY TO THE MOUNTAINS.

DOMINIE SCHUNEMAN had a favorite maxim, which he put into practice most faithfully, as Cecil said to Queen Elizabeth, "Let us take time, that we may make the better haste." He made all sit down or stand quiet in their places, and knowing him well, they obeyed instinctively. He gave the cast to his face which it always took just before he spoke. They listened to what they knew was coming.

"Providence points us to duty. As Vader Abraham was sent to the slaughter of the kings, who came upon the plain, he brought back all the goods, and also again his brother Lot, and his goods, and the women also, and much people. 'Tom, bring me the big Bible, till I read how David, that good soldier and saint did, when they came and told him that the Amalekites had invaded the south, and smitten Ziglax, and burned it with fire.' You will find it in the twenty-ninth chapter of the first book of Samuel." And he read it through with the coolest deliberation, greatly to the annoyance of the two impatient young men, who had no resource but to wait patiently.

But after reading this long text, he commenced his exhortation. "Brethren, can we sit still, and our friends all in the wolf's den? Good hunters all of you, fathers and sons. Were a painter to come out, or a whole army of wildcats to run down these hills, would not the whole congregation—men, women and kinderen—go off, even on a Sunday afternoon, to kill them; and there now is that wolf Kiskataam, and his cuts, fixing their teeth on the cheek of Elsie Schuyler—she that every young man in the parish would run off his legs to get for a wife; and there you are letting her fecht it out herself. I say the youth that relieves her out of bondage shall have her."

This was met by a cheer that made the stone house ring.

"Who will go up with me to Rammothgilead to battle?"

"We will all go," was the answer; "only lead us out, and we will follow the one that bears the ark."

"Oh, yes," said old Mat Van Deusen, slyly, "put the Dominie in the front. He is a good mark. They will be sure to hit him."

"Shame upon you, Mat," said the Dominie,

shaking at the deacon his big fist; "you have no more courage than your black dog Morgan. You, a Christian soldier that I have been exercising so long in the canons of the church! Ha! ha! deacon, there is for you," and he shook Mat by the shoulder till he made his teeth chatter, when he declared that it was through perfect fear.

"Now who is ready? Let us all to work," said the pastor, rising himself.

"I am ready," said Tom, lifting up the clasped Bible, when his master's back was turned, as if it were a stone to fling at the head of an enemy, when the Dominie suddenly wheeled to see the fun, which he perceived must be going on behind him; the comical fellow jumped to the door at three steps, saying to those near him, "Oh, lor! forty stripes for supper and one spoonful less."

"Mr. Clarence, this matter concerns you as much as any of us; but I do not see how you can fight against the king's servants conscientiously." This was said in a whisper.

"Oh," said Clarence, "I will serve humanity and affection first, and the king will receive his share afterward."

"Alas! alas! sir, these sentiments are sadly forgotten in these days of blood and rapine. Human nature is a miserable piece of inconsistency. It turns out the widow and the orphan into the wilderness, to die of nakedness and hunger, or worse; and one of Eve's other daughters is reft away in no worse manner, and we will fly through fire and water to deliver that single one."

Clarence was left to muse over these true sayings, while the Dominie called out after those around the house, who seemed to wait upon his orders.

"Leftenant Grant and Captain Salisbury, drum up your volunteers, and meet, all well armed, an hour hence, in the church, with provisions in your knapsacks for three days at least; and see that your men be like Gideon's choice troops, not greedy of drink."

A general dispersion of all here took place preparatory to a march to the mountains that night. No one was more active than old Mat Van Deusen, who gave his horse to a young stripling at the gate, telling him to "ride along the whole road to Cocksackie, and be back in time, after warning every man, though old Bet should fall in the ditch at the close of the race, and you beside her." In this way the different roads were re-

sounding with horses' hoofs; and there was that day a heavy-buttoned Dutchman along Kaatskill Flats. Once under way, they swept air like a well-ballasted sloop, in a fair wind through the water.

Teunis and Clarence took to each other through common troubles, so that before an hour had passed, they were sworn friends, and bound to their utmost for the deliverance of those who were dearer to them than life. Their fears were, that the little army now mustering would be too late; and every moment's delay rendered them more impatient to be off and up the mountain's side.

In a shorter time than Clarence could have thought it possible for any but regular troops to have assembled, he saw that the yard and road around the church were crowded with men and horses, when out from the midst of them came the Dominie's man, bowing and sniggering, as he said, "Massa Domilie 'sire de compaly of de gentlemen in de C'nistry room."

Having gone through with his message, and walking back, he sidled up to Teunis, saying:

"Massa Teunie hab on de Ingin cloades; come frob Brandt's fireplace, eh?"

"I have been up there," was the dry reply of Teunis, "and I am going back again. Has the nigger any message to Cuff?" This was intended to sound the fellow, whom he suspected and intended to circumvent.

"Tom vud like good deal to see Cuffee, ma goot frien'; de great African king in his own land. He now walk beside de great Ingin Mohawk king and no more 'fraid ob ole' Beal and tick v. Ha! ha! Cuffee dat licked de ole boy in de dark."

"Now Tom, what would your master say if he heard that you wanted to see Cuff? He would suspect that you wanted to do the same thing to him; cudgel him and then sell him to the Indians."

Tom looked from under his cap to see if the land was all clear, and thinking that he spoke only to the real kingsman, he said under his breath:

"O lor! vont he roar ven de Mohawk skins him."

Tom walked off, leaving the two young men remarking to each other, "Slavery, whatever may be said of it, has two sides. There are very few of these men in black skins, who would rejoice at the captivity of their masters, but there are some

uld deliver them up. The Cuff he speaks
st betrayed one of the best of men."

entered among the secret friends, who
ting in council. The Dominie, as usual,
the speech and addressed them, saying:
ave sent for you both, that we may have
efit of your information and of your ex-
Teunis, we shall hear you on the first;
sir, Clarence, on the second; and as you
interested in this matter personally, we
ledge that you will be sincere."

young colonist told them all he knew of
bers, the intentions and the plans of the
ove; how many real Indians there were,
v many disguised Tories. "So far as I
s, they have private instructions to remain
lat rock, till they do all that can be done
e one prisoner of great importance, a
dy of high note, who has made her escape
idden away in the clefts of the rocks. An
f the British army is there, and exercises a
luence over the Mohawk; so that he seems
ist as he directs. How long this may
no one can conjecture; but to-morrow is
e great and general hunt; what is called
Indian a ring. One is to start from the
ow fixed, and spread three miles wide,
n to be within hearing of two; one before
ther behind; then turning till all meet
auterskill Falls. If unsuccessful they are
gain as wide, coming round to the *dog-*
en rest for the day, and perhaps give up
e. That is all I know. My advice is to
eir circle and deliver their prisoners,
the alarm so effectually, that they will
uddenly, and they will leave all they have
nd."

ice, when asked, declined to answer,
delicacy, but really through inexperience
modes of warfare. But he stated his
ess sincerely to follow any leader who
appointed in an expedition that would
hose two prisoners out of the hands of
iel foes.

tain Van Vechen, we will hear your
concerning the best way of delivering the
of the snare of the fowler." The president
dressed a stout, slow-looking man, who
said a word that any one heard that day.
ied his eyes like some one that is just
out of a slumber; and instead of speak-

ing he rolled out his tongue in something of the
same way that a turtle puts out its head when
boys place a hot coal upon its back, moving its
point from side to side. All knew his weakness,
or perhaps his strength; for though he was slow
he was sure to act, and sure to speak to the point.

"We are going to the mountains you say, to
fight the Indians. Let one-half of our men be
dressed in the disguise that Teunis wears, so that
our party will mix with Brandt's in the circle,
and let the other half be a reserve to attack their
main camp, when we will find no difficulty in
carrying off the booty. That is all."

"Now, Grant, let us hear you," was the chief's
word to that curious worthy; "see if you can
keep that Scotch blood of yours cool. I declare
I have more trouble with these hasty Highlanders,
than with all the rest of my parish."

This was said in a jocular vein, but the real
intention leaked through, and Grant understood
these hints sufficiently well to bridle his tongue in
part.

"'Deed, minister, I own that I am a wee
thought hasty, when troubled wi' such a hot spur as
Sandy McLead, or Billy Salisbury here; but mind
you, that it's no the rattlin' filly that gangs o'er
the brae first, and that smooth water runs deep,
and the deil at the bottom o't sometimes. But
minister though you be, I'll tell you this at ance,
that neither I, nor any one of my company will
ever put on false faces, like a set of silly hug-ma-na
guissards; Jesuits, naething else; wha would pre-
tend to be friends in the morning, then turn round
before night and stick a gully-knife in a man's
wame. I'm for being up and at it at ance, having
a fair fecht and din we't. A true Indian is a real
gentleman, we' a brown face o' his ain; but a
man putting a feather in his cap, and marking his
cheeks wi' a bit o' burnt cork, and calling him-
self a Mohawk chief, I despise him with a perfect
scunner."

"What say ye, Willy Salisbury, man?"

The person addressed had a mischievous pleasure
of tormenting the Scotchman, and though they
were great friends, and on all important occasions
usually agreed, could not resist the temptation of
saying in reply:

"Grant has a great distaste to the Indian dress,
but the Highlanders are only of the same breed
of the wild men. Burgoyne called the black
watch, the English savages."

"Haud your tongue," said Grant, in his good-natured fury, "you Sassenach, if you do not want me to put this whittle up to the heft in your buttock. The kilt, let me tell you, as the minister said to me, is the garb of old Gaul, and that was the pride of old Rome. When your forefathers came doon to Scotland trying to enslave us, as they are trying to put the collar on the neck o' this kintry, they had just to look at the kilt, and aff they skilped as if a dirk was in their doup."

"Oh, yes!" said the tormentor, "that was at the race of Colloden; my father was there, and he declared that it was the finest thing he ever saw."

"Except," said Grant, in something of hearty bitterness, "the race o' Prestonpans, where the English horsemen were the first to bring the news to Embro that they were beaten by these kilted men, armed wi' hooks an' scythes."

"I think you are even now," said the Dominie, who knew Grant too well not to see that his blood was rising. "We must come to business. Let Captain Van Vechten have the charge of his plan, as every one can carry out their own schemes best. Captain Salisbury, you will take charge of the main body, and let Grant have the reserve. We will start all together an hour after sundown; going by the north side of Round Top; and be sure that not a whisper of this be dropped outside, for that wily snake has got his ears laid low to the ground already, and might take us in a lone place before we knew what was the matter. Let our Indian captain send his single scouts in all directions, to prevent surprises. Our rendezvous at an hour before sunrise, a mile above Hermit's Hollow, on the side of the North Mountain."

"Losh keep us," said Grant, "he is nae doubt going doon to see that Warlock body in the glen. He is a fearless creature that Dominie minister of ours. That's the way o' the ministers in the highlands; they are acquaint with a' the witches in the kintra side."

By this time the volunteers were all come in, mostly very young men, and those past middle life, as the able-bodied of the population were away in the army. A large draught had been made but recently for the army of the north, to follow up the victory of Saratoga, now crowned with complete success in the subjugation of Bur-

goyne. Had it been a hunting excursion, they on the ground that day could not have entered into the frolic with more zest and spirit. All present had been out night after night many times before this, chasing the bear and the parather. Scarcely a youth present but had killed some of the kinds common in the region, and was familiar with danger. Even the blacks, who are a stout, athletic race, many of them the genuine "guinea nigger," and all of them but one or two removed from the original African, were eager for the frolic; and some of them, for secret reasons, were jumping with joy.

"Boys," the Dominie cried, at the full pitch of his voice, "before we march let us seek the counsel of the Lord." To this no objection was expressed, either in word or by look. The good man's heart was brimful of devotion, so that he poured out his soul with all the fervency of a saint—now in English and then in Dutch, and sometimes mixing the two languages in the same sentence; all hearts were melted into one stream. He alluded to the cloud that hung over the tabernacle in the wilderness, and to the safe guidance which the army of Israel had when the ark was in the van. "And now be not angry with us, O Lord, while we venture up into the mount. Let it not prove to us as the mountain of Gilboa did to Saul and Jonathan; for if thou goest not with us we cannot go up in peace." Breaking out into a transport, he forgot his English, or perhaps, he meant to rouse up the hearts of his sluggish people through the tongue they loved best to hear; he prayed, "De lieflykheit des Heeren onzes Godtzy, ons en bevestigt gy het weak onzen handen over ons; ja het werk onzer handen bevestigt dat," Amen.

"Translate that last sentence to me," said Clarence, who was entranced by the earnestness of the petitioner; "it must be good, it was uttered with such spirit, and the effect of it is seen all around. I am not without some of the influence myself, though I am almost ignorant of the meaning."

"It is good," said Teunis; "but the Dominie has a handsome way of saying things, which adds to their effect. The words at the close were, 'Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.'"

"There comes the 'Yfrow! there comes the

row!" was sounded all through the company. "I will hear something now."

"You seem to be in a hurry," was the salutation that Van Deusen to the lady of the parsonage. "You put me in mind of the big East Indian man my father says he saw, heavy loaded coming in the Scheldt, on her outward bound voyage." "Hurry, indeed, as you say, Mat Van Deusen, a woman's life is to be left exposed to the eyes, and worse men. Dominie Schuneman, where are you going?" said the jolly 'Yfvrow, leaving me here in charge of a whole parish, white and black, and"—

"These young darlings at your heels," was filling up which the husband gave to the dance begun by the careful wife. He knew she would oppose his going, and had hidden from her to the last moment; and now that he was all ready he had no objections to her bidding good-by, while all the family followed for some purpose.

"Where are you going, Dominie?" she repeated her question, with a softer look. Her fine face glowed like a morning sun, and her tall, stately heavy form, in the excitement of the moment, had life throughout the whole, which was its elasticity and motion, quick and graceful. Dominie stood entranced, but not in the least doubting, as she said energetically, "You will have your neck broken on some of these night raids; you will not escape the lead always in the wicked man has run for you. Can you leave such work to them that should do it, and let the business that properly belongs to you?"

"Yfvrow, Yfvrow! my work is to do good for my land and to my country, as did the high priest of old, who buckled the sword of Goliath on the heroic David, and blessed him, sending him forth to battle."

"Yaw, yaw! but he did not go himself, but stayed at home, attending upon his work in the tabernacle."

"You have forgotten, 'Yfvrow, that he went forth, carrying the ark in the sight of the people."

"Dominie Schuneman," said the softened but stern wife, "we have not all been at Leyden, so I cannot argue with you in that style; but affection pleads in me more powerfully than learning." The tear glistened in the eye of the wife and mother, and there was not a man there who would have ventured to call the Dominie a coward. He remained at home—but the man of God

was made of sterner stuff than to yield up at such a juncture—he said:

"All that you say is true, Maria; but there are other parents in the world besides us. There is Martinus and Anshela Schuyler crying after their daughter Elsie, the niece of our good friend and the general; and she is away into captivity somewhere in the mountains: and what would we say if our little dawty there was in the same place, and no one willing to risk a gun-shot for her life?"

The good 'Yfvrow smiled, and looking through her tears, asked if he intended "to let all these men go off hungry to the hills?"

In a few minutes all the servants of the house were seen out on the road, loaded with all sorts of eatables and drinkables. These were spread out on the horse-blocks, on the pews inside the church, and even on the flat gravestones outside. The parting meal was made up of ham and eggs, sausages and rolives. Breads of all kinds of flour, and cakes without number; ole cake, Johnny cake, crawley cake, fritter cake, and buckwheat cake; with more of Dutch names than would be safe for any man to speak of. Grant said "these Dutch words always stretched his jaw so that he would as soon read the tenth chapter of Nehemiah, when he was hungry, as try to learn to speak them; unless," he added, "this wife o' the minister should be my schule master; for verily she is a perfect Abigail, wi' her loaves and her wine, and her hundred kinds o' cakes; but there is a kind she has na got yet, and that was ait cake; and as for the Dominie himself, he aye believed that there must be some Scotch bluid in his veins, he was sic a sensible body."

The good dame having got over her fears, went from place to place, urging upon them all to eat; flinging down at the same time a slice of rye bread on this place, and a piece of pork on that; and not passing one by, unless she showed her kindness practically. A good word she had for all. When she came to Teunis, she urged him to eat, and be sure and tell Elsie that she would expect her to come down and spend a week with her at the parsonage, till the Hoogenhuisen was built again. Turning to Clarence, she put on the dignity of a duchess, hoping he would soon find his sister; and as this was an easy route to return by, it would be good to spend a night by the way after her fright. At the time she was saying this to him, she was pouring out a glass of her best Hollands for his particular use.

"You will find us, sir," she said, "plain, true-hearted folk, who know both how to treat a friend and a foe."

Clarence drank her health standing, with his hat in hand, wishing that "never worse than the present might be seen by him or his friends on any side of the sea."

All were now ready to march agreeably to the order laid down. The Dominie and about ten of the ancients of the town were in the saddle. Tom, that slippery dog, had charge of what might be called a sumpter horse, since on its back was a large bag of all kinds of necessities; and his master's cloak, which the careful 'Yvfrów had ordered to be strapped behind, so that he might have it ready for immediate use. Coming up close to his stirrup-iron, she said:

"Now, Dominie, see that you take good care of yourself, and tie this around your mouth to keep out the night air and the cauld dews; and mind me and the kinderen;" as she looked up in

his face more softly than she would have an hour before.

"Get away with you, now, Maria," as down his head to her cheek; "you know I am never cold; my feet are always out of the night. My head, you tell me, often is too hot, but you know, Maria dearest, my heart is cold; and for you and the kinderen it is glowing warm."

Here the equally warm-hearted wife lifted her head a little nearer to the saddle-girths, and the good man said, in his usual half-jesting way, "he wished to be familiar and fond:

"Indeed, wife, I think were I laid in the grave there, my heart would throb back to you, and you to put your hand on the turf."

A tear sparkled in the 'Yvfrów's eye; but the men had moved off a little way, she embraced her lord most heartily, as he rode away from her sight, saying, with great solemnity, "the Lord be with thee."

WOODED AND MARRIED.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY,

Author of "*Nellie's Memories*," "*Wee Wife*," "*Barbara Heathcote's Trial*," and "*Robert Ord's Atonement*."

CHAPTER XXIX. "SOME DAYS MUST BE DARK AND DREARY."

AND so the weeks go on.

Dym sickens and gets well, and broods silently over her sorrow, and spends long hours sitting in Will's chair with the little worn Bible in her lap, fingering the pages, but never reading, and looking with heavy lustreless eyes at the blazing streets outside. How long has she sat there?

It is June sunshine now, they tell her; the flower-girls hold up bunches of roses and carnations as they pass. Will's plants droop their heads thirstily as Dick waters them; the linnets flutter and chirp in the hot area below; Kiddle-a-wink basks on a bit of sunny pavement, and the splash of water from Susan's washing-tub seems to drip endlessly on the flags outside; but nothing rouses Dym from her listlessness, or from that dreary fingering.

Friends came about her in her trouble. Anna von Freiligrath sits in the little parlor for hours, turning the heel of a huge gray stocking, and

chattering kind little commonplaces; Anna catches her in her sturdy arms, and positively weeps over her, when Dym came in her black dress to show her passive white face. "*Ach Himmel!*" her heart changed, *mein Liebling!*" she bursts out with a little effusion of grief and sympathy; but she can make nothing of her, neither can Mrs. Tressilian when she drives up in her fine carriage to try to take Dym away with her. Dym tells them all, they are very good to her, but she rather stay where she is; she is not lonely, she tells them; she has Susan, and little Dick Kiddle-a-wink; there is nothing she wants—*and here she breaks off and covers her face with her hand, and the tears splash down on her dress—she only wants to be alone with him, to sob out, only alone with him.*

"But you will make yourself ill, my dear," says Mrs. Tressilian, with motherly tones; "you are quite moved from her usual apathy." "Mrs. Tressilian, my good creature, she will make herself ill again if she stops in this close room. What

my sister say, and all of them? And I have promised to look after her!"

"Oh, no, no! leave me with Susan; Susan will take care of me," returned the girl, wrapping the homely arms around her. When Mrs. Tressilian had driven away, she put up her hand and stroked Susan's face.

"You will take me to see it to-day, dear, won't you? I am sure I am strong enough now." And Susan, who has not the heart to refuse her anything, consents after a little demur.

Dym ties on her bonnet wearily, and they go out into the sunshine, and Dick goes with them—Dick, whose little face grows every day paler and more shrunken, but who never complains that his crutches are too heavy for him, or that he coughs and catches his breath oddly at night. The people look after the girl as she passes along the streets with her homely companions. Something in the stricken white face, in the soft dark eyes, in the air of refinement that pervades her, seems to attract them. Dick shoulders his crutch and puts back his cap in quite a manful manner, as he hobbles along by Dym's side.

"You will be sure to like it, it is so pretty; full of green trees and white crosses, and with little flower-beds where the children are; he used to like it too; he told me so." And Dick hunched his shoulders and winked away a tear or two.

Yes, Dym liked it; once she and Will had walked there, and he had pointed out a little corner which he said was his favorite corner. There was a little clump of trees, and a seat, and a tiny lawn with a sweetbrier hedge; one or two children's graves were near it. They had laid him not far from this place. The wind had strewn some rose-leaves over the grass mound; a garland hung half withered on the slim cross. Anna Freiligrath and Edith had put it there; there was a little basket of roses and fresh moss lying on the turf. How quiet and sweet it was! Roses were blooming, green trees waved, a gleam of white crosses shone in the sunshine; overhead was a tender blue sky, birds were singing, more garlands waving. Some children came up with a pot of arum lilies, and looked pitifully at the girl sitting in the grass with the crippled boy beside her.

"I am glad we came here, very glad," she said, when the sun had set, and Susan had spoken some word as to the lateness of the hour. She would have sat on there till nightfall, with her

cheek resting against the soft turf; but at Susan's gentle hint she arose at once.

"Good-by, dear. I shall come again; it has done me good," Dick heard her whisper. She looked back once as the great gates swung on them; there lay the still garden, God's acre, as it is fitly called; through the trees shone a radiance and golden glory of clouds; the sun was sinking behind the little chapel; a pale crescent moon arose in the evening blue; a rose-laden wind blew across the dewy lawns; the paths had a white glitter of their own; a stone angel drooped its wings under an acacia-tree—some one had laid a great white lily at its feet. The gate clanged after them; before them was a dusty interminable road, people coming and going, whips cracking, jaded horses coming up the hill, a great red sun dazzling in the west.

"I am glad I came," says Dym, looking out before her with grave unseeing eyes; "it has taken a little of the pain away to see it so quiet and restful. Do you know the words that kept recurring to my mind all the time? 'Let us go, that we may die with him.' Oh, Susan, I did so long to lie down and have done with it all!"

"You mustn't feel that, dearie."

"See how far that mile-stone is from us; we seem scarcely to move, and yet I suppose we shall reach it some time. How long is it since—since I came to you that Saturday?"

"A month to-day. Richard was only saying so this morning."

"A month—only four slow weeks? Oh, Susan, to think I am not twenty yet, and that I am longing to have done with it all!"

"There is the mile-stone," breaks in Dick, with a child's literal interpretation of facts.

"But it is not my mile-stone, Dick," replies Dym, with a curious sad smile. How will she ever make them understand the sick loathing that has come upon her? Is she a "shadow in a world of shadows?" Are those really living people, with flesh and blood, with pains and aches and smiling faces, coming towards them out of the sunshine? Have any of them left a brother lying out on the hill yonder? When she is old and withered, will her heart wither too—will she cease to suffer? How long will she have to go on like this, with only Susan and little Dick for her companions—a month only? Have they forgotten her at Mentone? Mrs. Chichester has only

written once—a hurried shocked letter, brimming over with sympathy, and begging Dym to put herself under Mrs. Tressilian's care. Dym had read it languidly, but it never came into her mind to answer it. "These are sad days with us all, and I have nothing comforting to say about my son; only the poor baby thrives"—that was all Mrs. Chichester wrote. He was too ill to send her a message, then; probably they had not yet told him he had lost his friend. There was no mention of Humphrey at all. That letter, loving as it was, added a still keener pang to the girl's pain as she read it. No, she could not write—not yet, at least. Presently, when she was stronger, and could bear to speak of her troubles.

But Dym was thinking of them all as she walked along, with one hand holding up her black dress and the other grasping the withered garland.

Dick was dragging himself wearily along on his crutches; Dym's gown dropped by-and-by, and trailed in the gray dust. A clock struck; a church-bell sounded in the distance; the streets were full of children, as usual—of shrill young voices, of dissonant tones; the women sat working on their doorsteps; the monastery chimes rang out from the brown straggling building in Maitland Park. Are these monks real monks, with sandaled feet and shorn heads, Dym wonders? A little thin Sister of Mercy, with fluttering veil and dusty cloak, comes around the corner; a pair of smiling eyes look at her out of a wrinkled pale face; the bell ceases, and the little Sister goes on quicker, with hurried toddling steps. Dym thinks she would like to be a Sister; a sudden memory comes across her of a convent-garden she has once seen.

The bell is ringing out for vespers. There is a straight long lawn and tall lilies; the nuns come down a lime-walk; there is a sudden shadowy gleam of black and white; the sun is setting behind a low gray building, with a passion-flower climbing around a porch; up stairs there are more lilies; a shining altar; low chanting; down the whitewashed passages come more black and white figures, and pass into the fragrant chapel. Well, there are places here, scores of them, for empty lives and open yearning hands. Dym thinks, with a sudden heartache, that she is not good enough, as she goes slowly up the steps.

Susan says her dear young lady is very tired and must lie down a little, but Dym shakes her

head. There is not a speck of color in her face. As she enters the shadowy little parlor, somebody standing with his back to the light, starts forward with an exclamation as the dusty little figure comes wearily in:

"Miss Elliott! Oh, my poor child!"

Dym gives a great sob when she sees Humphrey's honest face. They have not forgotten her, then. The little room seems brighter somehow as those kindly eyes greet her in twilight, as the rugged brown hand stretches in and out. Dym holds it for a moment between her fingers.

"Oh, Humphrey, dear good Humphrey, have come to me!"

"They sent me; I wanted to come. I am glad, if you think I shall be of any use to you."

Humphrey can hardly frame his clumsy sentences as those little hands clutch hold of his sleeve. He can scarcely bear to look at the small white face and troubled eyes brimming over with tears.

"I do not know whether you can be of any use to me, but I am glad you have come."

Dym's gladness threatened to become hysterical; she almost clung to the kind friend who had come all these miles to find her in her trouble.

"Oh, Humphrey, it is such terrible loneliness but I know you will be good to me," she said, looking at him in a pitiful childish way.

Humphrey had need of all his fortitude before he could apply himself to soothe her.

"I will do my best for you; you know that, Dym," he said, looking at her with mournful eyes.

Humphrey seemed older than ever in his black clothes. His forehead was deeply lined, and his hard-featured face had a sallow tint on it. He wondered, after what he had gone through, that Humphrey looked almost ill. The faithful creature had travelled night and day ever since they had given him leave to seek her.

"I don't know whether she will be glad to see me, but I feel I ought to go," he had said to Mrs. Chichester; "she may be ill, or wanting something."

"Perhaps she may have gone to Celia's. Do you think Guy can spare you?" answered the poor mother, doubtfully.

But her words, low as they were, reached Dym's ears.

"Let him go, mother; he ought to go. There is nothing that he or any one else can do for me; it is different with her."

And Guy Chichester walked up and down the long room with fierce impatient strides, as he had walked night and day, his mother thought, as she listened to those never-ending footsteps.

So Humphrey had gone without sleep, taking it by snatches, and had travelled back through the weary miles, hardly daring to expect a welcome. But he never forgot to his dying day the quiver of light that came over the weary face as Dym ran up to him with outstretched hands, and called him "her dear good Humphrey."

She laid aside her bonnet now, with its dusty tulle trimmings. Humphrey watched her hurriedly smoothing her soft hair with her hands and straightening the little frill around her neck.

"See who has come to me, Susan," she said, turning around with a sad smile as Mrs. Maynard came in. "They have not forgotten me; they have sent him."

And the girl laid her head on Susan's shoulder and cried a little, out of sheer oppression of thankfulness. Will would be glad Humphrey had come to her, she thought. Humphrey's eyes had a dumb hungry look in them as the tears streamed over the sweet face. Susan might pet and comfort her, but he could only stand aloof and make useless offers of help. Humphrey was growing sad again, when Dym suddenly held out her hand to him, as though to entreat his forgiveness.

"I cannot help it, Humphrey, it has been such pain; and now I don't feel quite so terribly lonely. You will tell me all about them presently, will you not?" And then she brushed her tears away, and busied herself in helping Susan to prepare the meal for the tired traveller.

Humphrey protested that he did not need either meat or drink; but Dym would not believe him. When Susan lighted the lamp, she drew the easy-chair to the table, and pressed the viands on him with trembling eagerness. Humphrey wanted to wait on her instead.

"Do let me. If you know what it is to have some one of whom to take care again—I have missed that more than all. I—he——"

Humphrey nearly choked over his first morsel, as Dym buried her head on her hands and sobbed.

She hurried away after that, and had it out by herself. These sick longings would come upon

her suddenly. "O, Will, I shall never take care of you again. You don't want me now," she would say at such times.

She came back with the same worn gentle look, and sat down by Humphrey. "Now you will tell me," she said, in a low voice. "I want to hear everything—everything."

"There is not much to tell," Humphrey says.

He goes over the sad story as gently as he dare, and yet he feels an odd relief in telling it.

Dym did not interrupt, except by a question or two. She sat leaning forward, with her cheek on her hand, and her eyes fixed on Humphrey's face. Sometimes a tear rolled down, and she forgot to wipe it away. That fixed sad gaze made it difficult to Humphrey to go on; now and then he faltered and almost broke down.

"How did it happen?" Dym asked; "at the baptism?"

"Yes, she took cold then," Humphrey answered, "some one had left a door or window open—the nurse, he believed. She was sitting up and over-excited or fatigued. Guy noticed her shiver when he came in and put the baby in her arms; but she said it was nothing, and he forgot it afterwards. The clergyman and his wife came in and talked to her, and after a time she had seemed very tired. Guy lifted her back to bed again; but she did not feel inclined to sleep. When the doctor came in he found her still talking, with two spots of color in her cheeks, and her eyes shining like gray stars, and had scolded them both. Honor had pleaded that the baby might be left with her; but he had sternly ordered it away. 'We must have no more excitement; you must go to sleep,' he said, quite angrily; and then he muttered something about the want of common sense in people.

"Honor gave a quaint little smile when she was left alone.

"'I did want baby so,' Guy heard her say. The gray eyes would not close; they were smiling wide open at Guy as he leaned over her some time afterwards, and then again he noticed the shiver.

"But still he was not alarmed," Humphrey said, "and retired to bed as happy as usual; but towards morning they had called him. The doctor must be sent for, they told him in frightened voices; she was very uneasy and in great pain, but had begged them not to wake him before.

"Guy rushed into his wife's room. She was evidently in great suffering. There was a troubled

almost scared—look in her eyes; but they grew dim when she saw him.

"Come here, Guy; nurse says I have taken cold. Can it be that that is the matter with me? I feel so strange."

"Guy strove to hide the anguish that assailed him; he took her in his arms and soothed and comforted her. They say the dear beautiful smile came to her lips every time she looked at him," added Humphrey, in a choked voice.

"But, alas, sharp inflammation had set in, and for a short hour she knew no one. 'Where is our little child? Where is our baby, Guy?' she kept asking; and then she went murmuring on in disconnected sentences about broken crystals, and white robes, and cleansing waters. 'They have washed my baby quite clean,' she kept saying. 'The cross was all bubbles and brightness; I saw it sparkle. Don't let any one kiss the water away—my little Florence—my own baby.'

"She seemed sinking into a lethargy at last, and some one said she was going. The words seemed to rouse her, for she opened her eyes full on her husband's heart-broken face.

"Oh, Guy, is it that?' they heard her whisper; 'not that, husband?'

"My darling, I fear so."

"Must I leave you and baby?' and as, unable to speak, he supported her on his breast, she made a sign that he should kiss her.

"Oh, it has been so beautiful!' Those were the last words that those standing around her could catch; but Guy, bending his ear to her lip, heard a faint sigh, 'Not my will;' and then somebody came behind him and laid her down."

Dym's face was hidden now, and there was a long silence.

"How did he bear it?" she asked at last, almost in a whisper.

Humphrey shook his head sorrowfully.

"He has not borne it; he has fought against it so, that for the first three weeks we almost thought he would lose his reason. He says such things that his mother goes out of the room shuddering; but he is quieter now."

"Has he been ill?"

"Mentally ill, of course; he sleeps badly, and wakes in a strong fever. He is beginning to look haggard and gray; no one can do anything with him—his mother least of all."

"Poor Mrs. Chichester!"

"Madam does her best, to give her her share. She bears his fierce humors as an angel, but her tears anger him. Once or twice brought the baby to him—poor lady, she knew better; but he just flung away, and shut himself up for nearly twenty-four hours at a stretch.

"O, Humphrey, is it possible that he does not care for his child?"

"It is too early days to talk of that now. The little lamb; she will grow into his heart by and by. They say she has Honor's eyes. Yet he has got it into his head that the babe has ruined her life; he has never taken her into his arms since."

"I can understand just how he feels."

"But he looks at her sometimes when he is alone. I saw him once standing by the cot, with his arms folded over his chest. 'My little child,' I heard him mutter—'yes, she is that—will she grow up an angel too? O, I think I should kill myself—I should, I might get rid of all this misery—it is not my fault, I fear I should not see her again;' and then his head fell forward on his arms with such a sigh, and he let me lead him away. I stopped him all night. Somehow I did not dare to leave him alone."

"O, Humphrey, you ought not to have left him now."

"How could I help it?" stammered Humphrey. "He sent me. I have promised to go back if Madam wants me. She won't leave me yet; but I can't help thinking he will break from us altogether soon. He gave Madam a queer look when she ventured to suggest his going back to Ingleside."

Dym gave a heavy sigh. He would not have been from them all. "He will come back. I know him so well; these noble souls never wander away in outer darkness. I could almost hear Will say these words often in the months, nay, years to come, recalled them with a strange feeling through what dreary experiences were passing, while the mother prayed through her tears—the mother on her knees, wife in paradise weaving the two worlds was to bring him home again!

Humphrey went away as soon as the story was finished. Dym made no more of it, and came again early the next day;

he to St. Luke's, she thought. When the morning
me she sat in her old place beside him, with
he heavy crape veil falling over her face; the
li lac sunshine was flooding the chancel again;
o outside the poplars waved. A stranger knelt in
v Will's place.

"Are you sure this has been good for you?"
asked Humphrey, somewhat conscience-stricken,
as the girl put back her veil and looked at him.

Dym had dark circles around her eyes; but a
gentle light shone from under the reddened eye-
lids.

"I could hear his voice all through; we had
his favorite Psalms to-day. You were very good
to take me, Humphrey," pressing his arm softly.

Dym made him take her somewhere else, too.
Her tongue loosened as she sat on the grass beside
Will's grave, fingering the daisies lovingly; she
poured out the whole history of her trouble into
Humphrey's ears as he stood beside her.

"Ay, ay, poor child, poor child!"

Humphrey did not say much more, though his
honest heart was overflowing with sympathy. Yet
Dym thought his kindness was perfect.

Humphrey had yielded himself quite submissively
to the girl's will throughout the day; but on the
following morning things were otherwise.

"I ought to have given you this before," he
said, somewhat abruptly, producing a letter from
his pocket. Dym was dusting and straightening
Will's books, and a volume of Hooker dropped
from her fingers as she caught sight of Mrs. Chichester's handwriting.

"Madam wrote it in a hurry," continued Humphrey, thrusting his hands into his shooting-coat, and assuming an indifference he did not feel; "she hopes you will decide on remaining at her sister's till her return, as it will be so lonely for you at Ingleside."

"She has given me my choice," returned Dym, disconsolately. "Oh, why, why will they not leave me alone? Write to her, Humphrey; tell her I am happier here."

"Nay, nay, you must not ask me to do that," returned Humphrey, puckering up his brow with the air of a man who has a tough job before him; "you'll only fret out your heart stopping on here and turning over his things all day long, as Mrs. Maynard says you have been doing. Come," he added, coaxingly, "you will be a good child and go to Mrs. Tressilian's."

"I cannot," replied Dym, bursting into tears. "Why is every one so cruel? Mrs. Chichester does not want me—nobody wants me!" with a little outburst of impatience, and despair that goes to Humphrey's heart; but he steels his tenderness and answers her very gravely.

"You ought not to have said that to me; but you did not know what you were saying, did you, my dear? You are so young that you cannot judge for yourself in this; you must let me decide for you, as though I were your—your brother," stammered out poor Humphrey, not thinking how bitterly the word would sound to the bereaved girl.

"No, you can never be that. I have no brother but Will—no one but Will. Oh, my darling, to think you will never help me to be good again!"

Humphrey had to wait till the girl's grief had spent itself a little, and then he returned to the subject very gently but firmly.

"I wish you had some one better to advise you," he said, very sadly; "but I will not go away and leave you like this. Madam is right—you are not fit to take care of yourself."

"Susan will take care of me. Oh, Humphrey, why will you be so hard on me? I would be so good if you will only let me stop here."

But Humphrey shook his head.

"It cannot be done. I have passed my word to put you under Mrs. Tressilian's protection, or to see you safe at Ingleside."

Humphrey's manner has a trifle of austerity in it, all the more that he feels his resolution melting.

"I will go to Ingleside, then," returned Dym, in a low voice.

She was a little scared at Humphrey's peremptoriness; she turned paler, and her head drooped on her breast as Humphrey quietly told her that she must prepare to go back with him on the morrow.

"I have my work to see after; everything is at a stand-still; the home farm is without a bailiff," finished Humphrey, apologetically.

But Dym turned away from him. He had been hard to her; he would not write and ask permission for her to stay; every one treated her like a child, Humphrey worst of all, though he loved her. Dym went away in a little fury of despair, leaving poor Humphrey crestfallen over his victory.

It was a miserable day for every one. Humphrey wandered about the streets, and came back

again to find Dym quietly crying over her work, with Susan helping her; through the half-opened door he could see the little black figure kneeling before a pile of clothes and books; Dick was standing by; Susan seemed to be expostulating.

"I wouldn't do it, dearie; leave them for Richard and me to manage; it doesn't seem right; it is morbid-like, and unchristian."

"These are the shirts I made for him, Susan; and look at that poor old coat with the rent under the arm. I usen't to like to see him in it, but he never would part with it—never. Fold it up carefully, Susan, with the others. I tell you I must take them."

Susan sighed and shook her head. In another moment there was a heavy stride in the next room and the folding-door was pushed open.

"Give that to me, please, Mrs. Maynard; that and the others. I will not have it done." Humphrey spoke quite sternly, and there was a frown on his face. "You ought not to allow Miss Elliott to do things that are bad for her—you, who are her friend, should know better than that."

"She won't mind us, sir; one can't be hard on the poor lamb," said Susan, in a disturbed voice.

"Humphrey, go away; you have no right to interfere with me!" exclaimed the poor child, putting out a feverish hand to stop him; but Humphrey took hold of it, and suddenly lifted her up.

"I will not have it done," he repeated, firmly. "You are wearing yourself out, and you have no one to take care of you. You must not move till I give you leave." And to Dym's infinite amazement she found herself placed on the couch and covered with Humphrey's rug.

"Susan and I will pack the books," was all he said as he went out of the room. Dym lay looking after him in a curious sort of way. He had taken the things from her hand, and had thrown them aside; he had put her out of the way, as though she had been a mere infant; and yet she was not angry; she had never liked him better than when he had stood by her with a frown on his face and then had tenderly stooped and lifted her in his strong arms. There was something healing in the rough tenderness that had interposed between her and that weary labor.

I think, if Humphrey Nethcote had been another sort of man, he might almost have won Dym at this time. The girl was so lonely and

unhappy that she would have clung to an arm that had offered itself for her support. The months that followed she felt for him a tenderness, which might have ripened into love if he had only been less humble with her. He had shown her the more dominant side of his character. Dym could not love where she did not understand strongly. Humphrey was good, kind, and patient as she assured herself over and over again; but there was something wanting. His gentleness made him timid and self-deprecating.

Once, many months afterwards, when a dry fever of hopelessness came over him, when there seemed nothing left to live for, only the dull level of existence lay before him, a sudden impulse came into her mind that she would make this man happy who had loved and served her so faithfully.

It was one of those perilous thoughts that sometimes come into a girl's mind, and might have worked her mighty woe in the years that followed, if Humphrey's generosity had not saved her from both.

She had said some word that the man had hardly mistake, and Humphrey had looked at her incredulously for a moment, and then a tinge of red had come into his sallow face.

"Do you mean this, my dear?"

"Yes, I think so," Dym replied, looking at her strong homely features, working with emotion, but her voice had a fixed weary tone. "Everything is very miserable, but I shall try to make you happy, Humphrey."

"God bless you!" was all he said for a moment. But as he took her in his arms a shiver ran over her, for she thought he had taken her word; but she need not have feared him.

"I will try to be good to you," she whispered, but there was a chill sick feeling at her heart that ought to have warned her.

"You are always good to me; don't be afraid. I shall never forget this—never; but you must come to me; you do not love me, my dear."

"Not much—not in that way," she stammered, crimsoning under that honest gaze; "but I think it would be nice to make you happy."

"You would not make me happy, dear, if I understand, we should both be miserable if you cared for me."

"I shall love you all the more dearly for that," as Dym shrank away from him almost

"but no man ought to marry a woman who does not love him."

Humphrey was quite hot and dusty when he came up to Dym's couch in the late afternoon.

"We have finished; Maynard is cording the boxes. You must not be angry with me, Miss Elliott, because I have taken this into my own hands."

"I am not angry," said Dym, slipping her hand into his with a sweet smile. "Why do you call me Miss Elliott? I am very much obliged to you, Humphrey; it is I who have been wrong. I ought not to have given you so much trouble."

Humphrey was quite taken aback by the girl's humility and gentleness.

Humphrey had no more trouble with her after that; next morning she took leave of her humble friends, and was very quiet and dry-eyed when he put her into the carriage. Little Dick climbed up for a last embrace, and Susan had her apron up to her eyes.

"Good-by; you have all been so good to me," faltered Dym.

The sun streamed down on the dusty pavement, the women came to their doors and looked after the retreating carriage. Dym, leaning back and closing her eyes, saw a quiet face with an ineffable smile stamped upon it, and knew that, wherever she went, one day she should see it again, "smiling at her like one of God's dear angels."

Dym was too weary to say much to Humphrey when he parted from her at the door of Ingleside. The servants went down stairs and spoke pityingly of the young creature who looked so changed and pale in her deep mourning; even Mrs. Fortescue melted at the sight of the sad young face, and kissed her quite affectionately. Dym, who was learning for love and sympathy, never forgot that kiss.

Dym would have been puzzled if any one had asked her how she spent her days. Humphrey came often, but he did not stay long; and by-and-by he went back to Mentone. Mr. Chichester had been seized with a low fever, which prolonged their stay; but as soon as he was able to bear the fatigue, Humphrey went to remove them to a cooler place; and by slow stages and frequent pauses he hoped to bring them safely to England by the middle of August.

Dym wrote long letters to Mrs. Chichester, and took endless walks with Kiddle-a-wink, and grew

more miserable every day; she was longing for her friends—pining for them; and the delay grew more sickening each hour.

"We are coming home," wrote Humphrey at last to her, and Dym's heart gave a sudden bound; but as she read the next few words it sank lower and lower; "if all be well we shall be with you in another forty-eight hours—that is, Madam and the nurse and baby; but the squire has suddenly made up his mind to take a sea voyage; he talks of going out by one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers to Calcutta.

"He has shaken off the effects of his illness, but looks languid still. I think, for Madam's sake, it is a pity that the doctors have put this notion of a sea voyage into his head, for if he once get away from us one can never know when he will come back again. I think it is better to face trouble than to run away from it, as he has done all his life," finished Humphrey, in his blunt way.

As Dym opened this letter, a note dropped out and fell to the ground. Dym's hand fairly shook as she picked it up, and the color rushed to her face, for she recognized Mr. Chichester's handwriting:

"MY DEAR MISS ELLIOTT:—Perhaps you have thought that I might have written before; but what is there that we can find to say to each other? There is only one person to whom, in all these four months, I could have borne to have spoken of my trouble, and that is your brother, and he is dead. Had he lived, I might have spent a lifetime at St. Luke's, trying to work out some of my misery, instead of vainly endeavoring to crush it out in miles of ocean. So you have lost him! I am grieved still more in my grief to know it; but be comforted; you are too young to break your heart, and life has something in reserve for *you*. I am sending my mother and child home to Ingleside. I know you will love and take care of them. Be my faithful little friend still, and help my mother to forget some of her cares.

God bless you! When you have a prayer to spare, you may waste it on one who is ever your true friend,
GUY LATIMER CHICHESTER."

It was that letter, so curt, so tender, yet so bitter in its sorrow, that first aroused Dym from the apathy of her own grief.

The harvest fields were being reaped around

Birstwith when Mrs. Chichester bade farewell to her son and came back to her solitary home, escorted by the faithful Humphrey.

Dym ran out on the sunny terrace to receive them, and just in time to see Humphrey assisting the foreign-looking nurse to descend from the carriage.

Dym stretched out her arms when she caught sight of the fluttering white cloak and dimpled hands. "Oh, give me the baby!" she cried; and as she stooped over it the child opened a pair of solemn gray eyes and smiled at her.

"Little Florence, little Florence, how I shall love you!" whispered Dym; and, for the first time since Will's death, something like returning happiness stole into her face.

CHAPTER XXX. "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH MORNING."

THREE years and a half have passed away since the events recorded in the last chapter—more than three whole years since Guy Chichester took his passage in the "Montezuma" *en route* for Calcutta; and still Ingleside is without its master.

It is more than eighteen months now since they have heard from him.

And some who loved him well say that the brief unhappy life is finished, and that Guy Chichester will never come back to his own again.

Mr. Fortescue says so, and Cousin Katherine; and Humphrey even shakes his honest head more sadly every day when the squire's name is mentioned; and Beatrix Delaire puts on mourning, and cries her beautiful eyes quite dim for the cousin she has lost; but still the mother hopes and prays, and stretches out her arms to Dym when she comes in to wish her a grave good-night.

"What was it he said? tell me again, my dear." And Dym whispers the words, which have become a part of her creed: "He will come back, my girl; I know him so well: these noble souls are not left to wander away in outer darkness." And as Mrs. Chichester kisses her, and calls her her comforter, Dym's lip trembles, and her eyes fill with tears, for she knows that, whether he is dead or alive, the mother will never look upon her son's face again.

Mrs. Chichester has wept herself blind again.

"God bless dear papa, and bring him home to Flossie and gran'ma," lisps little Florence, night

after night, at Dym's knee; and in the morning, when the solemn gray eyes open, she wakes Dym to ask, "Has papa come back yet?"

Florence knows her father's face by heart; she kisses it every night when she says her prayers. "Papa isn't pretty, like mamma or auntie," thinks Flossie; she likes mamma's face best. A tender image of that sweet mother is already enshrined in the child's mind, a faint glory of shining raiment and white wings and smiling eyes, like the angel she sees at church. On Sunday evenings Dym takes her on her lap and tells her about that loving guardianship; she talks about her father on other evenings; but on these quiet Sabbath hours she speaks of Honor to Honor's child.

She and Florence exchanged confidences. Dym has quaint sweet theories of her own: it is to her an article of faith that Honor is watching over her little daughter. Florence is not quite sure about the wings—does auntie know? A grand beautiful lady, all in white, kissed her last night; Florence could see the stars shining around her head.

"Perhaps papa will come to-night," finishes Florence, sleepily; "but I like mamma's kisses best, only I think she was crying, for my face was quite wet in the morning." Dym holds her peace; she would not have told Florence for worlds that it was only a dream—that it was her kisses and tears that the child felt, when Dym was saying her prayers beside her in the moonlight.

Dym thinks of little Florence when she reads Nathan's story of the ewe lamb; for three years ever since her foster-mother left the ten-month-old babe, Honor's child has slept in her bosom and grown into her heart of hearts.

Dym does not know what she would have done all these years without the child! ever since that long illness through which she nursed her, at which threatened to extinguish the precious little life, Florence had seemed to belong to her more than to any one else. "They tell me her own mother could not have done more for her," wrote Guy Chichester, in one of those rare letters of his. "Heaven reward you for all your goodness to me and mine!"

Dym carried that letter about with her wherever she went. It was more than eighteen months since she received it: he was coming home then. He was sick and weary of wandering, so he said, and was longing, with a feverish longing that surprised himself, to see the child that death had

nearly snatched away from him. "I think it is a punishment on my own hard-heartedness," he wrote; "I ought not to have stayed away so long from Honor's child."

What had he been doing with himself those two years? His letters made the two women giddy to read them; now he was tiger hunting in the Indian jungles, now studying Hindostanee and teaching young natives in a missionary settlement; then he had made his way to Australia; when he last wrote, he had already taken his passage home in a vessel leaving Melbourne. It was the fate of that vessel, the "Rose and Crown," that made Beatrix Delaire put on mourning for her cousin, and that dimmed the mother's eyes with anguish; for, hundreds of leagues from land, right out on the blue Pacific, the noble ship had caught fire, and nearly every soul on board had perished miserably. One boat's crew had indeed escaped, and two of the survivors, who had contrived after innumerable hardships to reach one of the coral-reef islands, had within the last few months been interrogated by Humphrey at Liverpool, and, according to their account, Guy Chichester had been left in the burning vessel. One man there was, indeed, who had manned the boat with his fierce energy, and without whom not one of all that boatful would have survived to tell the tale; but even he had succumbed to the exhaustion of thirst and fever. "We dropped him down as decently as we could, and one of us said a bit of a prayer over him; but we had hardly strength to pitch the others overboard. Dawson here says his name was Leicester or Latimer." And Humphrey, wringing the poor fellow's hand, turned away without a word, for he thought, and others thought too, that that dominant spirit among the boat-crew of despairing men was Guy Latimer Chichester. And Humphrey went up to Ingleside and told Dym—every one came to Dym now in their troubles; she was so gentle and helpful, she looked at them with such wistful kind eyes.

Dym was "Miss Elliott" still in the household, but Florence called her "Auntie." Uncle Humphrey had taught her to say it long ago, and Mrs. Chichester loved the name, for Dym was almost like her own daughter to the poor lady.

Dym shielded her face as she listened to Humphrey's story. Humphrey saw her shudder once, as though the strange coincidence of the name struck her; but when he had finished she

uncovered her eyes and looked at him, and the lines of the mouth unbent slightly in their sweet gravity?"

"Do you believe this was he, Humphrey?"

"Ay, surely; there can be no room for doubt, I fear."

"And you think he is lying miles below the Pacific; that he will never come home, never see his child again? We don't believe that, do we, Kelpie?" stooping to caress the faithful creature that seemed to have transferred his affection to her. "You and I and Will know better than that."

"Why do you hope against hope?" persisted Humphrey, sadly. "I think you are wrong, Dym; I do indeed. It is false and cruel kindness to tell that poor woman her son is alive."

Humphrey spoke with unusual sternness, but his heart was very sore.

"If you withdraw that hope, she will die," returned Dym, gently but firmly. "Promise me you will not tell her this, Humphrey—what the sailor said, I mean: you have no idea how weak she is; it would kill her."

"I won't go against you," returned Humphrey, looking at her wistfully from under his bent brows. "Where do you get your faith, Dym?"

Dym gave him a little smile in answer.

"You and I and Will know better than that," she repeated, kneeling on the rug and putting her arms around the dog's neck when Humphrey had gone; and the faithful collie licked her hand as though he understood her question.

Sad news had lately come to them from Lansdowne House. Colonel Delaire had met with an accident in the hunting-field, and Anna von Freiligrath wrote that serious consequences were apprehended. The doctors feared there was some internal mischief, and the invalid seemed to think so too, for he was calmly putting his affairs in order.

The news came to them at Christmas, and cast an additional gloom over the little party. Mrs. Chichester had been ailing for some time; lately the indisposition had increased, and the inclement season kept her a prisoner in her own room.

It was there that Dym read Fräulein von Freiligrath's sad letter.

Afterwards they watched for every post anxiously; but it was the middle of February before their worst fears were verified.

Colonel Delaire had borne his protracted suffering heroically. A little before his death he had sent for his wife.

No one had thought the end was so near; and she came to his bedside dressed for an assembly, with diamonds shining on her white neck and arms. Some of her friends had persuaded her that her presence was indispensable at some gay gathering for an hour or two; and Beatrix, who found her husband's sick-room somewhat irksome, had yielded to their solicitations.

"You sent for me, Frank; do you feel worse?" she asked, a little anxiously. Perhaps she felt conscience-stricken.

"I think I do, my dear. I wanted to speak to you—that is, if you can spare me a few minutes," he added, with a shade of bitterness in his voice that stung through all her worldliness and selfishness. There was unconscious irony in his words, but he had not meant to be hard on this woman, who had disappointed and blighted his life; he would die in peace with her and with all the world, he thought. He strove to forget that but for her he would have lived long happy years of usefulness: this marriage had broken his career and ruined his happiness; domestic misery had made him more reckless of life than other men had been; he knew as they carried him home upon the stretcher that he had dared a useless leap to rouse himself from the sadness that preyed so continually upon him.

And yet how he had loved her!—how her beauty had dazzled his dying hours now; for the sake of that glorious face and form he had bartered the peace of his life; her beauty had been ashes and bitterness to him, and yet he loved her still.

No, he would not be hard on her; but one word he did say of sorrow and regret.

"It is all over with me, Beatrix. You might have been a little more patient, dear. I should not have troubled you long"—looking at her dress meaningly; it was his only reproach.

"I think we may as well say good-by to each other," he went on. "We have not been happy together: it was more my fault than yours; I ought not to have made you marry me; you never loved me, Trichy; but it is too late to speak of that now."

"Yes, it was too late," thought Beatrix, as she stood beside him dry-eyed and speechless. She felt conscience-stricken and abashed before this

simple kindly gentleman; she could not lie to him, she dared not affirm she had ever loved him.

"Yes, it is too late to talk of that, Frank," she said, dragging the diamond bracelet on her arm, and not venturing to look at him.

Some hours later she stood there still, shivering in her gay ball-dress. Some one noticed her shudder, and threw a cloak over her, but she shook her head and put it away with feverish fingers—she was not cold.

Guy Chichester thought he had tasted the bitterest dregs that pain could offer when Honor's arms dropped heavily about his neck; but even his misery was less intense than Beatrix's as she stood with hot dry eyes beside her husband's death-bed.

She did not venture to approach him; others, mere hirelings, pressed round him, and rendered him the necessary offices. Was it for her to touch him, who had never loved him? who had neglected his sick-bed? whose forgiveness she had never asked or sought?

"Now, my men, for a last charge!" were his final words; and so the gallant soul stormed the heights of death.

Dym generously forgot her old repugnance, and wrote to Beatrix in her trouble. There was still an unspoken antagonism between these two; but Beatrix was older now, a woman of the world, and she no longer showed her dislike openly to her aunt's companion; perhaps it was no longer so to do so, for Dym's position at Ingleside was wholly unassailable. Even at Lansdowne House and in her daughter's presence, Mrs. Tressilian petted and made much of her, and Beatrix had ceased to rebuke.

"You will all repent it one day," was the only speech she made to her mother. To Miss Elliot she was perfectly civil; once or twice she had made some slight advance, but Dym had never cordially responded—to the end of her life she mistrusted Mrs. Delaire.

Dym's aptitude for nursing was greatly needed this winter. Mrs. Chichester did not rally from her indisposition; on the contrary, she grew weaker and weaker. Dr. Grey shook his head when he came out of the sick-room; there was no disease of which to speak, but a lamentable want of power, surprising in a woman of her constitution.

"There is no real wish to rally; this is pure

inaction and a depressed state of the nerves," he said once quite impatiently to Dym, who had followed him down stairs. Humphrey, who was waiting in the hall to hear his report, joined them in the porch.

"That is what Miss Elliott says," he interrupted. "We cannot get Madam to take interest in anything; it is 'Do as you like, I am too tired to think,' from one week's end to the other."

"It must be checked," returned Dr. Grey, decidedly. "There is no knowing what mischief may result when the patient is once allowed to sink into this state. She must be roused, interested in spite of herself, or there will be total collapse. The worst is, there is no remedy for the cause of all this; the only question is, whether any certainty would not be better than this state of hopeless suspense."

"That is what I say," put in Humphrey, with a glance at Dym, who was standing by the fire, smoothing her little silk apron thoughtfully.

Dym looked up quickly.

"No, no, Dr. Grey; don't let him say that, he is always telling me so. It would kill her; I am sure it would," speaking with her old energy.

"The question is whether she has really any hope remaining," returned Dr. Grey; "whether this indifference to everything does not mean that she has secretly relinquished it. Tell us, Miss Elliott—you are more with her than any one—do you think she believes her son is alive?"

"I don't know; she has not spoken of him lately," answered Dym, in a low voice. "She has got all his things about her; her bed was quite strewn yesterday with broken toys and books and even baby-clothes. Florence was telling her what everything was when I came in. I wanted to put them away, but she would not let me."

"She thinks that they are relics," returned Dr. Grey, quickly. "I was right, you see; she never expects to have him back again."

"Oh, Dr. Grey, I never thought of that," answered Dym, and the tears sprang to her eyes; "but indeed, indeed, you are mistaken. I remember now Florence was saying her prayers to her, and she made her say that part over twice about her father coming back."

Dr. Grey shook his head; he was quite of another opinion.

"If you take my advice, you will try to find out exactly what she thinks. I believe with Mr.

Nethecote that she knows already, and that she will be able to bear any certainty."

Dym was still standing by the fire when Humphrey came back from accompanying the doctor to the door. She turned to him with one of her worried looks.

"Humphrey, I can't bear this much longer—you all thinking me wrong, I mean; but some one else must tell her."

"Nay, surely no one understands her so well as you do, Dym."

"I cannot help that," with a touch of her old irritability; "if you and Dr. Grey persist in thinking it right, one of you must do it. It will not be a lie on your lips."

"Ay, whatever do you mean, Dym?"

"If I said he was dead, I should tell a lie; he is not dead—I feel it—I know it. What is the day of the month, Humphrey? I am beginning to forget everything." And she put her hand to her head in a confused tired way.

"It is the twenty-first of March," returned Humphrey, looking at her in surprise; "Madam's been ailing over three months now. Let me see, Flo will be four years old on the twentieth of next month."

"Yes, yes, I know. I was not thinking of that. It is just three years and seven months, then, since he went away; a year and seven months since we last heard. It is a long time, a very long time, Humphrey; no wonder you all lose hope."

"The only marvel is you haven't lost it too," replied Humphrey, in his gruffest tone; it made his heart ache to see how the girl clung to her belief; "but it is not any use; you will be obliged to let it go."

"Never! what are you talking about? I could not, I could not." Her eyes quite shone with excitement; her voice trembled and grew eager. "You may take away the last hope from that poor woman; I cannot prevent you—I dare not, if you think it right; but no one shall make me believe that he will not come back to his child one day."

Humphrey did not answer. Her earnestness staggered him in spite of himself. The squire alive still: a year and seven months, and yet he had not reached them? The idea was too improbable, it was contrary to all reason. He would have liked to argue the girl out of her obstinate belief; but he feared angering her. Dym's fire

was only a sudden blaze, and it died out as soon as Humphrey left her.

"They will reason me even out of this, if I listen to them. Why will they not leave me alone to believe what I like?" she said to herself, with a sudden spasm of doubt and misery. "Oh, Kelpie, do you really think your master is dead—really, really dead!" But, though the sagacious animal licked her hand in the same reassuring manner as before, she was not comforted.

Dym suddenly felt with a great terror that her hope was slipping from her. She had spoken bravely, but why did her heart all at once fail her? Was it that the suspense was becoming unbearable even to her? She had told Humphrey she would never believe he was dead; that it would be a lie on her lips if she said it to his mother. Why did her conscience accuse her of falseness? Had she meant what she said? Had she been utterly true? Had not her wish blinded her when she had so spoken?

Dym felt as though she were collapsing too; a sudden paralysis of fear was on her; her faith had received a shock in reality; the poor thing was weary and spent with nursing; fatigue and depression were wearing out her hopefulness. The body is often to blame for these moods. When Dym sat down with a little shiver and asked herself if she believed this thing or the other, she wanted to sleep away her fears.

It would have been a wonder if she had not been tired; she was too young and weak for such a responsibility; the strain of it was almost wearing her out.

Mrs. Chichester could hardly bear her to be out of the room. Dym schooled herself into brightness whenever she came near her friend. The poor invalid, in her blindness and helplessness, grew more dependent on her young companion every day. Dym's sweet voice never sounded tired in the sick-room; her light step—how it flagged when it crossed the threshold!—was like music to the ears that had grown to listen for it night and day; the soft touches that had once proved so soothing to Guy Chichester were never weary of manipulating the hot brow. Dym kept untiring vigils in the sick-room; she denied herself needful rest, trying to beguile the tedium of those long nights. Mrs. Chichester never slept till dawn; for some hours she was always wakeful and restless. Dym had grown into the habit of taking

the earliest part of the night watch; Dorot and dozed quite placidly all the rest of the day. Mrs. Chichester would be waiting for her when she thought, with a touch of compunction, of her idleness. Stewart came in to close the shutters as she rose wearily from her chair. "It is to be a wild night, miss," he said, as Dym looked for a moment looking out at the black rain-clouds that were scudding across the sky. The wind was driving along the terrace and whistling fitfully among the gable-ends; the elms were creaking and straining their mighty limbs like angry giants. In the kitchen garden there was a flapping of leaves and boughs; that night the Nid was swollen and lashed its banks with white froth. Later on the flood-gates of heaven seemed open, and a deluge of rain and mist filled the valley; a hollow murmur reverberated among the hills and echoed noisily through the dim woods. Dym shivered as she passed the conservatory door, for it reminded her of that evening, more than three years ago, when Humphrey, with pale face and dripping clothes, stood in that very place and told her that Honor was dead. Dym found Florence curled up among her grandmother's pillows when she entered the sick-room; the little maid had stolen away from the corridor with her little white night-gown, and now sat open-eyed and so pale that she looked like a bright-eyed fairy perched at the foot of Chichester's ear.

"Oh, Flossie, how naughty!"

Florence shook back the fair hair from her forehead and argued the matter.

"Flo is not naughty; Flo's good."

"I am afraid not, my darling," and Dym finished her rebuke with a shower of tears. "There, say good-night to grannie."

"Florence has been saying such dreadful things," said Mrs. Chichester, gathering her up fondly in her weak arms; "she has been making poor grandmamma so unhappy. She tells me she won't love papa any longer."

"Oh, Flo, for shame!"

"I think he is a naughty papa to stop away from home this time," affirmed Flo, confidently. "I think he is good, like grannie and mamma and auntie. I like auntie best," she whispered to Dym as she carried her away. Dym, gravely kissing the little face before she left it, felt to-night as though the child's words had stricken her to the heart. Even Flossie was tired of waiting.

"I think I feel more restless than ever, to-night," sighed Mrs. Chichester, as Dym sat down beside her. "Oh, that wind!"

"It is a rough lullaby, certainly," returned Dym, cheerfully, as she drew the heavy curtains closer, and looked to the fastening of the shutters, and then broke a blazing log into splinters. The white china tiles reflected the pleasant glow; the lamp burned brightly. Dym, as she read, stole a glance now and then at the white face lying on the pillow with blank open eyes, and thin hands fluttering aimlessly over the coverlet, and thought that, worn and faded as it had grown, it was beautiful still.

In spite of her efforts, Dym's voice would take tired tones now and then; her nerves were in a state of tension to-night; her reading was purely mechanical. Through it all she seemed to hear the dripping of the rain on the terrace as the wind lulled. Long before the usual hour Mrs. Chichester sent her away, pretending she could sleep; and Dym, with some reluctance, gave up her post to Dorothy.

It was her ordinary custom to go down and pat Kelpie and bid him good-night before she went to her room, and, however tired she was, she never omitted the custom; but to-night Kelpie was not stretched as usual on the black bear-skin in the library; he was whining restlessly at the foot of the stairs, as though he were weary of waiting for his young mistress.

Dym stooped down and caressed him; but, though he licked her hand gratefully, he continued visibly uneasy, and trembled in every limb.

"Why, Kelpie, old fellow, what ails you? I suppose the wind is making you nervous too. One o'clock, and the storm shows no sign of lulling," as the glass in the conservatory rattled and shook in its frame, and the hail beat fiercely on the terrace outside. "What an awful night!" she thought, glancing round the dimly-lighted hall rather fearfully.

"Lie down, good dog," she said, soothingly. But Kelpie resisted every effort to coax him to his bear-skin; on the contrary, his restlessness increased; he whined, looked up in Dym's face, ran towards the door, and commenced sniffing under it, and then threw back his head with a low prolonged howl.

The dog's behavior did not tend to reassure Dym; she knew the collie's sagacity was rarely at fault. For some reason or other he wanted her to open the door; perhaps some one was outside, most likely a tramp. Dym's imagination did not stretch to the idea of house-breakers; she had been too long an inhabitant of the happy valley for such a notion to enter her head; but still she was all alone. There might be two tramps, perhaps, or even gypsies; she did not feel in the least disposed to open the door.

Again she attempted to coax Kelpie away; she even took hold of his collar and tried to drag him with her two hands, but it was no use; the dog only growled at her reproachfully, and broke into a dismal howl. In another moment he would arouse the house.

"There can be no harm if I slip the chain and let him run through," she thought; "it is silly of me to be so frightened; perhaps, after all, it is only Sukey, or one of her pups strayed up from the keeper's lodge." But for all that she was nervous, and bungled sadly over the bolts. She had miscalculated the distance, however; the dog, with all his efforts, could not squeeze himself through the aperture, and his bark of disappointment drove Dym's fears to the wind in the terror lest Mrs. Chichester should be alarmed. "Oh, hush, hush!" she cried, dropping the chain in desperation; she thought she could close the door quickly after him, but she had forgotten the wind. Kelpie had scarcely vanished into the darkness before a wild gust blew the door out of her hand, and drove her backward, pelting her face and dress with hailstones, and nearly lifting her off her feet.

All her strength could not have availed to close the heavy oak door; the servants slept far away, no one could hear her if she called; the lights were flaring, her hair and dress blew about wildly. All at once a low uncontrollable cry broke from her lips, and her knees trembled under her.

And why?

Because a warm human hand, groping in the darkness, suddenly touched hers; and a voice close by, speaking out of the storm and wind, said, "Don't be afraid. Kelpie knows me. I am Guy Chichester!"

"I SEE THE POINT."

By J. P. McCORD.

Two worthy farmers once fell out,
I never knew just what about;
Although in every neighbor's view,
The cause was small for such ado.
One's sheep, perhaps, had passed their bounds,
And pastured on the other's grounds;
Or one had seen the other's colt
Across his patch of melons bolt;
Or one of eggs had spoiled a nest,
Because he deemed his right the best,
While yet the other's right seemed clear,
Because his hens had cackled near.
Or may be, in some breach of laws
The quarrel had a graver cause.

One may have failed, on some pretence,
To build his share of border fence;
Or one, with sly and stealthy hand,
Had turned a brooklet on his land,
Which else to nature's course had kept,
And through his neighbor's meadow crept,
Marked where it had been wont to pass,
By tortuous streaks of greener grass.
Whatever had begun their feud,
A word might soon have changed their mood;
But either would have judged it weak
That kind and generous word to speak.
Their hatred therefore gathered strength
With every day; until, at length,
Their wisest friends would try no more
Their old relations to restore.
Then each the other blamed aloud,
And told his faults in every crowd;
Then each to slander turned his tongue,
And anger's vulgar missiles flung;
As if the cleaner one appears,
The more his neighbor he besmears.

When now, from passion's burning height,
Jones thought he saw just what was right—
Although he would have found, when cooled,
That he had been deceived, befooled—
Old Quibble's office straight he sought,
And all his wrongs before him brought,
And vowed if justice could be won
On earth, it should be surely done.
"Your cause is good," the lawyer cried,
"I dare for you at once decide."
The winds with speed dispersed the news;

Nor could John Wiggins well refuse
To stand defence. He thought, besides,
Since law for just awards provides,
That when the facts were known and bared
For him must judgment be declared;
While Jones should find, that in her school
Dame Justice scourges every fool,
With hopes like these, he spread his case
Before a lawyer's gracious face.

"It grieves me, sir," the man replied,
"That I must take the other side;
Had Jones not been before you here,
I would of course for you appear.
Yet let me say, I have a friend
Whom I am free to recommend;
In practice skilled, in law profound
As any man that walks the ground.
A note from me will guide you right,
And place this chance in proper light."
As Wiggins rose and left the place,
His thanks were radiant in his face.
When from the office well away,
He wondered what the note might say,
And chose to know; for Quibble's haste
The paper in his hand had placed
Without a seal. Perhaps he thought
One who at school was never taught
Could read no written lines at all,
Or such at least as lawyers scrawl.

"I seize my chance," the farmer said,
And, as he spoke, he stood and read;
"These geese are fat and heavy, brother;
If you pick one I will the other."
"I see the point," the man exclaimed,
With waving fist and face inflamed;
"The gain, it seems, in this affair,
Will be to those who make us bare.
Fat geese, forsooth! In vain the net
In sight of even geese is set.
Since Quibble and his learned friend
Would each his side with warmth defend,
With less regard to right and law
Than to the fees they hope to draw,
Their sordid wishes I will foil,
And with my neighbor end the broil."
If men heed not the lesson taught,
Their wisdom may be dearly bought.

"MUSINGS."

* BY THOMAS GEORGE LA MOILLE.

SOME mighty ones, with fate's sharp pen,
Make out a name:
If deeds of love, they brighten up
The scroll of fame;
If acts of hate, they darker grow
In clouds of shame.
As sure as night succeeds the day,
'Tis just as sure
Time's tireless energies proclaim,
Naught shall endure.
And Nature's forces victims all
For death procure.
Wherever our dead dust be laid
It matters not.
Who'd like to change the verdict just,

Gone and forgot?
Be it king's tomb, or soon or late,
Men plow the spot.
'Mid ocean's restless billows 'neath
The cruel foam,
On mountain steep, in prairie wide,
With kindred loam,
What reck's it unto us when fled
To our long home?
'Twould seem to sweeten welcome sleep
If when we die,
To have the wild-rose and the violet
Mark where we lie,
In peaceful waiting the loud trump
Till earth's last sky.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

med correspondent furnishes us with a number of interesting items, gathered from "The Book of Oddities," which was published in the last century; some of them are both quaint and curious:

Odd Family.—In the reign of King William the first, who lived at Ipswich, in Suffolk, a family, which was remarkable for peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the Odd Family. Every event, good or bad, happened to this family in an odd number of days of the month, and every one of them was odd in his or her person, manner and behavior. The letters of their Christian names always happened in an odd number. The husband's name was Peter, his wife's Rahab; they had seven children, all boys, named, in order, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David, Ezekiel, and the husband had but one leg, and his wife one arm. Peter was born blind of his left eye, and Roger lost his eye by accident; James had his left ear pulled off by a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand. Jonas had a stump foot, and was humpbacked; all these, except David, were reformed, and Ezekiel was six feet two inches high at nineteen. The stump-foot Jonas and the humpbacked got wives of fortune, but no girl would listen to either of the rest. The husband's hair was as black as the wife's as remarkably white, yet every one of them had red hair. The husband had the peculiar habit of falling into a deep saw-pit, where he was killed by a leath, in the year 1691, and the wife, refusing all assistance, died in five days after him. In the year 1701 he enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was wounded in twenty-three places, he recovered. Peter, Matthew, Jonas and David died at different times on the same day, in the year 1713, and Solomon and Rahab were drowned together in crossing the Thames

Sovereignties becoming mere Corporations.—The following letter from Philadelphia, to parties in Boston, is dated in February, 1791:

The Supreme Court of the United States opened here on the 1st of February. The Judges did not all attend. The only action was brought by a Foreigner, against the State of Maryland.

The writ was served upon the GOVERNOR, the Executive of the State, and upon the Attorney General. Two months are given for the State to plead. The action is maintained, one great national question settled—that is, that the several States have relinquished their SOVEREIGNTIES, and have become mere corporations, upon the establishment of the General Government. A Sovereign State can never be coerced by the laws of another government. Should this point be decided in favor of this cause against Maryland, each State in the Union may be sued by the possessor of their

public securities, and by all their creditors. As the execution will be against them as *mere corporations*, they will be issued against all the inhabitants generally; the Governor and all other citizens will be alike liable. Such offices will not be coveted; even the Constitutional privileges in the several States, against arresting *Senators and Representatives*, while the Courts are sitting, will be done away."

The Continental Congress of 1784 Searching for a Place to Assemble.—The question having come up, in 1784, where Congress should reassemble when it adjourned, the delegates from Rhode Island informed Congress that the Legislature of that State, at the February session, passed the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That the delegates of this State be, and they are hereby instructed to use their influence to obtain a recess of Congress as soon as the national business will possibly admit.

"It is further voted that the delegates of this State request that honorable body to adjourn to convene at Rhode Island in the course of next year, or as soon as may be convenient; that Congress be informed, that if the aforesaid request shall be acceded to, this State will prepare suitable buildings for their accommodation. And therefore moved,

"That on the 26th day of May next, the President adjourn this Congress until the 26th day of October next, then to meet at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and if a sufficient number of members to form a house should not then meet, that all the business before this Congress unfinished at the time of said adjournment, be referred to the United States in Congress, who shall be assembled at said Newport, on the first Monday in November next."

A motion was made and seconded, to strike out the words "then to meet at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," and afterwards, "at said Newport;" and on the question, shall those words stand? it passed in the negative, and the words were struck out.

A motion was then made and seconded, in lieu of the words struck out, to insert, "to meet at Philadelphia;" and on the question being put, it was decided in the negative.

MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA ASKED TO MAKE ADVANCES TOWARDS ERECTING BUILDINGS FOR THE RECEPTION OF CONGRESS.—A motion was then made and seconded, to postpone the further consideration of the motion under debate, in order to take up the following: "That the States of Maryland and Virginia be informed, that provided they will advance the United States — pounds, for erecting the necessary buildings for the reception of Congress at or near Georgetown at the falls of Powtomack, it shall be allowed by them in the requisitions made on them for the year — by the United States in Congress assembled," which motion was also decided in the negative.

A motion was then made and seconded, in lieu of the words struck out, to insert "Alexandria," with no better

success; when, finally, a motion to insert, in lieu of the words struck out, "to meet at Trenton, in the State of New Jersey, agreeable to their act of the 21st of October last," which was adopted.

Pictures of Washington.—In a letter, under date of July 31, 1779, from Hon. William Vernon to his son, William H. Vernon, then in France, I find the following:

"You will find a letter enclosed from Samuel King, who sends you ten miniature pictures of his Excellency General Washington, which he desires you will dispose of at three guineas apiece. I can't think they will sell for that price. He desires I would inform you to sell them for what they will fetch, and send him the proceeds in shirting linen, from one and eightpence to two and fourpence per English yard. You will employ some broker to sell them, as I don't suppose you will hawk about pictures. They are a good likeness, and not badly painted."

The writer of the above letter, William Vernon, was one of the most active supporters of the Government at the time that it was organized, and he was untiring in his efforts to found a Navy. April 19, 1777, he was selected, in connection with James Warren and John Deshon, to form a Board of Assistants to the Marine Committee, and under instructions sent to them under the signature of John Hancock, they at once organized the Eastern Department of the Naval Board, and chose Mr. Vernon as their head. They were to establish themselves at or near to Boston, and it is well known how efficient they proved, and what good service they rendered the country.

Vernon, the son, on leaving college went to Europe under the patronage of John Adams, to make himself familiar with certain articles of manufacture and trade, preparatory to settling down in business in his own country. While absent (the year prior to the date of the above letter), his father sent him a copy of Peale's Washington, made by the above-named Samuel King, which he was at liberty to present to the King or to any one on whom he saw fit to bestow it. This picture was entrusted to the care of Lafayette, and went out in the same frigate with him; the distinguished Frenchman having expressed to Mr. Vernon a desire to be bearer of a letter to his son.

Young Vernon, during his absence, made a collection of pictures, which he brought to this country, and after his death they were scattered. An account of them has already been published. The miniatures sent to him by King were probably reduced copies of the copy of Peale's Washington, and it would be interesting to know what became of them.

Samuel King was a painter of very ordinary ability; but he had the faculty of catching a likeness, and as this with many compensated for the want of other qualities, he was frequently called upon to paint the portraits of those who could afford to indulge their taste in this way. But the calls were by no means so pressing as to absorb his whole time, and as he was skilled in the manufacture of mathematical instruments, he combined the two callings, carrying them on together in a small shop on the principal street in Newport. It was while he was thus engaged that application was made to him to take two pupils, art students, who desired to learn at his hand the rudiments of drawing and painting. These two

pupils were Edward G. Malbone of Newport and Washington Allston of South Carolina. Malbone was then but sixteen, and his fellow-student was still younger; and it is interesting to know that with such slight promptings as they could have had at the hand of their early teacher, they both rose to the highest position in the profession. Malbone's miniatures have never been excelled, if they have been equaled; and we all know in what high estimation the works of Allston are held. Allston lived to a ripe old age, gaining renown through all those years; but Malbone was cut off in early manhood. He was born in 1777, and died in 1807. His finest work, "The Hours," is now owned by the Providence Athenæum, and all who see it admit that it is as lovely in conception as it is beautiful in execution.

GEORGE C. MASON.

How to Make a Model Newspaper.—The literary and mechanical ingenuity displayed in the efforts to make model newspaper are forcibly exemplified in the following from a correspondent, who says: "The enclosed enumerates stanzas describe, perhaps, an Utopian gazette. The attention is made to exhaust what the writer believes should be necessary features of a good newspaper. Great pains have been taken to make the piece *absolutely rhymeless*, and way of uniqueness, to compel its conforming, *without shadow of an error*, to the other ornamental requirements (twelve in all) of the prefatory note; at the same time, the intended sense or meaning remains intact. It is convenient for the writer to send the stanzas in print, but would of course be their first publication. If they be accepted, the Editor is requested to *nowhere alter* the language as almost every word is inserted under one or other of (twelve) working rules—not one of which rules should be broken on any account."

DESCRIPTION OF A MODEL NEWSPAPER,

DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY:

Which paper should be owned and conducted by godly men and sold at the lowest paying rate.

[As will be seen, this piece of metrical prose is in S-anapaests. The lines, however, contain several peculiarities all but the first of which need to be pointed out. (1) Every stanza is without rhyme, and (2) no rhyme is found in two contiguous stanzas taken as one. (3) In every stanza the vowel or diphthongal sound in the last accented syllable of each line, and that in the final (unaccented) syllable of each of the first and third lines, are all different; (4) neither of the two final syllables of the first line of any stanza contains the same vowel or diphthongal sound as that in the terminal syllable of the last line of the preceding stanza; (5) the same vowel or diphthongal sound does not occur in the last syllable of any two contiguous stanzas, nor (6) in the last syllable of the second line of any two such stanzas; (7), as already half stated (in 3), in the last syllable of the second line of any two contiguous pairs of lines, or final stanzas. Moreover, no emphatic monosyllable is admitted where incompatible with the rhythm; no unemphatic monosyllable is employed in an accented place; no second or fourth line—all of which of course end on the accented syllable—terminates on a secondary emphatic syllable of a word; no

word beginning with a vowel-sound comes immediately after a word ending in a vowel-sound; no word beginning with a consonant-sound comes immediately after one ending in the same consonant-sound; and, excepting nineteen necessary simple monosyllables and one echoed trisyllable, no word in the piece is used more than once.

The rigorous application of rules so minute and complex as sometimes, obviously, necessitate a recourse to forms of expression such as would scarcely be *chosen* in writing *freely* is a consideration to be kept in mind in reading these verses.]

I.—NEGATIVE.

It rejecteth contributions¹
Fav'ring wrong, untruth, or guile,
Or that countenance or wink at
Routs, the stage, or harmful sports.
It from things announced to happen
Weedeth such as fail of worth;
And from gleanings past, historic,
Purgeeth matters, lines, unsafe.
It admitteth nothing vulgar;
Doth not jest at sacred thoughts;
And ignoreth outrage, swearing,
Hazards, drink, nicotian leaf.
It inserteth not nor hints of
Spiteful or injurious words;
But, when glaring vice it noteth,
Claims for guilty pains condign.
And it barreth fiction vapid,
Frivolous, corrupt, or low;
Shutting out the same as hurtful
Both to wise and saintly walk.

II.—POSITIVE.

'Tis a sheet octavoed,—handy;
Fit in paper; impress clear;
And, regarding type-arrangement,
Excellent, attractive, spruce.
'Tis a journal prudent, sober,
Courtly, sensible, concise;
With, anon, a buoyant outbreak,
Hum'rous turn, or spice of wit.
'Tis a guest esteemed by fathers,
Matrons, children, misses, youth;
Plenteous in gainful reading,
Fireside problems, wholesome tales.
'Tis a record prized of ranchmen,
Shepherds, tillers of the soil;
And, amongst the social topics,
Giveth all the farm-hints new.
'Tis a bulletin for merchants,
Proxies,² holders bond or share;
Trusty, full, on stocks and money,
Commerce, trade, exchange, and gold.
'Tis a chronicle for workers,
Whether using head or hands,—
For collegians philosophic,
As for navvies on the rail.
'Tis a news-collector, valued
For its manifold accounts;
Gath'ring in, from thousand sources,
Numberless occurrences, deeds.

¹ Advertisements emphatically included.

² Here used for brokers, agents, &c.

'Tis a chart of useful knowledge,
And of sound affairs of taste;
With alacrity producing
All essential fancy, fact.

'Tis a leader ardent, stalworth,
In the total-abst'nence league,—
Abstinence for self-secureness,
And for sake of friend or foe.

'Tis, concerning views of statecraft,
Independent, dauntless, firm;
First, though, weighing ev'ry question
In the scales of Truth and Right.

'Tis at feud with error, falsehood,
Fraud, injustice, aught unclean;
For the common weal contending,
Void of all intent unfair.

'Tis a guardian constant, helpful,
Of the lower creatures, dumb;
Judging that Immanuel's dictate³
Loud condemneth ill to these.

'Tis a Mentor to the Christian,—
Middle-aged or young or old;
Urgent for unceasing progress,
And a faith which acts by love.

And, in chief, it has the sinner's
Highest welfare deep at heart;
Making known, as fleet his life-days,
What should bring eternal good.

WILLIAM BOYD.

Curiosities of the Olden Time.—It is fortunate for the sake of history, that there are men and women in the world who devote a large portion of their lives in searching after relics, landmarks, and the few remaining fragments belonging to the past. To them are we indebted for much that we know about those who preceded us. The character of the people, their forms and modes of worship, their civil and political life, have all been made indisputable history by joining together the various links picked up here and there, or taken from some out-of-the-way hiding-place, or remote corner of the world.

We extract the following from an entertaining and instructive article in the *Ledger*:

Our local archaeologists and historians, throughout the country, are making a commendable effort to gather relics of ancient or lost tribes, and facts connected with the early history of the country; and we are glad to learn that a number of persons in our own State are giving these subjects some attention. A few weeks ago we recorded the fact that Prof. S. S. Haldeman made a very valuable discovery in a cave near his house, of several hundred pieces of pottery, arrow heads, stone hatchets, etc., which he is now engaged in arranging and classifying, and of which some interesting details were furnished our readers in Prof. Rathvon's "Winter Excursion," printed recently. Several days ago two or three articles were found in Salisbury Township of some interest; and now Samuel Evans, Esq., of Columbia, informs us that he has some very valuable Indian relics which he procured a few days ago from Mr. Jacob Staman, of Washington Borough, all of which were found in a single grave a few yards in the rear of his dwelling. They were dug up in the fall of 1873, and consist of an iron helmet, a skull, the principal bones of the legs and arms, a large iron axe, iron hoe, an iron instrument

³ The Golden Rule.

which might have been used for a sword, and a large clay pot, broken into a number of pieces.

This is an interesting discovery and has some historical value. It is known that a powerful warlike tribe of Indians, called the Susquehannocks, had a settlement for several hundred years upon the banks of our principal river, two days' journey above the first falls in that river, and that their town was fortified by stockades to protect it from sudden attacks of the Iroquois or Five Nation Indians of New York. Captain John Smith, who ascended to the head of Chesapeake Bay in August, 1608, met a number of these Indians, of whom he gives a graphic description. He says they could turn out six hundred warriors. He locates their town on his map where Washington Borough now stands.

Evans, in his *Analysis* (2d ed., A.D. 1755), says that Bell, in the service of Maryland, at the fort (remains of which were standing in 1755), on the east side of the Susquehanna, about three miles below Wright's Ferry, "by the defeat of many hundreds, gave them a blow that they (the Five Nations) never recovered from."

The Susquehannocks, before the appearance of Captain Smith at the mouth of the river, traded with the French, and had fire-arms. A man named Claibourne established a trading-post at the mouth of the Susquehanna as early as 1631, and furnished the tribe with many articles of European manufacture. Being the most powerful tribe southeast of the Blue Ridge, their trade was very valuable, and it is presumed that Lord Baltimore sent some armed soldiers, under the command of Bell, to help the Susquehannocks to repel the Iroquois, who made frequent raids upon the weaker tribes.

Miss Barber, late of Columbia, in her valuable journal, speaks of this battle, in which Bell participated, but locates it at "Patton's Hill," just below the dam at Columbia. As to that point she is probably mistaken. The Indian town was no doubt located on Mr. Staman's farm, upon a knoll, around the base of which winds a stream of never-failing water. Upon the top of this knoll large quantities of muscle shells have been plowed up, and upon the north front great numbers of stone and iron hatchets have also been unearthed. The relics above mentioned evidently belonged to an Indian warrior who was probably killed in this battle. In the bed of the run at the east base there is a flat stone about three feet in diameter, with deep, smooth grooves, like the letters IIV. The single grooves are two feet long, the others about one foot.

This may have been a sign to designate the western boundary which divided the hunting-grounds between the Susquehannocks and a tribe located at Paxton Creek. The figure V may represent Chicques Creek, east and west branch, and the grooves to the left of it, Conoy and Conewaga Creeks, or the one at Shock's mill and Conoy.

Mr. Bender, who left Mount Joy in 1839 and took up his residence in Wisconsin, writes that when at the head of Rock River an old Indian prophet hearing that he was from the land of Penn sent for him. He styled himself the XVth Prophet in succession. He said his ancestors and predecessors in office lived upon the Susquehanna River at the mouth of Arrauqas, which according to his map is Swatara Creek. From that point one day's journey down the river in a canoe was another tribe. From his chart he described the principal creeks flowing into the Susquehanna River from the East. Chicques Creek he described accurately and stated that a battle had been fought in the angle of the east and north forks of that stream, in which seven hundred warriors were engaged. The conflict was brought on by a dispute between two tribes as to which of those branches constituted the line which separated their hunting-grounds.

As the Susquehannocks were the most powerful it is presumed that they were the conquerors, and in consequence extended their western boundary to the second principal stream west of that. It is supposed that the grooves in the

rock referred to merely designated the lines of conquests and the western boundary of their hunting-grounds.

A few years before the arrival of William Penn in America the Iroquois made a sudden attack upon the Susquehannocks and defeated them. They dispersed the nation and distributed its members among other nations and placed chiefs of other nations to rule over them. Of Ganawese Indians occupied the Susquehannock town a number of years. They were visited by William Penn in 1701, and Governor Evans in 1707. Iron bullets about an inch or an inch and a half in diameter have been found upon this bloody ground. Miss Barber says the Marylanders brought cannons with them and threw them into the river after the battle.

Mr. Thomas Masterson has a very valuable collection of stone hatchets, darts, hominy pounders, and a great variety of beads found at Washington and Conoy Creek, where Captain Smith also locates a tribe on his map in 1608, which remained until 1741.

From an esteemed correspondent we have received criticisms on the article in a late number of the *Month* under the caption of "An Expressive Epitaph," which are pleased to make room for; also an interesting and curious epitaph written by Miss Gould herself:

In the March number of your magazine, I noticed a reference to Miss Hannah F. Gould's epitaphs written upon the character of people then living. I am fortunate enough to have in my possession a copy of these epitaphs, written about the very time they were made, by Mr. Cushing for my aunt, Miss T., of Salem, now deceased, whose youth was a frequent visitor to Newburyport, and was acquainted with many of the gentlemen whose peculiarities of character were taken off by Miss Gould. It is noted that the epitaph upon Miss Gould, as ascribed by your correspondent to Mr. Cushing, is in this collection of which is in Mr. Cushing's own handwriting, ascribed to Ebenezer Bailey. As there are some slight verbal differences I venture to transcribe my copy, thus:

"Here lies one whose wit
Without wounding could hit,
And green grow the grave that's above her;
She has sent every beau
To the regions below,
And now she's gone there for a lover."

So, too, the epitaph upon Mr. Cushing is, as written in your collection, somewhat better than your correspondent's:

"Lie aside, all ye dead,
For in the next bed
Reposes the ashes of Cushing;
He has crowded his way
Through the world, as they say,
And perhaps even here he'll be pushing."

You may be interested enough in the subject to publish the epitaph on Miss Gould written by herself. It is as follows:

"Now Hannah has done
With her rhyming and fun;
When her course from the world she was shaping
The bells would not toll
For so little a soul,
From so mighty a body escaping."

In this collection of mine I find thirty-one epitaphs, including the two on Miss Gould.

HENRY T. WAY

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

The Outlook.—In public and private circles the leader in conversation bears directly upon the "outlook." "How is business?" "What are the prospects?" "How do you account for such general depression?" are questions of our everyday life, and questions too that concern us all. The responses which they evoke are in the main very unsatisfactory, not because they always give us the truth, but chiefly for the reason that they are hedged in and protected with so many contingencies, ifs or ands, that we gather but little light from them. In the main, however, they compel us to see that a cloud still hovers near most all forms of business industry, and that, like Micawber, most everybody is daily expecting "something to turn up." Some few are endeavoring to turn up something for themselves, and though they find it as going against the grain, they have the satisfaction of some reward, if it be not up to their expectations. These few are worthy of imitating, if not in kind, at least in spirit. It is only by a general striking out with capital, talent and labor that we can hasten a revival of business. There are too many weak-kneed and vacillating in the market to ever turn the tide to a rising one. And various causes are assigned for such timidity and lack of nerve, and these causes are widely at variance with each other. While we concede that different agencies effect, in a measure, diametrically opposite branches of business, the great underlying cause of the stagnation of trade is mainly traceable to the general shrinkage of that well-known factor, Faith. The relaxation of this element contracts human ambition, curtails the energy and thrift of any nation or people. To lessen the faith, either in the individual or collective body, is to extract the very sap from the tree of life. The great achievements in the world's history, on land or sea, in times of peace or those of war, never would have been wrought were it not for the factor of faith. It is this that opens the purse of the capitalist and sets labor at work, the mill-wheels in motion, the ships of commerce afloat, and the engines of human thought, ingenuity, industry and enterprise revolving. There are many, however, who regard our present business status as an inevitable result growing out of the late war, and that the inflated condition of everything our internecine struggle produced. From this basis, it is argued that better times will not appear until the great incubus, the public debt, is removed, or at least reduced to a minimum figure. On the same line it is held that no marked improvement will take place until we resume specie payments.

At a first glance there seems considerable logic in these views, especially in that which charges the war with the responsibilities. If we will bring to mind the fact, so potent to all posted on current events, that the spirit of recklessness, wild speculation, scheming and dishonesty made more rapid strides during the war, and subsequent to it, than it ever had made since we have been a nation, we are forced to conclude that just in proportion as the war gave room and opportunity for the growth of dishonesty, in just that ratio has faith among the people shrunk, and business, one of its legitimate offsprings, been crippled.

The public debt certainly has but little to do with the subject. Indeed, it has been considered by some political economist that "a public debt is a national blessing," on the ground that for every dollar of stock held by the individual citizen, just so far he is financially interested in the promotion of the government's welfare and its perpetuity.

Resumption of specie payments will most certainly not bring relief. Gold has been way down to about 1.04½, the lowest since the war, and yet the tide of business did not set in. The approximation towards a gold basis gives no signs that resumption will cure the disease so widespread. The mercantile, manufacturing, shipping and general business interests appear to be afflicted with a sort of hypo or hypochondria, business men not exactly knowing what is the matter. To them we say, "be of good cheer," the day is breaking. There are evidences of brighter skies and a purer atmosphere. The crop of dead-sea apples which turn to ashes, is about exhausted, and a higher tone of morality and stricter probity gradually are coming to the front. With the increase of personal integrity in business and social affairs, there must come a restoration of faith and better times.

In harmony with our views are the following taken from Leslie's Weekly:

"As the curtain now lifts, and we look about us to see how we stand, the prospect is most encouraging. We are already close upon the great desideratum of commerce—the actual resumption of specie payments. Gold has reached a lower point than at any time since our fractional paper currency was first put on the market. Silver has quietly taken its place as the medium for small change, without any disturbance to existing values. Our Government securities command high premiums and low rates of interest, and at the same time stand firm at home and abroad. Even the counting-in of a Republican Presidential candidate has caused no disturbance to stocks, and there has not been the slightest symptom of anything like a financial panic. It is evident that the misgivings of business men have been set at rest. In the belief that the policy of the new Administration will be conservative, that no step backward will be taken in the matter of resuming specie payments, that the business affairs of the country will not be retarded by political complications, our bankers, merchants, manufacturers and capitalists are practically unanimous in looking for a general revival of trade. To have reached this declaration of opinion is a great point gained. The hard times superinduced by the panic of 1873 have been prolonged by a general want of faith in the country's powers of recuperation. Men have talked so gloomily to one another, that even the boldest of operators have not had heart to embark in any new enterprises. It has needed but the good strong words of encouragement that men are now speaking to one another in order to change the dull outlook and set the wheels of activity again in motion.

Looking now at the present condition of business affairs in detail, we find that the balance of trade is heavily in our favor. Our exports to foreign countries are large and steadily increasing. Not only are we now sending provisions abroad, but considerable quantities of our manufactures, thus competing successfully with the labor market of Europe. While such staples as grain, cotton and tobacco continue to be called for in large quantities, shippers of such articles as

cheese and butter are amazed at the demand from foreign ports. Meanwhile the volume of imports is decreasing. Our people are discovering that American cloths, prints, carpets, silks, and other articles of domestic make, are quite as elegant and durable as any that Europe can furnish. Previous to the panic our manufacturing centres had been multiplying production without regard to demand, and had accumulated an immense surplus stock of goods. This had greatly diminished during the past three years, many factories and mills having been closed for long intervals. People, meanwhile, have economized at home. Now the demand is again growing, and the faces of manufacturers are brightening at the prospect. Already, at the first signs of a restoration of commercial confidence, furnaces, foundries and mills announce that they are reopening, or preparing to run on full time, and the consumption of goods of every description will be perceptibly increased. This will bring capital to the front, looking for investment. There has been no dearth of money recently, but it has been extremely cautious. Men have preferred to let their thousands lie idle rather than invest them where they might readily be jeopardized. Now they will seek to multiply their means by its judicious employment in the support of new industries, in the erection of new buildings, in pushing new railway extensions, and in other enterprises necessitating the use of large bodies of laborers. By this means the retailer will be made to feel the benefit of an increased and widespread circulation of money, and the country will realize how much of its prosperity consists in having everybody at work, and in the rapid passage of small sums of money from hand to hand—for the wealth of a nation does not consist in the accumulations of capital, but in the active employment of the means its trade can command."

Civil Law to Govern the Nation.—As predicted, the President is moving in the straight line of duty and patriotism—seeing only the *whole* country—knowing no one State or section more than another. Parties should cease with an Executive when the oath of office is taken, for then fidelity to the highest and best interest of the entire nation ought to stand paramount to all other considerations. What measure will secure the best result, not in a partisan sense, but in the broadest sense, to the whole people in all their varied relations? What act will produce the greatest concord and peace between all the States? What men will best represent the will of the majority? What principles are most in consonance with law and equity? What policy will give the greatest impetus to the wheels of industry? In a word, what will best give health to the great national body and mind, restore confidence, put capital now idle, labor now waiting, in wholesome circulation throughout the entire Union? These are the questions for the chief Executive to weigh, decide and act upon.

As the representative of the intelligence and wisdom of the whole people, his views and measures should be liberal and comprehensive. We recognize clearly these elements in the adjustment of the difficulties of both South Carolina and Louisiana. If the war be over, military rule should take the *back-ground* for its dominion. Civil law is entitled by the Constitution to the right of *front* in time of peace. These two facts the President plainly sees in both the spirit and letter of the great Charter of our liberties; and acting upon this knowledge, how easy to solve the problems connected with the two States referred to.

The citizens of South Carolina not only, but a large

majority of the whole voting population, ratify the Hampton position as Governor of that State; believe that he will best subserve the interest of white and black races, sustained as he is by the firm moral support of both.

Home rule in Louisiana is also to be reestablished; military rule retire to quiet quarters. The following communications explain themselves, while they at time mark the dawn of a brighter era for the large:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, A

SIR:—Prior to my entering upon the duties of the Presidency there had been stationed, by order of my predecessor, in the immediate vicinity of the building used as a House in New Orleans, Louisiana, and known as the M Institute, a detachment of United States infantry. I have thought proper to delay the removal of them in that place, I have thought proper to delay the question of their removal until I could determine whether the condition of affairs is now such as to require or justify continued military intervention on the part of the national government in the affairs of the State. In my opinion there does not now exist in Louisiana such a condition of violence as is contemplated by the Constitution as the basis upon which the military power of the national government may be invoked for the defence of the State. The only claims which exist as to the right of certain claimants to the executive office of that State are to be settled and determined, not by the Executive of the United States, but by such orderly and peaceable methods as may be prescribed by the Constitution and the laws of the State. Having the assurance that no resort to violence is contemplated, that, on the contrary, the disputes in question are to be settled by peaceful method under and in accordance with the law, I deem it proper to take action in accordance with the principles announced when I entered upon the duties of the Presidency. You are therefore directed to see that proper orders are issued for the removal of said troops at an early date from their present position to such regular place in the vicinity as may be selected for their occupation.

R. B. I

To Hon. George W. McCrary, Secretary of War

The Secretary of War, after the adjournment of the Cabinet, addressed the following letter to General Sherman.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, A

Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, Commanding United States

GENERAL:—I have the honor to enclose herewith a communication from the President of the United States in which he directs that the detachment of the United States troops now stationed in the vicinity of the M Institute, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, be withdrawn to such convenient barracks as may be selected for their occupation. You are hereby charged with the execution of this order, and will cause the withdrawal to take place on Tuesday next, the 24th of April, at 12 o'clock meridian. Very respectfully, your obedient servant

GEORGE W. MCCRARY, Secretary of War

As was clearly indicated in a former number of the MONTHLY, on the promulgation of the above order, and the consequent support of the military ceasing, the morale of Packard became demoralized, and Nichols's force correspondingly strengthened and encouraged. Let us hope that we have heard the last of such contentions. From now onward, it will be the aim of all, irrespective of party, to cultivate a better fraternal feeling among the different races, to the end that happiness and prosperity be vouchsafed to us and our Southern brethren, once again in peace with us!

War in Europe.—At this writing all the signs point to war at an early day in Europe. Russia has at last put her views in decided language, and if needs be invokes the onset of battle, declaring that she designs to take possession of and hold Roumania as a material guarantee for the required reforms; and she will ask other European Powers to unite in the occupation of Bulgaria. Prince Charles of Roumania has received a copy of a Russian manifesto, which embodies the following declaration:

"Whereas every endeavor by the Emperor of Russia to preserve peace has failed, owing to the stubbornness of the Porte, while the condition of the Christians in the East is unimproved, their lives and property being menaced; therefore his Majesty, in the name of humanity and in the full consciousness of his sovereign duties as the natural protector of the Slavonian nations in the East, has been compelled to resolve on obtaining by force of arms such guarantees for his distressed fellow-believers on Turkish soil as appear absolutely necessary for securing their future welfare."

From all information gathered it is not among the improbabilities that ere this meets the eye of the reader, the actual march of hostile forces will have already begun. It is reported from Constantinople that "Turkey is dismayed at the prospects of imminent war, and would gladly listen to proposals for a pacific arrangement, if it were not too late."

Owing to the complicated interests which a war between Russia and Turkey would imperil, it is not easy to see how England, Austria, Spain, Hungary and Italy, and indeed all the representative powers of Europe, can abstain from taking a hand in the struggle without yielding either some rights or lowering their dignity. The commercial and financial interlacings between these powers would be seriously disturbed regarded from any point of view. Let us hope, therefore, that such concessions will be made by both powers at issue as shall avert the terrible carnage which would follow such a gigantic clash of arms. War only consumes the wealth and best blood of any people; it never enriches except by invasion and conquest of other territory, and even then it rarely leaves any nation as well off at the end as at the commencement of the encounter. The terrible train of calamities which follow in its wake—widows, orphans, poverty and desolation—calls for the prayers of all Christian people to stay the red hand of war, and grant in its stead the spirit of brotherhood, peace and tranquility.

If war, however, cannot be averted by concessions or compromises, we can only wish the God of battles to speed the right. In a commercial sense, such a war would certainly benefit the United States. We should have a great demand for not only grain and flour, but would be called on to supply many other necessities of life in an increased ratio. Not only these, but other varied articles of barter and exchange which would set the wheels of industry to revolving, give life to the now silent mills and factories, and a general hum to business on this side of the Atlantic. As the misfortune of one individual or more goes usually to benefit some one else, so war while it destroys on the one hand, builds up and gives renewed activities to those not within its circles. While the iron hoof is almost heard across the waters, we are rejoiced to record a peaceful and prosperous outlook in all the States of the Union.

Hereditary Power.—Every true American citizen must have blushed with shame on seeing the remarkable claim to hereditary power so practically illustrated recently by the Cameron family. The senior Cameron in the United States Senate, by his act says: "This is no representative government; it is all bosh to say that our legislators, heads of departments, members of the cabinet, and rulers, are the choice of the people; the best political tactician, boldest and most ingenuous pleader, and the one with the longest purse, will ever hold the reins, and the masses will submit to the harness to which they are getting so much accustomed." And the successful carrying out of this doctrine seems to prove that the ex-Senator is not far astray. The junior Don Cameron, when scarcely relieved from the duties of Secretary of War, is apparently just as easily planted in the father's Senatorial chair by a move on the political chess-board, as a son is made to succeed the old man in the management of any ordinary business. The people, who should be the sovereigns, are not consulted—simply the desired signal is given to those who are holding the places of legislators at Harrisburg, and the little thing is accomplished. True, there were found a few State representatives who battled manfully against the *order*; but the requisite number came to time when the roll was called, and the hereditary power of the Cameron family became established. And why not? If *right* be the measure of *might*, should we not yield, and cheerfully too, to the powers that be? If the power conveyed by the Constitution to the people is null and void, why raise a protest against the new order of things? Somebody must make our laws; some one must give advice to the President, or be at the head of the great bureaus at Washington, and why not a Cameron as well as anybody else? Then, to make the matter more complete, why not recognize the right and power of all others in our State and national halls to have their sons succeed them, as their hereditary right and God-given privilege? This would save a vast amount of political strife and contention. Torches, banners, parades, all the expenses and paraphernalia incident to office-seeking and money-getting would be done away with. The talent and eloquence used in political campaigns could be diverted to temperance, education and morality.

Thus reason the advocates of all monarchical governments. The soothing powder always precedes the slumber. It is administered, too, in a sort of homoeopathic doses, not like it to permanently alleviate, but rather to deaden by gradual process, like opiates, all the higher and better elements in the great system of government. If the Cameron dose does not agitate or convulse the patient too much the next prescription can be made a little stronger, until the subject loses sufficient vitality to prepare him for a sort of negative acquiescence to the new manifestations of power.

The advances upon the rights of the people are made only by degrees, so as to make the shock slight and resistance small. They are, nevertheless, steps made not to the music of the Union, nor for the enlargement of individual liberty.

We fear not for the safety of the republic; but it is well that every patriot should be on his guard to crush all efforts calculated to foster caste, aristocracy or imperialism. The blessings of political and religious freedom can only be transmitted to our children unimpaired, by sacredly watching

the train of events as it passes before us, and by stamping the seal of condemnation on all that militates against "the greatest good to the greatest number."

Christian Missions among the Jews.—The Rev. Josiah Miller, Secretary of the London City Mission, says that among the 5,000,000 Jews in Europe Christian missions employ only about 220 agents, with an annual expenditure of £67,000.

"Modern Protestant Christian Missions to the Jews began with the Society, which afterward divided into two parts—the larger, the 'London Society,' having at the present time an annual income of about £37,000 and 118 agents; the smaller, the 'British Society,' with 27 agents and an annual income of about £8,000. In addition to these, there is the mission of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, that of the Presbyterian Church in England, and that of the United Presbyterian Church in England. There are also several small societies on the Continent and two very small ones in America. The London City Mission aids in the work, and there is some useful work due to individual Christian enterprise. London, with 30,000 Jews, has twelve missionaries; Warsaw, with 90,000 Jews, has only two or three missionaries; and large towns in Austria, Roumania, and Russia, with from 20,000 to 50,000 Jews each, have but one missionary each, and in some cases are wholly without Protestant teaching. The countries with large Jewish populations, and especially destitute of missionary efforts at present, are America, where the Jews are increasing in numbers rapidly; Northern Africa, and especially Morocco, and Arabia; and above all, Russia."

Mr. Miller is not able to point to any very remarkable instances of success. In Rome, where a mission has existed every year and been "conducted with zeal and ability," there is not yet a single convert. Perhaps the most successful work has been done in London, where there have been 1,395 baptisms.

Sunday-School Congress.—At the recent anniversary of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-School Union, in Cincinnati, Dr. Vincent, Corresponding Secretary, made the following report: Number of Sunday-schools in the Methodist Episcopal Church, 19,379—increase during the year, 273 officers and teachers, 209,623—increase, 3,010; scholars, 1,441,959—increase, 43,028; conversions, 98,554—increase, 23,392; maximum circulation of the *Sunday-School Journal*, 115,000; *Sunday-School Advocates*, 305,000; *Normal Class*, 2,000; picture lesson paper, 125,000; *Berean Quarterly*, 7,000; *Berean Leaf*, 1,200,000; the *Church Teacher*, 40,000; the *Five Years*, 36,000; number of bound volumes of text-books, 90,933; number of bound volumes in libraries, 133,926; whole number of pages published, 157,615,200. The first Sunday-School Congress was held in connection with the anniversary. All that was done, so far as appears from the report of it, was the asking and answering of the question, "Why is it desirable to hold throughout the country a series of Methodist Episcopal Sunday-School Congresses?" The answers were: "To concentrate our forces; to educate our people in the work of our churches; to bring forward the best ideas of our people; to secure our young people to the Church, when converted; to secure practical reports of our Sunday-school work, greater unity between the congregation and Sunday-school; to promote the study of the Church discipline on the part of pastors, Sunday-school superintendents, and presiding elders."

Rochester Theological Seminary.—The following statistical items concerning Rochester Theological Seminary: Students who have completed a full course of Seminary, 307; students who have taken a part of the Seminary, 131; total number who have up to time pursued studies in the German Department, 61; now living, not including undergraduates who have been pastors of churches, 429; engaged in work, 286; presidents or professors of colleges and seminaries, 34; foreign missionaries, 25; home missionaries, 22; secretaries or agents of benevolent societies, 15; superintendents or principals of schools 15; chaplains, 10.

Evangelical Work in Constantinople.—There are seventeen places of Evangelical worship in Constantinople and its suburbs. Christian work is carried on by the American and British and Foreign Bible Societies, the Board, the Free Church of Scotland (among the Presbyterians), the Established Church of Scotland (among the Presbyterians), the London Jewish Society, and the (Anglican) Church of England Society. There are six educational institutions; two are American. The Bible Societies issued in 1880, Scriptures, in whole and in part in twenty languages.

Dartmouth College.—The Dartmouth faculty report that the result of the new plan of admitting students without any examination is working even better than anticipated. It makes the first three months of the year a virtual examination, and it is thought that the effect of being dropped at the end of that time has had a beneficial effect in increasing the studiousness of the freshmen.

Among the graduates of Dartmouth there have been 1 Judges, 15 United States Senators, 61 Congressmen, 1 Cabinet Officer, 4 Foreign Ambassadors, 1 General, 14 Governors of States, 1 Governor of a Territory, 25 College Presidents, and 24 Professors in other institutions.

Oxford University has an annual income of £1,200,000; a library of 520,000 volumes, and 1,300 undergraduates.

The Friends' Mission in Burmah.—The Friends' Mission in Burmah, completing a large and convenient building, and the mission is reported to be prospering.

German Universities.—Six Universities have more than one thousand students each. Berlin take the lead, having respectively 2,731 students. In the twenty-one Universities of the country there are 17,143 students and 1,827 teachers. The number of Protestant theological students is as follows: 1 Tübingen, 260; Halle, 190; Erlangen, 196; Heidelberg, 9.

Extra Session of Congress.—The day for an extra session of Congress has been fixed for June. This late date was fixed so as to have the session as short a session as possible, and so that the President give the President ample time to get his running order to assist the onslaught on the reform policy, which is expected as soon as Congress meets.

LITERATURE AND ART.

The History of Bucks County, Pennsylvania. By W. W. H. DAVIS, A.M. 8vo, 930 pages. Published by Democrat Office, Doylestown, Pennsylvania.

This volume, inscribed to the Hon. Henry Chapman, a descendant of John Chapman, the first settler north of Newtown, Pennsylvania, comes to us bound in very attractive form, green cloth, and in matter replete, giving the history of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, from the discovery of the Delaware to the present time. The author in this book has added materially to the general stock of historical knowledge, and we might add that his labors to bring forth this publication will, in our opinion, be recognized and appreciated long after a number of his other works shall have succumbed to the shocks of time.

In his preface, the author says: "The writing of the 'History of Bucks County' has been more a 'labor of love,' than of gain; it was undertaken from a desire to preserve interesting facts connected with its settlement and history, that in a few years would have been lost forever; and no reasonable compensation would reward us for the seven years' labor bestowed upon it. We labored under many difficulties. Its story had never been written, and the material, in a great measure, had to be first gathered in isolated facts, and then woven into the thread of history."

The scope of the book is so broad, and the subjects all treated so exhaustively that we can hardly in a brief like this do the matter justice. It will suffice us to say that the settlement, growth and development of all the moral and material interests of the people and County are separately and collectively examined, weighed and discussed in their past, present and prospective future bearings. The horticultural, agricultural, garden, farm and forest values are carefully observed. The feathered tribe also get a favorable notice from the author. Maps and illustrations give increased attractiveness to the excellent typographical work of the printers.

American Journal of Numismatics and Archæological Societies. Published by the Boston Numismatic Society.

The April number of the Quarterly furnishes a fund of information on "The Coins and Currency of Modern Greece," by Fisk P. Brewer, late United States Consul at Piræus, Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of South Carolina. The Masonic medals can scarcely fail to interest members of the Order.

Twenty-second Annual Report of the Board of Controllers and the Third Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools of Allegheny City, Pennsylvania.

Mr. John Davis, Superintendent of the above schools, favors us with a copy of his report for the year ending 1876. From it we glean these facts: That the number of pupils enrolled for the year was 9,129, an increase over preceding year of 319; the cost of tuition per pupil is increased from \$14.75 to \$15.34 per annum. In this report, Mr. Davis says, "the

best and most useful citizens are, as a rule, the best educated," to which we can readily agree. "If the mind and heart are properly trained and educated in early life, there is certainly less risk of depraved manhood," is also a truth too easily demonstrated to dispute. The question, however, comes up, What is meant by *properly trained*? While we do not doubt that the schools of Allegheny City will compare favorably with schools elsewhere, we are very far from admitting that our free schools train or educate properly for the great duties of life. They move in that direction, and accomplish much good, but that they sadly fail in turning out young men and young women fully equipped for fighting successfully the battles of life, is too potent to the seeing eye and thinking mind to admit of dispute. [See article on "Education and Tact" in this number].

Magazine of American History, with Notes and Queries. JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS, Editor. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers.

This monthly periodical is now before us; as we turn its leaves over we are impressed with the idea that editor and publishers are awake to the subjects which its title includes, and that they propose to give to the lovers of American History reliable matter and typographical work of the first order, and on a superb quality of paper, too. The April number opens with "The First Sea Fight of the Revolution," by Foxhall A. Parker; followed by "Massacre at Falling Creek, Virginia," and other subjects of note and interest to the general reader and student. In aim, form and size the publication is similar to the "American Historical Record," published by John E. Potter & Co., and which was started in 1872, under the editorial management of Benson J. Lossing; now merged into POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY. We congratulate Mr. Stevens and Messrs. Barnes & Co. on their auspicious beginning with their magazine, and extend the hope that it may find many friends and subscribers. The position and influence of the editor and the well-known character of the house should greatly favor its success. As librarian of the New York Historical Society a liberal patronage should come to Mr. Stevens from that organization, and the very large circle outside which its more active members can reach and influence. Such a publication merits success; but experience has shown that to firmly establish such a magazine, devoted to a specialty, is rather up-hill work. There are too many negative characters in the country, and too few really positive, to make the reward for such labor and talent as this periodical must employ fully commensurate with either. We, nevertheless, trust that this monthly will be sustained, and it certainly will always find a welcome to our editorial sanctum.

Centennial History of Licking County, Ohio. By ISAAC SMUCKER. Newark, Ohio: Clark & Underwood, Printers.

As its name purports, this book (16mo, 80 pages, cloth) gives in condensed form the history of Licking County. The style is vigorous and entertaining while dealing with the dry

facts relative to the date of settlement, character of the pioneers, etc., to this now prosperous part of Ohio's domain. "Less than a century ago, the County had no existence as an organized community," says the author. It now blossoms with churches, school-houses, and all the higher evidences of civilization. These "Centennial Histories" of Towns and Counties are always hailed with satisfaction, as they add very materially to the stock of our nation's history; much material which might be lost is gathered in this way, and preserved in compact form for the information and guidance of those who come after us.

First Principles, and Art's Domain.

—That place, person or thing from which or whom emanates power in any of its multifarious forms, we generally consider as the fountain-head, provided it be the primary source or represent the original or First Principles. From this definition we are literally led to the conclusion that there are just as many, neither more nor less, *original* sources of power as nature and human thought and ingenuity have supplied. For instance, we have the fountains of natural light and artificial light; natural darkness and artificial darkness; natural beauty and artificial beauty. So do we see evidences of natural taste and cultivated taste, mental and physical; and throughout the whole circle of natural and organized forces we can easily trace back to one or two kinds of causes, natural or artificial. The stream may appear but a silver thread at its source, still it represents just as completely as if a mighty river, **FIRST PRINCIPLES**; and these belong to either one or the other of the two chief sources of power. It is indeed remarkable, when we group all the fountain-heads together, to see how few there are compared with the almost countless number of claimed *original* springs or powers. In the field of Literature perhaps no less than in those of Science, Art and Education, do we find a hundred imitators and copyists where we discover one creative source or fountain-head. There never lived but one Michael Angelo in the temple of

Art; but one John Bunyan was ever cast into prison; one Tom Moore to give the world such melodies; only Isaac Newton in the field of Astronomy; and as an old teacher, but one Pestalozzi, each in his order and in his Elocution points also to few with the native fires of a Patrick Henry and a Louis Kossuth. And how refreshing to be able to drink at and from the *pure* fountain-head. There we find that no adulteration has taken place; that we are gathering the true sap from the original vine, and fruit from the native tree, to replenish exhausted nature and impart a newness of life to the thirsty mind or wearied body.



JACOB'S WELL.

Still we should undervalue the benefits conferred upon mankind through the agencies of imitators and those who have brought to the world the fruits of *acquired* wisdom, no matter from what channels or where drawn. Compare the many, there probably always, but a few spirits of great or distinguished thought; but few possessed of such independent springs as to bewilder almost the multitude with their greatness of characters which stand up above the host like glittering star constellations. The brilliant men and women, while the orbits of the first magnitude having orbits that in broader sphere of usefulness, have failed, and will do less so continue to fail till the end of time, to perform offices or duties which devolve upon characters

of less magnitude. Both might be compared to major and minor keys of a great organ, each indispensable to the other in the production of complete, delicate, lofty, soft and grand vibrations, such as charm, instruct and elevate the human race.

These observations prepare us for the subject in mind, **DOMAIN OF ART.** In the May number we gave a view of the "Domain of Literature" to show that mainly through Literature, does the great river of human history flow. We have perceived that the ear and eye bring to us such knowledge only as comes within the province of our individual travels and experience. And how limited that is with a



From the Superb Frescoes of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, Rome.

of us! The pure and never-failing streams, in most cases, reach the mind and heart through what we read, rather than what we see. Were we to confine ourselves to the wisdom which our own lives furnish, it would scarcely do to pilot others safely through life's boisterous sea. It is only by gathering the wisdom exhibited in many lives, widely scattered, and with diversified climates and surroundings, that we can construct a chart safe and sure as a guide for other voyagers. We must be able to draw continually from the great fountains of human experience and wisdom.

The domain of Art is so closely allied to that of Literature that when we come to reach the summit of one we are brought face to face with the other. Art is not confined to the oiled canvas, the frescoed ceiling, the engraver's block, or the sculptured marble; nor are the easel, pencil, brush, paint and chisel its only tools. Its domain and its subjects reach out and take in, like Literature, the various phases of human life. Art gives us representatives of both the real and the ideal, as they appear to the eye, the mind, or heart. As it approximates perfection, it transfers almost life to the canvas; nay, more, by the magic touch of the true artist, Art is made to disappear, and nature itself to speak with silent power. As in Literature we see the emotions which move and control mankind, so in Art we witness the very impulses which are the springs of action. To both can we go for instruction, and if each be true to itself there may we drink from the almost exhaustless fountains. Towards them in all ages have flocked the lovers of the true and the beautiful, just as the pilgrims of old directed their footsteps to the fountains of Love and Holiness, that they might quench their thirst, as we see in our illustration the maiden, child and dumb satiating their long desire at Jacob's Well, with the "pure and sparkling water." Thus it is the world over—at the shrines of Art, the palaces of fashion, halls of learning, edifices of worship—humanity draws from the wells of human knowledge.

A single work of Art calls into play not only knowledge, wisdom, and experience, but what might perhaps be named inspiration. A masterpiece may also have required the greater portion of a lifetime to conceive, plan and execute; and with the artist's triumph over all obstacles, and justly-won glory in his profession, the shaft of envy may, as it not unfrequently does, mar the monument of his skill. As appropriate to this subject and place, our readers may appreciate a brief

HISTORY OF A PICTURE.

Two of the most celebrated artists the world has ever known dwelt in the same city. One delighted in delineating beauty in all its graces of tint, form and motion. His portraits were instinct with the charm of physical vigor. The graceful, half-voluptuous outlines of form and feature harmonized with delicately blended tints. On his canvas, the homeliest faces had an almost irresistible charm. The other found pleasure only in depicting weird and gloomy subjects. Above all, did he excel in painting the portraits of the dying. The agonizing death-throe, the ghastly face and form, were all depicted with marvelous fidelity. There existed between these artists the most intense dislike. At length this dislike culminated. The beauty-loving artist had been engaged in painting the portrait of a beautiful woman. Connoisseurs pronounced it the most wonderful piece of art that had ever been produced. His brother artist was jealous of his fame and sought revenge. By bribing the keeper of the studio he gained access to the picture each night. At first he was content to only deaden the brilliancy of the complexion and eyes, efface the bloom from the cheek and lip, and paint a shadow on either cheek. Later, his strokes grew bolder and freer, and one morning the artist awoke to find the entire outline of the portrait changed. He could scarcely recognize in the emaciated form and haggard countenance the glowing conception he had embodied. The pallid face and expressionless eyes he had attributed to a lack of genuineness in his materials; but when the outlines were changed he suspected the cause and indignantly dismissed the keeper. What the revengeful artist marred by a few rapid strokes of his skillful brush was only restored by years of patient industry.



From the Superb Frescoes of Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel, Rome.

Impure Literature.—Would that these fountains were always pure; but then we should realize more than ought to be expected from erring human nature. The steady increase of impure literature is, however, a just cause for alarm. With the rose we find the thorn; but the latter is not essential in the reading matter of the day. Still one would think on seeing the extensive traffic in poisonous circulars, stories and books, that the tastes of the young, and in many instances of those older, were becoming more and more depraved. This we do not believe, while we at the same time see the growth of such publications, and are not blind to their evil influences. The mind and heart of the boy or girl are very susceptible of any sort of influence, and so long as such traffic *pays*, it will prosper, and our children's morals are endangered. Our hope lies in wholesome ordinances and laws, rigidly enforced, for the suppression of everything calculated to corrupt the pure stream of literature.

If asked to what class of publications we specially refer, we would say that we mean the flashing newspapers and cheap novels which are offered for sale to half-grown boys and girls by their vendors, or thrust gratuitously into their hands as they pass, with the certainty that they will buy the succeeding number. Very few girls and fewer boys, unless they have been forewarned, can resist the tempting dramatic

pictures of kneeling women, with streaming hair, brave-armed to the teeth, etc. The open chapter seems harmless enough, and the boy or girl, reared most probably in a refined and Christian home, plunges unchecked into this offal of kitchen literature. Without being actually obscene, these magazines suggest a great deal that is wrong. The views of life they present are those taken from the grog-shop and gambling saloon; their very atmosphere is crime. A boy who would be simply disgusted by the open vice in publications which the law prohibits, accepts the concealed poison in these without suspicion. When we read of murderers of fourteen years old, of burglars of nine, of delicately reared girls in the first bloom of innocent youth leaving their homes and coming to this city in the mad desire for adventure, to be rescued on the very verge of ruin, we can trace the motive cause in most cases to these publications or their dramatization on the boards of variety theatres. Even the best class of juvenile literature belonging to the present day there is too much of fever and unrest. The child's brain, crammed and forced at school, is still further heated by tales of wild adventure or fantastic improbability. And if our best juvenile literature is thus open to criticism, what is to be said of the worst? In the morality of youth rest our hopes for the nation.

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

The Human Voice on the Wings of Electricity.—Franklin when bottling the electric fluid little dreamed that it was so soon to be made one of the greatest agents in modern times to draw the extremes of the world together; and Morse, though he utilized the idea caught up by Franklin, could see but faintly where his wonderful invention would lead to, and no doubt never thought that the time was so near when *sound* would travel, not only as *signs* of letters, but the *actual human voice* would travel on the lightning's wings. Marvelous indeed are the results of human ingenuity and power. In the little toy so familiar to the school-boy, connecting with a single cord or string, to mouth or ear tubes of funnel shape, was the principle or germ out of which the scientific minds of the age were to bring wonders scarcely less strange, and perhaps none the less of utilitarian value than the Magnetic Telegraph itself.

The Telephone enables us not only "to take the wings of the morning" and soar abroad, but it allows us to remain where fancy or interest suggests, and from such chosen location it permits us to converse with those distant from us, on business, love or matrimony. Nay, more, it affords us all the delights and charms of music though the heart and head, or hand and key be located in the remote city or hamlet. The magic touch, and what at periods appears to be methodical frenzy, when the soul is inspired, while at the far-off piano, are transmitted with all their enrapturing sweetness and power. "Home, Sweet Home," and other favorite words are made to echo and reëcho as it were across hill, mountain and stream. Who can measure man's achievements?

In the good quiet city of Philadelphia, we have recently

had an exhibition of the Telephone, and from the following interesting report, we extract the following:

"Philadelphia began by working the keys for New York to hear. Now New York has its turn at the silent end of the line, and Professor Boscovitz played recently in metropolis for an audience in the Academy to hear. Professor Elisha Gray was introduced by Professor Barker, the University of Pennsylvania, and, after a few words of introduction, the receiving instrument was raised and placed upon the piano. It appeared to be nothing but six wooden boxes, of different lengths, open at the ends, diminishing from the extremes toward the centre, set up in a row and connected by a wooden strip running through their middles. To this two telegraph wires passing through the dressing-room were attached. A battery placed in the little room at the left of the stage, and a little operating table close to the side entrance sat Robinson, the manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, who was to act as prompter to tell Mr. Boscovitz when to play.

Everything was soon in readiness; Professor Gray nodded his head, and a little ticking was heard all over the house. Intensely quiet were the audience, and at once the open notes of 'Home, Sweet Home' were heard. The sound was unquestionably a surprise to the audience; it was so sweet as well as distinct, and loud enough to be heard in the corridor with the doors closed. The sound of the low notes was very much like that of a oboe or a bassoon, quite as sweet and almost as loud. Above a certain point in the middle of the staff the notes sounded like those of a violin

heard in the distance. The reason for this was the incapacity of the instrument, which has only sixteen boxes while the sounding key-board has twenty-five notes. A number of airs were played, and all rendered with remarkable success. It was especially noticeable that in the whole performance only three or four notes were skipped. The tone was very vibratory, and yet one note ceased entirely as soon as the next note was struck, and the sound in finishing was as if a muffer had been put upon a piano-string. After a popular medley had been played with so much expression that the presence of a skilled pianist at the other end of the line was plainly manifest, Professor Gray announced that they would for the first time attempt to send harmony, to play a two-part tune. 'Home, Sweet Home,' was attempted, and it came over perfectly until a dozen bars had been played and then some reckless operator cut in on the wire and the effect was like that of a child thrumming the keys of a piano. The feasibility of the transmission of music as written was clearly shown. All that is necessary for the transmission of a Beethoven sonata is a sounding-board large enough to match the piano.

The rest of the concert, though of course less interesting,

was well received. Miss Thursby, who is unquestionably the best concert singer in America, was compelled to respond to encores. Signor Tagliapietra's fine voice elicited warm applause, and Mr. Liebling showed himself to be a pianist of much promise and no small attainment."

Tyrian Purple Ink for Marking Linen.—Von Bele gives the following method for preparing an ink for marking linen and cotton: Neutralize 75 grains of carbonate of ammonia with pure nitric acid, and triturate 45 to 60 grains of carmine with the solution. Mordant the fabric with a mixed solution of acetate of alumina and tin salt, and write upon it, when it is perfectly dry, with the ink.

Caffeone.—Caffeone, the aromatic principle of coffee, may be isolated by distilling 5 or 6 lbs. roasted coffee with water, agitating the aqueous distillate with ether, and afterwards evaporating the ether. It is a brown oil, heavier than water, in which it is only very slightly soluble. An almost imponderable quantity of this essential oil will suffice to aromatize a gallon of water.

OBITUARY.

Dr. William Augustus Muhlenberg.—Only now and then can it be truthfully said, "his departure leaves a void not easily filled," as one by one is claimed by the steady reaper, Death. The birth, growth, education, lives lived, and exits from the world of the many, alas! too many, scarcely make a ripple on the great sea of life. Some men come and go unnoticed and uncared for, making no impression either for good or evil, merely adding to and detracting from the population a simple, almost abstract unit. Others proclaim their presence and stamp characters on society in both its limited and broadest sense—make their influence felt far and near. Of this latter there are two classes: one that makes the world wiser and better and life sweeter and happier; the other class adds to the strongholds of Satan. Both possess character, but each is diametrically opposed to the other. That girdles the loins and puts on the breastplate of truth and righteousness; this, the shield and defence of the impure and ungodly.

Therefore, though mingled with sadness, it is a pleasure to note the "golden sheaf" fully ripened by deeds of worth, as it passes from life, through death, to a brighter existence beyond the vale. Such can be said of Dr. William Augustus Muhlenberg, recently deceased. He had enjoyed the promise of more than man's allotment of time, even four-score of years, in a life of general activity, peace, charity and usefulness. As his life was replete with what will serve as safe finger-boards to other sojourners, we are sure able pens will give them, ere long, to the public. To this, our slight tribute to his memory, we add the following brief from the *Philadelphia Press*:

There is little of a stirring nature to be told of Dr. Muhlenberg's life beyond the few simple points already noted by the obituary writer, but his history, simple as it is, leads us back to reminiscences of that fine old Pennsylvania family of which he was, for years before his death, the most illustrious living representative. We shall nowhere find a

better example of the cultivated German Lutheran of Pennsylvania than in the family of that Henry Melchior Muhlenberg who came out here from Saxony, in 1741, as a missionary of the Lutheran Church, and founded its first synod in America. He settled at the Trappe, in Montgomery County, where two at least of his three sons were born, three sons of whom any father and any State might be proud. They were all cultivated men and followed their father into the sacred ministry; they were all men of affairs as well. John Peter Gabriel was the fighting parson of whom we have all learned at school, who, when he had finished his sermon, threw off his gown and, appearing in his Continental uniform, called for recruits from his congregation. He became a major-general, and after the war a Representative and Senator in Congress, and Collector of the port of Philadelphia. Frederick Augustus preached in New York till the British entered there, when he came home and was sent to Congress. He was President of the Council, State Treasurer, President of the Convention that ratified the Constitution of the United States, member of Congress for eight years and Speaker of the First and Third Congresses under the Constitution. The third brother, Gotthilf Henry Ernst, was the botanist, whose herbarium the Philosophical Society has. He preached in Lancaster and dealt but lightly in politics; but his son, Henry Augustus, preacher and Congressman, Van Buren's Minister to Vienna, who so narrowly escaped being Governor, made up for his father's omission. Frederick Augustus' son, Henry Muhlenberg, was the father of this William Augustus, who was born in Philadelphia in 1796, while his grandfather and his two great-uncles were still in active life and his cousin Henry was at school. It will be seen that he came of good stock and had a good start in life.

Though all may not have such a satisfactory start in life as Dr. Muhlenberg, any one can see the marvelous results accomplished by persistent effort in the path of duty, to make the world better by having lived in it.

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

The Social Element.—In this day of railroad, steam-boat, telegraphic, and we might almost add telephonic communication, when time and space, if not annihilated, at least are spanned; when men and women are rushing into the general whirlpool of excitement incident to business and fashion; when self-interest and love of display absorb such a large portion of time and talent, it is well to pause now and then, not merely for rest, but for actual recuperation of both mind and body. The real charms and beauties of life are too often ignored, if not entirely lost sight of, in this general bustle and strife for money and display. The billows of fashion toss not a few on the breakers, and wreck thousands annually, of what were once noble crafts. So on the shores of life's sea are seen fragments of wild ambition and schemes for the coveted prize—FORTUNE.

This unnatural strain upon the mental and physical powers can be productive of no permanent good, but on the other hand, its direct tendency is to blight the highest and best capabilities of both. Just in proportion as we depart from our normal condition through unnatural excitements, are we hurled back to and not seldom beyond the starting-point by the repulsive laws of nature. The present depression in business, the reduced rates of freight, the drug of real estate in the market, the low prices of cotton and woolen fabrics, and indeed the general stagnation of capital and labor, are only the legitimate fruits of this abnormal strain.

The real success of life is not measured by great accumulations, nor by the reaching of the pinnacle of fashion and power. It is rather gauged by the amount of true happiness it brings us. This cannot be secured without a uniform exercise and symmetrical development of all our faculties and functions. We must have our seasons of quietude, as well as days of tumult; our moments of sunshine, as well as our hours of gloom.

These thoughts suggest one of the chief elements which goes toward making life harmonious; it is THE SOCIAL ELEMENT. The highest form of enjoyment in this life is that which comes from a cultivation of our social propensities. Examined either philosophically or practically we are forced to conclude that the social element is the source of more real felicity in its superlative aspects than all others taken together. The desire for society is in itself freed from selfishness—having in view generally the happiness of others as much as ourselves. To say that it is a natural principle and emanates from God, would only be to assert a *primary* truth; for we notice that children manifest a love for society in their earliest years; their eyes, smiles and animated gestures tell this too strongly to doubt. In youth, middle and more matured life the power of this principle, while exhibited more in the realms of thought, is unceasingly active. Still it is not dependent upon education, culture, nor even civilization itself. Where do we find the social principle showing itself more prominently than among groups of wandering gypsies, than in the tents of stern and restless Arabs, in the wigwags and hunting parties of American

savages, or in the cheerless abodes of the poor and desolate Esquimaux?

The American people need to cultivate this element more, to more frequently lay aside the day-book and ledger of the counting-room and office for friend-greetings and home-welcomes. Too many hours are consumed in making calculations on the rise of stock, and the probable advance in dry goods, hardware, cotton and wool, and too few in fostering the social principle at home and among friends. We can all make home more beautiful and existence brighter by exercising all our gifts in more equal and rational degrees. Nay, more! we can purify the moral atmosphere, and lift up on a higher plane those among whom Providence has placed us. One of the causes of the existing "Social Evil" is the alienation of so many from home. Too seldom do we concern ourselves or become interested in the amenities of home-life—the place of dwelling too often is a place only to lodge. To gain true success is to gain it all around, at home as well as in the marts of business. We enrich ourselves only as we enrich those committed to our sacred keeping; only as we illuminate by our words and deeds those with whom we mingle. Cowper promulgated in poetical beauty a great philosophical truth, when he said:

"Man in society is like a flower
Blown in his native bed; 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only, reach their proper use."

May we not hope that the readers and friends of the AMERICAN MONTHLY will keep in mind that a profitable subject for their conversational powers is "the Social Element," and how best to improve it.

There is a certain admiral in this proud and happy country who has three daughters of somewhat uncertain age. The *mids* at the port therefore amusingly styled them "X, Y, Z." "Why do you call 'em that?" asked I, with ingenuous simplicity. "Because," answered an admirable youth, "they are the three unknown quantities, for deuce a bit can we find out how old they are."

Curious Trees.—Just beyond the Darbonne or Calcasieu River, in the parish of Calcasien, says the Opelousas *Journal*, is a white oak tree about two and a half feet in diameter. There are no branches for twenty-five or thirty feet up. About twelve or fifteen feet up a pine limb or part of a pine tree, six or eight inches in diameter and two or sixteen feet long, runs at right angles through the centre of the tree, sticking out about the same distance on each side. It tapers a little at one end, where there are two or three knots, giving it the appearance of a limb or tree top. The oak, where it passes, is grown closely around it. The pine is rich in turpentine, and will not decay. There is no fork or hollow in the oak; but it has the appearance as if a hole had been made and the pine stuck through, after which the oak closed on it by growth. The question is how did the pine get through the oak, or the oak around the pine?

ting Birds of Paradise.—The principal occupation of the inhabitants of Arru is the hunting of the great Paradise. The woods are filled with flocks of these birds, and the natives are quite cunning in their

ard has a most magnificent plume of feathers, of a yellow color, coming up from under the wings, and over the back like a jet of water. The breast is a emerald green and the body a beautiful yellow. e about the size of a small pigeon, and have a voice unlike the jackdaw—in fact, they are allied to the . They are restless, peculiar birds, and fly about ches of great trees. They are constantly chatter-being much hunted they are very wary, and it is to get a shot at them.

natives have a peculiar way of killing them. They into the boughs of a tree which the birds are o frequent, and, collecting a number of branches, conceal themselves so they can scarcely be seen; hen a flock comes, they pick off the birds with rith blunt heads. These arrows are of course quite . The bird is simply paralyzed and falls, and in y the natives sometimes get a large number of

nister was telling a young girl, who was about to a bride, that she must remember that the man and one. "Well," she said, "if you were under my mother's window when they are quarreling, you'd ey were at least a dozen."

Up Against Him.—The following good story is he late Emperor Napoleon: A Frenchman having is country with distinction in the army, found to his hat he was always regaled with the knuckle ends of ent. If there was a bad post to be filled anywhere, it who obtained it; if there was a disagreeable expedi-where, he was ordered off on it as sure as certainty. me years he had an opportunity of seeing the Em-while the latter was on a visit to Algeria, and then he him: "I'm afraid, sire, some one of your clerks has e against me." "Not at all," answered the Emperor.

"I have heard of your case, and it appears that a you are not a bad officer, you once took part in a s political manifestation, and a bad mark has been set your name in consequence." The officer collected ights for a moment, then struck his forehead and l. "Why, sire," said he, "shall I tell you what was itious manifestation in which I joined? It was the ich you headed when you landed at Boulogne, under Philippe's reign." The Emperor laughed too, but ed; and the officer, of course, found promotion work ly enough from that date. But if it had not been for ance introduction to Napoleon, he would have suffered life for having served his master not wisely but too

following is a true copy of a letter received by a schoolmaster: "Sur, as you are a man of nolege, I to inter my son in your skull."

Cheerfulness.—Let your cheerfulness be felt for good wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams "on the just as well as on the unjust." Such a disposition will yield a rich reward, for its happy effects will come home to you and brighten your moments of thought. Cheerfulness makes the mind clear, gives tone to thought, adds grace and beauty to the countenance. Joubert says: "When you give, give with joy, smiling." Smiles are little things, cheap articles to be fraught with so many blessings, both to the giver and the receiver—pleasant little ripples to watch as we stand on the shore of everyday life. These are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotion of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them—those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant nature in the cheerful, loving faces of those who need them. Let them not be kept from the middle-aged, who need the encouragement they bring. Give your smiles also to the aged. They come to them like the quiet rain of summer, making fresh and verdant the long, weary path of life. They look for them from you, who are rejoicing in the fullness of life.

If your seat is hard to sit upon, stand up. If a rock rises up before you, roll it away, or climb over it. If you want money, earn it. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something. If you want confidence, prove yourself worthy of it. Do not be content with doing what another has done—surpass it. Deserve success, and it will come. The boy was not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket, or go down like a bullet fired from a gun; slowly and surely it makes its round, and never tires. It is as easy to be a lead-horse as a wheel-horse. If the job be long, the pay will be greater; if the task be hard, the more competent you must be to do it.

Difference—buy, instead of bye.—A gentleman speaking of his wife to a friend said: "Before we were married, she used to say 'bye-bye' so sweetly when I went down the steps." "And now what does she say?" asked the friend. "Oh just the same," exclaimed the man, "buy, buy!" "Ah! I see," said the other, "she only exercises a little different 'spell' over you."

Objects in Life.—The well-educated girl is not in a wild hurry to get married, because she has objects in life which call forth her natural energies. Hasty marriages are often unsatisfactory, and as many women cannot be married because of their excess in numbers, we should try to render the unmarried life less objectless. As it regards the married state, a man of sense and personal cultivation will be generally all the happier for having a wife who has intellectual sympathy with him. In effect, such a woman may become a better wife and mother than otherwise she would be. Even in the matter of accomplishments, there can be no doubt that girls would play, sing, draw and paint better if their general intelligence was trained by better study.

Angels Scared.—A little Chicago four-year-old created a ripple by remarking to the teacher of her Sunday-school class: "Our dog's dead. I bet the angels was scared when they saw him coming up the walk. He is cross to strangers."

Grown-up Children.—Nothing appears to us so beautiful in human experience as the reciprocal affection of parents and children, especially after the latter have attained maturity, and, it may be, formed new relations in life. We have seen the loving and lovely daughter, after she had become a wife and mother, seize every opportunity of visiting the parental home, to lavish her affectionate attention upon her parents, and, by a thousand graceful and tender kindnesses, assure them that though she was an idolized wife and a happy mother, her heart still clave with every strengthening fervor to father and mother, who watched over her infancy and guided her youth. It has been our privilege to know such; and as we have witnessed the outpourings of love and happiness between these devoted and glowing hearts, we have felt that surely much of heaven might be enjoyed here if all families were equally attached. And would that every daughter knew what pure joy she might create in the parental bosom by a constant keeping alive of the spirit of filial devotion, and seizing frequent opportunities to make it manifest in little acts of gentleness and love, notwithstanding the child may have become a parent. The child never grows old to a fond parent. It is always the dear child, and never so dear as when it keeps up the childish confidence and love of its earliest years.

Surprise is the essence of wit; but, somehow, when a man is climbing down a ladder in a hurry and never finds out that one of the rounds is gone until he tries to step on it, it never seems very funny to him.

Kind Words—Why use them?—1. Because they always cheer him to whom they are addressed. They soothe him if he is wretched; they comfort him if he is sad. They keep him out of the slough of despond, or help him out if he happens to be in.

2. There are words enough of the opposite kind flying about in all directions—sour words, cross words, fretful words, insulting words, overbearing words, irritating words. Now, let kind words have a chance to get abroad, since so many and so different are on the wing.

3. Kind words bless him that uses them. A sweet sound on the tongue tends to make the heart mellow. Kind words react upon the kind feelings which prompted them, and make them more kind. They add fresh fuel to the fire of benevolent emotion in the soul.

4. Kind words beget kind feelings toward him that loves to use them. People love to see the face and hear the voice of such a man.

Lavender was aroused in the middle of the night by his wife, who complained that she heard a noise. "What does it sound like?" said he. "It sounds like something ticking," said she. "It's probably the bed-ticking," he murmured, and went off to sleep again.

Modern Chivalry.—The Crown Prince of Prussia has recently acquired considerable *clat* by an unstudied, yet effective, assumption of the *role* of Sir Walter Raleigh in the famous cloak scene with Queen Elizabeth. It seems that he and his little wife, the English Princess, were

unduly late in their arrival at the gala dinner given to the King and Queen of Saxony during their recent visit to the Prussian Court, and, through some misunderstanding, the carpet leading from the carriage-way to the castle door had been removed by the servants. It was a wet, disagreeable day, the pavement was sloppy, and the little Princess was in full dress, with voluminous train, and feet shod in slippers. With an impulse of chivalry, worthy of the sixteenth century, the Prince threw off his wrap and spread it on the walk for the Queen—no, the Princess—to tread upon. She, poor little practical body, spoiled the poetry of the incident by a base-born instinct of economy, and entreated the Prince not to profane his garment by contact with the mire and conversion into a carpet. But the brave Princess was true to the demands of the situation, and gallantly conducted his wife in safety over the bridge he had improvised.

It is a pretty little incident, and a great improvement upon the original. The affair of Sir Walter has been cited as the most exquisite example of chivalry in all history. But the shrewd courtier laid down his cloak at the feet of an imperious Queen, who taught her attendants that flattery and servile attention were the price of her gracious smiles. The Crown Prince spread his wrap before his wife from a genuine motive of respect and affection. How much more proud she had a right to be, walking over it, than Elizabeth had, who trod the same sort of tapestry three centuries ago!

Are blacksmiths who make a living by forging, or carpenters who do a little counterfeiting, any worse than men who sell iron and steal for a living?

"I don't see how you can have been working all day like a horse," exclaimed the wife of a lawyer, her husband having declared he had been thus working. "Well, my dear," he replied, "I've been drawing a conveyance all day, anyhow."

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown on it, and it will in turn look surly upon you; laugh at it, and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.

The great English gun is pronounced cracked, the reason being that it was not thoroughly bored. If it had been placed in an American newspaper office the result must have been very different.

Josh Billings says: "The muwl is a larger bird than the guse or turkey. It has two legs to walk with, and two more to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of its head."

Jeffries.—Judge Jeffries, of notorious memory, pointing to a man with his cane, who was about to be tried, said, "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, said, "Which end, my lord?"

Homeless.—All men are not homeless, but some men are home less than others.

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.

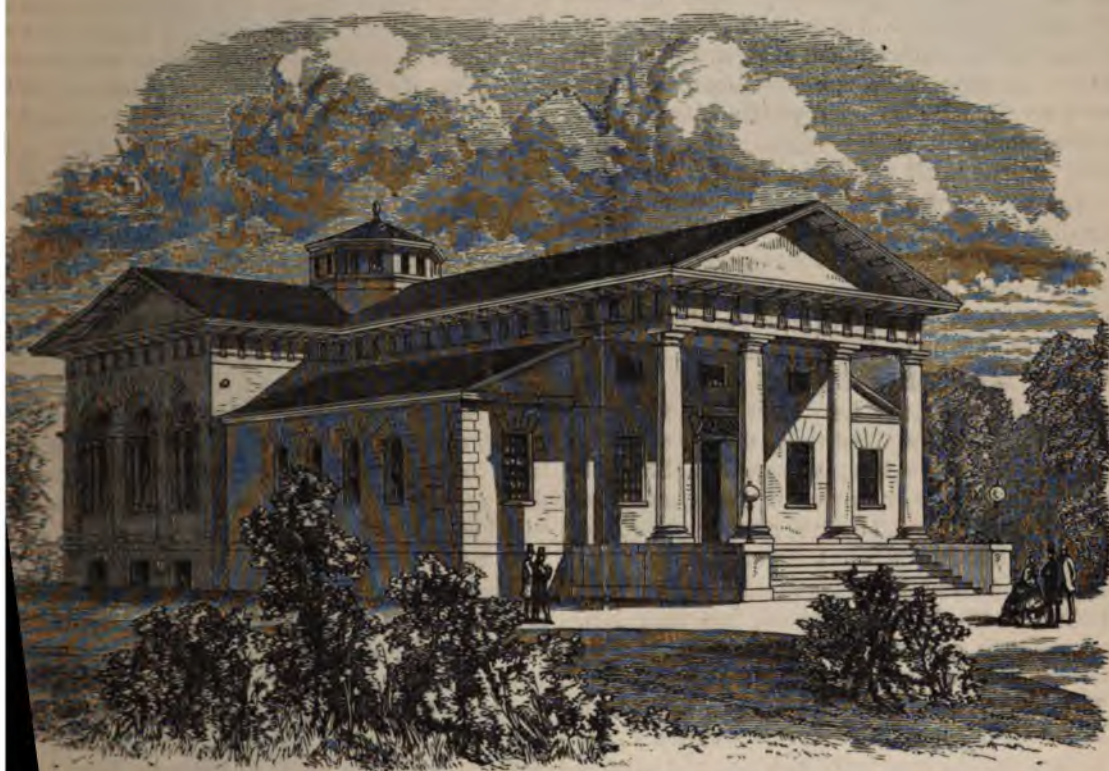
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CIVIC AND SCENIC NEW ENGLAND.—NEWPORT IN 1877.

By ORAMEL S. SENTER.



REDWOOD LIBRARY, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

last year Philadelphia was the grand watering-place of America. Once, for a wonder, all the pleasures of pleasure travel terminated at one point, namely: Fairmount Park and the great Centennial Exposition.

The American people not only devoted themselves to the rare sight-seeing thus offered, and to attending duly our country's first great anniversary, but also entertaining the nation's guests from abroad. Assembled in grand convocation at Philadelphia, and gave a six months' reception to the representatives of all lands, the people of "the City of Brotherly Love" officiating as chief ushers upon the august occasion. During the month of March till December, the latter acted as hosts.

This year, however, they intend to play the rôle of *guest*. They are impatient, "spoiling," as the phrase goes, for their customary relaxation and pleasure travel.

Something of the same feeling, and for the same general reason, pervades the whole country. Hence we predict a prosperous season, this year, where there are desirable summer resorts, so far as the finances of the country will admit. As to this, there are a great many persons who have money invested, or otherwise laid by, where they can conveniently put their hands upon it; and the hot weather will cause them to count over the "pile" and draw out a portion for pleasure or travel.

Just here the important question arises with such, "Where shall I go? How shall I contrive to derive the most pleasure, and add most largely to my health-fund and stock of information, for the time set apart and money expended?"

Already not a few Philadelphians have declared their choice for 1877, by building or renting cottages at that world-renowned watering-place, NEWPORT. Others will doubtless engage quarters here for a part or all of the season, at the hotels or some of the numerous and extensive boarding-houses. A great many more, we are persuaded, would do so, if fully and correctly informed respecting the merits of this superb watering-place, suited as it is to all tastes and seasons, especially hot and sultry weather, when many other places, including Saratoga, are almost intolerable from the excessive heat. And we here remark, what we have often had occasion to know, that the people of Pennsylvania and New York are almost universally well pleased with the trial of the best watering-places of New England. They like the scenery, the fare, the intelligent and courteous attention received, and generally the prices asked.

At 11.30 A.M. we take the cars from Philadelphia at the North Pennsylvania depot, at Berks and American streets, bound for Newport *via* New York and the Fall River Line of steamers over Long Island Sound. The North Pennsylvania Railroad is an old acquaintance; but their New York route is comparatively a new one, and we make the distance through for the first time.

We always had a penchant for new routes and places from boyhood, and in this instance we not only enjoyed the novelty of this new and already favorite route, but found the running of the cars and the accommodations all that could be expected of the oldest and best railroads in the country. The road bed is remarkably straight (having fourteen miles of air line in one place), even, well ballasted, and being equipped with the best of cars, the Westinghouse air-brake, and experienced and obliging conductors; the motion, the speed, and the management of the trains are in all respects excellent, and we highly enjoyed this part of our trip, though so near home. One great advantage of this route, and one which the travelling public will know how to appreciate is, that being through a fertile and highly cultivated section of country, and the portion situated in New Jersey being just north and west of

the dry plain section, it is almost wholly free from dust and sand. It is also delightful to ride through a region of such fertility in the season of foliage and crops, and to note the rise and growth of the neat and prosperous towns that skirt the road, some of which, like Jonah's gourd, seem to have grown in a night.

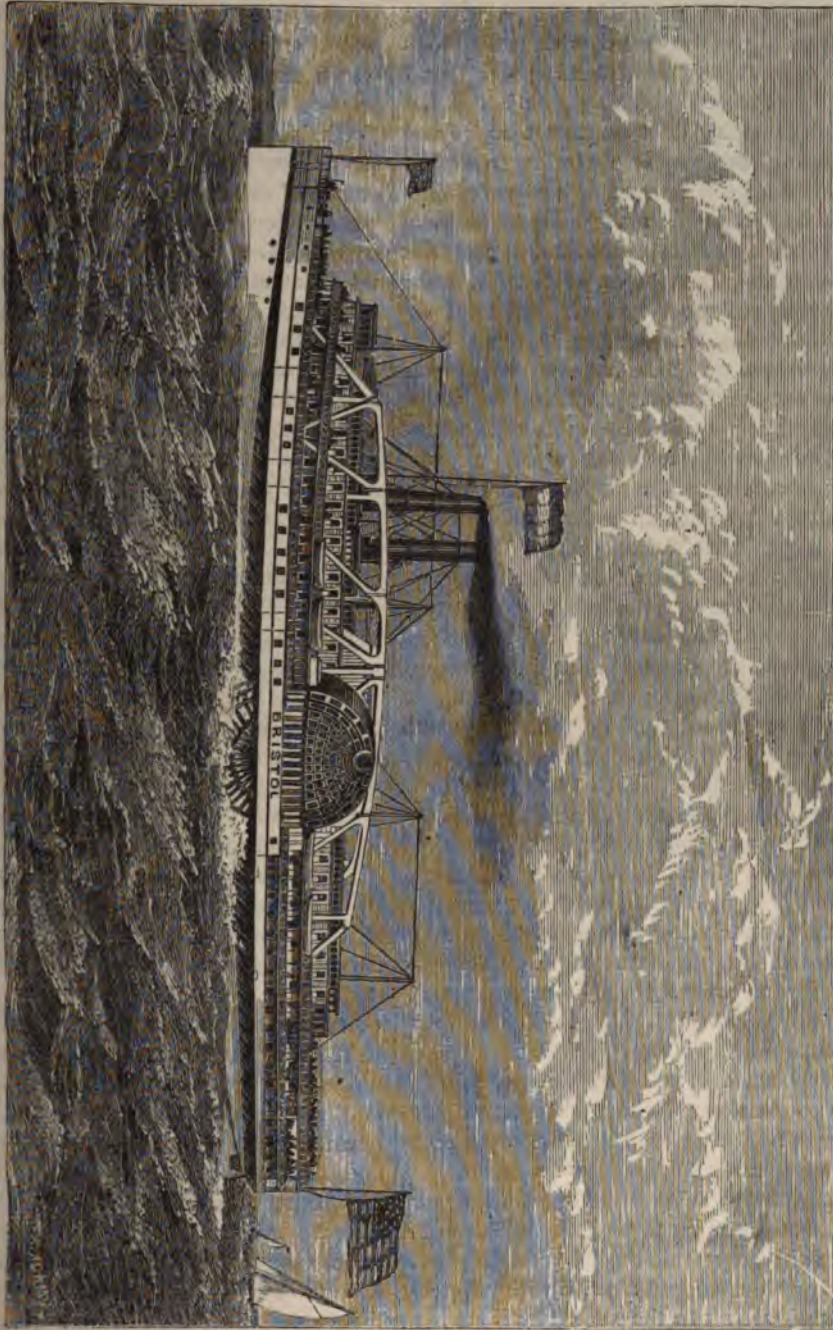
The last thirty miles of the route is occupied largely by the homes of New Yorkers and those doing business in the metropolis. In fact, it looks very much as though the Gothamites were determined to take possession of New Jersey. They have not only spread themselves along the lines of her railroads, but like other freebooters, they have coasted along her shores and taken possession of nearly all the desirable places, from Sandy Hook to far beyond Long Branch. Evidently they are striking for Atlantic City, and possibly Cape May. But as the Pennamites are already in those places in great force, this fact "may give them pause" and thus save the people of the "Garden State" and "land of aquatic sports and privileges" from being wholly overrun and absorbed by these ambitious and enterprising New Yorkers. One thing is certain, that both Gothamites and Pennamites should cease to sneer at New Jersey, or gracefully withdraw at once and forever from her borders.

In two hours and a quarter by the real time and ten minutes less by the card which we take with New York and Philadelphia time on it, after leaving the Berks street depot, we are landed safely and sound in the "Babel" of trade and commerce now remarkably quiet, from the condition of business over the whole country. We should like to explain, that the "New Route" to New York, under the control of the North Pennsylvania Railroad, is made up of three parts: a branch of its own road proper, to the Delaware River; Bound Brook Railroad from there to Bound Brook, on the Central New Jersey; and over the track of the latter company to New York, the whole distance—which, it is claimed, is the shortest route by some two or three miles—is just eight and four-tenths miles. The passengers are landed at Liberty street, which is near Pier 1, where the Fall River boats start, the 1.30 Philadelphia train being in season for all lines.

At 5 o'clock P.M. precisely, we go on board the steamer Bristol, one of the noble boats of the Fall River Line. The immense size and magnificent finish of these boats fill one with admiration and

a feeling bordering upon awe, and we never cease to admire them. We have often noticed the im-

looks. All this and more passes through the mind before one is fairly ensconced in one of the richly



THE STEAMER BRISTOL.

pression made upon strangers, when they first enter the spacious and richly finished and furnished saloons, and the mingled expressions of surprise and admiration that escape in their words and

cushioned seats. But look! The moorings are unfastened, and we are moving slowly and majestically out from pier No. 28 North River. We like to watch the starting, and note the change

in the points of the compass, so as to have the course of the ship and every scene and object rightly associated in the mind. Now we double the southern point of the great City, and pass Castle Garden, a place crowded with associations and memories good and bad, pleasing and repulsive. Here, in our boyhood days, we heard the "Swedish Nightingale" trill her sweet songs and echoes. Quite different these strains from the confused jargon of the swarms of emigrants that here land and disperse over the country of their adoption! The lawns and walks bordering the shore and stretching along towards East River are fine, and greatly relieve the view. But here we come to the famous Wire-bridge, between New York and Brooklyn, which we have heard so much talked about for the last ten years, and of which the accompanying picture is a graphic representation. This bridge was begun some five years ago, and was to have been completed this year (1877), but will probably require an extension of time. Its extreme length is six thousand feet, or considerably over one mile. The road-bed is to be eighty-five feet wide, divided into a broad foot-way, two railroad tracks and four carriage and horse-car roads. The cables are sixteen inches in diameter, and combined will be strong enough to sustain a weight of five thousand tons—much more than will ever be required of them. The entire cost is estimated at \$10,000,000.

Is this Hurl Gate, in plain English, Hell Gate, we are now approaching! once the terror of mariners, and the ghost that haunted them on dark nights and foggy days? So they say. But the channel is so much deeper and smoother than it was before the patient labors and scientific skill of General Newton widened and lowered it, that we could hardly identify the spot. Yet we hear certain croakers and old fogies declare that it is no better than before. Such persons we presume, could prove to their own satisfaction, that twenty feet of water is no better than ten, and a smooth channel no safer than a rocky, jagged whirlpool.

All along our route up East River beautiful islands lie on either hand, seeming to rest on the bosom of the river as the child reposes in the arms of its mother. Fertile, highly cultivated and clothed with the richest verdure, they are set in the water like gems in a crown. They in fact seem more like fairy lands than the abodes of men.

But we notice large edifices and groups of build-

ings, and see here and there squads of men in strange garments—and we are told that establishments are mostly the reformatory institutions of the City and State of New York. One would suppose that, surrounded by such scenes, it would tend to make men better. But it does not seem to have this effect.

Our surprise may be somewhat modified when we remember that it was amid the most beautiful scenes of the natural world, where our first fathers were embowered in the ambrosial fields and the radiant beauties of Paradise, that the first sinners were committed, so pregnant with fearful consequences, that "All nature groaned and her centre shook."

No! innocence and moral beauty spring up within, though they are greatly refined and purified by the fair scenes of the outer world.

A few minutes ago we were speaking of the splendid steamer on which we are making this pleasant and most enjoyable trip, with many passengers on board apparently just as highly pleased and happy, when our attention was diverted to other objects. We will now attempt to describe the noble boat, and its fair consort, the Providence, more in accordance with their merits.

We shall speak particularly of the Bristol, the boat we are on, and which seems to be the favorite with the travelling public, although we may say will apply to the Providence, almost precisely like it, and intended to respect its equal.

The Bristol is three hundred and seventy feet in length, eighty-three feet beam, and has sixteen feet depth of hold. The capacity of its hull is three thousand tons, and the engine is equal to two thousand eight hundred horse power.

The next largest steamer afloat on the Sound, so far as we know, is the Massachusetts. It is three hundred and forty-four feet, beam, eighty feet, with the same depth of hold and horse power as the Bristol and Providence. This boat belongs to the Boston and New York line *via* Providence. The height of the hull or distance from the hold to the upper deck exceeds any vessel we have ever seen. There are three decks and tiers of state-rooms, all fully pleasant and finely finished and furnished. The berths of the hold are equal to the stowage of the average steamer. There is a fine

loos on the first or main deck, exclusively for the Providence. The massive richness of its solid mahogany finish, the happy blending of colors, the tasteful selection and disposal of the furniture, are best seen from certain points in the grand saloon, as given in the engraving.

But the magnitude of these truly "floating palaces," and the order and taste displayed in all their arrangements and ornamentation are best taken in at a single glance from the galleries of the upper decks. As the eye sweeps downward, athwart the lofty and massive pillars, and along the halls of the immense saloons, displaying vast areas of comfort and tasteful, luxurious adornment, made animate with groups and parties of the young and gay here and there, and throngs of people of all ages moving back and forth, seemingly full of life and happiness, the scene is highly picturesque, impressive and even grand. The cost of both the Bristol and Providence was \$1,250,000 each. They do not, however, stand to the Fall River Railroad Company at this sum, having been sold while in course of construction, and passed through the hands of several parties before they were purchased by their present owners. They in fact have quite a history, and it may interest the curious to know that they were at one time in the ownership of Fisk & Gould, who, we believe, also



INTERIOR OF STEAMER BRISTOL.

had a controlling interest in the stock of the Fall River Railroad Company for a short time. They were built about ten years since, and in the most complete and thorough manner. Not a seam or

defective timber can be found in them; and to insure the preservation of these "noblest craft that float the sea," and especially the safety of the countless passengers who intrust themselves to their comfortable quarters and staunch sea-going qualities, they are carefully overhauled at least once a year from the keel to the pilot-house.

An excellent feature of these boats is, that the meals are served on the European plan. But the most noticeable characteristic, and one which we have often observed with silent admiration, is the quiet, almost noiseless manner in which the commands—we might call them *directions*—of the officers are given, the perfect order that prevails, and the ease and despatch with which everything is done. It reminds one not inaptly of the silent but effective operations of the forces of nature.

We always part with these boats with reluctance, for the average hotel compares with them for taste and comfort about as a common farm-house would compare with the palace of Queen Victoria. They are happily the only direct conveyance from New York to Newport. But even in going to Boston, or any point in Eastern New England, these steamers, with their connecting lines of boats and railways, are the best possible means of conveyance; and the person who is on a pleasure trip during the hot season, that should take the all-land route and endure the dust and sweltering heat of the cars, might be regarded as verging upon insanity, or lamentably ignorant of the best modes and routes of travel.

It was a little past two o'clock in the night when the Bristol reached Newport. Compelled, therefore, to defer our inspection of the town till daylight, we were under the necessity of seeking a second night's lodging, or rather of providing for the last half of a night badly split in two—as a native Pennsylvanian would express it, "split in half." This we succeeded in finding at the Perry House, one of two hotels only that are open the year round. We always like first of all to get the outlines of a place, its general figure and physical characteristics, from some hill, tower, or other high point; and when convenient, from several points. From the observatory of the Perry House we make our first survey. Here the prospect is a mild one, but affords a fine birds-eye view of the harbor and of the town, particularly the older portion, situated on the southern and southwestern slope of the island.

Subsequently we enlarge our view and knowledge of the place by observations from other points. Among the very best that we found was that from the observatory of the Ocean House. Its location is one of the highest in town; the building itself, counting the observatory, being six stories high, it affords a most extensive view entirely unobstructed in every direction. From this lofty eyrie, the vision sweeping every part of the horizon, you can take in the town, all the south end of the island and a large portion of Narraganset Bay, with its islets, bays and countless headlands, and beyond all these, a wide stretch of rolling, varied and picturesque mainland, clothed in the verdure and beauty of summer. As we cast our eyes over this matchless landscape, combining the choicest effects of land and water, and feeding the vision upon the charming scenes, we can hardly describe our varying, kindling emotions and the transports of delight that thrill the soul as we gaze again and again at the magnificent panorama, first at one part and then at another, till the whole emotional nature is filled to overflowing! We seem to have seen this lovely scene before, at least in some dream or vision of mind.

Anon, busy thought runs swiftly back over the multifarious events of the past, memory dives into the rich treasures of local history and tradition, and with its teeming reminiscences brings before the mind events of by-gone days vividly before the mind, veiled and transformed with a halo of beauty and indescribable charms, through the lapse of time.

Of these historic incidents that come crowded upon the mind, and people this renowned scene with the actors of two centuries, we can only give a few, such as first come to the surface and claim utterance. But first we will say a word respecting the topography of the island and bay on which Newport is located.

It has often been a question whether Rhode Island contains Narraganset Bay, or the Bay contains the State. Certain it is, that within the borders of this beautiful sheet of water, are some of the finest portions of this proud little State, which, though small in territory—numbering but a little more than eleven hundred square miles—has no reason to be ashamed of the record she has made on the scroll of fame or in the annals of her country. The Bay itself is about thirty miles long from north to south, by fifteen in width. It

shores are indented with numerous delightful bays and headlands, and the main body of water studded with gems of islands, the smaller of which do not appear on the maps. Among the most fertile and beautiful of these, and the largest of the group, is Rhode Island, on the south end of which Newport is located. It is about sixteen miles long from north to south, by from two to four in width, containing an area of about fifty square miles. Its entire circuit, following the

On the southern slope of this island, rising to a height of two or three hundred feet in places and descending gently to the east and west, Newport is located. The surface also falls away slightly towards the north. Its situation is thus open and airy, entirely self-draining, and affords everywhere the most delightful sites for cottages. All the world knows how well this feature has been improved and taken advantage of. Probably it was this which originally suggested the whole cottage



BRIDGE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

winding of the shore, cannot be less than sixty miles. The main figure of the island is that of an elevated ridge. Yet it greatly varies, and in places branches off into side ridges and valleys, or gently rolling elevations, affording a pleasing variety of surface, which in the season of fruit and foliage presents a landscape of rare beauty, and in places, especially along the ocean shore, the scenes rise to the picturesque. So fertile is the soil and so highly cultivated the lands of the island, it has been aptly termed "The Eden of America." It was originally called Aquidneck, an Indian name signifying "Isle of Peace;" but it was soon changed, by act of the Legislature, to that of Rhode Island, the name it now bears, which, as well as that of the State itself, is said to have been derived from the Isle of Rhodes in the Mediterranean, and belonging to Turkey.

system, the most striking characteristic of Newport. As one looks over these peaceful abodes and the quiet prosperous city in which they are located, and the beautiful island that stretches far away to the north—the very emblem of rural happiness and peace—he can hardly realize that this very spot has been the scene of the most stirring events and the bitterest strife of men; these fair, green hills and quiet vales once echoing the notes of war and din of battle, the placid bay with its peaceful isles taking up the refrain and sending the strange and discordant sounds across her perturbed bosom from point to point and shore to shore. But so it was, and in this connection we will give an item or two of history both warlike and peaceful.

During the War of Independence, yonder bay was covered with hostile or friendly fleets, and for

three years the town was in possession of the British, the troops, when the weather was inclement, being quartered upon the inhabitants, to the discomfort and destruction of domestic peace.

Within sight of where we stand, were some of the British forts that enclosed the town on the north. Miantonomi Hill, the picturesque eminence to the northwest, was fortified and formed a link in the chain of its defences. Along these General Sullivan, early in June, 1778, laid siege with the purpose of expelling the British from the island. But the French fleet failing to coöperate, he retired to the northern part of the island, where a severe battle was fought, July 29th, 1778, General Greene being present to aid, on account of his love for his native State. The British were repulsed with heavy loss, but the American commander learning that a large reinforcement for the enemy was at hand, crossed over to the mainland, and finally withdrew altogether, compelled to leave the inhabitants of this devoted town a while longer to the tender mercies of the enemy. For three long years—from 1776 to 1779—which must have seemed an age, the people of Newport were virtually prisoners in their own town, in the hands of a ruthless and insolent foe. They were insulted, their property destroyed, their homes invaded, and in short, every indignity and wrong that a spirit of almost fiendish cruelty could invent, was practiced upon them.

The chief instrument of their punishment was the infamous General Prescott, who was a disgrace to the British uniform and name. Narrow-minded, of violent temper, a bigoted royalist, and a tyrant by nature, cruel and unrelenting as fate, he would brook no slight, opposition, or even difference of opinion, and woe to such as incurred his displeasure! The people of Newport knew what this meant, for upon them a mysterious Providence permitted him to pour the vials of his wrath. The vandalism of the British soldiery, the tyranny and studied cruelty of Prescott, nearly destroyed the place. Their shade-trees were cut down, the churches turned into stables and riding-schools, and hundreds of their dwellings were destroyed. He even went so far as to tear up their side-walks and door-steps, to make a broad pavement and promenade for himself and fellow-officers. It must have been a strange and ludicrous sight to have seen the inhabitants, when the British evacuated the place, coming from all directions to claim and

restore their stolen paving-stones. The scene in Irving, where the different authors come to claim their productions that had been pirated, is tamely compared with it. As a parting blessing, these vandals who had so disgraced their calling and their country, burned numberless private dwellings filled up the wells, attempted to blow up the Round Tower on the hill and badly damaged the wharves and landings, etc.

This Prescott is the same that shook his cane in the face of Ethan Allen, to whom the bluff or hero of Ticonderoga offered back his own hug as "the beetle of mortality," if he should dare to execute his threat.

He is the same worthy, too, whom Colonel William Barton captured, one dark night, at what now called the "Overton House," about five miles up the island. Barton came from Warwick Point, on the west shore, with four well-manned whale-boats, and his exploit, which was completely successful, was one of the most brilliant and daring achievements of the war.

Time heals or obliterates all things, even the dreadful scars of war. A hundred years have accomplished wonders, of which Newport is a striking proof. As we look at the fine mansions, compact rows of houses, and public edifices, especially as we view the magnificent shade-trees in their abundance, magnitude, and beauty, we can hardly conceive that they are mostly the growth of a hundred years, and that a town now so peaceful and prosperous was a century ago stripped and peeled and swept as with the besom of destruction.

Many events, some of them of thrilling interest, occurred on the island and places adjacent upon the mainland, during the Indian wars and in the second war with Great Britain, but all these we remit over to the historian and annalist, reserving our space for other things.

As one looks at this place and considers its fine location, its fame as a watering-place, and its solid wealth and prosperity, he desires to know something respecting the origin and growth of the town.

Newport was founded in 1639, by Governor William Coddington and seventeen associates. The date is often given as being 1638, the mistake occurring, we presume, from the fact that the same parties commenced a settlement that year, farther up the island, at a place now called Portsmouth.

The following year, as they explored the island,

and reached the south end, the beauty of the spot and its great natural advantages suggested the propriety of founding a town, and these enterprising men proceeded at once to carry out the idea. The place was laid out, and a good beginning made the first year. It grew rapidly, and soon Newport was known far and wide as a central point of the fishing interests, for its domestic and foreign commerce, and the trades and manufactures that naturally grew out of these. Her traffic was not only extensive, but very lucrative, and her commercial men and traders were the merchant princes of their time. Her exports and imports were second to no city on the continent, except Boston. Even New York was not her equal in this respect for years previous to the Revolutionary War.

But the war swept her ships from the sea, and with the destruction of her commerce her prestige went also. Other places arose to dispute the palm of the ocean, and Newport could never recover her trade and her position among our commercial cities. But the magnificent Narraganset Bay, stringing her little islets around the fair "Isle of Peace" like a necklace of pearls; the fine harbor, and the almost unlimited seashore, which had prompted her commercial enterprise, still remained, and no doubt suggested, as their commercial importance declined, the idea of making it, what Dr. Waterhouse predicted it would become, the great bathing establishment and seaside watering-place of the country. To what was then the great misfortune of Newport, the people of this country owe the possession of a summer resort in many respects the finest in the country, if not in the world. This town was incorporated as a city in 1784, and is one of the oldest in the country.

Even before the Revolution, Newport was noted for the number of persons of learning, leisure, and wealth, that congregated here from other parts of the land, and to some extent from Europe. For that day it was considered quite a famous seaside resort. But it was not till about 1830, long after the loss of her commerce and trade, and the almost total failure of every attempt to recover them, and the decline also of her large share in the fisheries, that she came into special note, and assumed her position as the leading seaside resort of the country. From that time onward her supremacy has been maintained, and she stands forth to-day as a bride robed in beautiful garments, first upon the Atlantic coast, if not the Queen of American watering-places.

Some of her numerous attractions—a few of the many solid advantages she has over most other watering-places—we shall attempt very briefly to give.

From the abundance, yea, almost superabundance of shade seen here, both on the avenues and around the private dwellings, one would almost imagine that either nature or the good people of the place had determined to be avenged on the vandals who once destroyed the pride and glory of the town.

Shrubby and flowers are also a marked feature of Newport. Landscape gardening has here done some of its best work, and clothed the rural portions of the town in garments of beauty.

It lacks, however, a grand Central Park, and we regard it as an oversight that one was not laid out at an early date. And yet, the whole place is gradually becoming one immense park, a rural garden of shaded avenues, embowered walks, and flower-crowned terraces. The largest of the public grounds that are shaded, is Touro Park. This is a small but attractive bit of lawn and shade, near the head of Bellevue Avenue, the chief promenade of the town, and the location of many of the best cottages. This park is important, for what it contains, rather than on its own account. Two objects immediately attract your attention as you pass through it. These are, the Round Tower, and the monument of Commodore Matthew C. Perry. The latter is a bronze statue, a little above life size, standing upon a granite pedestal. It represents him in his military cloak, leaning lightly and gracefully upon his sword, in an attitude of peace rather than war. This is appropriate; for the great act of his life, and the one for which alone he will be remembered by his countrymen and the world, was in opening the doors of Japan, that had been barred for long centuries to the commercial intercourse and progressive ideas of the nations of the West.

The results of this act, which will form a great landmark in the progress of the nations, were strikingly illustrated in the very interesting and creditable exhibit which the Japanese made at the grand Centennial and International Fair. That inquisitive and rising people now doubtless bless the day that Commodore Perry, in his flag-ship, the *Susquehanna*, followed by her consorts, with all the guns shotted, steamed majestically and gracefully into the harbor of Yeddo, and *persuaded* them, that is compelled them, at the can-

non's mouth, to open their doors to America and the world, never to close them again.

"Peace hath her victories as well as war."

The same tiny park (Touro), more than a thousand of which could be placed down in Fairmount, contains, as we have intimated, an interesting relic of the past, whether of colonial or more remote origin. Briefly described, it is a strong stone tower, twenty-five feet high by twenty-three in extreme diameter, with walls over three feet thick, and standing upon eight arches, that spring from and are supported by eight circular columns, which are three feet and a half in diameter and solid. The tower is built of stone gathered in the vicinity, and laid up with great skill, is covered entirely by an ancient woodbine, and once had a roof and floor, and was thirty feet high, until the top was blown off by the British.

A great deal of speculation, and not a little learned discussion, has been expended respecting the origin and uses of this unique and rather weird-looking structure. Lossing, the historian, is among the number who have entered largely into the controversy. He takes the ground that it is of great antiquity, and probably built by the Northmen, in some of their voyages of discovery to America. That they made such voyages, and touched upon our coast, in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, there is but little doubt. That they built this tower, or that it had any very remote origin, we think more than doubtful. We believe it highly probable, if not a positive certainty, that it was erected in colonial times.

(1.) Governor Benedict Arnold speaks of it in his will, made in 1678, as "My stone built wind-mill;" thus declaring, explicitly, what it was built and used for, in the serious and truthful language of a will. At such times, if ever, men use words in their true and exact meaning. It is also just the language he would use, whether built by himself, or some one from whom he may have purchased it.

(2.) That its origin and uses were what we have here assumed them to be, and that Governor Arnold himself built the structure, is rendered highly probable, from the fact that "stone-built windmills" almost precisely like it, are found in the same section of England from which he came; which would naturally suggest the building of this one.

(3.) Again, the niches in the wall for bers, the three windows, and the general of the structure, imply that it was built for a windmill. We learn that it had when the British occupied Newport, and was blown off by them with several feet of the top we have mentioned, when they evacuated the town. There was also a floor in it, in memory of the oldest inhabitants.

The Northmen would not have much use for a windmill, for grinding grain, while on a discovery.

(4.) Nor would voyagers of any kind stop to build a work so solid and permanent, and requiring so much time, for any much less for a baptistry, as Lossing supposes. For which use, by the way, it has not the adaptation; nor can we see why they should build such an institution at all under the circumstances.

(5.) And then, the site selected, the point on this part of the island, open and exposed to catch the breezes in all directions, speaks as to what it was intended for.

(6.) The entire absence of water-power on this island, steam not being then known, rendered windmills an absolute necessity. Lossing supposes this. But he lays great stress on the fact that Governor Easton, some fifteen years before Governor Arnold made his will, which, as we have seen, was made in 1678, built a *wood* wind-mill and received bounty for it; and that fact is mentioned in the will of the day. Well, Easton was a private citizen, it may be, comparatively poor, while Arnold was Governor, and doubtless a rich man, and would take pride in building a *better* mill than the first, *without* bounty. The fact that the Legislature voted a sum of money to Easton, would be a great incentive to his work and cause the annals of the colony to mention it. Besides, fifteen years in a new colony may make a vast difference in the value and importance of a thing. As to the mill and others in the colonies, being built of wood, the very language of Arnold implies this as an exception, when he terms it "my stone windmill."

(7.) Respecting the arches, and the space below, which have been objected to as being unsuitable for stone windmills; these, and the great height of the first floor, may have been intended for protection against Indians. The wide and open room would also be very convenient

ing into in stormy weather, and for loading and unloading grain and flour at any time.

(8.) The mortar with which the stones are laid is not only very smooth and hard, almost as hard as the stones themselves, but in a state of excellent preservation, still looking comparatively fresh and clean. This can be accounted for on the supposition that it was originally of very excellent quality, and has been on only two hundred years, in a dry, open place. But allow for its existence nine or ten centuries, surrounded by a damp forest and the vapor of the sea, it is not at all probable, if possible, that it would be in that fresh and excellent state of preservation in which we find it. It would rather be covered with mildew and moss, and dimmed and blurred by dampness and the gnawing tooth of time, showing the effect and unmistakable signs of great age.

(9.) Finally, the entire absence in the annals of the day of all reference to this structure as then existing, and found here by the first settlers, it seems to us is conclusive against the position that it originated with the Indians, the Northmen, or with anybody but the settlers themselves; or than, as shown by the will of Governor Arnold, and the corroborating proof here given. Coddington and his associates, and many of the early settlers of Newport, were persons of great intelligence, and some of them highly learned men. It surpasses all belief that such men should find so wonderful a structure here, and remain utterly silent respecting it, and that silence remain unbroken till there would be no occasion to note it at all, except in the inquiries of the antiquarian!

As we leave Touro Park, with its monument and the old mysterious Tower, and pass up the head of Bellevue avenue to Touro street, we come to a Jewish cemetery, and a little further along, bearing to the left, to a synagogue, neither of which is now in use.

In the palmy days of her business prosperity,

the Jews were a large and wealthy element of the population of Newport, but when her commerce and trade were swept away by the blast of war, they disappeared as pigeons leave a wheat field when the golden grain is all removed and garnered elsewhere.

On our way to the synagogue and cemetery, we pass an edifice and institution of much importance to Newport, and of no slight attraction to those who visit the place. We refer to the Redwood Library, so-called from the gentleman who gave money to erect the first building. This institution which is justly a great favorite with citizens of the

place and the public at large, is centrally and most delightfully located near the head of Bellevue avenue, with spacious grounds, abundance of shade and a structure having an ancient but attractive appearance and a cheerful and convenient suite of rooms. It contains about twenty-five



NEWPORT—FROM THE BAY.

thousand volumes, well selected, some of them quite rare, and a large number of paintings, mostly the gift of Mr. Charles B. King, an artist and native of Newport. We know of no better place in this town of interesting objects to which to go often and spend a few hours than this, where one can drop in quietly and be sure that the courteous librarian, Mr. Rhodes, will do all in his power to make time pass pleasantly and profitably. This library was founded in 1730, incorporated in 1747, and the first building erected in 1748. It is therefore claimed to be the oldest town or city library in the country. The most ancient and central part of the edifice is regarded as a fine specimen of the Grecian-Doric style of architecture, which is very well shown in the superb engraving, at the commencement of this article.

The Free Library, another institution showing the intelligence and sound taste of the people of the "Island City," is favorably located on Thames street, in the upper part of the Union Bank building. It has convenient and pleasant rooms, a

reading-room attached, with about fifteen thousand volumes, and is rapidly growing in the number of its books and in the favor of the public.

At the State-House, which is an old and quaint edifice, used by both the Legislature and the Courts (for it will be remembered that Newport is both a county seat, and jointly with Providence the capital of the State), there is a painting of great value both from the subject and the artist. It is a full length portrait of Washington, by Gilbert Stuart, who made Newport his favorite home, and whose daughter still lives here. The painting was a present from the artist to the people of this town, and they justly prize a gift so rare and valuable.

But why attempt to describe or even enumerate the points and objects of interest in a place where nearly every street in the town and acre of the surrounding country is historic ground, and radiant with the beauty of its scenery and adornments; where almost every spot you tread upon and many of the mansions that adorn the town, have a character and a record, and are associated with something of interest in the past or present? It is like mining in an inexhaustible field of gold, diamonds, and every kind of precious stone.

But among the great number of interesting places, and especially historic ground, and as an exception to the many things that must be passed over, we cannot omit a brief reference to the monument of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry. This interesting memorial of the illustrious dead, may be found at the Island Cemetery, so-called, and of itself is worth a visit to Newport; not from the splendor of the monument itself, for it is a plain obelisk, which with the plinth or pedestal is only thirty-three feet high, and is exceeded in size and workmanship by many to be found in the private cemeteries of the country. It is noteworthy, because it speaks the deeds of a true hero, and recalls our most brilliant naval victory in the second war with Great Britain.

As we stand here musing upon the scenes of the past, the gallant man, whose honored remains sleep beneath this monumental pile, seems to come up out of the dim shadows of the grave, and casting off the cerements of the dead and the dust and decay of his mortal part, to stand forth, as in life full of patriotic devotion and daring, ready to do and die for his country, surpassing in real deeds the ideal heroes of ancient or modern times.

We behold him in the moment of his triumph, exalted and transfigured as it is by the greatness of the occasion, as with his head and waving sword, he passes in his boat, unscathed by the flying missiles, from his own shattered flag-ship, to another that shall serve him till the victory was made complete. More honored dust rests in the precincts of this city—no more brilliant achievements or glorious memories, are the priceless inheritance of any State.

Both the Perrys, as well as General Greene, have been credited to Newport. They rest here, and the remains of the former, as seen, rest here, and no doubt the people of this favored place, that has so much to be proud of, would gladly enjoy the credit that attaches to the birthplace of such illustrious men. But Newport wants only her own. General Greene, whose fame is second only to that of Washington, was born at Warwick; and Colonel Oliver H. Perry, "The hero of Lake Erie," we believe his brother, Matthew C., "the hero of Japan," had their birth in the little town of Narragansett, in South Kingstown. Rhode Island hath no prouder names, even in her own realm.

While the admirers of Newport cannot but be struck for the scenery in its vicinity the grand and wild picturesqueness of mountain views, they claim that they have a great amount of a beautiful landscape (this term we use in its proper sense, including land and sea views), and in places where land and water combine, rises to the picturesque and grand; that in which everywhere speaks of the mysterious and illimitable, and is full of unwritten history here to the best possible advantage, and the elevated location of the town, being in every street and dwelling, whether seen in the quiet beauty of its calmer moods, as it gently kiss the shore, and its surging billows heart-beats; or when lashed into fury by the wind so that its waves run mountain high and upheave as though lifted from the center of the earth, and towering skyward rush headlong against the shore as if they would break through the rocky barrier and assert their dominion over the land—the view is always full of grandeur and variety. Who does not love to gaze at the

blue sea" in calm or in storm? No wonder that the mind of Webster took in its grandest thoughts and drew its noblest inspirations from the sea, vast, boundless—earth's fittest emblem of eternity!

Such is the fertility and verdure of the island, the tasteful adornments of the town, the extent and richness of the ocean views, and the transcendent charms of the whole combined, that no one ever tires of the scenery at Newport. It is always pleasing, and grows upon the sight.

It is known by the name of "The Bluffs," and is five miles in extent, following the windings of the shore. Most of the way the superb cottages of Bellevue avenue are in plain sight, some of them border upon it; and all the way by cross streets, or their being located directly upon the seashore, elegant cottages with their grounds highly adorned with shrubbery, flowers, lawns, etc., border upon and mingle their attractions with this fine walk. The shore itself, once rocky and irregular



BOAT-HOUSE LANDING, NEWPORT.

Boat-house Landing is a rugged, wild spot at the foot of Bellevue avenue, or rather a small street leading to it, where pleasure parties and fishermen go out upon the bay.

Close by, a little to the left, as we face the sea, is what is called "Spouting Rock." It is a freak of nature, consisting of a small cave leading from the water, with an aperture in the top, through which, in a storm, or high waves, the water rushes to the height of sixty feet.

Immediately bordering upon the town and rural suburbs of Newport there are not less than thirty miles of seashore that can be reached at almost any point by going a distance of from one to two miles.

But our purpose in this connection was to describe that portion of it extending from the left of the Boat-House Landing to where the Bath Road, so-called, crosses the beach; or rather, to refer to it, for we have not space to fully describe

in the extreme, has been shaped and beautified so as to set off its natural and artificial attractions to the greatest advantage.

Suffice it, that this walk has no equal at Newport; nor, as far as we know, in the country. As might be expected, it is thronged on all pleasant days in the warm season. A great improvement would be seats, and more shade along the graveled path.

We have repeatedly alluded to the cottage system, the leading feature and crowning glory of Newport. It in fact overshadows everything else, and has probably checked the growth of the place. Though called cottages, many of them are large and spacious mansions, built in the highest style of architecture, and finished and furnished in the most expensive manner, single rooms costing as high as fifty thousand dollars. One cottage, that of Mr. Wetmore, of New York, is said to have cost, with its ornamentation, over a million of dollars.

Yet there are many neat, plain residences here built for convenience and comfort, and arranged in good taste, at a moderate cost.

The stranger is at once struck that the hotels of Newport are so few in number, and most of them so limited in size. There are two that remain open the year round. One of these we did not try; the other, the "Perry House," we did, and found it an excellent hotel, with good fare and most reasonable charges. It is located on Washington Square.

The "Aquidneck," situated on Pelham street, near Touro Park, is a popular house, and remains open six months, although most of the summer hotels and boarding-houses are open but three or four months. While the Naval Academy was at Newport, during the war, the professors boarded here; and officials visiting the place make it their headquarters.

But the great hotel of the place, corresponding to the "United States" at Atlantic City and the "Grand Union" at Saratoga, is the "Ocean House." It is nearly four hundred feet long, by an extreme width of nearly two hundred feet, and is five stories high. It can accommodate between four and five hundred. It stands upon elevated ground, and is most favorably located upon Bellevue avenue. The views from the halls and some of the rooms are charming, especially those that look out upon the water. The commanding prospect and fine panoramic view from the observatory, we have described elsewhere. The Messrs. Weaver are proprietors, one of whom, J. B. Weaver, is connected with the Everett House, at Union Square, New York.

A great deal of superlative nonsense has been written respecting the aristocracy and exclusiveness of Newport, and the extravagance and fashion of Saratoga. The truth is, this town has a great amount of wealth, both among its own citizens and the cottage residents, including quite a number of millionaires, and wealth will always assert itself in some form. The rich will have fine equipages, costly houses, rich furniture, and expensive, stylish dress. The poor, or those in moderate circumstances, cannot imitate them, nor receive and return their visits, because, if nothing else prevented, they have not the means.

Thus, the difference in circumstances draws the lines and makes the distinctions to a great extent. Among the rich people of Newport there is very

little of the coarse, ignorant, shoddy element. There is a great degree of intelligence and refinement among them, and not a few are persons of the finest culture, men of learning and genius have a national fame. We have yet to learn talent, learning, and character, are not duly respected by them. On the contrary, we are told these are a passport to the best society. Possibly the Newport people lay a little too much stress upon family distinction and even upon wealth. But if united with character or official eminence, they are a great incentive to effort, high tone, manly, praiseworthy conduct. And who that does not take pride in these things, and lay stress upon family standing?

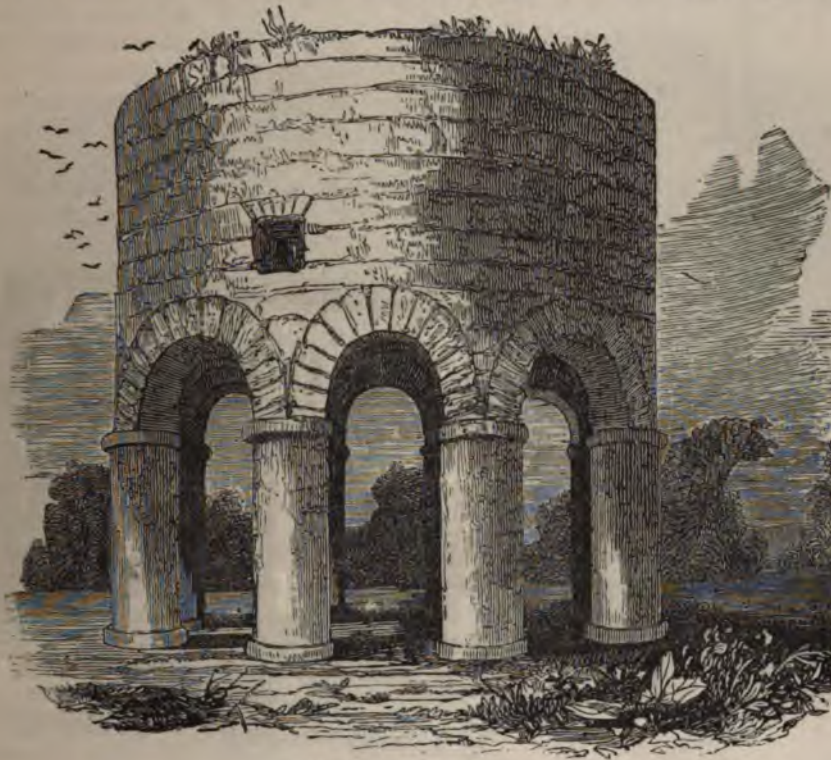
Whenever the cottage system shall disappear, become essentially modified, society here will come more cosmopolitan—more like Saratoga and similar watering-places. But who will say this would be an improvement on the present condition of things?

We know of no place that has greater resources for entertaining amusements than Newport. In addition to the games of croquet, ten pins, "hokey," music, etc., common to all summer resorts, there are the finest drives and most delightful walks almost in the world. The beautiful residences and grounds, the fields covered with verdure, fruitfulness, and the unequalled combination of sea and land views, make these walks and drives joyable and healthful in the highest degree. To the facilities for gunning, fishing, rowing, sailing, and the like, there is no limit to them, except one's power of endurance and capacity to enjoy. There are tiers of smooth, accessible rocks, which afford the best of fishing, and ladies can angle with hook and line without the aid of an expert, or the presence, shall we say interference? of gentlemen. Some sixty kinds of fish are taken in the waters of Narraganset Bay. The libraries, of course, afford every facility for those who are fond of reading for amusement or instruction.

This watering-place is yearly growing in favor with our countrymen at large, as they learn more of its merits; it is becoming more national. More cosmopolitan, increasing numbers are coming from distant parts of the country, and this feature will grow more and more with the future. Formerly great numbers came here from the South, and they were considered among the best patrons and most welcome visitors. Their money was easily

quired and liberally and freely dispensed. With a return of fraternal feeling and prosperity, the Southern people will come here again in great numbers, as before the war, though not perhaps to an equal extent. This with the large increase of visitors from other quarters, will cause Newport to overflow, and call for an immense increase of hotel accommodations. We do not imagine the cottage system will disappear, but that there will be a decided modification of it. The next phase

rapidly, till at the census of 1870 it numbered twelve thousand; by the State census of 1875, over fourteen thousand; and to day it contains not less than fifteen thousand permanent residents. This increase of the permanent population is an unmistakable sign of the ground swell that is coming, and of the work of preparation quietly going on for a great development and growth in the near future. Let those who have declared or thought that Newport had attained its zenith, note these



OLD STONE MILL, NEWPORT.

of development, we think will be a combination of the two, not to do away with private cottages, but to accommodate transient visitors in the best manner. We see the beginning of this movement, which looms up in the future, in the "Cliff Hotel," and the "Cliff cottages," where the cottage and hotel systems are happily combined.

That Newport has a bright and brilliant future we have no doubt. Before the Revolution, and in the days of commercial prosperity, the population numbered about nine thousand; afterwards it declined to about eight thousand, where it remained for many years. Lately it has gone up

signs that it is to become a large town and the chief of American watering-places; or, according to the prediction of one of the most celebrated of her sons, "The great bathing-house of the country." When we consider its beautiful location and surroundings, the mildness and salubrity of the climate, its almost unlimited resources for enjoyment and health, its excellent society, and the many interesting historic associations that cluster here, where shall we find its superior, or even its peer, as a seaside resort, in America?

Pride of New England and pearl of the sea,
Thy charms are confessed by all who know thee!

ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS, AS SEEN IN THE RELIGIOUS EDIFICE OF THE WORLD.

By REV. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, D.D., LL.D.

VI. EARLY ENGLISH, DECORATED AND PERPENDICULAR ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE

TOWARDS the reign of Stephen in England, a change in the form of the arch began to appear in church architecture. The semicircular began to into disuse. The question as to the person whom the pointed arch was first adopted, and land in which it was first used, has led to inter-



ROMSEY ABBEY—TRANSITION FROM NORMAN AND EARLY POINTED.

give way to the pointed arch, and at the same time, instead of a massive heavy pillar, a shaft comparatively slender with several smaller columns surrounding it was adopted. These modifications being introduced into England about the year A.D. 1200, led to the use of the term "Early English," as the designation of the style thus introduced, as distinguished from the heavy Norman that had preceded it, and from the later forms which came to be known as the "Decorated" and the "Perpendicular." About the same time the pointed arch began to prevail in other countries, and in a brief period the semicircular arch fell

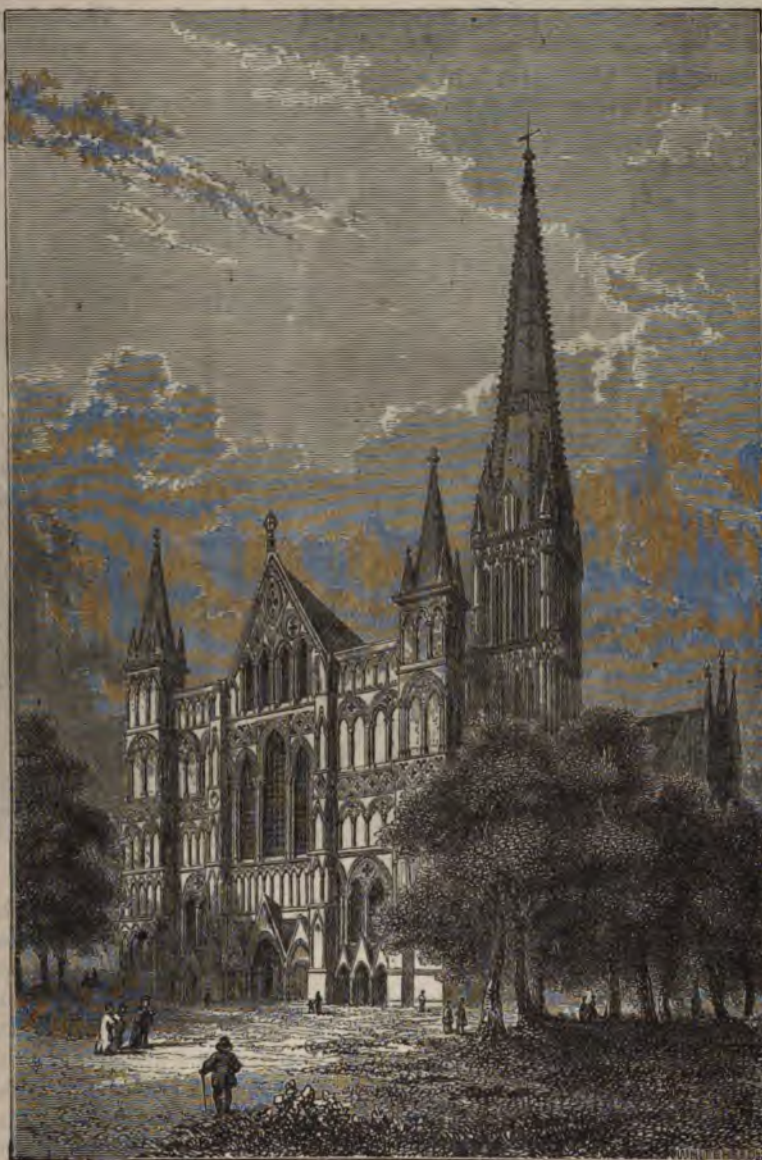
nable discussion; and it is hopeless to expect that these matters shall ever be settled. The well-known Mr. Britton has collected more than fifty theories or opinions concerning the person, the date, the country or the circumstances connected with the origin of the pointed arch. It has been called "the German manner;" it has been traced through Spain to the Saracens and to England from France. The intersection of Norman arches, as seen on exteriors or interiors on wall surfaces, the interlacing of the branches of trees in a forest, have had their advocates; and Mr. Payne Knight holds that "the pointed was the original arch, of

which the earliest instance known in Europe is the Emissarius of the Lake of Albano, built during the siege of Veii, long before either the Greeks or Romans knew how to turn any other kind of arch; for as this may be constructed without a centre, by advancing the stones in gradual projection over each other, and then cutting off the projecting angles, its invention was obvious, and naturally preceded those constructed on mechanical principles; of which I believe there are no examples anterior to the Macedonian conquest."

Although these points may never be satisfactorily determined, it is safe to hold, that owing to the insular condition of Britain, and the weight of Norman and Continental influences on her people, the styles which prevailed in cathedrals in the larger churches and castles and also in the "Religious Houses" of all sizes, had their patterns in the continental edifices. Besides, it is well known that most of them were built by persons specially brought over for the purpose, or by ecclesiastics who were as celebrated for the architectural skill which they had acquired from continental sources. Still it must never be forgotten, that in England, once these styles were domesticated, they became noted for a peculiar type in which a purity and unity were obvious that never

appeared even in the largest and richest of the continental buildings. On the whole, French cathedrals are loftier than English churches, and they are more lavishly adorned; but the excess of ornamentation confuses, and the educated eye is often offended by details which are introduced

merely for the sake of ornamentation, and in obvious disregard of the style. Thus instead of adhering to the principle of elevation, the upward



WEST END OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

range of the column, of the pointed arch, of the pinnacle and the other parts, the element of horizontalism is introduced, as in flat-headed doorways and in broad bands, such as offend on the western façade of Notre Dame at Paris. Greatly enriched as many of the English churches

are, still their effect is produced more in consequence of the long range of the vista from the western entrance to the extremity of the choir, the unity of the plan, and the balance and harmony of the different parts. This will hold good also in the case of the great churches, the parts of which have been erected in different ages, as well as at Salisbury, which of all the first-class cathedrals is built in the same style, the work

marked features of the style. They are either acute, equilateral, or obtuse; but few specimens belong to the last mentioned class. A very notable characteristic is seen in the mouldings of arches. The indentations are very deep, separated by round mouldings, and the hollows between them are so decided as to produce the effect of light and shade. There is therefore a peculiar solemn effect produced by the arches of the



TEMPLE CHURCH, LONDON (SOUTH SIDE).

being begun by Bishop Herbert Poore in the year A.D. 1220, and finished in the space of forty years according to the original plan.

The characteristics of the style known as the "Early English" and sometimes from the form of the windows called "The Lancet" or "Early Pointed," are very distinct from the Norman. The columns on which the arches rest are slender in respect of their height, and they are surrounded with smaller shafts, all standing on a base which assumes the form of the cluster. The capital surrounds the cluster, and it effloresces into a form of great beauty, the foliage being usually extremely elegant. From the columns in a cathedral, the eye is naturally carried upwards to the arches, which sustain the wall of the clerestory, and in this period the arches form one of the most

English period, far more so indeed than which*results from the plainer surfaces of later styles. In the hollows of these arches peculiar decoration called the dogtooth ornament was often used. It had appeared as the Norman was giving way to the Lancet, but it prevailed extensively in buildings of this type that it usually been held to be a feature of the style. It consisted of four small leaves united in a central point which projected outward, and these figures were carried around the arch. The figure was supposed to resemble the dog-toothed violet, hence the name. The transepts of York Minster, the nave and transepts of Lincoln, and the nave of Salisbury and of Westminster Abbey present admirable examples of arches in this style. The windows are tall, narrow, and in shape at

head like the point of a lancet. The earliest windows of this period were quite plain, having no cusps nor other ornamental forms in the head; but in time, when two of these windows were placed close beside each other for increase of light, the separating pier soon became reduced, and by means of a pointed arch thrown over them, the window was divided by a mullion into two lights. When this enlargement was made, a trefoil or a simple cusp was introduced as an enrichment in the window head. In very small buildings a single lancet sufficed in the gable, but the need for more light led to the introduction of two, and even three; and as a matter of taste, the eye was pleased by raising the centre window higher than the others, thus bringing the upward range of the windows into congruity with the upward slope of the roof. Still later, in buildings of importance where the architect had the command of adequate means, a range of triple lancet windows, the centre of the triplet being higher than the others, was introduced in the flank walls, and of this form no more beautiful specimen can be found than the body of the Temple church in London presents.

When architects thus began to unite two windows so as to make one, the step was easy to add a third, a fourth, or more, and thus to make a large and magnificent opening. In Salisbury, there are specimens in which two, three, five and even seven small windows are thus grouped, and the ornamentation of the spaces that stood between the heads of these windows, originated the tracery and foliation which appeared in later styles. In Lincoln Cathedral, no fewer than eight windows are thus combined, and the enrichment of the whole produces a most gorgeous effect. There are four pairs of small windows having a cusped or ornamented circular opening above them; two of these pairs are doubled to make a larger window with a large ornamented circle above them, and lastly, two of the four-fold windows are united with a circle above them, composed of

seven smaller circles, each of which is ornamented with great taste, producing an effect of much beauty. In small buildings of this style the inside splay of the windows is unusually great, but in large structures, and where taste and wealth prevailed, the angles, and often the sides of the



TEMPLE CHURCH—INTERIOR VIEW FROM THE ENTRANCE.

splay were ornamented with small columns, tied together by a band about the middle of their height; and from the capitals, slender arches rose and met in the centre of the splay in the head of the wall opening; thus, although the lancet opening was in itself exceedingly simple, yet its very simplicity, when taken with its surroundings, produced an effect far more impressive than that which resulted from the elaborate display of the flamboyant and other of the later styles. Windows in all these styles may be seen at Beverly, Chii-

EARLY ENGLISH, DECORATED

Westminster, Lincoln, Salisbury, in the
York Minster, and in great numbers
churches which were built between the
1154, till A.D. 1307.

vaulting from the capitals; but very soon
bands became numerous, rising out of the capi-
as if they were continuations of the slender
urns of the cluster, and they almost overspr



EXAMPLES OF THE THREE STYLES.

Roofs in this style were lofty in pitch and
acutely pointed; groined vaulting forming the
ceiling in cathedrals and large structures. Thus,
the elevation of the roof was in harmony with the
idea of loftiness which characterized the
cross springer only rose into the
the whole vaulting of the
which extended longitudi-
vault, was decorated at
bands met with vases of
mental work. The walls
ness, but externally the

buttresses, which, by means of their mass, tended to resist the lateral and outward thrust of the vaulted ceiling. The buttresses were made more effective by enriched pinnacles, which added to their weight, though ornament was never introduced for its own sake. When means, however, were available, a member that was necessary was decorated, and thus the pinnacle was terminated with a finial flower, and the angles of the finial were embellished with crockets. In cathedrals, in churches of first-class size, and in Chapter Houses, where they assumed an octagonal form, flying buttresses were used. That is, an arch was carried up from the top of the flank wall of the aisle, over the roof of the aisle, until it reached the wall of the clerestory, and thus, the force of the lateral thrust of the great central vaulting was gradually brought down into the outer wall of the aisle, where it died out before reaching the ground. In Chapter Houses, as at Lincoln, the buttress stood off entirely from the main building. It was a perpendicular piece of strong masonry, and from it, at the proper height, the arch was carried to the point where, in the main building, the outward thrust was to be encountered. The perpendicular masses and the arches were always enriched in the peculiar style. During the prevalence of this style every form of enrichment was simple, but wondrously elegant and effective. Where niches for statues were introduced, the coverings rose into lofty pinnacles; and it is worthy of note, that in the smaller buildings a greater degree of adornment prevailed than in large ones; spandrels of arches, and the heads of windows were often embroidered with rich characteristic foliage. In the Norman period towers were low, but in the

Pointed, they rose to a great height, and they were adorned with lanterns and lofty spires.

It ought ever to be borne in mind that in the Norman there were germs which passed into the



WEST END OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL

edifices of the Pointed or the Early English period, and when the Early English became modified, there were many elements of that style which were carried into the Decorated; and so from the Decorated, there were forms that passed into the later period known as the Perpendicular. Thus,

EARLY ENGLISH, DECORATED

was Norman, and Transition Norman, run-
into the Early Pointed, or the Early English.



OCTAGON OF ELY CATHEDRAL, ENGLAND.

Then the Early English held sway only to be modified by the forms of the Transition into the Decorated; and eventually the peculiar features began to appear in the Decorated which resulted in the stiffer and more massive period of the Perpendicular; a style which was eminently suited for cathedrals and extensive buildings of the largest size. Amateurs in architecture, as well as many who attempt to build, should never forget the fact, that these periods have their own distinctive features in columns, capitals, bases, arches, buttresses, mouldings, pinnacles, finials, bosses, and the various forms of enrichment. The Early English column, arch, window buttress, moulding and enrichment went together, and this made up the style. An educated eye can as easily see the difference between the moulding of a Perpendicular and an Early English arch, as between the Norman and the Early English, and so with other details.

Mechanics who can merely construct a pointed arch, call it "Gothic," are usually in-

different to the *details* of style, and hence, when such workmen have finished their task, many spectators feel that there is something wrong, something wanting, and that the effect is not the same which they experience when beholding an old edifice of a former age, where these principles were known and regarded. There is another point of importance to amateurs and juvenile students in ecclesiastical architecture, to which prominence is given here, with a view to save them from confusion. Let a young tyro be placed on the north side of Durham Cathedral, or on the south side of the York Minster, and at once he is puzzled. At Durham he will see semicircular arches in the windows of the nave, and many of these are filled in with members that run up into the head of the arch; he will see a magnificent window in the north transept although different, and at the east end of the cathedral still other forms prevail. At York, the south transept is different from the nave and the choir, and here is confusion again. Now the solution of the mystery is very simple. All these great cathedrals were built in successive ages, the nave at one time, a transept at a later period, and the choir it may be later still. Every builder wrought in the style which was prevailing in his own day. If an old Norman choir was destroyed by fire, the builder who raised it up again, adopted the Early English or the Decorated, or the Perpendicular style, according to the period in which he lived and



CHOIR OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

worked, leaving the uninjured part to remain as it was. We are familiar now with the practice of

an architect to draw a plan in the Early if a small and cheap structure be wanted; engagement may be for an elaborated of the Decorated;

ext patron may have in taste, or he may have wide windows heads well sustained, ks for the Perpen-

Not so was it withieval builders; each the style of his own hence it has come that as soon as any ns when the Norman an to be used, and ave way to the Early and when that into the Decorated, became fixed in endicular, the date nce be stated when h or the part of the that has any style e been built. These aral edifices carry es and their history faces. They even n parts of them were d rebuilt, and they fy to the decline of to the stingy mean- the ages in which forms that had been were permitted to , and the new erec- their places which ave made the old o mourn.

continental coun- rich in the lofty s of gorgeously cathedrals in the d styles, England other hand is cele- r the numerous ex-

which may be seen in all parts of the king- the wondrously beautiful Pointed, and n or Later Pointed style. The solemn Tintern Abbey, in Monmouthshire, the Westminster, the Minsters at Beverly and

Ripon, in Yorkshire, the nave and the arches beyond the transept at Lincoln, the north and south transepts at York, the presbytery at Ely, the



WEST END OF YORK MINSTER.

tower and the western front at Wells, the Chapter House at Oxford, the transept and choir at Worcester, and the whole Cathedral of Salisbury in all its parts, are magnificent examples of this wondrously beautiful style.



EXAMPLES OF PERPENDICULAR WINDOW.

The Early Pointed, or as it is generally called the Early English, soon passed into the Decorated. Now, the columns have their central and detached

tive than the Early English, on the same that a florid dress is preferred to a garn has its beauty in its lines and general con

shafts brought into arches are less acute windows are wider, and are divided by perpendicular shafts called mullions which branch out into leaves, wheels, fans, and many other geometrical forms. East windows in churches and western windows in houses are of great size, and the heads are made attractive by a combination of ornamental circles, and flowing tracery which produced the effect of fruit and flower patterns. Windows now are rarely with painted glass, but of the richest character, the tracery of the ceiling was supported by ribs which spread out in the vault in the tracery, and much effect was used to produce a rich effect. Ornaments were lavishly introduced formerly, but with less taste, and gorged seemed to be the character of the style of the French cathedrals in this style, and in specimens abundant where. Examples are seen in the chapel of New College, at Oxford, New College, as well as Magdalen College, in the city; at St. Mary's in the cathedrals at Exeter, York, Worcester, Gloucester, and in the cathedral of Lincoln. Parish churches may be seen in great numbers, in the elements of this style presented in the rich of decoration. To make the decorated is more

decorated very easily, indeed naturally, to the Perpendicular. When windows were very lofty and wide, the weight of the gable tended to crush the delicate

trusses and complicated tracery with which the arch was provided to guard against this danger, which was imminent in this class of windows in cathedrals, the expedient adopted of carrying more mullions up perpendicularly into the head of the window, and thus supporting the arch. In very large windows also, a cross bar, or transom, was introduced as a support for the mullions perpendicularly. In a short time more tracery was used, and many of the mullions were carried to the head of the window, and when several transoms were introduced the window presented the appearance of a lattice-work. In the west window of Winchester, eight transoms rise into the arch, and are crossed by five transoms dividing the whole into four small windows, with small openings of a decorative character at the spring of the arch.

In the period the arches were of larger openings, the tracery on the vaulting more abundant and generally all the tracery was more abundant than the earlier styles. In very gorgeous examples it could remain. Henry the

chapel in Westminster, the college chapel in Cambridge (which is the finest single chapel in the country), George's chapel at Windsor, are perfect examples of Perpendicular work. During this period cathedrals that had to undergo repairs were restored in this style. Gloucester Cathedral, Winchester, Peterborough, Canterbury, and Ely, all present illustrations of a very characteristic style.

It would seem that in the Perpendicular, the pointed architecture had culminated, and it was soon destined to set in a splendor of lavish ornament. During the reigns of the Tudor family, it



INTERIOR—HENRY SEVENTH'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

rapidly degenerated. Arches became flat, and windows were reduced in height; roofs were depressed, pendants were hung from the groins of the ceiling and fret-work in abundance covered the walls. The age seemed to have lost the knowledge and the love of the past, without any capacity to introduce a style for the future, and so the Tudor was really the debased form of the perpendicular, when it fell into a hopeless decline.

Norman may be said to have come into England by the invasion of William the Conqueror, and by A.D. 1144 the Early Pointed, or Early English prevailed. It was cultivated

modifications demanded by household requirements, and a late style of these dwellings became known as Elizabethan or bean.



KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

until A.D. 1280 when it passed into the Decorated, and about A.D. 1380 the Perpendicular was fairly established, holding its sway until A.D. 1550 or the middle of the sixteenth century, when it sunk into the Tudor. In domestic buildings pointed forms had been used with

The relative styles of the great churches the differences which existed between the continental and the British churches, must be to the introduction of the next paper, which treat of the style that immediately afterwards began to prevail.

THE MYSTERIOUS MONOGRAM.

BY WARREN WALTERS.

"THE threads of our lives are so interwoven with the threads of other lives that we are not able to disentangle them, or to divine what other threads they may cross. In the woof and warp of this curious fabric we call life, I am convinced that among the many strands which cross and recross our existence, there is one and only one with which our lives can make a perfect union."

"Then, Mr. Carlyle, you believe that not only my life, but that of the shivering beggar on the street is tending to some other life, not unlike itself, with which it can only vibrate in harmony, and *that* found, there is perfect happiness; at least, the highest happiness of which we mortals are capable?"

"No, Miss Bronson, I intended no such sweeping assertion. There are natures so commonplace, people whose nerves are not acute, and the currents of whose lives are never stirred by strange magnetisms—that they are incapable of tension. And even with those of a sensitive organism there is more frequently failure than success; there are so many objects to divert our destiny and our beings are so inextricably involved with others. We are more liable to bind our souls to those not quite our mates, than that the current of our existence should thereafter mingle in perfect unity."

Ida Bronson looked thoughtfully into the fire, while Percy Carlyle covertly studied the fair girl beside him. The busy hum of conversation among the large party of handsomely dressed men and women who made up the social gathering to "watch out the old year," went on. She was a Southern girl, whose father found wider scope for his great talents in New York, and after the death of his passionately loved wife had removed to the great city. His fortune was not yet made, although he was not lacking a comfortable income. Ida, his only child, was idolized, but not spoiled, and a rich type of Southern beauty. Imperially proud was she, and of noble bearing; one whose character was of the queenly mould and whose loveliness made men passionately yearn to have her forever in their keeping. In her presence men felt a strange exaltation and a desire to appear and bear themselves like princes. There was a strange-

ness in her beauty and her bearing unlike that of others, and it was a remarkable phase of her character that she sometimes seemed to be withdrawn from the outside world and became oblivious to speech or sight. Her eyes assumed a far-away look and no words would issue from her lips. When this semi-trance had first developed itself, it gave her friends much alarm and the highest medical authority was consulted, but gave no satisfactory solution. As it had no apparent evil results upon her health or mind it was finally dismissed as "only one of Ida's strange ways." She was a being of mysterious impulses, full of fine fire and subtlety, and a lover of all weird places and fancies. Percy Carlyle was the most favored of her many suitors, and it was understood that he was more likely to bear away the prize, although there were many young men who still desperately disputed the honor. In every way he was considered a "proper match" for this rare creature. She had been especially gracious to him this evening, and he felt more than confident that he would eventually claim her for his own. In some way the conversation had turned upon the discussion of "affinity" in the pure sense of the word, and as a result of the conversation Ida had assumed the semi-trance state with which he was so well acquainted. It had never given him uneasiness before, for he, with others, only marked it as a strange and harmless peculiarity of a beautiful girl; but to-night it seemed that it boded evil for his suit. It now wanted but a few minutes of twelve, and the gay company sat silently watching the hands of an elegant clock on the mantel slowly ticking away the last few moments of the year. The hush was oppressive, and Percy's heart sank within him as he heard the silvery chime begin to count away the last few seconds. It seemed to mark the knell of his hopes, and that, notwithstanding the favor which had but an hour before thrilled him, this hateful chime declared that hereafter their lives would grow apart. Seven—eight; the door opened and a servant noiselessly entered and presented on a silver salver a purple sachet of velvet to Ida Bronson, embroidered on which, in gold thread, were some mysterious characters.

Eleven—twelve! She took it from the waiter and with a startled glance rose and retired to the dressing-room. This simple action for a moment naturally aroused the curiosity of the company, while to Percy it seemed filled with ominous meaning.

When she reached the room she closed the door behind her, eagerly opened the sachet, and took from thence a beautiful necklace formed of gold and opals. It was strangely exquisite and strangely barbaric. The centre-piece was of dark stone cut to represent an Egyptian seeress, whose eyes were small diamonds. Two satyrs' heads were linked to the centre-piece holding in their teeth two delicate chains of gold, to which was suspended a monogram, made of writhing serpents. She gazed for a moment at the beautiful ornament, and then placed it about her neck, the serpents falling down upon her breast. The rich lace about her regal throat concealed the valuable charm from vulgar eyes. The mysterious portion of her inner self took it as nothing less than a portent, while the following note enclosed in the sachet confirmed the idea she was eager to seize. There was no date or signature to it:

"With the new year comes new life; and with it accept the devotion of one whom you know not, nor have you seen, nor will you see until the fullness of time. Should you yield your life to another's keeping, destroy this amulet, since its mission will cease. He that gave it, charges you to keep it and his heart."

Robert Lee, professor of languages, resigned his chair in St. Clement's College to sail with an expedition to Arabia, and set sail the first week of the new year. His sudden resolve was a matter of regret to the authorities, for he was held in high estimation, both for his learning and his courtly manners. He was a Virginian whom the war had ruined, and after the strife ended sought and obtained his present position. He had travelled throughout Europe and the Old World when much younger, and therefore it was not much a matter of surprise when he announced his determination to revisit the land of the Sheik and Bedouin. Few men could compare with him in point of personal or mental beauty. A member of the most aristocratic family in the Old Dominion, his culture and his manners were fascinating, after the world-renowned style of his race.

Extracts from his journal tell his story better than another's pen, and from it such excerpts are

taken as have to do with the facts narrate strange episode. The first one bearing on the subject reads thus:

"I sailed for Alexandria, in Egypt, Jan. 1, with the intention of making my fortune. I was satisfied that my present professorship would give the independence which, for a reason only to myself, is necessary to my future. It was not many days ago that I considered myself happy and contented in what I hold to be the noblest profession in the world, save one. I thought to live out my life striving for the benefit of my fellows. But this is all undone for me almost in the twinkling of an eye. I can no longer content myself with such a life under the present circumstances, than I can create perpetual wealth by Fate, or by whatever other name men call it. Fate has made it an impossibility; I *must* be wealthy, or it is necessity—and if I fall into the grasp of Fate, wealth unattained, then welcome the grave. At present, there are for me no doubts. I am determined to believe and say to myself 'I will succeed.' With an indomitable spirit, therefore, I go forth to my fate, resolved to gain either wealth or death. My plan is to push my way into the interior of the desert with a small band of trusty followers, and purchase such merchandise as is easily transportable, and which is to be had for almost nothing, but of great value at points of shipping. I mean to keep myself from the large bands of robbers who prey upon the land by celerity rather than by number."

"February 15. To-morrow I start for the interior, having secured as my leader Ben Adar, a man of great prowess and skill, one who combines courage and knowledge of the desert with the coolness of determination, and faithfulness of the Englishman. He is the son of an English officer and a pure Arab woman, born, of course, 'out of the East.' I am provided with fleet and hardy horses and dromedaries, as well as a goodly quantity of attractive merchandise, money, and a substantial outfit of necessaries."

"March 21. I have succeeded thus far in my hopes as to the time required to reach the interior where such merchandise as I require is to be had for petty prices, but have not been able to reach the amount I expected. If I am so fortunate as to reach Suez in safety, on my next trip I will increase the size of my caravan. My goods consist of a few precious stones (on my next expedition I will go beyond this point, since I learned, after se-

the major portion of my load, that fifteen miles to the northeast there is a tribe whose jewels are much finer, a number of pure-blooded Oman colts, the rarest and most valued stock of the Arab horses, some fine silks and shawls, and a few pearls, emeralds, onyx and opals—these last mostly small and imperfect. We start early to-morrow on our return trip."

"April 19. All gone, and within but a few days journey of a comparatively safe country. Yesterday, as we were about to skirt a grove, as is my custom, I sent forward some Arabs to see if our way was clear. They returned and reported nothing to indicate danger, and that they had gone beyond the trees to the open plain. Alas! our interrupted good fortune thus far betrayed us, for we had not proceeded far into the wood before we were set upon and the largest and most valuable part of our treasure carried off. The Bedouins overpowered us, and after the manner of their reckless race, dashed upon us and in a moment were away again having spurned the meaner part of the goods. We considered ourselves fortunate in recovering some of our animals, the onset of the robbers frightening them out of the reach of the pillagers, who are ever too much in a hurry to pick a caravan clean. Strange to say, this almost total wreck of my prospects affected me but momentarily, for after we gathered up the fragments and leavings, and I found that there still remained to me *something*, I was not cast down. I have to-day a plan matured to start another expedition. All I care for is the loss of time. I feel, nay, I know success will attend me, and in Ben Adar I have a host at my back. I find him much above his class, and can see that notwithstanding his lofty Son-of-the-Desert air, he is strangely attracted to me. I have promised when my object is attained that he shall go with me to America—the highest ambition of his life, and I presume a legacy bequeathed him in his English blood. I have ordered camp here, and will go and look for game in this fateful copse of woods.

"Near Midnight. I little imagined a few hours ago, the destruction of my caravan would place in my hands what is worth a hundred such petty affairs. I am rich beyond my wildest dreams! all there remains for me to do is to transport my treasure-trove a few leagues farther, where I shall enter the land of Hadjazmut, through which travel is tolerably safe, and safer as we draw nigh Suez.

I can hardly write, both from excitement and a strong desire to go back and make sure of my new-found wealth—much the same impulse, I imagine, as the murderer feels when he is drawn to revisit the scene of his crime. It attracts me like a powerful magnet. Let me write down what has occurred, and by that time perhaps I shall be calm enough to decide what is best to do: When I left camp I went directly north, and had not proceeded more than a mile when I came upon the ruins of what had once been a dwelling, evidently not that of a native, for it had been formed of stones and wood, although there was not left one stone upon another to tell its history. On examination, I discovered small shreds of cloth, matting, and paper—this last article surprising me greatly—and the conclusion was well-nigh irresistible that some white person (not unlikely a countryman of mine, as they are ever noted for their eccentricity) had inhabited it. The destruction had evidently been recent, and in hope of discovering some clue I overturned quite a number of stones. Upon one of these I found characters cut with some rude instrument. It seemed to occupy a rather central position in what had once been the structure, but I managed to lift it and was still more amazed to find a large iron plate underneath. My whole being was now wrought into phrenzy, and I succeeded in getting it out of place. Hastily putting my hand in the excavation it concealed, I discovered quite a number of parcels wrapped in the coarse cloth used by the Arab merchants for packing their goods. These unwrapped, I found that they were used to protect boxes of valuable diamonds, pearls, and ingots of gold and silver. I put them back hastily, replaced the coverings and endeavored to cover up the spot as naturally as possible. After all this, I find myself here in camp with emotions beyond the power of pencil to transfer to my journal. What must I do?"

"Early dawn. I cannot sleep, nor have I closed my eyes. Have just finished a long conversation with Ben Adar, whom I woke up, after arriving at the conclusion that I could do nothing without a companion. Everything seems clear to me now that I have secured an ally, who is both more powerful and more crafty than I. It has been agreed between us that I am to allow him to manage the transportation and to give him one-third of the treasure. For a moment this cession gave me a pang. I rebelled inwardly at his assumption of

the 'lion's share,' as I for the moment called his claim. But when I reflected upon the improbability of securing the treasure by my own unaided exertions, and that it represented far more than the sum I required, I choked down my unreason, and felt the better for it."

No more entries are made in the journal until some days later, the hiatus doubtless being occasioned by the excitement and labor incident to the care of this discovery.

"I have lost my reckoning of days, and cannot just tell at this moment whether two or three days have intervened since my last entry, so I content myself with a record of what has been accomplished. We shall take up our march at dawn tomorrow, having been reinforced by guards and dromedaries. The men have been and are out on a grand hunting excursion of two or three days, prizes being offered by Ben Adar for the most successful hunter. The ostensible object of this is to procure sustenance for our journey; but in reality it was ordered so as to allow us to work undisturbed at an arrant piece of folly devised by Ben Adar. What possible use he can have for the excavation we have been digging I cannot conceive. I have remonstrated with him, but only get some irrelevant reply in the shape of a Turkish proverb. He has intimated that it is to be used as a blind, but how, when, or where I cannot divine. Yesterday he despatched two men for a quantity of rough packing-cloths and rope, and we are momentarily expecting their return. The treasure remains just as we left it, for at the first opportunity I disclosed its position to Ben Adar. I have repeatedly urged the necessity of packing, but he has deferred it until the last moment, that we might finish this tiresome hole in the ground, which he insists upon digging. He has warned me to take rest and sleep to-day, since we shall have to labor all night. He is now calmly sleeping, and I can see him just a few rods beyond, quietly reposing at the foot of a palm tree. I am glad there is no more digging to be done, else I should be inclined to rebel. But I must put aside my pencil and try to sleep."

The next entry is dated at Alexandria, a month later.

"All safe at last. We entered Alexandria this morning, and Ben Adar having unloaded our travel-worn beasts, we have exhumed the treasure a second time from the dirt and deposited it in

strong boxes at the bank. Thanks to Ben Adar's sagacity, we have not lost the worth of a c of our load, and have made a remarkable passage. I have the time now that this golden is off my mind, to give the details of Adar's most successful ruse, to which I am indebted for the preservation of my fortune. The part of the night previous to our departure the ruined house was spent in securely packing jewels and ingots in great bags of cloth, the articles being carefully hidden in the loamy soil had excavated with so much exertion. Long before morning came, Ben Adar aroused the men, and after a hasty breakfast, called his followers together. They were all in the finest physical condition, having fared sumptuously and been successful in the chase. After obtaining silence, he addressed them in their own language. The first sentence he uttered astonished me, he rushed forward to stop his revelation, but he declared that I had found an enormous treasure, but something in the chief's look stopped me. I succeeded in reaching him and warned him not to allow him his own way. He then went on to say that we had taken it from the soil and it was to be placed on the dromedaries' backs. He then spoke words of caution, incitement to bravery should be attacked, and the promise of a handsome reward for its safe delivery in Alexandria, gave pleasure to the men, and voluble promises of safety and diligence. He also informed them that their movements would be by forced marches and in the night; that the faster we proceeded the greater the reward. Ben Adar was a man respected among them; his word and promises were held in high esteem. His address had been terse and admirably to the point. He closed by ordering them to follow through the gray dawn to the treasure. Very eagerly they assented, and they confronted the great bags ready for their journey, their excitement knew no bounds. The first two animals were then led up, Ben Adar giving command that no one should superintend the loading but himself. I felt myself blanching when the first two bags broke open, and scattered upon the earth a quantity of loam, but no pack and began to grow wild at the fear that Ben Adar had stolen the precious part of the loads. A glance at his dignified, honest face, and the repeated words, 'The others will not break these were meant to,' assured me, and I saw that

the trick. The Arabs looked disgusted, as they saw the common earth roll out, but the re-announcement of the reward should they carry the bundles safely, sworn to in the name of Mahomet and the Koran, reassured them. He bade some gather up the earth carefully and repack it, while others were ordered to place the unbroken bundles upon the backs of the animals. As we journeyed along I had many an 'inward smile' over the Arabs, who covertly made much sport of the deluded American who was transporting at much expense a mass of desert sand, with the idea it was valuable. Ben Adar's well-known probity, however, assured them of a reward, and it mattered not how this 'trash' turned out. The crafty chief's stratagem served two purposes: first, none of the band thought it worth while to meddle with the sacks since they contained nothing of value; second, it offered no inducements to the prowling bands of Bedouins, for had our guard suspected the value of the contents, it is more than probable they would have communicated the fact, and we would have been much more liable to attack."

There is little more of interest to quote from the diary; suffice it to say that the caravan reached its destination, and Ben Adar and his master set sail for America with their treasure.

Percy Carlyle made great effort to cast aside the foreboding of New Year's Eve, and while it was apparent that Miss Bronson enjoyed his society more than that of other admirers, he could not rid himself of the idea that somehow her life had passed out of his orbit, ever since that eventful New Year's Eve. He could not discover one action or word to prove his fear, and would have scouted it as unreasonable, had it been possible; but day after day the intangible and indescribable *something* seemed like a mist to grow denser and blacker. It wrought upon his nerves, and made his life almost unendurable. He was impelled to put it all to the test, and at the same time this *something* held him back. He feared, and his hopes were never buoyant. He postponed the question as long as possible, and by every art and device strove to dispel the cloud, until at last determined no longer to bear the suspense. Very gently she put aside the proffered love, but in the depths of her glorious eyes he saw the lambent flame of sorrow burn—sorrow that her lips were to give him pain. He urged their long friendship,

their many points of taste and culture in common, and his burning love, in words of impassioned eloquence. When pressed for the reason of her refusal, among other things she urged was the fact that he was one to whom much had been given, and who was content to hide his talents in the earth. He drew from the conversation that followed that she had never met one whose lines were seemingly so in unison with the lines of her own life, and quoted his words, "there is one and only one life with which ours can make a perfect union, and we are more liable to bind our souls to those not quite our mates, than that the current of our existence should thereafter mingle in perfect unity." "I can never," she said, "risk my happiness so long as a doubt remains that somewhere in all this world there is not a spirit more perfectly mated with mine. Ever since that New Year's Eve the incompatibility of our temperaments has grown upon me, even against my will. I know you will not accuse me of an unmaidenly thought, when I say up to that time there was no one for whom I had a higher regard; but while we were then speaking came the thought, that the current of our lives would not thereafter run together; that your path and mine must diverge. To-night I feel that we have drifted apart, and as the years go by we shall be wide asunder as the poles."

Months later he again broached the subject, in the hope that this thought might have passed away, but he found her more than ever convinced of its truth. Their friendship was strongly put to the test, and when her father spoke in the highest praise of her suitor, she never wavered in her faith. Percy Carlyle felt that he would never be able to bridge the gulf between them, but could not resolve to leave America and in new scenes heal a wounded heart. Not long after, Percy asked and obtained permission to introduce a gentleman, a former resident of the city, who had just returned from an extended tour on the Continent. When Ida entered the parlor she was struck by the very handsome bearing and manner of Percy's friend, and before long found herself entranced with his manners and mind. He seemed to be her ideal of a noble man, one whose heart and whose every-day life was that of a Bayard or Sir Walter Raleigh. This visit was but the precursor of many others, and the days rolled on weaving about them the ties of a free and noble interchange of mind

and intellect, of pure-heartedness, with the subtle fire of a chivalric spirit. Percy looked upon the growing intimacy with sardonic pain, fearing and hoping for the issue. Ida found in the company of this new-comer a satisfaction she had never experienced before, a feeling much akin to that which she produced upon her gentlemen friends; it seemed as if the whole scope and vision of her life was enlarged, and she breathed an exhilarating draught of pure air. She often wondered if their lives were not drawing closer and more closely. In her chamber, however, these thoughts were checked by a sight of the monogrammed bracelet. She felt that the wearing of the jeweled charm was a tacit acceptance of the donor; at least that she ought not to give way to such reflections so long as the owner of that ornament remained undiscovered.

New Year's Eve had come again, and she had accepted the invitation of Percy's friend to act as her escort. The company was as select and as handsomely appareled as before. Dancing was at its height, and by common consent the clock had been removed that no solemn thoughts might stop tiny feet in their enjoyment. Ida had danced several times with Percy and other of her friends, when her escort appeared and took her from "the floor" to promenade. The warmth of the room and the exercise naturally brought them to the conservatory, one of the attractions of the host's grand mansion. The music was borne on the perfumed air, and rendered more delicious by distance, as it came floating through the beautiful roses, camelias and lilies, which were blossoming in the conservatory.

"We are just about to pass into a new era," he said as they stopped before a magnificent bloom of red-lipped fuchias and white petaled lilies. He drew forth his watch and turning its face towards her, she saw that the hands marked but one minute of twelve. Her thought reverted to this time last year, the chained monogram now

pulsing with her heart-beat. She was freed from these recollections by the sweetly tinkling bells in the handsome article held in her hand. Before it had finished its stroke he replaced it in his pocket and holding in his fingers a brilliant diamond on which she saw the counterpoised mysterious characters which were suspended from her necklace, said: "Will you wear this with it the heart offered you this night ago?" Her eyes were aflame with the thought she had been holding in reserve, as her lips answered, "yes." Around her waist her arm crept, and upon her lips she felt the ecstatic kiss of a reverent, heart-born lover. Eagerly she listened to the romantic tale he recounted of the presumption of a poor student, professor for the acknowledged belle in the city; of the sudden resolution taken to marry for himself, when he saw her radiantly looking for the first time; of the dangers and toils he had to desert, for one with whom he had never exchanged a word; of his fears that his gift and devotion would be forgotten; of the brave he had loved without a meeting, promise, or so much as a word, went out to gain his fortune, with nothing but the token from his heart's desire. These and other points were recounted, before the unknown crush of fashionables broke in. She was with a grateful heart though not without sorrow, that she noted Percy's face returned to the dancing saloon, and saw that he read aright the cause of their absence. She knew too well that he must no longer hold her so treasured in his heart, for henceforth her life would be woven with another's.

The ring and the necklace, the latter from a grateful Arab Sheik on Robert I. after his visit to Arabia, now gleam in public on the finger of the most attractive and most noble-hearted woman in society, and nowhere has love a more fitting throne than in that household.

HISTORIC CHARACTERS—SOUVENIRS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY S. D. NEVETS.

As shown on page 34, the first subject of our sketch, was a woman of rare personal beauty and social prominence, and contributed very considerably to the success of certain military measures, by communicating to her father and General Livingston, of New Jersey, information which she was enabled to obtain through a large circle of influential friends in New York, by whom she was trusted, as "the widow of an officer in his Majesty's service," and "herself a born aristocrat;" whereas she was in truth an ardent rebel, and her entire heart and soul were with the cause of her father and her countrymen.

MRS. MARY LITCHFIELD,

subsequently the wife of Dr. Charles McKnight, was the young widow of Colonel John Litchfield, of the British army, and the only daughter of Hon. John Morin Scott, of New York, of whose valuable services in the cause of American Independence a brief account was given in the *American Historical Record* of May, 1874. Mrs. McKnight inherited the intense patriotism and love for the popular cause which so preëminently distinguished her father, and which was to be expected in one sprung from the blended races to which she owed her ancestry. On her father's side she was of ancient and historic Scottish lineage, while her mother (Helena Rutgers, of New York), was of very prominent "old Dutch stock," and her grandmother (Marie Morin) was a daughter of an equally prominent French Huguenot family which settled in New York shortly after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

CHARLES MCKNIGHT, M.D.

The present appears to afford a suitable occasion for brief allusion to this distinguished surgeon and physician, whose short and brilliant career leaves but small material for a biography which would prove of interest to the general reader. We do not therefore offer this article as anything more than a mere tribute to his memory, and to the patriotic zeal that he displayed in serving his country in a most arduous and laborious capacity at the time of her utmost need. It is rather to be

taken as a general historical reminiscence of himself, his family, and their connection with the events of "a hundred years ago."

Dr. McKnight was the eldest son of the Rev. Charles McKnight, an earnest and much respected clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, who commenced his ministerial career as pastor of the united congregations of Cranberry and Allentown, New Jersey, at the first mentioned of which places he resided, and where the old parsonage—a large and spacious house—built for him by his parishioners about the time of his marriage (1746) is still standing; to which he brought his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Stevens, of Freehold, and where their son Charles was born, October 10, 1750. Rev. Mr. McKnight appears to have come to America about the year 1740, as he was received by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, New Jersey, in 1741 and ordained in 1742. He was cotemporary with the Tennents, and with him the Brainerds chiefly made their home while engaged in their celebrated missionary work among the Indians in the vicinity of Cranberry, where was situated their "town of Bethel, which David Brainerd began, and his brother John completed." Rev. Charles McKnight was a son of the "Rev. John McKnight, a minister of eminence and respectability, in Ireland," and the family was of that patriotic "Scotch-Irish" stock to which the successful issue of our revolutionary conflict is so greatly due. His family, originally of Scotland, located near Lisburn, in the county of Antrim, Ireland, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, where they subsequently distinguished themselves in the cause of King William. Mr. John McKnight, grandfather of Rev. Charles McKnight, was one of the defenders of Londonderry in the memorable siege of that city, and afterwards lost an arm at the decisive battle of the Boyne.

The more interesting portion of Rev. Charles McKnight's career was connected with his pastorate at Shrewsbury and Middletown Point, New Jersey, over which congregations he was installed in April, 1767. Hon. J. T. Headley, in one of his series of articles entitled "Clerical Heroes of the Revolution," published in the *New York Ob-*

server of October 21, 1874, alludes to him as follows:

"At the commencement of the dissatisfaction with the legislative acts of the mother country, he had been accustomed to express sentiments adverse

his parishioners, and set the example by doing his two sons' to the field. He did not for one moment, to doubt the ultimate success of the attempt at independence, assuring his parishioners that "God would take care of their liberty



MRS. MARY MCKNIGHT,
Wife of Dr. Charles McKnight. Born July 17, 1753. Died September 19, 1796.

to the crown, with a boldness that caused considerable dissension among his people."

Less than fifty years ago there were still many aged people living in the vicinity of Shrewsbury and Middletown Point, who could recall the fervid words and impassioned expressions of their pastor when he got on his favorite theme of the rights of the people, or was expressing his sympathy with those elsewhere who were leading their countrymen towards national independence. When hostilities finally commenced he openly urged forward

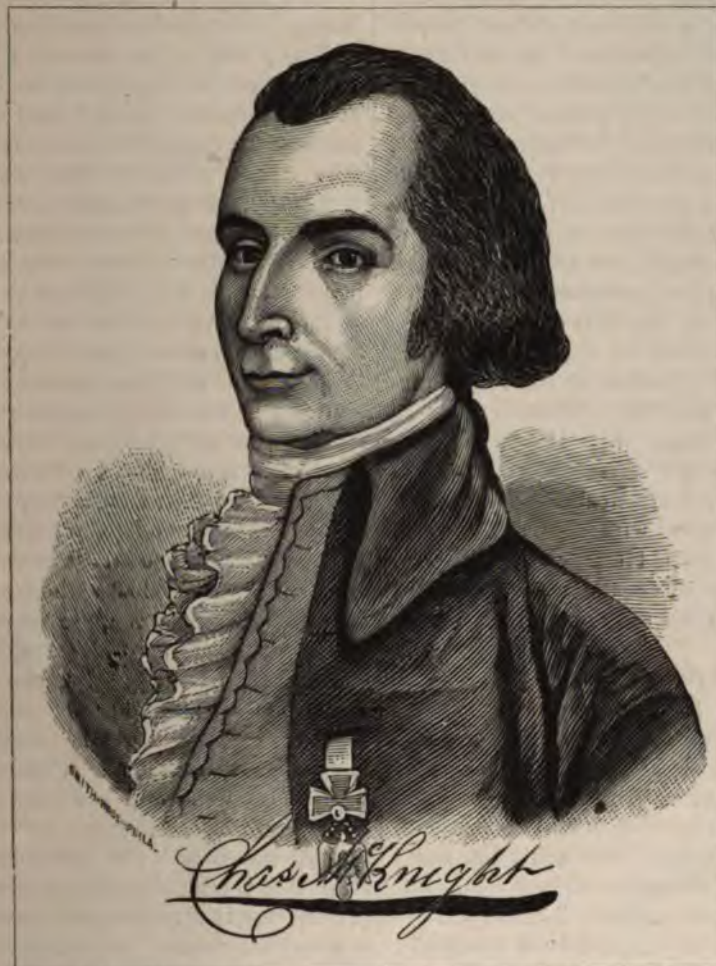
would take care of the red-coats." He was at the battle of Princeton, and stood so near General Mercer when he fell, that he received a sabre cut on his head. In the autumn of

¹ Richard, the younger of these sons, held a captain's commission in the New Jersey line of the army, and became a prisoner by the enemy, was placed on one of the New York harbor, where he met the miserable "prison ship martyr," leaving two young sons, both of whom appear to have inherited their father's adverse fate, dying, while a medical student, from yellow fever.

church at Middletown Point was burned down by a detachment of British troops, and himself made prisoner. His zeal and patriotism were so well known that neither his profession nor his age could protect him from the cruelty of his enemies. The

enemies seeing he was about to die, set him at liberty. He died January 1st, 1778.

He was one of the early trustees of Nassau Hall, or Princeton College, where his son Charles—whose portrait appears herewith—graduated in



"Senior Surgeon in Flying Hospital," Revolutionary Army. Born October 10, 1750. Died November 16, 1791, aged 41 years.
(Original Miniature taken after death.)

old patriot, verging on his threescore and ten, was carried to New York and placed in confinement. Under the insults and sufferings to which he was exposed his health gave way entirely, and his

during attendance upon the sick; and Daniel, who was of a roving disposition, having engaged in mining operations in Mexico, is believed to have been the Mr. McKnight said to have been imprisoned by the Spanish Government officials at Sonora, on suspicion of being a spy of the United States, and to have died there after "having lain in chains for eleven years."

1771 (*"primum candidatum"*), in the same class with James Madison, Philip Freneau, Brackenridge, Bedford, and other distinguished men of the Revolutionary era.

Dr. Charles McKnight entered the American Army upon the commencement of the Revolution, and was appointed "Senior Surgeon of the Flying Hospital," April 11th, 1777. In 1780, before attaining the thirtieth year of his age, he acted as Surgeon-General, and thence until January 1782, as Chief Physician of the army. The late Dr. John

W. Francis said of Dr. McKnight, in the *Medical and Philosophical Register*: "In the discharge of the important and arduous duties of his station, his talents and indefatigable zeal were equally conspicuous, and he was preëminently faithful in the performance of all those duties which the peculiar situation of his country required, and his humane disposition led him to undertake. At the close of the war he was appointed Professor of Surgery and Anatomy in Columbia College; where he delivered lectures on these two branches of medical science, to a numerous and attentive class of scholars, while the profundity of his research and the acuteness of his genius gained for him the approbation of the most fastidious. In a life of constant activity, both as a practitioner and a teacher, he continued until he had arrived at his forty-first year, when death (the ultimate result of an injury received during the war) put a period to his labors and usefulness." The late venerable President Duer of Columbia College, states that Dr. McKnight, though very eminent as a physician, was particularly distinguished as a practical surgeon, and at the time of his death was without a rival in that branch of his profession. He died November 16, 1791. The late John M. Scott McKnight, M.D., of New York city, was his only son.

SPIRITED LETTERS FROM A LADY TO A LADY.

MY DEAR NANNY: I did not receive your agreeable letter till yesterday. You cannot imagine how happy it made me, as I have long wished for and long expected a line from you. You complain of being low-spirited; my dear Nanny, you are not more so than your friend. We hardly live now; sometimes news that distresses us, and sometimes news that makes us most happy. I am so glad to hear that General Lee has defeated Lord Dunmore; I wish to God we had the villain a prisoner here. We were very much alarmed about three weeks ago at Elizabethtown, as we were told early in the morning that the regulars were landing at the Point. Only paint to yourself our distress at hearing our enemy was so near us; the whole town was in the utmost confusion, everybody making their escape. We, almost frightened to death, ran with the rest, without a single rag of clothes but what we had on our backs, but before night we got our clothes and plate removed to Springfield, where we now are. It is a most shocking place, not one person that we can visit; we live at a publick

house, and all I wish and pray for is that be able to return to New York in the winter, happy we shall all be when we meet again grant that we may. If we can't return, York in the fall we shall go to Elizabeth. I have often wished myself with you, my Nanny; do try and persuade your mamma to New Jersey in the winter; I am sure she get a house in Elizabethtown, and I long to see you once more. News I have none to write that can be depended upon; there are so many false reports we never credit any of them. The regulars remain pretty quiet on Staten Island, only knows their wicked designs. We must bear our troubles with patience and resign to it is the Lord's will. All will be well again and we be restored to our old habitations, happy once more. I feel in pretty good spirits this afternoon as I expect to see my dear father tomorrow; he is to meet us at Newark, and it is the first time of our seeing him since we left. They have made him a General, it is true, but I wish they had not; what a distressed family he leave if he was to fall in battle. Your brother I suppose, writes you all the news that is stirring in New York. I have had an intermitting fever, but I came here but am quite recovered. Give my love to Sukey and tell her I wish her joy of her new admirer; I really think she is the old darling indeed; tell her she must make no more of him for it is a great thing now to have a lady's servant, every gentleman is so much engaged in the war. I expect to hear you have all got New York sweethearts, I suppose you have one but do not tell me—well! they will help to pass the time away if it is only in laughing at them. Please present my best respects to your mamma and love to your sisters. My mamma desires her love. My dear little Betsey is well and grows fine, you see Mrs. Rodgers give my love to her and try and come to New Jersey in the fall, it is my sincere wish my dear Nanny of your truly affectionate friend,

MARY LITCHFIELD

SPRINGFIELD, July 24th, 1776.

MY DEAR NANNY: I received your agreeable letter a fortnight ago and would have answered it immediately but was ill with my old complaint which was very severe and lasted some days. I am now recovered, thank God. We are all

every day here expecting our enemy over, a horrid situation, not one easy or happy moment have we had since we have been in New Jersey. Oh! how I regret not going to New England. If it were possible we would go yet, but here we must stay. God only knows whether I shall ever see you again. If the regulars should get possession of this place, what will become of us, where shall we fly for safety? I am almost distracted when I think of it; there are so many alarms of their attacking us and we expect it every day. We have our coach standing before our door every night, and the horses harnessed, ready to make our escape if we have time. We have hardly any clothes to wear, only a second change. You, my dear Nanny, are happier than we, you are further off from the horrid noise of war. Oh! how dreadful to hear the drums beating to arms, and the cannon roaring. Last Sunday morning there was a very heavy firing between two ships going down the river and our batteries, we all here thought they had attacked New York. Last Wednesday about noon we were alarmed with a report that the enemy were to attack the Point; General Livingston sent us word to go out of town as soon as we could. We went just before dark, it looked very likely for a heavy shower and we had not gone above a mile before we had the most violent storm I ever saw, the flashes of lightning were incessant, and one continued peal of thunder, and very dark except what light we had from the heavens, which seemed to be in a blaze. Old daddy Cesar was so frightened he could not manage the horses, so mamma sent me outside to drive. We were obliged to stop all night on the road and all the lodging we could get was a dirty bed on the floor; I need not tell you how hard it seemed for us who have always been used to live comfortable. The weather being so bad prevented their attacking, I suppose, and the next morning we returned to town, and this afternoon while we were in church we were all alarmed with the sound of cannon. The regulars fired on our men at the Point and we returned the compliment; it lasted about an hour, but thank God it is now over. We would return to Springfield, but our rooms being at a public house, and that constantly full of soldiers passing and repassing every day, it will never do for us, so we will take our chance with the rest. We heard from my dear father yesterday, who informs us that about 9000 regulars are landed on Long Island and are now at

Flatbush, and are entrenching there. We have had two or three skirmishes with them, in which we have had the better, we have killed several of them and our troops took 4 of the dead bodys, one of them was an officer belonging to the foreign troops. Papa with his brigade have gone over to Long Island, which makes us all very uneasy. Poor New York, I long to have the battle over, and yet I dread the consequence. I am afraid you will be tired with this dismal subject so will say no more. My love to Sukey and tell her I am sorry her admirer has left her. As to what you said about Doctor ——— in your first letter, there is nothing in it; I am very much obliged to him or any of my friends for speaking well of me. I delivered your message to Miss Sukey Livingston, she told me she had wrote to you by the Post. My dear Nanny, do let me hear from you soon, it gives me great pleasure to receive a line from you. My best compliments await on your mamma and my love to the girls. Tell Cornelia, Lewis desires his best respects to her. Mamma desires you will give her love to your mamma. Farewell my dear Nanny, may we have a happy meeting in New York is the sincere wish of your affectionate friend,

MARY LITCHFIELD.

ELIZABETHTOWN, *August 25th, 1776.*

Mrs. Mary Litchfield, the writer of these letters, was the young widow of Colonel John Litchfield, of the British army, who died July 14, 1775. It may be a matter of surprise that the widow of a British officer so lately deceased, should write such patriotic letters; but she was the only daughter of Hon. John Morin Scott (the patriotic New York lawyer), the statement of which fact is a sufficient explanation of her warm sympathy with the cause of her countrymen. She was a very beautiful woman, and family tradition relates that in the autumn of 1776 and commencement of 1777 she rendered considerable service, through her father, General Scott, and the General Livingston mentioned in these letters, towards preventing the successful execution of certain military movements of the enemy (especially in West Chester County, New York), by the use of the facilities she then possessed (as the widow of a recently deceased British officer) of acquiring information from a certain circle of loyalists in New York city, among whom she had many personal friends until her true sympathies were ascertained. She subsequently

married Dr. Charles McKnight, the distinguished "Senior Surgeon of the Flying Hospital, Middle Department," who served also as "Surgeon General and Chief Physician" of the American Army.

The "Nanny" to whom these letters were written was Miss Anne Van Horne, daughter of David Van Horne, of New York. She became the second wife of William Edgar, of New York.

"General Livingston" was Governor William Livingston, of New Jersey; and "Miss Sukey Livingston" was probably his daughter (Susan).

"Sukey" was Miss Susan Van Horne (sister of "Nanny"), who became Mrs. Turnbull. "Cornelia" Van Horne (another sister of "Nanny") became Mrs. Livingston. "The girls" were three

other Miss Van Hornes (six sisters in all Mary, Elizabeth, and Catharine, who respectively Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Ludlow, Reed. Their only brother was Capt. Van Horne, of the Revolutionary Army, frequently known as General David Van H.

"Lewis" was Lewis Allaire Scott (one of the writer), subsequently Secretary of State of New York.

"Daddy Cesar" was an old negro who lived until the year 1814, at which time he was certainly over a hundred years of age.

"Mrs. Rodgers" was probably the wife of Dr. Rodgers, of the old "Wall Street Presbyterian Church," New York.

A BEAUTIFUL AND GIFTED PRINCESS.

By ELIZABETH G. HALSEY.

ADELAIDE OF FRANCE, the most celebrated and beautiful princess of her time, was the daughter of Rodolf, King of Burgundy. She was born at Bordeaux in the year 943. Gifted from her earliest childhood with rare beauty and remarkable intelligence, her father spared no pains to improve by culture and education those gifts of nature, and she grew up the idol and ornament of the court, at that early period the most polished one in Europe. The fame of her beauty, accomplishments and gentleness, brought her many suitors. Her father left her untrammelled in her choice, and at the age of seventeen she bestowed her hand and heart upon Lothaire, the most powerful sovereign of Italy, who carried his fair bride off in triumph to Pavia, where she was received with the utmost delight and enthusiasm. In the following year she became the mother of a daughter who was named Emma, and who promised to equal her mother in beauty. Nothing now seemed wanting to complete the fair Adelaide's felicity. Idolized by her noble husband and his people, to whose interests she devoted herself, rejoicing in the smiles and endearments of her lovely infant, for three short years she was, as she pathetically expressed it, "too happy for earth." At the end of that time, a brief and sudden illness deprived her of the husband to whom she was so fondly attached, and from that moment misfortune seemed to pursue her.

Berenger, having succeeded in getting possession

of Italy by force of arms, caused her to be crowned King at Pavia, in 964, and the heart-broken widow of Lothaire from that time where her short and happy life had been. Dreading ill treatment for her child, she sought to have her conveyed secretly to a place of safety, but before she could elude the vigilance of her enemies and follow her infant, she was arrested by the order of Willa, the wicked Queen of Burgundy, who kept her for some time a prisoner in her palace, during which time she treated her with the utmost cruelty. She would seize her long and beautiful hair, and drag her from one end of the apartment to the other, kicking and striking her in the face, and loading her with the vilest epithets. Willa was a tall, merciless woman, and the unfortunate Queen, worn by grief and anxiety, was helpless in the hands of her tormentor. She was thrown into a dark and noisome prison with one faithful attendant who had clung to her in all her troubles, and was permitted to remain in captivity. A monk, to whom Adelaide's days of prosperity had been very kind, was by the account he heard of her persecutions resolved, if possible, to rescue her. He sought in vain by all means of communicating with her, and at last contrived a plan by means of which, during a dark night, she and her faithful Bertha effected their escape from their dreary prison.

The night was so dark that the two po-

lost their way and wandered into a morass where they sank nearly up to their waists. Here they remained the rest of the night, and when at length daylight came, they found themselves near the edge of the swamp, which extended down to a river. But worn by grief, ill treatment and imprisonment, these two poor women had not the strength to extricate themselves from their perilous condition; their efforts made them sink the deeper in the mud. Several hours of the day passed, during which Adelaide ceased not to comfort and encourage her despairing attendant, praying earnestly to God for help in this hour of need. Suddenly the Queen spied, at a distance on the river, a fisherman in a small boat, diligently plying his vocation. Raising their voices together they succeeded in attracting his attention. He followed the sound, and came as close to the edge of the swamp as regard for his own safety permitted, and great was his astonishment at finding two women embedded, as it were, in mud and water. He inquired their names, and how they got there. "Do you not see," replied the Queen, "that we are perishing from cold and hunger? Help us first, and then we will tell you our story." The fisherman, touched with pity, extricated them from their dangerous position, took them to his own little hut, where at last they had food, warmth and rest. Meanwhile, the faithful monk, the chief author of her deliverance, was looking for her on all sides. He tracked her to the fisherman's hut, and told her a company of soldiers, wearied by the treatment of Berenger, was waiting on the outskirts of the city to convey her to a place of refuge. Guided by the monk, they left the humble roof which had so hospitably sheltered them, with many thanks and promises of reward, should better days ever dawn, and joined the soldiers who conducted the Queen and Bertha to one of her own castles, which was strongly fortified, and considered impregnable, and where she was warmly welcomed by the Castellan and the garrison.

The dawn had come at last, and our fair heroine was to be once more happy. Otho, King of Germany, had become deeply interested in Queen Adelaide, and having defeated her conqueror Berenger, he besought the beautiful widow to become his wife. She yielded to his earnest and manly love, and they were speedily married. He brought her in triumph to Germany, where the

fame of her beauty, goodness and misfortunes had already preceded her, and where she was received with the utmost enthusiasm by her husband's subjects. Nothing could exceed the happiness of the King nor the delight of the nation when a son was born to Adelaide, and named Otho, after his father. Adelaide bestowed the utmost care upon the training and education of this beloved child, whom she fondly hoped to make worthy of his father, and of the prominent position he would eventually hold among the sovereigns of Europe.

Otho and Adelaide were declared Emperor and Empress in 967, and with increased power and increased means, they sought only the welfare of their subjects. The Empress in particular was indefatigable in encouraging art and science, and in relieving the wants of the poor. But again her happiness was to be short lived. Otho died at Madgboury, in 973, and she was left guardian of her young son, proclaimed Emperor on the death of his father. Firmly, wisely, and yet gently did she hold the reins of the government, to the satisfaction of the nation, and for a time, of her son. But vile flatterers, and evil-disposed persons, always to be found in royal circles, succeeded in getting into the young Emperor's favor and confidence. They persuaded him that he was too old to be governed by a woman, that he was quite able to rule himself, and they never ceased their wicked machinations till they made him feel ashamed of the deference and obedience which he had always shown to his mother.

Adelaide loved her son passionately. He was all that was left to her of her happy married life; but though cut to the heart by his ingratitude, she could not and would not quarrel with him. She therefore resigned the government to him, and fearing that even her presence might become distasteful to him, she once more left her home and took refuge with her brother, Conrad, King of Burgundy, who, with his gentle Queen Matilda, received her with the utmost kindness and affection.

The departure of their good Empress overwhelmed the Germans with grief, while the Burgundians hailed her advent into their country with great rejoicings. It was not long before Otho's eyes were opened to a sense of his filial ingratitude. He drove the detractors of his mother from his court, and entreated earnestly her forgiveness for all the wrong he had done her, and asked his uncle

to join with him in urging his mother to return to the home and country where all were so devoted to her. Adelaide, who had never cherished any ill-feeling against her son, was only too happy to forgive him and return to the land of her love, and continued to be his truest friend and wisest counsellor until his early death, which took place in 983.

His young son was proclaimed Emperor, under the name of Otho III., and his mother, a beautiful Greek named Theophania, was declared Regent. Now Theophania had always disliked the Empress Adelaide, who had tried in every way to win the love and confidence of her son's wife. But Theophania was jealous of Otho's affection and devotion to his mother, and of her unbounded influence over him, far paramount to the wife's influence, yet never used but for the good of the Emperor and his people. She had always been secretly in league with Adelaide's enemies, but so cunning and deceitful was she that neither her husband nor his mother suspected this, though they both lamented her want of affection for the good and generous Empress whom everybody else so fondly loved.

After Otho's death, the revengeful Greek threw off the mask, and again was poor Adelaide the victim of unkindness and persecution. Again she sought shelter at the friendly Court of Burgundy, and her brother, justly incensed at the treatment she had received, swore, that with his consent, she should never return to the ungrateful Germans. But the last years of the gentle Adelaide were destined to be passed in peace. Theophania died after a long illness, to the infinite relief of the nation, to whom, by her exactions, she had become hateful. Her son Otho, then about seventeen years old, wrote at once to his grandmother, to

whose dear image he had always secretly ~~clung~~ and begged her for his father's sake to come ~~and~~ help him govern the people, who were as anxious as he was to welcome her back home. Adelaide's heart had always turned lovingly towards her grandson and the country where she had spent many happy years. In spite of her brother's remonstrances, she joyfully accepted Otho's invitation, returned once more to Germany, where the only revenge she took of her enemies was by loading them with benefits. And now, efficiently aided by the young Emperor, she devoted herself to the welfare of his people. Cities were built, roads made, every branch of industry encouraged, arts and sciences patronized, the poor, and sick, and needy cared for with the utmost tenderness, churches multiplied, and all reverence shown to holy things. One of the favorite sayings of the Empress was, that "no nation can prosper that has not God for its ruler."

The year before her death, she went once more to Burgundy, visited every church and monastery in that kingdom, bestowing gifts upon each one, and then bidding a last farewell to her nephew Rudolph, who had succeeded his father as King of Burgundy, she returned to Germany, but never again to the Court. She had built a very large monastery at Silley on the Rhine, and there she made her abode during the last months of her life, and there, in the sixty-ninth year of her life, this noble Christian Queen and Empress went calmly and peacefully to her rest, lamented alike by Germany and Burgundy, leaving a record such as seldom falls to the lot of woman, of rare intelligence, great discretion, firmness, fortitude, and gentleness; all gifts of God, and used only for the benefit of his creatures.

LIE STILL!

By MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

LIE still. You need nor love nor gold,
Nor name, to make the charm complete:
The world no living hand can hold
Falls at a dead man's feet.

LIE still. You climbed for flowers, and found
They grow not well in highest air.
Lie still: the rock, the thorn, the wound
Were yours—you had your share.

LIE still. This is the end, they say.
Lie still. The peasant and the king,

A little weary, walk this way;
The bride leaves here her ring.

Your virtues? If the priest speak true
You need not blush—your face is hid.
The roses life denied to you
Are on your coffin lid.

LIE still. I heard your moaning breath
And counted all your passionate years,
Yet I must weep myself to death
That you are done with tears!

THE FAIR PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY DAVID MURDOCH.

CHAPTER XXX. HUNTING THE LION AND HIS
TAWNY WHELPS.

ALL being ready, the rude soldiers moved away under the command of their several leaders, a motley and irregular band, at sight of which the well trained and practised smiled. They were like a fleet of Newcastle colliers putting to sea, roaring, tugging, screaming at the full pitch of their lungs, each one in the others' way. The man-of-war's man, fresh from Portsmouth, would turn the quid in his mouth, drawing up the wide trowsers, as he swore an oath at these landlubbers pretending to be jack tars. But after waiting a short time, he sees them all out to sea on their voyage.

Every one of this straggling crew had an individual mind, and every one watched the movements of the Dominie, who at length rode up with fury that he might take the lead in the cavalcade.

"There he goes noo at last," said the impatient Grant, "like another Abrahauum, going after the slaughter of the kings; and literally true is it as the Scriptur says, wi' his armed servants, three hundred and aughteen, pursuing them even unto Dan."

"Do you think," said Salisbury, "that he will bring back his brother Lot and his goods and the women also?"

"Nae saying, nae saying," was Grant's sincere answer, "he is a bauld creature that Dominie, and a stout body till the bargain."

Teunis and Clarence were considered as independent volunteers, and went together with more thoughtfulness than pervaded the company in general, who had not so much at stake. Even the reverend leader joked; Tom whistled what he durst not speak out, and until they got within the line of the enemy, expressed their feelings as they deemed best. After they reached the foot of the mountain, they were ordered to speak less and in a quieter tone. By-and-by the Dominie told them their march must be in silence.

"Down in de belly, spose," Tom said he knew "'hem nigger did dat; could make himself tink two nigger in him at once; one down cellar noder up stair."

"Hold your peace, you scoundrel; now, when I think of it, the forty stripes must come off soon, else we shall have the mountain echoes resounding with your pig squealing."

"Lor' massa, me can't help telling Brandt w're massa am if him gib forty save vone dis night; best 'spense wid de forty and gib de one."

"And a good one let it be then," said the Dominie, as he unexpectedly struck over the shoulders of the unsuspecting Tom, who roared out so lustily that there was some fear of wakening up the wild human and bestial.

Clarence and Teunis had made up their minds to go forward and reconnoitre the state of affairs; and there seemed to be no immediate objections to that course. But Grant, to whom they broke their mind, did not exactly relish the movement on the part of two untried men, still wearing the livery of the king. He did not exactly suspect them of treachery, but he deemed it best to be cautious. He said, as if incidentally:

"You will run great risk, callants, only twa o' you among so many Tory Indians. If they catch you they will roast you like a red herring."

"We have planned all that, you see," said Teunis. "I have got on their dress already, and I can easily get a disguise for my friend here. We intend joining them, so that we may be near the girls, should their place of refuge be discovered."

"'Wull to cooper, gang to cooper,' as they say in Fife; but I wouldna disguise my face for all the lasses that ever lilted a strathspey. An Indian garb is a mean looking thing at the best, and I cannot help suspecting the man that puts it on. You maun just excuse me for saying what I do say."

Teunis, who did get flushed in the face at the insinuation, put in here a word concerning his fidelity, and he was conning a speech in accordance with his fiery look, which would certainly have produced trouble, as the hasty Scot only wanted the chance of giving expression to his doubts, when Clarence, with great address, turned the mind of Grant into his favorite theme by asking:

"How that valley down below there would

compare with the scenery of Scotland. You have been up here, of course, in the day time, and can judge."

"Oh, aye, sir, I have been up here hunting wi' the lads that are prisoners down in the toon; and to be honest, I think the size of the country tak's away from the feeling of pleasure I used to hae, when I looked down frae a Scottish mountain."

"But does not that make the sublimity all the more, if there be a sufficient variety of hill and dale, wood and water, interspersed. And then, surely the forest rising up as this does to the very top, must be more beautiful at all times of the year than the bare furze on the Scottish mountains."

"Heather sir, heather is the word. There is music in the very soond o' the word, and as to the sight, I have seen naething here that can stand a comparison with the bloom o' the heather. Oh no, sir; they have nae sangs about the woods up here, nor the streams. I never heard a lassie in this whole land singing the sma'est lilt about the hills and burnies in all this lan'. Man, if you gang up Ben Cruachan, or down the dale o' Aberfeldy, you would think all nature vocal."

"True, true; but then the Scotch are a singing race of people, and they have had such a noble history, it makes the natives glad."

"That's a' true, and finely said," was the answer of the flattered Scot, "frae you that's an Englishman; for nae doubt, you hae been in Scotland, hunting in the Highlands. If you have stood on the tap o' Ben Ledi, you have seen another sight than what you will see the morn at sunrise here; and you will see eneuch here to make your een glance, I'll allow."

"Keeping out of view the associations of the Scottish scenery, where to your mind lies the difference between them?" asked his new acquaintance, who was anxious to keep the good opinion of Grant, who would be a formidable enemy if enraged, or even were he to remain prejudiced, as he was evidently against him and Teunis.

"I think, sir, that the chief difference between what we see here, and that of a Scottish mountain and glen, with all the rest that surround them, lies in the fact that you can take in all Ben Lomond and the loch below, with the islands out, down to Dumbarton, and on to Tintock tap, at ae glance; and it's all grand. But, here man,

everything is on sic a great scale, that I canna comprehend it. My head gets so dizzy I canna feel as if a' my thoughts had turned into bees. Just this minute, as I'm looking down the dark, my brain is maer like a bike befuddled with hives aff than anything else. Do you no see something like it yourself, sir?"

"I confess, Grant, that my head is tired after all I have seen and heard this day," said the young man, anxious to keep the lieutenant from the subject of Teunis's departure, as he perceived his new friend negotiating the matter with the chiefs; "but if I may guess from what you say there must be a fine uncultivated field for a future poet in that very greatness and mystery which meet in the far-off horizon, where the mountain tops just peer through the clouds, and that noble river, running through the centre of the forests are ever living and moving."

"You are very eloquent on what you have never seen yet; but even your description will not come up half to it; and as you say you think it will require some poet like Allan Ramsay to sing about it. At any rate, it will be a lang time before this can compare wi' the hills o' Caedmon's Daunie McGregor there will tell you, that the hills o' Kenmore, where the Yarl of Breadalban has his house, is as like the Garden o' Eden as a mountain is like that where Noah's ark rested after the flood. Indeed, I doubtna but the Yarl carle when he looked frae his crow's nest out over the plains of Shinar, as the folks here do, they look out on that valley where the sun shone, noo, said that will be a bonny country when it's a' peopled, and growing o'er wi' corn, and the river Hudson there speckled wi' sails. But when that takes place, we will a' be lying beneath the yird; and what the better am I?"

Grant would, with a willing listener, as his present auditor proved to be, have gone on all the morning in the same strain; but Clara, perceiving that Teunis had succeeded in convincing the Dominie of the excellence of his report, allowed him to give his own report, and all the leaders were called together, that there might be a proper understanding in the morning.

"We must fix upon a signal," said the Dominie, "for we have a wily serpent to deal with, and we cannot guard ourselves too well. Shall the word be?"

"The sword of the Lord and of Schunemus."

shouted out the enthusiastic Grant, as if he had made a discovery of perpetual motion and was afraid it might slip back down his throat before he could give it out. "The sword of the Lord and of Schunemann," he repeated, to be sure that he heard it himself. They were about to give a cheer, but restraining themselves said, "Amen: so let it be."

And so the two young men left, careful to bid Grant the most cordial good-by.

"Noo," said that worthy, after they were gone, "it's my opinion that we have not shown muckle sense in that. What would you say if the whole o' that telling of theirs was just a scheme to get up here, where we canna help us? Ane of them is a king's man, we are sure, and the other to my mind is a great deal worse. Baith o' them are in disguise; and a man who will put on a false face for aye thing will do it for anither. It would not surprise me to fin' ourselves corbie's meat before the mornin'."

Some of the young men were so impressed with this speech of Grant, that they offered to ride forward and bring the two scouts back. But this was overruled by the general opinion of their honesty. Indeed, Grant himself did not believe all he said, for he added:

"I took quite a liking to that chiel Clarence frae the first; he tauld such a straught story, and for aye, I am ready to fecht for him, and for his sister, when it comes to blows."

Teunis, having Clarence in charge, felt all the responsibility of a man on whom the success of a great enterprise depends; but so far from sinking under the burden, that he grew stronger, able to endure anything, or to accomplish the most difficult undertaking. He was casting about in his mind the different ways which it might be best for him to pursue, when quick as a flash he fixed on the most perilous—being none else than that through which Elsie had led Miss Clinton two nights before this.

The two young men climbed a tree, so as to get a full view. The sky was lurid, and the din that arose from the camp of Brandt and his allies was ominous of coming war. This, however, was a proof of unconsciousness concerning an enemy approaching. Clarence looked down, with the eye of a romantic youth, as well as of a soldier; and as he saw the fires ranged in a half circle, cut by a deep, dark gulf at the distance, he imagined

a thousand things of which he had read and dreamed of the red man.

Around each fire, men were seen moving like the black spirits of Pandemonium. The few days they had been there had quieted the rude, and made the intelligent more reflective; still there were songs and coarse jests going on, which made the woods ring with their noise.

"Is that high ground we see there on the south?" said Clarence, after a pause.

"Yes, sir," said Teunis, in a whisper, for he knew that sentinels were near. "Your soldierly eye is laying out the battle for to-morrow, but the Mohawk has not left himself without a way of retreat."

"Well for him," said the other, now also under his breath, "for I declare, it makes my nerves tingle to see how easily the whole might be surprised, and put to flight. But how I should like to see all these dusky warriors start up at the sound of the trumpet."

"The war-whoop you mean, sir; but it makes the Dutch blood in my veins curdle when I see these fiends, not soldiers, hiding themselves till the time comes for them to shoot out their fiery tongues."

"You are right, friend Teunis; as I look down, my memory helps me to words that suit the scene before us well: 'It was a place for the habitations of carnal sinners. The winds, full of stiffened voices, buffeted their souls, forever whirling them away to and fro, dashing them, the one against the other.' There is a crowd driven in a body like *dark stars* by a sulphureous blast."

Teunis, who had never heard of Dante, and was in no mood for imaginary description, said in low tones, as if afraid the Mohawk might hear him, "You may distinguish Brandt's tent by its standing in front of all the rest; can you see figures moving?"

"I do," said the young scholarly soldier, replying in the words of the same poet; "'Tis hell, thick smoke carved into images black, yet lustrous; shapes of dignity, they dwell apart.'"

The two young men, descending from the tree, prepared for the morrow. Already Clarence had determined on joining the army of the Mohawk, as the surest way of keeping the dishonorable Clifford in view. But before he could do that effectually, he must change the dress he had on, and obtain, if possible, one of those disguises

which Teunis and others had assumed. He communicated his purpose to his companion, who, though he feared the result, saw in it a boldness, which would if anything, insure it success. At the worst he could reveal himself, and thus claim the protection of the Mohawk.

"You may obtain this," said Teunis, when Clarence inquired for the disguise, "for the king's clink. There are plenty of such garments to be had down there."

"Well, go, and I will remain here for a time; my blood boils and I need sleep to cool my brain; I shall lie down here for an hour or two."

"Not there," said Teunis; "but come with me and you shall have the bed that your sister and Elsie had on the night I told you of."

"None better than that where I can dream of her and of home."

With that, Teunis led his companion to the place of repose already described, which he spread with branches and a fur robe he had at hand, and advised Clarence not to stir till the word of the party was given before sunrise.

They parted with this understanding.

CHAPTER XXXI. THE HEAD IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

OUR young Dutchman, left once more alone to his own thoughts, was feeling every moment more heavily upon him the pressure of his responsibility. Everything appeared to depend upon his prudence and his boldness. The young soldier he had just parted with trusted him; the two he had seen in the morning at the falls, were waiting his return at sunrise; to-morrow the Dominie had pledged himself on Teunis's behalf; the mysterious being in the hollow was expecting a visit from him at midnight; Martin, father of Elsie, had begun to trust him; and above all these reasons, was the consideration that Elsie herself had made his fidelity to this good cause the price of her heart to him. Never did he feel till this moment that so much depended upon his faithfulness and wisdom. Under all of these obligations he did not stagger. His foot pressed the ground more firmly at every step, while he moved cautiously, where he knew the sentinels were posted; courageously going forward, he resolved at once to present himself at the camp, and thus ascertain for himself the exact state of things, and of the plan for to-morrow. Veering a little to the right, he heard voices, which made him turn from the path into the bushes, where he lay down. Putting his ear

to the ground, he quietly waited for the return of the party that he knew were near. There were two of them, who came back slowly, like those who had sauntered aside for free conversation.

"I will cover you from all blame, as I am superior. Acting under me, you only fulfill Majesty's orders. Have I not shown you the order of the general, to burn and take all the prisoners, and to do nothing by halves?"

"Mohawk is his own chief," was the prompt answer of the other; "Indians cannot see the mark of the goose's wing. They love the shining-knife better. Braves cannot be tickled with a feather."

"Captain Brandt," was the hasty reply of the first speaker, "does not doubt my honor." It seemed as if there was some handling of a sword hilt here at this time. "Have not I left the command at Fort Niagara, at the word of our red race? I have met you here to aid in conducting these prisoners back through the wilderness. Surely that is evidence of my sincerity and of my interest in the success of this enterprise. And now, just when it is about to be crowned with complete success, you threaten to leave."

By this time the two men had become so much in earnest in their conversation that they stood facing each other quite opposite to the spot where Teunis lay quiet: for well he knew that his life depended on his keeping in his breath. Yet he trembled lest the beating of his pulse at the time would disturb the dry leaves on which he lay.

"Clifford was a great soldier when he was for the Whigs on the sand-fields of the Dutchess. Clifford has all the fort of Ni-a-a-ga-ra in his hand; but the king's great soldiers have broken the hearts when pale squaws come between their eyes and the moon."

There was a sly irony in all this; all the provoking that it could not be met by an honorable blow.

"Cheeks that smile like the young morning bring tears into great eyes," was the still aggravating tone of the same speaker. At last the man broke out into fury unrestrained.

"I tell you what, brave Mohawk, that squaw must be mine, and if I can buy your life in bringing her into the camp before you leave there is nothing that the Great King has put in my hand which Brandt may not command."

"The Mohawk cannot be bought with

words; and if he could, his braves are turning their faces to the north star, where their squaws are husking corn, and their papooses singing in their swings."

"Well, I must be content and let you all go," was the infuriated answer. "But I remain till I gain my reward. Good God," said the speaker called Clifford, "am I to be baffled by a sentimental miss, and that Dutch dumpling which Kiskataam says has her in charge. No, I'll scour these woods till my toes are worn to stumps, or blistered as they have been under a Bengal sun, before I yield to this piece of painted flesh."

All this time the speaker was stamping with violent rage on the ground as if he could bring up relief from the nether regions. His comrade for the time was quietly standing till the storm would vent itself; which, like all such gusts, was soon over; and the man who was calling up spirits from the vasty deep, gave it up by saying:

"I can at least control Kiskataam and his foil by the glittering metal."

"Ugh!" was the short interjection of the Indian, "Kiskataam's good hunter for himself. A fawn will leap and play well in his wigwam on the silver water of Ka-na-we-hol-a."

The white man, at this home thrust, which he evidently felt in the tenderest part, could not express himself, but gave out that choking utterance which a man gives when his breath fails him. "I know," said he at last, "that the serpent has tried to crawl into my nest, and all my fear is that he knows too well of the hiding-place where Miss Clinton is kept; and that he only waits to weary us out. But I will die first."

"Miss Clinton! Miss Clinton," was echoed by the Mohawk. "Who is this fawn that the great soldier calls Miss Clinton? The great Englishman called her Fawn."

"Who should she be but the papoose of that rank Whig Clinton, one of the rebel generals? That is prize enough to wait a week for;" and here he bent his mouth to the ear of the Indian—the last word heard was "ransom."

"The Mohawks do not make war on pale-faced squaws. We leave them when the next sun rises."

With that the two went on toward the camp; and as Teunis followed he heard Clifford chiding his companion for his tender heartedness. "Mohawk is a woman. I have a stronger heart than any of you. Delicate women whose veils

were never lifted to man, have begged from me and I have turned away. The valley of the Ganges, wider than the one below, groaning with misery, and putrid with death, did not move me. Under my windows I saw the river Hoogly rolling with corpses; the streets of Calcutta blocked with the dying. The living not strong enough to scare away the jackals and the vultures from the scarcely dead bodies."

All of this was said to impress the Mohawk with the folly of being tender hearted; to which he merely replied with his significant "ugh!"

"Clifford is a great soldier; the Mohawk shall go after the next day is past."

"Go and be ——" as he turned right around, leaving the Mohawk to enter the camp alone, while he plunged into the bushes aside, as if he wished to hide himself from the stars. Teunis only heard "curse him! curse her," repeated till he lost the sound and the sight alike.

The listener justified himself in hearkening to what ought to be counteracted if possible, more especially as he had obtained valuable information for the risk he had run. So making his way as quietly as he could, without appearing to steal in, he found out his brother Anthony's tent, who was there having a command. When they parted in the morning they had an understanding between them that Teunis should make a call at home as he passed, just to see how things "*kaam* on, and help for an hour or so." Anthony was not in the tent when his brother entered, so addressing one who was always known by the shortest part of his name:

"You here yet, Phil? I feared that by this time you would be all away to Niaagaara."

"Nay, nay," said the other pettishly, "dat big soger, has de ooren ov de Indian o'er near his mouth. Budt end vere hast tou been, Teunie? bad talk here."

"What now, Phil?" said the new comer, with well-feigned astonishment. "Where is Broder Anthony?"

The kind-hearted youth, who loved Teunis better than his own life, and who felt all the anxiety of an earnest soul for him, had been out watching for the wanderer, so that he might put him on his guard. Coming merely into the tent door, he gave a signal which brought Teunis out into the dark, where they stood out of sight and hearing.

"Teunie," said Anthony, in a low husky voice,

"thee had best gae home and watch te old folks."

"What now?" said the no less anxious brother. "What have I done that I cannot be with you at the great hunt?"

"We have no time," was the answer, "to speak of all. Whispers have been going through the camp all day. Awee! awee! for fayther, if the half of this be true, he will shoot you though he die of grief afterward."

Teunis would have entered into his own defence warmly, but the other stopped him, putting his arm into that of Teunis, leading him around, so as to reach the higher point at the south of the camp, where they had the opportunity of seeing all that was going on below. Anthony told his brother to watch the movements of two or three men whom he pointed out. The three figures Teunis soon discerned to be Kiskataam, Shandaagan and Dan De-la-mater, a well-known desperate fellow, who aspired to the hand of Elsie Schuyler, and was thus the decided enemy of Teunis.

"Can you guess what all that means?" was the question put to the transfixed Teunis. "They are searching the tent; if you had been there till this time, your arms would have been tied behind your back. Or a ball through somebody before that could have been done."

"Anthony, I killed a catamount this morning, and I am not likely to let any villain, as all these are, put a cord around my wrists without a struggle."

"I have heard of two catamounts being killed, and am proud that my brother had the power and the skill to kill one of these monsters; but mind you, Teunis, that there are worse creatures than catamounts."

"True, as I see down there. But, Anthony, were as many of these wild beasts to be collected as there are men below, they would sleep quieter, and devour less; and I have been thinking that an animal with a red coat is more savage than one with a dun-colored one. The feet of the human beast are swifter to seek blood."

"Let that alone just now; you better leave before they surround the camp, and rouse up these Mohawk duivels, and you will find them to be a drove of catamounts. We are going out to-morrow to hunt up two Whig women, and you can guess who one of them is."

"For that reason I must remain and protect her against harm."

"You cannot aid her in the smallest manner. After what I saw at the burning of Hoogenhuise I am sure that you will be less able to stand the onset, when the flower of that place is laid on the ground, and trampled upon by ruffians."

"I would send a ball through the man that dares to put a foul finger on that flower of my heart."

"Neither Dan Del-de-la-mater nor Shandaagan will keep away the less that you look gloomy at them. Two men and an Indian for one woman and she a Whig's dochter, must be in these times too many for you."

The tear was rising in the eye of the anxious lover, so that it glistened in the light of the bright fire, and trickled down upon the hand of the kind-hearted Anthony so as to startle him in earnestness.

"In the name of God, Teunis Roe, go; thou wilt get a glimpse of that face in the light of the fire, and a ball will come from some one of the pieces, that never errs. Your eyes are glancing like a deer's at the river side, when pine knots are blazing in the boat. You have shot them in the eye; heed yourself; go, I beseech you."

Almost overcome, Teunis began, "And you will be"——

"Oh, Teunis, I know what you would say; and I swear to you, that Whig as Elsie is, and the daughter of a true Whig, that I will protect her with my life, for your sake. Go, Teunis go, and may mother's God be with you."

"Swear again, and I will go; swear that you will not let them tie her, nor let Dan put one hand on her, and whisper in her ear that you do all this for the sake of your wandering brother Teunie."

With that the down-hearted youth stepped on the face of the cliff by a natural ladder that had frequently used before, and was no more in danger of missing his foot than by that of his father's barn, so that he was soon out of reach of those hounds who were already on his track. He vainly pursued amidst those rugged rocks and fallow trees.

Directing his steps northward to where Dominie's party was lodged, he fell now into their hands from necessity. While the sympathies of his better nature were always with the Whigs, it is doubtful if he would have declared so soon for them, but from affection first, and now from necessity. Treading his way, as a hunter or trapper knows how, among loose rocks and underbrush

thick as an East Indian jungle, with not a few of the dangers found in Bengal from American tigers, Teunis moved with his knife in one hand, and his horse-pistol in the other, looking on all sides for enemies. But he had no choice but of escaping thus, nor had he any fear of being way-laid, except as some cunning hunter from above might have descended from the opposite side of the rock, and was lying in wait for his passing by. He disturbed not a few of the wildcats of the place, as he knew from their hissing and spitting

sound, which would have been mistaken for serpents by a less acute sense. His aim was now the spook's den, but ere he could reach that he must come across the camp of the Dominie, where he could not rest in security till the appointed time for meeting the spook arrived. So keeping the north star in his eye, he moved on like the sailor, tacking as he found a favorable breeze. Turning round a jutting rock, avoiding some chasm, or leaping a fallen trunk, he never once lost sight of the point of his attraction.

WOODED AND MARRIED.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY,

Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Wee Wifie," "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," and "Robert Ord's Atonement."

CHAPTER XXXI. LITTLE FLORENCE.

WHAT do we do in great crises of our life?

How many of us can answer that question? Our friends know, perhaps; as for us, we are stricken dumb with great silence.

Who is this breathing, living, moving being? Is it I? Do I feel all this? Is the clock striking? Am I awake? Is the world just as it was before this morning? By-and-by we shall feel glad, or sorry perhaps; now we look on with blank eyes in which there is a little wonder, perhaps terror; presently we shall wake up, we think, and find it all a dream.

Dym never knew what she felt when that unlooked-for apparition crossed the threshold and drew her on with it. One faint cry she had uttered, half in recognition and half in terror, as that groping touch met hers in the darkness, but now she seems stricken dumb.

Her limbs shook under her, and she leaned against the wall to support herself as the strange bearded figure quietly closed the door and then stooped down to caress the dog that was shivering and whining about his feet. She could not have spoken, only when it turned and held out its hands to her in silence, the girl sprang forward and fastened on them, and her head was bowed lower and lower till it touched the rough coat-sleeve.

He let her stand so for a minute, as though speech was difficult even to him.

"Poor child! I never meant to frighten you in

this way; it was Kelpie's fault; but it was brave of you to open the door."

"If I had only known—Oh, Mr. Chichester!" Dym's voice had a quiver of ecstasy in it now.

"Somebody besides Kelpie has not forgotten me, I see," laying his hand on her hair. "Hush, my child! do not tremble so: it is no wraith, but a real flesh-and-blood Guy Chichester."

"Yes, I know—safe home. I said it—I felt it, thank God."

"Amen," returned Guy Chichester devoutly; but the word was followed by a heavy sigh.

That sigh recalled Dym to herself.

The coming home might be joy to them—a bringing back from the dead—but what must it be to him? and then his mother.

"Come," she whispered, her soft cold fingers closing round his hand and drawing him with gentle force; "we must not stand here; it would kill her if she heard your voice—with joy I mean. They all thought you were dead—all but I—I never believed it. Come." And she led him to the dark library. Guy offered no resistance; he stood by silently, while Dym with shaking hands kindled the lamp she had always kept trimmed for his coming, and then set light to the piled-up logs. She did not rise from her knees till the dry wood spluttered and crackled into a blaze; even by the dim flare of the hall lamp she had seen he was dripping with wet from head to foot.

She stole a look at him now as she rose to her

feet. He was no wraith, he had told her, and yet as he stood in his old position propping his broad shoulders against the mantelpiece it seemed to her that but for his voice she would hardly have recognized him. Was this their Sintram—the Guy Chichester they had missed for so many hopeless years—this tall haggard figure in sailor's dress? The brown bearded face looked thin and sallow and unkempt; there was a sunken weariness about his eyes, and his hair and beard were quite gray; he looked ten—twenty years older.

He turned, and saw her watching him with her eyes full of tears.

"You don't know me, eh?" he said, with something of his old abruptness, only it was sharpened by pain. And as she came closer and put her hand timidly on his arm, as though she wanted the assurance of touch that this was really he, his closed over it quickly, almost eagerly. "Let me hold it a moment; I want to feel the touch of a woman's hand again. Good God! to think I have come to this! so they thought I was dead."

"Humphrey said so, and Mr. Fortescue and I think your mother feared it at last. Mrs. Delaire put on mourning; they were all angry with me because I would not believe it."

"Humph," somewhat grimly; "I feel like a ghost revisiting my old haunts." And then, as though the innocent pressure of the soft fingers soothed him, he said, half smiling, "Then you did not believe it, eh?"

"I could not," the tears brimming over her pale cheeks now. "I never had a doubt till this evening, when Humphrey fretted me. I knew—I was sure—you would come back to your child."

"Ah, heavens, my child!" The hollow eyes gathered a little light now, the hard muscles of the face relaxed. She had touched the right chord.

"She is such a darling, you will love her so," went on Dym, hurriedly; "she has prayed every night for you ever since she could lisp your name."

"My little Florence," shading his eyes with his hand and speaking huskily now; "tell me more about them, Miss Elliott—my mother?"

"She is somewhat ailing," returned Dym, evasively; but there was no eluding those stern sad eyes.

"I have a mother still? you are not trying to

break any bad news to me? Tut! how you frightened me! I saw a light in her window just now—she is ill, then?"

"Very ill; I think the fear you were dead had broken her heart. She has been very weak, and they say she has no wish to rally; she will be better now, only —"

"Only what?"

"She is blind."

"Again? good God!"

"You must not mind; it will be easier to bear now; it has all been so wretched. Hark! what that?" as a crashing noise was heard outside. Mr. Chichester listened.

"One of the elms, I expect, has fallen into the carriage-sweep. Ugh, what a night it is! all the storm-fiends are abroad, I think."

"And you came home in spite of the storm?"

"Yes, I had got the home-sickness too strong to wait till the morning. A little extra buffet would do me no harm, I thought; and then I saw the light in her window, and heard Kelpie bark. I knew when the door opened that I should find my little friend on the threshold."

"Kelpie found you—not I—good brave Kelpie."

"I was stealing away like a thief, when a rascal jumped on me; so I have friends still. As well, I never dreamt of this—that I should be glad to come home even without her!"

"Are you glad, Mr. Chichester?"

"Yes, child, yes; I never thought to be thankful when He gave me back my life; but I am thankful now."

"Why?" she asked, speaking more to herself than to him.

"Why? have I not a child? I have been a poor father, perhaps, but it was the thought of her that kept the life in me, when one after another succumbed. I have looked death in the face more than once, but she has brought me back."

Dym shuddered; he was in the boat's crew all his life; she had found the clue to his gray hair and hollow cheeks; he was gaunt through famish worn by sickness, perhaps; the proud strength within him had given way under such cruel hardships.

"Why do you not take me to my child?" he continued, reproachfully; but Dym shook her head as she touched his wet sleeve meaningly.

"You must not go to her like this; you are wet through, Mr. Chichester. I will wake Stewart, and he shall bring you some dry clothes and some wine."

"I would rather have some food," he returned, shivering, and holding his hands over the blaze; "I have learned to bear hunger tolerably well," with a bitter smile; "but my endurance will not hold out much longer. Do you know I worked my way to Liverpool, and I had only money to pay my railway fare? I have not broken my fast since yesterday."

Dym uttered an exclamation of horror; he was starving, and she had never offered him food. In what a pitiable plight had the master of Ingleside returned!

"Wait a moment," she gasped; she ran down the dark corridor that led to the servants' quarters. Stewart slept in a little room opening out of the butler's pantry. The lad stirred in his sleep as Dym shaded her lamp and called to him.

"It ain't time to get up Miles; it is all that old lying cock," he muttered, drowsily. Dym had almost to shake him.

"Your master has come home—hush, don't wake the others; you must get up directly. I want wine, and food, and clothes for him; he is wet through and almost starving."

Stewart was wide awake after this; he found Miss Elliott loading a tray with food from the larder, and took it from her without a word; his roddy face was quite gaping and pale, as the gaunt, gray-haired figure in the ragged sailor's dress came eagerly forward.

"Is yon the master? I shouldn't have known him. We thought you was dead, sir," burst out poor Stewart, looking round-eyed and aghast. Guy held out his hand to him with one of his sad smiles.

"Miss Elliott took me for a ghost just now. Don't be afraid, my good fellow; you don't know how sorrow and hunger change a man; when I have had something to eat and drink I may look more like myself."

Dym waited on him noiselessly. Once, as she was serving him with something, he took the little hand and carried it to his lips.

"If you knew what it is to me to have a woman's hand about me again," he said, with some emotion. "I think your hair would rise, Miss Elliott, if you knew what I had been

through." And for a long time after that he did not speak again.

Stewart came back by-and-by with an armful of his master's clothes.

"I did it as quietly as I could," he whispered, "but Dorothy heard me and came to the door. I think the mistress is awake."

"I must go to her," returned Dym, rising. "I was afraid of this. Wait with your master, Stewart."

Mrs. Chichester was sitting up in bed. She looked flushed and excited; her white hair had escaped from her cap, and lay in silvery length on her shoulder. Dorothy was smoothing it.

"Stewart has wakened my mistress," said Dorothy, quickly. Dym tried to silence her with a look.

"What can Stewart be doing up here at this time of night, my dear? He was in Guy's room; I heard him. Dorothy would have it I was dreaming, till she went herself to look." Dym stole an agitated glance at Dorothy, but the waiting-woman's iron face was immovable as usual.

"I thought maybe he was walking in his sleep, only he had got some clothes over his arm. You haven't been to bed yourself, Miss Elliott, though it is nigh on an hour since you left us. Folks seem restless to-night," finished Dorothy, who had been disturbed from her own sleep, and was slightly impracticable.

"Is anything the matter? Why have you not been to bed, my dear?" asked Mrs. Chichester, anxiously. Dym was nearly at her wit's end. If Dr. Grey, or even Humphrey, were here, to tell her what to do; she had heard that these sudden surprises were dangerous; and yet Stewart, and the clothes, and her own wakefulness—how was she to account for all that?

In desperation, she went dangerously near the truth: Kelpie was restless; a poor man had taken refuge in their porch from the storm, and the dog had heard him; he was wet through and sadly in want of food, and she had wakened Stewart.

"A fine thing for Stewart to take his master's clothes," put in Dorothy, with a toss of her head; "poor man! most likely a tramp, or something worse. You oughtn't to have opened the door, Miss Elliott; it is not safe; he may be one of the gang. And the master's clothes, too."

"Dollie, what ever makes you so cross to-night? you are making Mrs. Chichester quite ner-

vous with your fancies. He is only a poor homeless wanderer, and quite harmless," finished Dym, with a sudden choke.

"He will come back, my girl." Oh, Will, dear Will, those brave words had come true.

"Maybe the mistress would be easier if I go down and have a look at him myself," returned Dorothy. Dym's agitation had not escaped her. Dorothy watched over her mistress's interest with a grim mastiff-like fidelity. Dym, in spite of her position at Ingleside, had often hard work to combat Dorothy's prejudices.

Dym gave herself up for lost as soon as Dorothy left the room, and then a sudden inspiration came to her.

"You don't think me wrong, do you dear?" she said, as she sat gently stroking the wrinkled hand, and trying to control the trembling of her voice. "Dorothy is very good, but she is hard sometimes; you would not have had me leave the poor man out in this dreadful storm."

"You might have sent him on to the lodge," replied Mrs. Chichester, doubtfully.

"You would not have said so if you had seen him. Mr. Chichester would have told me I was right; he never turned any one away."

A sort of spasm crossed the poor blind face; it was months since they had mentioned her son's name in her hearing.

"Oh, my boy! my boy! If I only knew where they had laid him!" she groaned; and then Dym knew that the hope had faded out of the mother's heart, and that she believed her son was dead.

If she should do harm instead of good! Dym was trembling so now that she could hardly speak.

"I want you to listen to me, dear. I have just heard such a strange story; it made me think of him and Will too. You will try to listen to me."

"I will try; but why did you mention his name? Oh, Guy! Guy!"

"This poor man, the one who is down stairs," went on Dym, bravely, "left his home and all that was dear to him, because a great trouble had almost driven him mad, and he went away and wandered in foreign countries, and over great seas, just as your son has done."

"As Guy did; just as my boy did." And Mrs. Chichester rocked herself to and fro.

"He was so buffeted and tossed about that he hardly cared what became of him; he was shipwrecked, he suffered hunger and thirst, he saw his

mates dying around him, and nothing kept his wretched life in him but the thought of his child.

"His child!" Mrs. Chichester's attention was arrested; she left off rocking herself to listen.

"He had only this dear little child to love him, except his mother, and he hardly knew whether he should find her alive—you are not listening to me, dear," cried Dym, in a sort of agony, as her watchful ears caught the sound of approaching footsteps; they were advancing in the corridor, they came nearer and nearer; was Dorothy mad, that she was bringing him to the very door?

"Not yet! oh, not yet!" she called out half beside herself, and flinging her arms around the poor invalid; but the mother's ears were not to be cheated.

"You are hiding something from me. Hark! what is that?" she exclaimed, pushing Dym away with weak arms that suddenly became rigid. "I tell you those are my boy's footsteps! It is Guy! he is not dead—my boy, my boy Guy!" But the shock was too great; the cry of joy died into a hoarse shriek, and as Guy sprang to her side she fainted away.

"Is she dead? Have I killed my mother?" Dym never forgot the white face of anguish with which Guy Chichester asked the question. Dym shook her head as she applied the necessary remedies.

"Why did you not leave her to me? We were wrong all of us," she whispered presently. "I think you had better go away now, Mr. Chichester; it will be safer, much safer!"

"Don't send me away," he implored; "I am here, Miss Elliott, she knows me." And his tears positively stood in Guy Chichester's eyes as the weak nerveless fingers closed around his hand. "You know me, mother, don't you?" he continued; "you know Guy has come back, need I leave you again?"

Yes, she knows him now, as with her feeble strength she creeps closer to him and lays her poor blind face on his breast, "her son that was dead and is alive again." They need not feed for her: such happiness seldom kills. Dym stands and watches them for a moment, and then steals softly from the room, beseeching Dorothy to follow her.

"What was that you said, Guy? Tell it to me again, my boy."

"I promised I would never leave you. You have a great deal to forgive, mother darling."

"No, you must never leave me again, my dear," passing her thin hand caressingly over the rough bearded face; "never again, my son. I think if you had stayed away a little longer, only a very little longer, Guy, my heart would have broken."

Flossie had such a queer dream that night.

She was fast asleep, oh, quite fast asleep, she was sure, when a great bright round star as big as a moon went dancing around her bed and flared up in her eyes, and just as she called to auntie to take it away, some one cried out, quite loud, "Give me the light; I must see her, little Florence! little Florence!" and a tall man stooped over her and brushed her cheek with a long soft beard.

Flossie was quite sure, too, that after this auntie cuddled her off to sleep; but auntie was of another opinion, for as the child opened her dreamy eyes, Guy fell on his knees and called out her name with a sobbing spasm in his throat.

When Flossie fell asleep again it was in her father's arms: the golden head pillowed itself quite unconsciously on the rough coat, the dimpled arm flung itself with a child's carelessness across the broad heaving breast, and so through the long dark dawn, and far into the stormy March morning, Guy Chichester kept watch and ward beside his child.

Flossie was slow in waking the next morning. A pleasant puzzle of thoughts came into her head; a cock was crowing somewhere; there was a great patter of rain-drops against the window; Flossie opened her eyes and began to count them. "One—two—three—four; what a many! I shall never do it; they are all having a game of play, and running after each other. Oh, dear! oh dear!" yawned Flossie.

"That's right; open those pretty eyes, my darling. Gray eyes! just like hers."

Flossie was wide awake now, so why did she rub her eyes again and again? She was not dreaming, not a bit of it. There was the cock crowing, and there were the rain-drops, and, close beside her, there was the same tall man she dreamt about last night.

Flossie was not a bit frightened, so she lay and looked at him—such an ugly man, with a great

beard that hid his mouth, and rough gray hair, and great sad eyes that seemed familiar to her, perhaps—though he was so ugly; and then Flossie rubbed her eyes again.

"My little Florence, my own darling, do you know me?"

Florence nodded her head gravely, and pursed up her lips; evidently she was not prepossessed.

"Who am I? Speak, my pet."

"I suppose you are papa," shrugging her shoulders, and then speaking confidently,—“yes, I know you are papa, though you are not a bit like your picture; and I don't believe”—patting her pillow rather crossly—“that I shall love you a bit.”

"Oh, Flo! Flo! how can you be so naughty?"

"Leave her to me, Miss Elliott," whispered Guy, but his brown face reddened a little; "so young a child is surely to be won. Answer me, sweet-eyes, why do you think you will not love me?"

This puzzled Florence.

"If you are papa, you are not a good papa to stop away so long. Auntie and I have been quite tired of saying, 'God bless dear papa, forever and ever, Amen!' for, oh, such a long time!"

Have you really prayed for me, my precious pet? Has Florence wanted her father?"

"Not much—at least auntie did. She used to cry nearly every day she talked about you. Do you love auntie, papa?"

"Very much," returned Guy, gravely; but it must be owned that he hardly understood the question in the sudden thrill of ecstasy at hearing himself addressed for the first time by that title: it cost him an effort not to snatch the little creature to his breast and devour her with kisses, only he dreaded to alarm her.

Florence smiled, well pleased at his answer. She sidled up a little closer, stealing a small warm hand into Guy's shaking one.

"I think I shall like you, after all. Auntie does; and I love auntie best of all in the world."

"Oh, no; not best, Florence; you must surely keep the best for poor papa."

"Are you poor papa? Aren't you happy? Do you want auntie and me to love you so very much, then?"

"I want you to love me, my little daughter—my heart's treasure—my only one." And forgetful of his resolution, Guy held the fair little face

between his hands and covered it with kisses; and then, as the child drew back startled at his vehemence, he took his seat quietly beside her, and, in an agitated voice, told her, in the language best suited to her childish capacity, that he had been a long way—thousands and thousands of miles; that he had once been nearly drowned in the great dreadful sea; that he had been cold, and hungry, and thirsty; that he had loved her, and thought of his little daughter day and night, and had prayed to God to send him safe home to her. "And now I have come you must try to love me, Honor's dear baby, whom she left as her dying legacy; you will love me for poor mamma's sake, won't you, Florence?"

"She is—isn't poor mamma," returned the child indignantly; "mamma is a beautiful angel; auntie told me so. Were you very cold and hungry, papa? Are you warm now? Never mind, auntie and I will take such care of you."

"And you will love me, my pet?"

"Oh, yes; I don't mind your being ugly now, though your beard does hurt so. Put your head down on the pillow; I can reach you so; there, that is comfortable. One kiss for mamma—mamma told me to do it; and one for auntie; and three from little Florence. And why do you cry, papa? I shall be a great girl soon, and then I shall be quite as good as mamma, you know."

Dym left the father and child together, and, muffling herself up in her water-proof, and only taking the precaution to draw the hood over her bright hair, ran down the terrace and across the garden, and out of the little side-gate leading to the home-farm.

The first burst of mother's rapture, the child's first recognition was over, and Dym's next thought was for Humphrey; Humphrey must know, and no one but she must tell him.

Running down the wet field-paths, battling bravely with the wind and rain, and now and then stopping to take breath, Dym sped light of foot and light of heart till, turning the corner of the farm-buildings, she almost fell into the arms of Humphrey himself.

"What's to do now?—why, what in the name of wonder brings you down to the farm, Dym?" And Humphrey eyed the little hooded and cloaked figure with growing perplexity and uneasiness. "Madam isn't worse, is she?"

"She is better," returned Dym, bre tossing back her hood, and displaying a and happy face; "she is sleeping as sw child, and as she has not slept for mor Dorothy is sitting beside her, crying out."

"Dorothy crying! You are in a cra this morning, Dym. What ever brings to the Five-acre on such a morning?"

"There is nothing the matter with t ing; I never thought rain so beautiful b declare, I hardly felt it; and I wanted so to you, Humphrey."

"I won't hear a word you have to s returned Humphrey, decisively; "if you daft, Dym, I must take care of you. Co the eaves of the great barn; none of th about; and now tell me this wonderful news."

"How do you know I have any to t turned Dym, with an attempt at her old "it is not the first time I have come ov farm to talk to you."

"But it is the first time you have br sort of face with you," returned H shrewdly; and indeed Dym's dark eyes w with heart-sunshine. "Shall I guess, will you have the telling yourself?"

"You couldn't guess, Humphrey, if to try ever so. Stoop your head; I wan per; it is too good to say out loud. W think is at Ingleside, Humphrey? O phrey, who do you think came home las

Dym's whisper broke into a falter, b phrey, generally so slow of comprehensio it perfectly. He started, and then his eye

"Not the squire! Oh, Dym, you c mean that!" And a strange shiver of feeling ran through Humphrey Nethecot

"His very own self, but, oh, such Humphrey, gray-haired and thin, and ye Will you rebuke me for my faith now, told his mother and child that he wou come home again?"

"No, no; you were right, and I w and thank God for it! The squire home, you say; nay, I am a trifle dizzy, it me over again. Why, we thought he —madam and all of us."

"Kelpie and I knew better; it was K knew him first, and insisted on my unb

door. Come, Humphrey, you must not look pale over it; you are more startled because you lost all hope, you see."

"Ay, ay, when I see him I shall understand it better. Come away, Dym; why are we waiting? The squire will expect a welcome, of course."

Dym nodded assent, but she looked up anxiously into Humphrey's face as they threaded the wet field-paths again. Humphrey's face was quite blanched with his great surprise, and now and then he bit his lip nervously.

"The squire's come home, and I thought he was lying fathoms deep," she heard him mutter to himself; and then, as though the real truth were suddenly dawning on him, he quickened his steps into a hasty stride.

"Gently, gently, Humphrey!" but for once he did not hear her. Dym's own footsteps became a run, and even then she only retained her place at his side with difficulty; she followed him panting as Humphrey pushed open the conservatory door and advanced to the library; but there the old instinct made them both pause, and Dym timidly knocked.

"Who is there?—come in. What, Humphrey!" Guy put down his child from his knee and rose hastily, and the two men grasped hands in silence.

"Eh, squire! but we have been heart-sick for the loss of you, and the good God has given you back to us." And Humphrey turned aside for a moment, and his face worked with emotion.

"I haven't deserved it, Humphrey," returned Guy, in a broken voice, "any more than I deserve this welcome. I never thought that anything could be so sweet to me again. Look here, dear old friend, my more than brother!" and, throwing his arm over Humphrey's broad shoulder, he drew him to where the child sat watching them with solemn gray eyes of puzzled wonder.

"She is growing like Honor's self. I always said she would, squire; she will be the light of your eyes and the sunshine of your home, before many years are over."

"She has Honor's eyes and broad thoughtful brow; but she will never have her mother's beauty, and her hair is several shades lighter," added Guy, regretfully.

"Mamma is very pretty, but I think auntie is prettier," interrupted Florence. "Why do you look sad, papa? you are not hungry or cold now, you know."

"No, not now, my darling," he replied, fondly, snatching her again to his breast; at least I can bear to endure my life now this one blessing is spared to me. I never thought to say that, Humphrey, till I knew how dreadful the shadow of the valley of death could be."

"Ay, we must all bide till our time comes," returned Humphrey, laconically; but as Florence nestled caressingly on her father's shoulder, the child's golden hair mingled with the squire's gray beard, Dym saw him hastily turn away and brush his hand across his eyes.

CHAPTER XXXII. AT BAY.

THE news of the squire's return spread like wildfire through the little valley of Birstwith, and before many hours were over, Ingleside was besieged by friends and acquaintances of all degrees.

The vicar and his wife were the first arrivals. Mr. Fortescue, as he entered the room and heard Guy's cheery, "Well, Lat, how has it fared with you, old fellow?" was so overpowered with emotion that he could only wring his cousin's hand without saying a word; while Katherine, silent and subdued for once in her life, kissed him affectionately, and said, "God bless you, Guy!" and then indulged in a thorough womanly bit of crying.

"Who would have believed Kate had so much feeling in her?" Mr. Chichester observed afterwards, but his own eyes glistened as he said it. Through that day's ordeal the squire bore himself bravely, but Dym noticed his face grew paler and graver, and his lips were often compressed as though in pain, as he listened to his friends' kindly congratulations and warm expressions of joy.

Towards evening the terrace before the house was literally crowded with hosts of the farm laborers, anxious to catch a glimpse of the "Maister, God bless him!"—gray-haired patriarchs of the valley, who had known him as a boy, some of the old almshouse men, with a sprinkling of women and boys, and at the very edge of the group Grace Dunster in her gray duffle cloak, peering anxiously over Deb's shoulder. Guy singled her out at once with a greeting that made the little dressmaker crimson with pleasure; in spite of his fatigue and depression, he had a word and a hand-shake for every one of them; as he left them, a ringing cheer startled the rooks into frightened cawing. "Three times three—that's

right, my men; now you must drink the squire's health, one and all of you; you all know where the squire keeps his home-brewed." And by this judicious hint Humphrey Nethecote rapidly cleared the terrace and grounds for the night. Dym could hear the cheers dying off slowly in the distance. Before long the valley was ablaze with a red lurid light, a huge bonfire was burning on the common. Humphrey called the squire to look at it.

"Poor lads! it is their way of killing the fatted calf. I suppose we must give them a dinner or a supper; you must manage it, Humphrey." And then he sat down by his mother with a sigh, and drew Florence to his knee, and for the rest of the evening he scarcely spoke, except in answer to their questions.

"Ah, but the squire's rarely changed," was Humphrey's parting observation that night; "he'll never be the man he was again." And before many days were over Dym coincided in Humphrey's opinion.

It was true that when the first excitement of coming home had a little subsided Guy became strangely taciturn and silent; he was very reticent on the subject of his wanderings, and evaded as far as possible all inquiries as to his escape from the burning vessel.

"Why should I speak of what causes me such acute suffering only in the retrospect?—you would not sleep to-night, mother, neither should I, if I were to recapitulate all the horrors of that ghastly scene." And Guy's shudder was sufficiently expressive.

"Let the dead past bury its dead," he said, on another occasion, when Mr. Fortescue was questioning him; "don't let us rake up bygones, Lat: it was all a miserable failure from beginning to end—India or Australia, what did it matter? I took my trouble with me. I never got rid of it for a minute—and now."

"Well, Guy?"

"I have brought it back: that is all." And the dark moody look came across Guy Chichester's face as he put down his child from his knee and resumed his old restless walk across the room. But, except when they questioned him about these dreary three years, he was ordinarily very gentle and quiet. It was beautiful to watch him with his mother and child. He would rouse himself from his melancholy brooding to sit by his mother's side and talk to her by the hour together, but it

was evident that his one thought was Florence. He was ill at ease if the child were out of sight even for an hour; from morning to night he was devising little plans for her amusement. Florence's "new papa," as she called him, became her favorite playfellow. Guy's old spark of life woke up when he told stories to his child.

Humphrey would meet them on the farm, with hand in hand, Guy's shoulders a little stooped, his head bent, Florence dancing beside him, her fair hair streaming in the wind.

Guy bought a little cream-colored pony and trained it himself; he taught Florence to ride to her great delight. The Black Prophet was cised regularly now. Dym, as she watched from the terrace, was strangely reminded of the days at Lansdowne House, when Edith and Guy used to ride out together.

Edith was growing up now, and was winning at Mentone with her mother, who had been confirmed invalid; but Beatrix Delaire had written that she might be expected at Ingleside on the course of a week or two.

Guy showed her letter to Dym.

"I hope you have forgotten your old animosity," he said, with one of his old shrewd looks. "Poor Trichy! she has had her share of trouble with the rest of us."

"I think Mrs. Delaire has greatly improved since her residence abroad," returned Dym, unanimously; "she is lovelier than ever, and grown strangely gentle, even to me," laughed little nervously.

"I am glad to hear it; I shall think better of her," was Guy's answer, and the subject dropped. But all that day and the next Dym took her task because the old uneasy feeling had returned at the thought that Mrs. Delaire was coming to Ingleside.

"It is so nice and quiet now, and when she comes she will monopolize him, and he will find time to say a word to me," whispered Jeanie.

"He will always find time to remember his friends," added Dym's better monitor.

Dym was always taking herself to task for something unaccountable and wholly mysterious. Something troubling her sweet nature sorely. She was strangely happy and yet ill at ease, and never ill at ease as in Guy Chichester's presence.

Dym told herself sometimes that she was being jealous even of Florence. What if the

and child should become all in all to each other, and she were robbed of her darling? Dym cried shame on herself for this unworthy feeling; but she need not have feared—Florence was true to her old favorite, and often refused to accompany her father for a walk or drive unless auntie were of the party.

"You see Florence has not learned to do without me yet," Dym would say, a little sadly and apologetically, when Mr. Chichester insisted on her accompanying them: "she will be wiser soon."

"When Florence learns to forget her old friends, she will be no daughter of mine," returned Guy, with one of his winning smiles. "Why will you consider yourself *de trop*, Miss Elliott? Do you think that no one besides Florence is pleased to have you?"

It was evident Guy Chichester had not forgotten his old favorite. There was a grave, almost a brotherly tenderness in his manner to her, that ought to have won her from her reserve now and then. He would bear himself towards her as though he felt himself her debtor. It was true the girl had endeared herself to him in no small degree by the filial care and love she had lavished on his mother.

"But for you, she would not be alive to welcome me now, and the sin of having broken my mother's heart would have lain heavily at my door. You have saved me from this last bitterness, Miss Elliott; you have loved and guarded my motherless child for me; and yet you say I owe you no debt of gratitude."

"It was canceled long ago, Mr. Chichester. I implore—I beg you not to say such things. Who was it who first befriended the lonely girl, and made her welcome in your own home? You have been my benefactor and friend ever since I first saw you," continued Dym, in a voice of emotion, and then breaking down altogether.

"Have it your own way," he responded, with a sad smile, holding out his hand; "you may close my lips, but you cannot prevent my feeling grateful to you with all my heart. Put me to the proof, Miss Elliott; see if there be anything that I would not do for your happiness if it were in my power." And there was a look in Guy Chichester's dark eyes as he said this that set the seal to his words.

Such speeches as these filled Dym's heart with a tumultuous happiness that was akin to pain. She would think over them with a beating heart,

as she sat working silently by Mrs. Chichester's side.

She had grown very silent of late, they told her. Dym used to smile at the accusation, but all the time she knew it was true. When Mr. Chichester was in the room she felt strangely tongue-tied—a new sort of shyness oppressed her; she had an odd trick of flushing up when he looked at or spoke to her. Dym could not understand what ailed her; she had lost all her old fearless ways, and yet she only told herself that it was because this long absence had made her friend strange to her.

"I have something against you, Miss Elliott," Guy said to her one day, when they were alone together in the drawing-room: it was the evening when Mrs. Delaire was expected, and the carriage had been sent down to the station. Dym, who had made her toilette early, was kneeling on the rug in the firelight, caressing Kelpie, when Mr. Chichester came in.

Dym rose with a sudden blush, and seated herself in silence.

"Against me, Mr. Chichester!"

"Ay," he returned, with a penetrating glance, as he took his old attitude against the mantelpiece. "I have long wished to ask you something. I want to know what has become of my little friend?"

"I don't understand you!" stammered Dym; but she grew rosy notwithstanding.

"I saw her last on the threshold of the door one wild March morning, when Kelpie scented his master. She was sufficiently benevolent to throw the door wide open for him to enter, but"—with a singular emphasis—"I have never seen her since."

Dym colored high; she was beginning to grasp his meaning.

"What has become of her, Miss Elliott, I should like to know? She had her faults, but want of affection and of candor was not among them. Do you know I miss my little friend every day?"

"She is here!" in a voice barely above a whisper.

Mr. Chichester smiled.

"I don't think so. Miss Elliott, have you grown to be afraid of me?"

"Not very." Dym was crimson now.

"A little, then!"

"I don't know; anyhow, I cannot help it, Mr. Chichester."

He shook his head indulgently.

"Out of sight is out of mind. Fie! Miss Elliott, I would not have believed it of you."

"Oh, no; it is not that," she exclaimed, eagerly, roused at last into defending herself, but stammering still; "I have not forgotten you, Mr. Chichester—how could I? only it is all so strange, and you are altered, and——"

"I am not altered to you"—somewhat pointedly—"and as for the outward man——" he sighed, and then went on in the same gentle tone: "Child, I don't like to see you shy and shrinking from me; somehow, it hurts me. Though my hair is gray, and my heart well-nigh broken, I have still some old affections for my friends; and I ever held you as one of them."

"Oh, Mr. Chichester!" But Dym had no time to say any more; for at that moment the carriage-wheels sounded in the entry, and Mr. Chichester hastened out to welcome his cousin.

Dym was not present at their meeting; but she noticed that Beatrix looked pale and agitated when she came into the room a few minutes later, leaning on her cousin's arm. She greeted Dym with so much kindness that Guy had reason to conclude the old antagonism was dead and buried; and even Dym, who always in her secret heart accused Beatrix of artifice in her simplest words and actions, was not proof against the gentleness that disarmed her.

No one could believe Beatrix was acting a part who saw her that evening. Generally cold and undemonstrative, she was affectionate in her demeanor to her aunt, lavish of caresses to little Florence, while her joy at seeing her cousin again was evidently deep and earnest.

If Beatrix had set herself to charm them all, she could not have succeeded better. Guy, who was generally silent and restless after Florence had gone to bed, now joined the fireside group, and seemed interested in the description of a trip to the Pyrenees that Beatrix was giving her aunt, and now and then he could not help owing to himself that Miss Elliott was right in declaring that his cousin was lovelier than ever.

Beatrix's face and form had always seemed to his fastidious taste well-nigh faultless, though it had been somewhat marred by a repellent haughtiness and a cold searching look in the eyes; this was exchanged now for a softened bearing, and the transparent complexion was now perfectly dazzling in contrast to her deep mourning-dress.

"I believe my poor Undine has found her soul, after all," was Guy's secret comment: "perhaps, after all, she liked Frank more than we thought." And with his old kindliness Guy Chichester set himself to make his cousin's visit pleasant to her.

It was the old mistaken kindness, but it failed to achieve its object.

For some days, more than a week, indeed, everything went on smoothly at Ingleside. Beatrix's white brow wore a peaceful unruffled look that had long been a stranger to it; she made herself quite at home in Mrs. Chichester's boudoir and in the squire's study, she helped her cousin with his accounts, rode out with him and Florence, and already village gossip reported that the beautiful widow would eventually take up her residence at Ingleside. "Ay, she is a rare beauty, but she is not so real bonnie as t'ither were," as one of the old women at the almshouses was heard to say: "she hasn't a glint of sunshine in her face; there's no one like 'the good lady.'"

Guy smiled scornfully when these reports reached him.

"Sland'rous fools!" he muttered. "Do they think I would replace Honor? Poor Trichy! hope this will not reach her ears: it would annoy her dreadfully."

But it was not village gossip that brought the first cloud on Beatrix Delaire's face: a trifle, a word, had revived the old soreness. One day Dym felt there was an imperceptible change in Beatrix's manner, and taxed all her efforts to discover the cause, but in vain.

"I have not slighted her in any way," thought Dym: "it must be my fancy." But the next day it was there, and the next also.

Could it be that Beatrix resented Dym's position at Ingleside, that she was jealous of Florence's devotion, of her aunt's warm love for her adopted daughter, that Guy's friendship was displeasing to her? "She never liked me to have much to do with him," thought poor Dym.

Dym was half right and half wrong in her surmise as to Mrs. Delaire's changed manner. Beatrix had made up her mind to accept Dym as a necessary evil, and to tolerate her position at Ingleside with as good a grace as possible—come what might, she would not quarrel with her. Guy had his whims, and this was one of them, and she did not choose to incense him against her.

Beatrix was determined to be perfectly good

humored and to patronize Miss Elliott. She personally disliked her—Beatrix always disliked those she had injured—but her repugnance had to be conquered or hidden.

"It is love me, love my dog," she thought, smiling bitterly at her cousin's autocratic ways. "It is a pity he is so foolishly Quixotic. I wonder if he will ever care for a woman after Honor?" And Beatrix sighed as she thought of the strong tenacity of Guy Chichester's affection. For a time Beatrix found her rôle perfectly easy, and then all at once her manner changed.

And why?

Because the widow's shrewd cold eyes had read Dym's innocent secret—the secret unguessed even by herself—and she had determined that at all hazards Dym must be removed from Ingleside.

"If he finds it out, as he surely will, he will only pity her, and—well, no one never knows to what length men like Guy can go; he must never know it, never. If I ventured to warn her in a friendly way—" and Beatrix rose from her low seat, and began pacing the room with troubled steps.

"I think I shall venture it. She will fly into a passion in her old way, and call me her enemy. Are we enemies, I wonder? What made me dislike this girl from the first? If I were superstitious, I should say she crossed my path in an evil day. Honor Nethcote was not specially dear to me, but one was obliged to respect her in spite of one's hatred; but Miss Elliott—" Here Beatrix's uneasy cogitations were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Elliott herself.

Dym came into the room smiling. "Mr. Chichester wants to know if you will ride with him. Florence and he are going over to Ripley; it is such a beautiful day, and—are you not well, Mrs. Delaire?" Dym had certainly some reason in asking the question. Beatrix looked pale and worn; at such times her face would look almost old.

"Yes—no—I am not very well this morning. Tell my cousin, please, Miss Elliott, that I will not ride; give him my love; say I have a fit of the vapors—anything you like."

"If you are dull, shall I come and sit with you?" asked Dym, timidly. Somehow the young figure in deep mourning always evoked her sympathy; instinctively she felt that Beatrix Delaire was unhappy, and the generous girl longed to comfort her.

"Yes, if you like," answered Beatrix, indifferently, but under her cold demeanor her heart was throbbing loudly. Was this her opportunity? Should she speak to her now? She must dissemble and pretend kindness, she thought to herself. In spite of her habitual insincerity, Beatrix felt this thing was not easy to be done.

Dym found her sitting by the fire in deep thought, with her head resting on her hand. As Dym took the seat beside her, she suddenly shivered and moved slightly.

"I am sorry to see you so ill, Mrs. Delaire."

Beatrix smiled bitterly. "I am never ill; have you ever heard me complain, Miss Elliott?"

"You are unhappy, then?" in Dym's softest tones.

"Well, perhaps you are right; something has occurred to trouble me, that is all."

"I am sorry—" began Dym; but Beatrix interrupted her almost fiercely.

"I suppose you would be surprised if I told you that you yourself were the cause of my trouble, Miss Elliott."

"Who? I—I hope—that is, I trust I have done nothing to offend you?" stammered Dym.

There was a strange earnestness and abruptness in Beatrix's manner that startled her, but the next moment it had wholly changed.

"Offended me, my dear Miss Elliott? No, you have only made me think," in a soft melancholy voice. "I cannot help being very sorry for you, that is all."

"Sorry for me!" Dym's cheeks were flaming now.

"Yes; you are so singularly placed, and my aunt is so injudicious—so helpless, I mean. If I were not afraid of making you angry, I think I should try and warn you of something; but I dare not provoke the hasty temper I remember so well, Miss Elliott."

Dym lifted her hot face bravely.

"I hope I have learned to control it now. You frighten me, Mrs. Delaire. What have I done to pain you?"

"Nothing," replied Beatrix, laying her hand lightly on hers for a moment. Somehow Dym quite shuddered away from the cool polished touch. "Why will you persist in thinking that you have offended me, if I am only speaking as your friend?"

"My friend!" Dym could not suppress that

exclamation. A flush crossed Mrs. Delaire's face as she heard it.

"You distrust me still," she said, drawing herself up proudly; "you have never forgotten the old grudge when we were girls together, Miss Elliott. If you will not believe I mean it for your good, at least you know me to be interested in my cousin's welfare?"

"Why do you bring in Mr. Chichester's name?" asked Dym, in a bewildered voice.

"Because what I have to say concerns him closely, Miss Elliott. You will hate me outright, I know, but I must speak. I must warn you that your continued residence under my cousin's roof is perilous to your peace of mind. Don't misunderstand me," she continued, eagerly; "no one has told me—I have found it out myself. Probably you are not conscious of it yourself; but it is as true as the heavens above us, that you are not indifferent to——" She stopped. "Miss Elliott, do you dare affirm that you do not love my cousin Guy?"

At this unexpected and cruel thrust Dym grew as white as death, and her head dropped on her bosom; for a moment she shrank back as though she had received a visible blow.

Beatrix took her unresisting hand gently.

"You need not answer—I can see it for myself. I have always been afraid of this—always. Others have been to blame, not you; you ought not to have been placed in such a position."

The poor white face before her, stricken with sudden shame and dismay, moved even her to pity.

"You must not take it like this, Miss Elliott. Who could be long with Guy without loving him?" and Beatrix sighed. "These sort of feelings come gradually; you were not aware of them yourself."

"I did not know. Oh, this is too dreadful!" suddenly exclaimed Dym. Her innocent appealing eyes smote Beatrix's cold selfishness with tardy remorse; the absolute purity of her look almost inspired her with awe.

"If this were true, and I knew it," went on Dym, with a trembling lip, "you would do well to scorn me: I should not be worthy the name of woman. But I never—never—thought it was that." And a sudden overpowering blush finished her sentence.

"I can well believe it," began Beatrix, soothingly;

but Dym put out a shaking hand and stopped her.

"Please don't speak to me; you mean it kindly but I cannot bear it. I was going to say perhaps I ought to have known it; but he was so far above me I thought there was no danger; and I had mother, not even Will, to warn me."

She covered her face and wept passionately; steadfast in her young truth, it never came to her mind to defend herself, to disarm suspicion by a pretence of well-merited anger. "Dare you affirm that you do not love my cousin?" Beatrix had said to her; and the words had brought her own conviction.

Yes, she loved him; she knew it now, innocently as a child, purely as a girl, blindly as a woman. Out of that singular friendship had come the anguish of a hopeless first love; she had dared to love her benefactor. Dym was cowering away from the thought like a frightened dove. On one idea was in her mind: Mrs. Delaire was right and she must leave Ingleside.

No one need have envied Beatrix's feelings; she sat silently beside the weeping girl. Her victory humiliated and punished her; in all her life she had never acted so base a part. Miss Elliott had never injured her, yet she was going near to break her heart; she was disturbing the domestic circle she had come to visit; through her means, her aunt, helpless in her blindness, would lose her adopted daughter, Florence her loving nurse and friend. Beatrix did not wrong the nobility of Dym's nature; she knew she would leave Ingleside; but some word she could say as to her own want of generosity.

"Perhaps I ought not to have said this. Will it make us enemies again, Miss Elliott?"

"You meant it for the best. I suppose you ought not to be allowed to walk beside a precipice unwarned; but I think I could have borne it better from any one else."

"You have always distrusted me," returned Beatrix, icily; "but at least you know I have your cousin's interests at heart."

"I shall not wrong them," was the sad answer. "You need not fear that I shall stay here, Mrs. Delaire; nothing could keep me here now—nothing—nothing!" clasping her hands in despair in spite of herself.

Mrs. Delaire could not help admiring the girl's courage and resolution.

She watched her for a moment, almost enviously; the slight girlish figure, the drooping head, the little dark face that had suddenly grown so wan and wistful.

"I suppose I may go now?" Dym said, turning to the door.

She did not wait for any answer; she almost staggered when a rush of April sunshine met her outside, the sweet spring sunshine that pervaded everything. Down stairs in the hall, doors were opening and shutting; Florence's baby laughter

sounded from the terrace, Guy's grave voice answering, "Run in, my darling; these Northern winds are treacherous," she heard him say.

Dym leaned against the wall, faint and dizzy. Was she never to hear that voice again? was he to miss his little friend every day—always? was she to go away from them all?

"Oh, Will! Will! if I could only die!" groaned the unhappy girl, hiding her face in her hands, and a horror and darkness of despair fell upon her.

WORD HISTORY.

By HENRY M. DuBois.

THE study of ethnology, or a treatise on nations, has long engaged the speculative student's mind. Fossil remains, implements of war, vases bearing inscriptions of antiquity, utensils of wood and bone have been dug from the earth, thereby unraveling many hidden facts of nations almost or entirely extinct. The fossil remains which have been found on our Atlantic coast mark the far wanderings of some Phœnician tribe. The little that scientific men know of the great advancement of the Celts, who satisfied their progressive ambition by making Great Britain their "Herculean" pillars, was brought about by the discovery of these choice concealed relics. Could we but plow up with the sod the language used by such ancient tribes, what a storehouse of philological truths of their rise and fall would we have; how much more substantial would be our knowledge of their history, than by the few fossil remains containing within their rough exterior some hidden treasure of their weapons, their domestic wares, or some little coin? In no better way can a language hand down to posterity the story of its rise and fall than the words in which their rough wants were expressed. The vehicle which will carry to us the primitive meaning of words, whether used to express rough wants, or refined desires, is etymology, by which certain words have revealed centuries of concealed history.

The best and most authenticated history is derived from etymological investigation. How necessary is it then for every student to habituate himself to the close study of words with which he daily comes in contact. It is essential to a thor-

ough knowledge of all indo-European languages, but especially to our own language, that words should be studied etymologically, as a great writer says: "In a language like ours, where so many words are derived from other languages, there are few modes of instruction more useful or more amusing than that of accustoming young people to seek for etymology, or primary meaning of the words they use. There are cases in which more knowledge of more value may be conveyed by the history of a word than by the history of a campaign." Our words "Frank," "slave," and many others, could be mentioned to illustrate the last truth. In fossil remains, extinct vertebrated animals have been found unknown to zoologists. The graceful fern has been embalmed in its rough stony bed, adding new and rich stores to the botanist; so in most every word used in daily life there lies beneath its rough exterior some hidden treasure of past ages, some beautiful and imaginative thought sufficient to excite a desire for etymological research in the most thoughtless and careless student. How often do we use "dilapidated," and how ignorant are we of its rise. Little have we cared to trace out its etymology, and thereby acquaint ourselves with its whole history. We never can tell until studied that the word was made up of the inseparable Latin preposition *di*, and the noun *lepis*, a stone. How perfectly natural was it for the maker of this word to apply it to some broken-down wall, where one stone fell upon another! What a beautiful sounding word is *sincere*; how carefully it is used! We are will-

ing to attach great worth to it. Yet we remain ignorant of its great beauty until we find it is composed of *sine*, without, and *cera*, wax, as if applied originally to pure honey, free from any wax which would lessen its true value and transparency. So thousands of words could be named which carry out in their etymology the full and natural intention of the first user. What a storehouse of historic knowledge has been handed down in poetry from the archæological periods of the Greeks and Romans to the present time by Homer, Virgil, Shakspeare and Milton. The "Iliad" and the "Æneid" are great, yet not so great in power and beauty as the Greek and Latin languages. "Julius Cæsar" and "Paradise Lost" are valuable possessions of inheritance, but the English language is a more valuable heritage yet. The great historians Herodotus, Livy, and Hume, have conveyed through words the mental treasures of one period to the generations that follow. This precious cargo of historic truth has come to us safely across a rough and tempestuous sea, in which empires have suffered shipwreck, and thousands of unimportant words have sunk into oblivion. What rich and unlimited facilities have these great writers afforded to the student for etymological research! Thousands of words are in our vocabulary whose nicety of derivation is interesting and instructive. A great American writer has said that "language is fossil poetry;" in other words, we are not to study the entire "Paradise Lost" for the poetry, for many a single word contains in its etymology a poetic thought. In our study of this English epic poem we find that the words are strictly poetic in meaning, and not prose. They are purely of musical cadence, not harsh and prosy. Language is "fossil history" as well. It is not necessary to a thorough understanding of this fact that the student must study the entire language of Hume's history. Nay, a few words will suffice to explain pages of drawn out history. How admirably has language adapted itself to its special work!

Prose, the language of history, as often and as effectually embodies historic facts of nations, as poetic words, the language of the poet, embody the imagination or pathos of men. After making this discovery we are enabled to draw nice distinctions between prose and poetic words, which classes of words have heretofore conflicted with each other, consequently making our language inexpressive.

We are not willing to stop here in our logical investigation, for we are just beginning to reap harvests of concealed truths, which will strengthen the feeble elements of our language. The discovery that our language is composed of the two elements, Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French, is due greatly to the study of words.

The study of etymology would be very profitable, could the student conceive the great degree of satisfaction which must have accompanied the discovery that all words (with but few exceptions) pertaining to the lower occupations are of Saxon origin, while those of the nobility and higher occupations were of Norman. This discovery we are enabled to draw a line of distinction between the habits and customs of the Normans and those of the Saxons, which in the former tribe were the nobility, in the latter servitude. How appropriate are the words "mechanic and workman" illustrating this fact! The former is nicely derived from Norman-French (*mechanique*) through the Latin, while the latter is of Saxon derivation, proving that the Normans invented and constructed all the machinery while the Saxons ran them. One is almost inclined to believe that Shakspeare was familiar with this distinction, for in his "Julius Cæsar" Brutus, Tribune, higher in station and superior intellect to the citizens with whom he is connected, uses the phrase, "being mechanical," while the Citizen, a cobbler, says he is a "workman."

"The frame, the sinews, the nerves, the blood, in brief, the body and soul of our nation are Anglo-Saxon. The Norman-French has only its limbs and outward flourishes."

Consequently, it is natural for our language to use a greater percentage of Saxon words than every hundred words, counting repetitions, not proper names, Shakspeare's Henry I. has 96 of Anglo-Saxon words ninety-six; Hume's History of England, seventy-three; Webster's Dictionary, Massachusetts, eighty-four; Longfellow's Standish, entire, eighty-seven.

From this investigation we are enabled to see that poets employ a larger per cent. of Saxon words than prose writers. Some are prone to fly to the Latin language or to Greek for help in the naming of a new thought. They will give to a small and delicate idea a lengthy and unpronounceable word, instead of a graceful and an appropriately derived

word. Such a class of people are attracted to the bigness, rather than to the true and applicable meaning of a word.

The study of etymology has been shamefully neglected in most schools where it has been adopted, and has been grossly slighted in institutions where one would most likely look for it. Why it is neglected by some who have acquainted themselves with it, and by others who have utterly disregarded its importance, cannot be explained. Certainly most every scholar of the English language has felt again and again the necessity of its general adoption in public as well as private, low-graded, as well as high-graded schools. Great scholars have generally decided that the study of etymology is indispensable to a thorough English education. Fortunately the study is not a monotonous one; rather to the contrary, it is amusing and attractive, and opens a wide field for inexhaustible research and study. How often have we had in our possession a piece known to us as a "token," and

how surprised we were on rubbing off the rust which concealed its true face to find it was a valuable coin! So, in words which we use thousands of times, sometimes correctly, and sometimes not, because by necessity and habit we have attached our special thoughts to them. Never have we cared to remove the mysterious garb which surrounds them. We would prefer to live in ignorance of their true value, their true application, than spend much of our time in asking the words which we use to give an account of themselves; to say "whence they are and whither they tend."

May teachers, and those interested in education, who have neglected to teach or to introduce this study into schools, look intelligently into the matter and judge for themselves of its importance! If the ancients had refused to hand down to posterity through history, their customs, habits, and manner of governing, we could, through the study of single words, form a pretty accurate idea of ancient history.

AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS.—SOME SINGULAR COINCIDENCES.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

CHAPTER I. A DIM MEMORY STIRRED.

SOME years ago my attention was called by an acquaintance to a letter for me in the advertised list—the street and number having been omitted in the address. Since that time I have been in the habit of examining that list as published in the *Sun*, a Baltimore daily paper, every Tuesday morning.

One day, in the early spring of the present year, 1876, after looking over the H row in the Gentlemen's List for my name, Walter T. Harley, and finding nothing, I turned to the Ladies' List, to see if there were any letters for the females of my family. In glancing down the column, my eye was caught by the name of "Miss Honora Brantley Hall."

The last two words of this name struck me as being familiar—Brantley Hall. Why was this? Had I met them before? If so, where and when, and under what circumstances?

So far from being able to come to any conclu-

sion on this point, I could not even recall any distinct memory of the words. And yet they continued to haunt me.

Had not the last two words of the name seemed familiar to me, my attention would still most probably have been attracted by the singularity of the middle word of the three being given in full. Why not, as is customary in such cases, Honora B. Hall? The first word was unusual enough to individualize the owner of the name, even though conjoined with the rather common patronymic "Hall."

These two words, "Brantley Hall," continued for some days to haunt me, as we are sometimes haunted by a tune; and, as a tune thus haunting us will at times recall scenes with which it is connected, so did these words at length not directly indicate, but suggest where I may have met with them.

I may mention here that I am of a family of lawyers on both sides; my father, John Harley, my

father's father, James Harley, and my mother's father, Walter Tolyer, were, as well as myself, members of that profession.

My grandfather on my mother's side was remarkably careful of papers; even when every hope would seem to cease of their preservation resulting in any benefit.

There was in my possession a large box filled with papers which my grandfather Tolyer had thus taken care of; and in that box they were all filed, indorsed, and alphabetically arranged, as faithfully as if he had had cause to believe that he might at any time be called upon to produce them.

My father, although not so particular in such respects as Grandfather Tolyer, had—most probably out of respect for the latter's memory—preserved this box; and it came into my exclusive possession, with the rest of his papers, at his death.

I had since preserved it with the same care; and it was now in safety amid those archives of my office which I had very seldom occasion to refer to.

The suggestion which had been made to my mind, by the frequent recurrence to me of the words "Brantley Hall," was that a clue to their hold upon me might be found in this box. In the days of my studenthood, long before, I had sometimes amused myself by looking over its contents. I retained but a general remembrance that there were some interesting papers among them.

At the close of office hours, on the day when this thought occurred to me, I opened this box and commenced the examination of its contents. Their alphabetical arrangement made this an easy task.

Looking at the file marked with the letter "H," I found nothing to my purpose.

I then referred to the file lettered "B."

The first paper I laid my hand on was indorsed, "Richard Leigh Brantley."

I remembered at once; this was one of the files which had most interested me. "Brantley Hall" was the name of the property which had been in dispute.

I took the bundle of papers home with me, determined to devote the following evening to a re-perusal of its contents. It was not curiosity alone which induced me to this determination; for curiosity alone would not have justified to me the time and trouble bestowed upon the work.

There are times when we seem to be led on,

to and through a quest or undertaking, without the exercise of our own will, and by a power which we do not comprehend and which we make no effort to comprehend.

CHAPTER II. A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

About nine o'clock that evening I was alone in the little room which had been fitted up in the second story of my dwelling for a study; and the file of papers marked "Richard Leigh Brantley" lay on a table before me.

When I had removed the file cover, the first paper which presented itself to me was indorsed:

IN RE RICHARD LEIGH BRANTLEY.

NOTES BY WALTER TOLYER.

The contents of this paper were as follows, the spelling being modernized:

LEONARD-TOWN, ST. MARY'S CO., MD.

June 5th, 1785.

Mr. Key, an elderly gentleman to whom I am much attached and who seems to take much interest in me, was to see me at my office this morning. Indeed, he is in the habit of calling on me there very often.

"Poor Richard Brantley is in town," he said, soon after he entered. "Of course you have heard of him."

"I never heard his name before," I replied.

"That is singular," remarked Mr. Key, "as you have been here more than six months."

"There must be something remarkable about the man, then," I said, "since you think it strange that I have not heard of him before."

"There *is* something very remarkable about him," replied Mr. Key. "He is the undoubted heir to the Brantley Hall estate, one of the largest and finest in the county. This everybody knows—or, at least, no one doubts; and yet his cousin, Thomas Brantley, holds possession of the property, and enjoys it undisturbed."

"How is it possible," I asked, "that such a wrong is allowed in this free country and at this enlightened period?"

"It is an extraordinary case," answered Mr. Key; "but a cause is to be found for it in the weakness and selfishness of human nature in all ages and countries. But, to enable you to understand this general answer to your question as applied to this special case, I must first tell you the history of the man:

"Richard Brantley is the only child of the late William Brantley of Brantley Hall. He was born in 1757.

"When the great excitement swept over the country with the news of the fight at Lexington and Concord in the spring of 1775, he was one of those who felt the patriotic glow. Although he was but eighteen years of age and his education was yet unfinished, so enthusiastic was his desire to fight for the independence of his country, that his father reluctantly yielded to his wish to join the First Maryland Regiment, which was then forming. Having no knowledge of military matters, he enlisted as a private.

"The first service of the regiment was at the siege of Boston. After the evacuation of that city by the British forces, and during the intercourse which subsequently took place between the citizens of Boston and the members of the American army, Richard Brantley met and became enamored of a young lady of that city. The attachment proved to be mutual; and the parents of the young lady, becoming convinced of the young man's respectability and of his assured prospects of fortune, consented to their engagement.

"Richard Brantley was severely wounded at the battle of Long Island in August of the following year; but, by the help of his comrades, he left the island with the remnant of the Marylanders who escaped from that desperate fight. As, from the difficulty with which his wounds healed and the hard life of a private in the army, his health continued feeble, a furlough of some months was granted to him.

"Whenever a chance offered he had written to his parents, and, in a letter sent on obtaining his furlough, he announced to them his intention of going to Boston and fulfilling his matrimonial engagement—to which both his father and mother had consented.

"With much difficulty he made his way to Boston. There he found remittances from his father. His marriage shortly followed. The faithful and affectionate attentions of his wife, and the cheerful circumstances surrounding him, soon restored his health completely; and, before the expiration of his furlough, he found means to rejoin the army.

"He followed the fortunes of the Maryland Line till the close of the war, and took part in the final victory at Yorktown in the fall of 1781. In this

battle, however, he received a terrible wound in the head from a clubbed musket. On account of this wound he lingered long at the house of a kind-hearted and generous planter in the neighborhood of Yorktown.

"His wife, learning of his condition through one of his fellow-soldiers, joined him there. She brought with her their daughter, a child between four and five years of age. Under the devoted ministrations of his wife, he improved; but his bodily health continued weak, and he became liable to attacks of feebleness of mind.

"The devoted services of Mrs. Brantley to her husband, and the influences of a climate to which she was not used, broke down her health also; and, in the spring of 1782, she died of one of those inflammatory diseases to which Eastern Virginia is liable.

"By the aid of the kind planter, his host, Richard Brantley was enabled to return, accompanied by his child, to his native county in Maryland, about a month after the death of his wife.

"Here he found everything changed. His father and mother, whose silence for a long time had troubled him, had been dead more than two years; and his cousin, Thomas Brantley, the next of kin after himself, had entered into possession of all the property which was rightfully Richard's. To this day Thomas Brantley denies the identity of his cousin and holds the estate.

"This account of Richard Brantley's adventures I give to you as received from his own lips; and I have no doubt of the truth of all that he says."

CHAPTER III. IN RE, RICHARD LEIGH BRANTLEY.

"Has a suit been instituted for the recovery of the property?" I asked, when Mr. Key had concluded his narrative.

"No," was the answer; "nothing at all has been done to restore to Richard Brantley his rights."

"How is it possible," I exclaimed, "that such an injustice should be allowed to exist so long—now three years—in a Christian land, in a country that has shown its hatred of wrong, and its refusal to submit to it by a seven years' desperate war?"

"It is no doubt due to the fact," answered Mr. Key, "that, where the rights and wrongs of others alone are concerned, human sympathies are apt to be sentimental instead of practical. Richard

Brantley, although not thirty years of age, looks like a broken-down old man. His intellect is feeble. In fact he looks more like an object of contempt than of pity. His cousin, on the contrary, is a man of fine appearance and very popular manners. Moreover, Thomas Brantley has plenty of money, and Richard Brantley lives mostly upon charity. People do not like to make an enemy of Thomas; notwithstanding his pleasant manners, he is known to be a relentless enemy. The miserable appearance of Richard—feeble and in rags—suggests defeat; the stately and healthy bearing of Thomas, aided by the dress and the surroundings of wealth, seems to assure success. Moreover, Richard Brantley, instead of trying himself to do something practical about the matter, goes around whining about the injustice done to him, to every one who will listen to him."

"But he has right on his side," I said, indignantly; "and he has fought for his country through all her struggle for independence. But for his devoted patriotism, indeed, his misfortunes would not have occurred. Has he ever tried to employ a lawyer? Surely, even though no member of the bar can be found to volunteer for the sake of justice, some one would render his services, in so righteous a cause too, for a large contingent fee."

"The lawyers have been like the rest of the community," replied Mr. Key. "What is everybody's business is nobody's business? Some of the younger members of the bar have sometimes entertained a notion of undertaking the matter; but, as I said before, nothing has been done."

"I wonder if Richard Brantley will intrust the business to me?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly," answered Mr. Key. "But, by undertaking it, you will arouse the enmity of a man possessing great power by means of money and an indomitable will, and of all persons over whom he has influence. Still, if you win the case, you will break down his power and influence, and will have done a most righteous deed. Success would, also, add immensely to your prospects at

the bar. But I fear that you will find the against you too mighty to be overcome."

I was young, and I think I may add, had enthusiasm and some chivalry in my composition. I was, therefore, not at all dismayed by the tales which Mr. Key suggested. Before he left my office it was arranged that he should see Richard Brantley and send him to my office in the afternoon.

At about half-past three o'clock the same day I was aroused from a pleasant after-dinner nap by the entrance into my office of a man who seemed to be in feeble health, and nearly, if not exactly, sixty years of age. He carried a small package under his arm, and led by the hand a very pretty little girl.

"Is this Mr. Tolyer?" asked the man.

"Yes, sir," I answered, rising from my chair.

"Mr. Key told me, sir," he said, "that you wished to see me. My name is Richard Brantley."

I immediately offered him a chair, and led the little girl in another.

I was agreeably disappointed in Richard Brantley, in one respect, at least. His face had the weak and half-vacant expression which I had expected to see. His eye was bright, his expression earnest, and his bearing manly.

Both he and the child were respectably dressed. Their clothes were plain, his perhaps rather shabby, but the appearance of each was neat.

"Mr. Key told me, sir," said Mr. Brantley, soon as he had taken a seat, "that you are desirous to undertake my case. He said that he had already made you acquainted with my history."

"He has," I replied; "and I am much interested."

"I have brought you," he said, putting his hand on the package, which he had placed on a table near him, "some papers which will serve, I trust, to satisfy you of the justice of my claim. Some of them already existed, and others were procured in accordance with the advice of Mr. Joshua Jones, a young man who once thought of undertaking my case, but who soon gave it up; I do not know why."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Dreams.—The writer would esteem it a favor if the Editor of *POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY* could furnish him with some data or groundwork from which at least a plausible interpretation of dreams can be made. The nature, causes

ness. If by these our correspondent can define dreams, he deserves congratulation. The subject itself is one which strictly belongs to the domain of mental philosophy, and always has excited and doubtless always will awaken a



JOSEPH DREAMING.

and significance of mental visions while in the state known as sleep, have caused much discussion, and from it all, but little which appears logical has been gained, and the subject is still enveloped in a mystery. In olden times dreams, notably in the case of Joseph, took the form of visions, and revelations of the most remarkable character resulted from them. No doubt many readers of your valuable periodical would, like your correspondent, appreciate light on this curious subject.

E. J. H.

While we do not claim to be able to give entirely satisfactory information on what has puzzled the brains of the greatest thinkers and writers of all ages, we may add a ray or two of light upon a theme naturally associated with dark-

VOL. IX.—5

personal interest. The very prevalence of dreams claims for them consideration; for few persons there are, or ever have been, but have had dreams of some kind. Locke, however, tells us of an individual who never dreamed till the twenty-sixth year of his age, when, with a fever, he dreamed for the first time. Plutarch also mentions one Cleon, a friend of his, who lived to an advanced age, and yet never dreamed once in his life, and remarks that he had heard the same thing reported of Thrasymedes.

Undoubtedly these persons dreamed very seldom, as we find that some dream much more than others; but it is possible that they may have dreamed at some time and entirely forgotten it.

In giving an explanation of dreams, our attention is first

arrested by the circumstance that they usually have an intimate relationship with our waking thoughts. Upham in his "Mental Philosophy" says: "The great body of our waking experiences appear in the form of trains of associations; and these trains of associated ideas, in a greater or less continuity, and with greater or less variation, continue when we are asleep." Condorcet (a name famous in the history of France) told some one that, "while he was engaged in abstruse and profound calculations, he was frequently obliged to leave them in an unfinished state, in order to retire to rest; and there the remaining steps and the conclusion of his calculations have more than once presented themselves in his dreams." Franklin also has made the remark, "that the bearings and results of political events, which had caused him much trouble while awake, were not unfrequently unfolded to him in dreaming." Mr. Coleridge says, "that as he was once reading in the 'Pilgrimage of Purchas,' an account of the palace and garden of the Khan Kubla, he fell into a sleep, and in that situation composed an entire poem of not less than two hundred lines; some of which he afterwards committed to writing." The poem is entitled "Kubla Khan," and begins as follows:

"In Hanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-doom decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river,
ran
Through caverns measureless
to man
Down to a sunless sea."

It is evident from these examples, which are confirmed

by our own experience, that our dreams are generally fashioned from the materials of the thoughts and feelings which we have while awake. So well understood is this, that Dr. Edwards, who was distinguished as a mental philosopher, thought it a good practice to take particular notice of his dreams, in order to ascertain from them what his predominant inclinations were.

But while we are to look for the materials in our dreams in thoughts which had previously existed, we find that they are not beyond the influence of those slight bodily sensations, of which we are susceptible even in hours of sleep. Dugald Stewart relates an incident which may be considered an evidence of this: "that a person with whom he was acquainted, had occasion, in consequence of indisposition, to apply a bottle of hot water to his feet when he went to bed and the consequence was that he dreamed he was making a

journey to the top of Mount Ætna, and that he found the heat of the ground almost insupportable." Baron Trelat, "that being almost dead with hunger, when confined in his dungeon, his dreams every night presented to him well-filled and luxuriant tables of Berlin, from which they were presented before him, he imagined he was to relieve his hunger." "The night had far advanced," Irving, speaking of the voyage of Mendez to Hispaniola, but those whose turn it was to take repose were unable to sleep from the intensity of their thirst; or if they slept, they were tantalized with dreams of cool fountains and

brooks." Thus we enlarge upon the action of the mind in an unconscious state, of space, however, only to condense our thoughts and contract those of

It should be borne in mind that there is a wide difference between a dream and a vision. The former, as stated, is traceable in instances to internal or those things which are connected with our life; the latter is produced from external causes and has little or nothing to do with the condition of the body or the themes which have engaged our attention. Few persons have vision in the sense used here, where most everybody has dreams. A vision in the spiritual sense, is that mind which sees as actual the real object, much as the physical eye does the object of the MONTHLY. Our illustrations show the character of a vision and the influence which it supplies much in



JOSEPH RELATING HIS DREAM.

tion concerning both phenomena; yet the latter is largely wrapt in mystery.

Curious Links.—Thinking that the readers of your able Magazine might be interested in the almost marvellous connections sometimes made between two or more lives, the great lapse of time which is sometimes bridged between the dawn of one existence to the termination of another, I am induced to furnish the enclosed items gathered from authentic sources. We owe so much of this knowledge to tradition, that it is well for us now and then to inquire into the minor details of the subject; it is only by such investigation that we can properly comprehend the character of the people who lived in the earliest ages of the world. Your department of NOTES AND QUERIES is

ing and instructive. "Prophecies on Sneezing" in number, and "The Odd Family" in the June issue, have won for the Magazine many friends. May not contribution on "Curious Links" be accepted as evinced appreciation of your most worthy periodical?

THEODORE H. JOHNSON.

Dr. Chambers, in certain papers, gave some instances of the manner in which distant ages may be connected by the lives of individuals—for instance, a man who may have spoken to another who had been present at moving historical events more than a century ago.

One subject is one that may from time to time be interesting to the public. The circumstances which have passed in the notice of a single long-lived individual are sometimes of wonder to the young. The late Lord Lyndoch died in 1868; yet he had seen the birth, growth, and fall of the republic of the United States of America, as born in Massachusetts, at a time when that and the other States were British plantations or colonies. In the two years of life he had seen the whole history of the republic. In 1874 died Paymaster Thorne, the naval officer in the Queen's service; for he received a commission in the days when Lord Nelson was still fighting, and conquering. Still more remarkable was the case of the late Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere; he received a commission in the British army in 1791, and died in 1865, when death carried him off at the age of ninety-two. During his passage through military grades from ensign to field-marshal, he had been versant with the wars relating to two republics, two empires, and several monarchies in France. Most notable of all, Combermere and the great Napoleon had both been officers in the self-same year; the one (English) in the Cotton, the other (French) as Lieutenant Bonaparte, yet Napoleon has been dead more than half a century.

When George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822, he was interviewed with one of the men who had fought for Charles in 1745; the king pleasantly welcomed him as "one of his enemies." One Mr. Evans, who died in 1869, is wont to speak of having witnessed the execution of Charles I. in 1649; but this assertion is sadly in need of confirmation.

Two aged persons are concerned, the one born before the death of the other, a much longer space of time is bridged over by a retentive memory. James Stuart, born in 1744, and surviving till 1844, was the son of a man who was born in 1657, during the reign of Cromwell. James, therefore, in the present reign of Victoria, could talk of his sire having been contemporaneous with the stirring events consequent on the death of the first Charles. If these dates are correct, James must have been more than eighty years of age when he was born. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, travelling in Ireland in 1840, were introduced to a man who could tell them that his father had been at the battle of the Boyne, a hundred and fifty years ago, when a boy of fifteen; this was possible if the father was (say) seventy-five when the son was born, and the son ninety at the date of the interview. The Earl of Sandwich, in 1787, narrated that he had conversed with a man who had witnessed the execution of Charles I. In 1823 Lord Coventry stated that he had dined with the son-in-law of the Young Pretender, Prince Charlie. This connecting of the two periods was thus explained.

Stolberg had a daughter, Louisa, who married the Earl of Sandwich in 1773, when he had become a middle-aged man; there is an interval of eighty-five years between the birth of the Earl and Mr. Coventry; yet the latter had dined

with the Princess Stolberg, when she was a venerable dame of ninety. Lord Torphichen, living in 1862, had an uncle who was an officer in the royal army in 1745, fighting at the battle of Prestonpans; and another uncle who, as a boy, was concerned in a so-called witch adventure in 1720: facts which seem to show that the Torphichens were a tough old race. James Stuart the architect, known for his classical knowledge as Athenian Stuart, died in 1788, at the age of seventy-six; he had a posthumous son born in that year, and this son lived to be Commander Stout of the royal navy, who was living till 1861, if not later; the father and son between them thus covered a hundred and forty-nine years at the least.

The following are further instances belonging to the same class. In 1713 a venerable matron was living who might, in one sense, have been called a niece of Mary, Queen of Scots. It arose thus: Francis II. of France was the first husband of the hapless Mary, he being at the time of the marriage, in 1558, fifteen years of age, and known as the Dauphin; he became king in the following year, but died after the reign of only a few months. His brother succeeded him as Charles IX. in 1560, and had a natural son, to whom the title of Duc d'Angoulême was given; this king died in 1574. The duke's widow lived on to 1741, when she died in extreme old age. She, therefore, survived her father-in-law by no less than a hundred and thirty-nine years; and as Francis and Charles were brothers, she was therefore, a kind of step-niece of Mary, Queen of Scots. In another instance, a gentleman living in 1872, was the son of a person born in 1722, the two thus bridging over a hundred and fifty years between them. If the father was (say) fifty-five when the son was born, and the latter lived to the age of ninety-five, this would fulfil the conditions. Maurice O'Connell, father (we believe) of the great agitator died in 1825, at the advanced age of ninety-nine; in his youth he had known an aged man named Daniel McCarthy, who had been present at the battle of Aughrim in 1691—a man had seen a man who had witnessed an event a hundred and thirty-four years before the decease of the former. The Countess of Loudoun, widow of the third Earl, was born in 1677, and lived to be almost exactly a hundred years old; she was attended professionally by Dr. John Mackenzie, who survived till 1841. In this case, a medical man, in the reign of Victoria, could say that he attended a lady born in the reign of Charles II.—covering the reigns of eight intervening sovereigns. Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, held his presidency to the day of his death in 1854, when he had entered upon his hundredth year; when a young collegian, he knew Dr. Theophilus Leigh, who had been Master of Balliol College at the time when Addison was an Oxford student, about the year 1695. This was a clear leap of more than a century and a half covered by two learned men during their academical career. Sir Stephen Fox, born in the first half of the seventeenth century, had a family by his first wife; and one of his sons was Paymaster of the Forces in 1679. He survived his wife and all the children; married again at an advanced age in Queen Anne's reign; had two more sons; and one of these sons became the father of the celebrated statesman, Charles James Fox. The statesman, therefore, just before his death in 1806, might have said: "An uncle of mine was a member of the government a hundred and twenty-seven years ago."

The case of Commodore Pickernell was another remarkable one. This tough old sailor, who died in 1859, at the age of eighty-seven, knew in his youth an old man who could tell of having been encamped as a soldier on Hounslow Heath at the time of the Revolution in 1688. When quieter days came, the soldier played as a bandsman at the coronation of Queen Anne; and next served throughout the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns. There is something a little startling about these dates; but, as Pickernell was

barely eight years old, and the veteran a little over a hundred, when they met, the difficulty may be solved by supposing that the soldier was very young (say a drummer-boy) at the time of encamping on Hounslow Heath.

A distinct series of these curious phenomena is presented when *three* persons are concerned in transmitting the record. Mr. Ramage, in 1872, communicated to one of the journals the following: "When I was a boy, I was acquainted with an old woman named Margaret Clinch, who lived in a cottage within the Drumlanrig domain, at a short distance from Drumlanrig Castle. She had in her youth been in attendance on Catharine Hyde, the wife of Duke Charles of Queensberry. Duke Charles was born in 1698." Thus a gentleman writing in 1872 could say that he had seen a woman who had seen a man who was born in 1698; the space of time included being one hundred and seventy-four years. William Oldys, the learned bibliographer, who died in 1761, had known a lady who connected him with Waller the poet, born in 1605. The facts and dates stood thus: When James II.'s younger daughter was still Princess Anne, and he still undisturbed by the Revolution of 1688, one of her maids of honor was a daughter of Sir John Talbot; she paid a visit to Waller when he was eighty years old; and she herself, when a venerable widow, Viscountess de Longueville, was visited by Oldys, at that time a septuagenarian. Mr. Frank Buckland, writing to *Land and Water* in 1872, stated that Dr. Routh of Magdalen College (whose name we have already had occasion to mention) had in his youth seen an old woman who in her youth had seen Charles II. walking in Oxford with his favorite spaniel. There seems, however, to be one intermediate life omitted here; for in a notice in the *Times* of Dr. Routh's death, in 1854, we learn that "he had been told by a lady of her aunt, who had seen Charles II. walking with his dogs in Oxford in 1665." There were thus *two* ladies and Dr. Routh to connect the widely-distant dates. Mr. Buckland mentioned another case, of a friend, Mr. H—, who told him that when ten years old he used to sit on his grandmother's knee, and listen to her account of what took place in 1745, when she was eleven years old; that she was at that date residing at a farmhouse in the western part of the county of Durham; that some of the adherents of the Young Pretender passed that way; that she assisted her mother in succoring them with bread, cheese, beer, and other refreshments; and she recollected that the poor fellows fell on their knees and thanked in Gaelic their kind hostess. Now Mr. H— had a daughter born in 1868; if she lives to the age of eighty, she will be able to say: "My great-grandmother fed some of Prince Charlie's troops more than two hundred years ago."

Dependent on a similar number of lives are some other instances which deserve brief notice. The Scottish newspapers in 1766 recorded the birth of a child to Lady Nicolson of Glenbervie; her husband, Sir William, was ninety-two years old at the time, having married his second wife when he was eighty-two; there was an interval of sixty-six years between the birth of his first daughter by his first wife and his youngest daughter by his second wife. We have no record of the death of this youngest daughter, but supposing her to have lived beyond her eightieth year, she might have said in 1846: "My father was born a hundred and seventy-two years ago, in the time of Charles II.; and my eldest sister was born a hundred and forty-six years ago." This case was a specially remarkable one, in one at least of its features. More within the ordinary run, but still noteworthy, was the instance of Dr. Franklin, who was the grandson of a man born in the time of Queen Elizabeth; Benjamin Franklin himself died in 1790, and thus he, his father, and grandfather, covered two centuries. About the year 1539 was born Miss Lettice Knollys, who eventually became by marriage Countess of Essex in 1556, Countess of Leicester in 1578, and Lady Blount in 1589. This courtly lady, who

did not quit the scene of life till 1634, was a great-niece of Anne Boleyn, and might, very probably, as a little girl, have seen Henry VIII.; she certainly saw Edward VI., Mary, Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. She belonged to a family very retentive of life; for her father reached the age of eighty-five, one brother eighty-six, another ninety-nine, and herself ninety-five. Another lady was in a position to say, shortly before her death in 1858: "King Charles II. was present at the marriage of my grandfather, and gave away the bride nearly a hundred and ninety years ago." This leaping over a wide gap seems rather startling; but the facts and dates arrange themselves in the following way: James, the fifth Earl of Carras, was a naval officer in the service of Queen Anne, and had come to the earldom as successor to his father, the fourth earl; Charles II., near the close of his reign had given the bride at the first marriage of this fourth earl; the years of birth and death of the two noblemen we need not take account; but Earl James's daughter Elizabeth became Countess of Hardwicke, and survived to a very advanced age in 1858.

It has been pointed out that when George IV. ascended the throne in 1820, the self-same decorations of the Order of the Garter which he then received, were those which had been worn by his ancestor, Charles II.; and it was a remarkable fact that there had been only two intermediate holders in that long period. Charles II. conferred the Order on the Duke of Somerset, who retained them till his death, advanced age in 1748. They were then conferred on the young Prince of Wales, at that time a boy of eleven or twelve years of age; he retained them for no less than seventy years, twelve as Prince, and sixty as King George III., which they passed to his eldest son, George IV. The Duke of Somerset and George III. between them held the Order uninterruptedly for a hundred and forty years. The most unusual degree was the duke a participator in the ceremonies wherein stars and garters are more or less worn; under no less than six sovereigns in succession for he was one of the pall-supporters at the funeral of Charles II., the bearer of the orb at the coronation of James II., the bearer of the queen's crown at the coronation of William III., the supporter of the chief mourner at the funeral of King William, the bearer of the orb at the coronation of Queen Anne, again its bearer at the coronation of George II. and once again at that of George II.

With regard to the historical value of these remarkable leaps over wide intervals of time, it may be well to remind that the fewer the intermedia, the persons concerned in handing down the testimony, the less likely is the story to grow untruthful by repetition. On the other hand, when they are exposed to the influence of defective memory and old age. When a garrulous old man talks about the events of his youth, he is not always reliable as to dates, and, honestly intending to speak the truth. Nevertheless, making all necessary deductions, these phenomena of memory are certainly worthy of attention.

O'Brien, the Giant.—Can the Editor of *POPE'S AMERICAN MONTHLY* give any information concerning O'Brien, the Giant? There exist accounts widely at variance with each other in regard to him. History is valuable as it records truth, and to your popular periodical I offer a search of light upon a subject in which many are interested.

CHARLES W. LANSBURY

In compliance with the request of our correspondent we are able to give the following pertinent to O'Brien, the words of a correspondent to a foreign journal:

I have been reading the account of the great giant O'Brien

and the discussion as to whether the bones of this huge man rest peacefully in his grave, or are standing in the attitude of Mr. Pitt in the Hunterian Museum. Five-and-thirty years ago I was pupil to Mr. Richard Smith, the senior surgeon of the Bristol Infirmary. Mr. Smith at that time was the oldest hospital surgeon in England, and by long marks the merriest, and during his long tenure of office (fifty years, I think) had collected the finest provincial pathological museum in the country, and he is still well remembered in his native town as a skillful surgeon, anatomist, antiquary, and local historian. Mr. Smith knew Patrick Collier O'Brien well, and not long before he died, about the year 1843, he told me the following story. I will give it to you as nearly as I can in Mr. Smith's own words: "They tell you in London that they have got the skeleton of O'Brien in the College Museum, but they have not. They have got O'Byrne, a smaller man. Why, O'Brien was 8ft. 2in. If anybody could have got out his body it would have been myself. He was buried, sir, in the porch of the Roman Catholic Church in Trenchard Street. He had a great horror of being dissected, but I was determined to have him, and took a house (or pretended to take a house) on the other side of the street, that we might dig a tunnel under the road and remove him quietly. But we found he was buried in a grave sunk deep in the red rock, and the stone over him secured by strong iron bars, so that we could not run a mine to him without dealing with gunpowder, so we gave the plan up. And here he lies; and if anybody ever tells you that they have got him in London, you tell them that he would have been in Richard Smith's museum if in any museum at all." He also told me the early history of O'Brien, stating that a gentleman had seen a great raw youth blubbing in a public house, which he could not leave, as he had not the means of paying his score; that he learned that the youth had arrived from Ireland to be exhibited as a giant, had quarreled with his exhibitor, and was left penniless; that the gentleman took compassion on him, paid his debts, persuaded him to set up on his own account; that he did so, in the public house in Temple Street, long known afterwards by the sign, the Giant's Castle; that when he retired from public life he proved himself a quiet, simple, inoffensive man, as all over-big fellows are; that he used to walk about in the evenings when the darkness favored his escape from notice; that he went almost nightly to the theatre, when he sat in the farthest back row in the boxes. The Giant's Castle, I well remember; it is pulled down now, as everything else interesting in dear, dirty old Bristol has been pulled down to make room for improvements. The days I refer to were the old days when the study of anatomy was followed up by death in more ways than one, and the pickaxe and shovel were as much a part of an enterprising medical student's instrument list as his box of scalpels. Body-snatching was then, too, frequent, and Mr. Smith, in his young days, had the honor of being fired at by a militiaman from a barrack window overlooking a churchyard, under the impression that he was a ghost hovering over a newly-made grave. So the idea of driving an "adit" under a street road to get at a body would not have been thought so outrageous a thing then as it would be now. Moreover, all collectors have been, are now, and ever will be, thieves (make a note of this, please), and if it had been practicable at any price, Patrick Collier O'Brien would be now standing erect in the museum of that most cheery, kind-hearted surgeon and determined collector, Richard Smith.

Jehovah and Baal—A Historical Curiosity.—In 1788, a clergyman, who was vicar of a parish in Shrewsbury, England, ordered the removal of a picture of the crucifixion which had long been suspended in his church, and which he

believed was regarded by some as an object of worship. On the day following its removal, the Roman Catholic priest issued the following lampoon, which was circulated over the whole town:

"The parson's the man,
Let him say what he can,
Will for gain leave his God in the lurch:
Could Iscariot do more,
Had it been in his power,
Than to turn his Lord out of the church?"

It may be easily supposed, that on one part of the community this would have its effect; but the worthy vicar soon gave evidence that he possessed wit as well as his neighbor, for he immediately replied:

"The Lord I adore
Is mighty in power,
The only one living and true;
But that Lord of yours,
That I turned out of doors,
Had about as much knowledge as you.

But since you bemoan
This god of your own,
Cheer up, my disconsolate brother;
Though it seems very odd,
Still, if this be your god,
Mr. Burley can make you another."

The Watch and Sword of Captain John Rush, of Cromwell's Army.—Benjamin Rush, Esq., of Philadelphia, on the eve of his departure for Europe by the Cunard steamer *Scythia*, recently, deposited in the National Museum, at Independence Hall, several ancient relics, which will be examined with interest by all classes. The most important of these is the watch and sword owned and used by Captain John Rush, a cavalry officer in Oliver Cromwell's army. Captain Rush was a personal friend of Cromwell's, and one day when Rush's horse came into camp riderless, Cromwell, fearing the worst, sadly exclaimed, "I had no better officer in the army." Captain Rush, however, was not killed, as naturally supposed, but lived still longer to vigorously wield the sword which is now on exhibition. The weapon is long, straight, and narrow, being what is commonly known as a "cut-and-thrust sword," and shows many marks of hard usage. Here and there can still be discerned faint stains of blood mingled with the rust of centuries, and the scabbard was long since rendered useless by time and exposure, the weapon being over two hundred years old. The watch, which is believed to be of much greater age, was manufactured by Richard Trap, of London, and in general appearance much resembles the old bull's eye of less ancient times. It is in two parts, the outside case being detachable. In 1683 Captain John Rush left England and came to this country with his family, and his fifth heir in lineal descent was Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The present owner of the relics, Benjamin Rush, Esq., is the grandson of Dr. Benjamin Rush, thus being the seventh in lineal descent from their original possessor.

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

The Oriental War.—Independently of the vast numerical superiority that Russia can bring into the field, she can now fully reckon on the coöperation of Roumania, whom geography has placed at her discretion; of Servia, Bosnia and Montenegro, whose accounts with the Porte are not yet satisfactorily settled; of Greece, whose armaments have been for months carried on with undisguised ostentation; of Crete, where anarchy is rampant in town and country, and insurrection openly organized; of Persia, which has been treasuring up grudges for years, and cloaks her ambition well; and finally, of the disaffected subjects of the Porte throughout the empire, all of whom, Christians in the European provinces and Mussulmans in Asia, especially in Syria and Arabia, and even in Constantinople, reckoning the rabble which was yesterday gazing, with undisguised delight, at the lowering of the big two-headed stone eagle from the top of what was so lately Ignatieff's home—all of whom, we say, unite in their intense feeling of hate to the overbearing Osmanli, and look to the struggle, which has now become imminent, as an opportunity for the gratification of their long pent-up vehemence. Were Turkey's ruin decreed by fate, she would be sure to fall without a friend, for nothing can be more hollow, more skin deep, than the attachment which many of the self-styled Turkophiles whom interest binds to her fortunes profess to feel for her cause.

For their own part, the Turks, beside their regular army, which even the Russians reckon at 500,000 combatants, and the Bashi-Bazouks, who thirst for blood and plunder, can swell their force to almost an indefinite extent. Besides their position on the Danube, unequalled in strength for defensive purposes, and besides the command of the sea, which insure them easy communication between their two main armies, they seem to set no limits to their imagination when they conjure up the auxiliaries which Mohammedan enthusiasm may muster in the field under the banner of the Crescent. We hear of Kurdish chiefs calling together the nomad tribes of the desert and preparing to come to the rescue with 150,000 horsemen. We hear of Egypt, some of whose battalions are still encamped in the Bosnian or Albanian districts, arming and equipping a fresh contingent of 25,000 men. Equally zealous in his duty as a vassal of the Porte is said to be the Bey of Tunis, and lavish both of his men and money. He of Tripoli alone, it appears evinces a lukewarm, if not actually unfriendly, disposition toward his Suzerain. What more? Yakoob Khan, of Kashgar, who one hears has enough to do to keep off the Chinese, is expected to be able to spare the Sultan 50,000 of his Turkomans; and, as to the Mussulman multitude which is to flock here, no one can say by what route, from British India, it is something positively baffling calculation. Many days will not pass before these auspicious dreams fade into thin air, and the Turks see themselves confronted by sober and stern reality, for, independently of the madness of relying on the aid of wise warriors of the desert, or on that of ambitious and disaffected dependents, were even all Asia and Africa to

supply the men, one does not see whence the Porte could draw the means to support such vast hordes. No doubt her own soldiers will fight well, and her fortresses will hold out with great firmness; but the want of organization and good leadership, and the exhaustion of her means will soon tell against the Ottoman armies in the open field, and, upon any serious reverse overtaking them, the discouragement which has already seized the Government will soon extend to the much-enduring countries.

Our Patriot Dead.—Among the customs which have been legalized by the American people through their representatives, none is more expressive or touchingly beautiful than the annual decoration of the graves of those who fell in the late war. It is expressive of appreciation and love for the memory of the once heroic souls who buckled on the armor for the unity of the nation—that though they died the nation should live. Father, son, husband and brother, endured the toilsome march, sickly camp, lonely picket, and shock of battle in defence of the Union one and indivisible. The battle-stained ensign is made more sacred because it was moistened with the blood and pierced by the shot of that memorable conflict. To keep green the memory of the noble spirits who forsook their homes, families, peaceful and pleasant pursuits, to uphold the Stars and Stripes, which we believe, is one day in the year dedicated to consecrate the last resting-place of the dead. Here may we, as we deck the spots, gather a new inspiration and inculcate to our children with a deeper love for their country and the priceless boon of civil and religious liberty. Not impart lessons of hatred to the living or fallen foe; but in a broader light show that the god of battles gave victory to the right; that slavery, the blight of the nation, was through the struggle to perish forever from free America; that the South repented our misguided brothers through early training and education; that they felt and believed they had been wronged by the North, and sounded the bugle's blast for what they conceived were their rights, their property and their homes. In this spirit should we teach the lessons of the war. To say to the South, you fought manfully for a wrong cause, and with us now mourn over the loss of the loved ones now sleeping the last long sleep. Say to them, now citizens of a common country—we give you the warm grasp of the hand across the graves, and unite with you in beautifying and blessing the green sod where repose the heroic dead; with you we moisten the soil with our tears, and pledge anew our devotion to the Union; with you we will make the air resonant with garlands in memory of those who have gone "down into the valley of the dead." Thus in charity and brotherly love, may this day of all others be made more instrumental in uniting closer together the hearts of the two peoples; this day be one grandly commemorative of reunited hearts as well as States, under the constitution and the laws.

The gray and the blue here and there repose together,

In silent, both mourned. Let us obliterate the lines and
 ors which divide them; permit our own hands to strew
 the grave with flowers, and allow the sun, winds and dews
 of heaven to kiss these evidences of our faith, hope and
 unity.

We are glad to note that this spirit is growing; that a
 fire to bury the bitterness engendered by the war is be-
 coming general, and that the time is near when we shall
 be no more of a North or a South, and that the bloody
 war will only be spoken of in sadness and sorrow.

In harmony with these views are those of the Honorable
 Henry W. Waterson, delivered at Nashville, Tennessee,
 recently. They show such a broad love of country that
 we feel sure the readers of the MONTHLY will thank us for
 bringing them here as reported to the press:

The war is over. It is for us to bury its passions with its
 dead; to bury them beneath a monument raised by the
 American people to American manhood and the American
 ideal, in order that "the nation shall, under God, have a
 new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people,
 by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the
 earth." There is no one of us, wore he the one cloth or the
 other, come he from the granite hills of New England or the
 orange groves of the Mississippi valley, who has not an inter-
 est in himself and for his children in the preservation and
 perpetuation of our republican system. It is a reciprocal as-
 sumption as a joint interest; and, relating to the greatest of human
 interests, it ought to be a sacred interest. The most obstinate
 partisans, the most untravelled provincials cannot efface
 obscure, still less dispute, the story of heroism in war,
 moderation in peace, which, written in letters of living
 stone, will blaze forever upon our national tablets. The
 occasion that brings us here has this significance: it is illu-
 minative; it tells us that we have come to understand that
 there could be no lasting peace nor real republicanism
 until any freeman's right was abridged or any patriot's
 life unhonored. The freedom of each and every State,
 each and every citizen, is at length assured; and there
 remains no longer so much as a pretext why the glory of
 the past, marked by the graves of all who fell in the battle,
 should not be the common property of the whole people.
 The old feudal ideas of treason do not belong to our
 institutions or our epoch. Their influence in public affairs,
 far as they have influenced public affairs, has been hostile
 to our national unity and peace. Our future is to be secured
 by generous concessions, for ours was a war of mistakes,
 of disgraces.

History teaches us that wars are more or less the subjects
 of misconception and mischance. It is rare, indeed, if ever,
 when all the right is on one side and all the wrong on the
 other. In our case, and I take leave to speak for both sides,
 we have much to deplore—nothing to make us ashamed.
 Surely the world has never seen terms so liberal extended
 to soldiers beaten in civil broil, or known such abstinence
 from sanguinary revenges during the progress of the strife.
 It is necessary to remind no one of the conduct of Grant and
 Sherman in the moment of their triumph. The conflicts of
 this present hour cannot shut out from the hearts of grateful
 men the spectacle of that dismal day, when rising above the
 mounds of victory and the ruins of the conquests, the chiefs
 of the armies of the North remembered not merely that they
 were soldiers and men of honor, but that they were
 Americans. It was our Lee who paid the honors of war to
 our Kearney. When the body of Morgan was borne to its
 resting-place soldiers of the Union, assembled by chance
 in the public square in Nashville, stood, soldier-like, un-
 moved as their fallen adversary passed. When McPherson
 died a thrill of sorrow went along the whole Confederate line.

I believe to-day that the assassination of Abraham Lincoln is
 lamented in the South hardly less than in the North.

That which is wanting in us is less of self-love and more
 of love for our country; a deeper, sincerer devotion to the
 principles of civil liberty which are bound up in the system
 under which we live; a self-sacrificing spirit where the honor
 of the nation is at stake. To sectionalism and partyism we
 owe our undoing. We shall owe our restoration to Nation-
 alism, and to Nationalism alone. The man who was a
 Confederate, and is a Nationalist, must feel when treading the
 floor of Faneuil Hall that he is at home. In every part of the
 South the starry ensign of the Republic must be not only a
 symbol of protection, but the source and resource of popular
 enthusiasm. Above all, the cabin of the poor man, whatever
 his color, race or opinions, must be a free man's castle. In
 the North, constitutional traditions must revive; in the
 South, the old inspirations of the Union.

The South, more especially the young manhood of the
 South, yearns for national fellowship. It stretches out its
 arms to the National Government beseechingly; it entreats
 the North not to build up a national spirit which shall in
 word or thought proscribe it or those who are to come after it.
 The present generation of Southern men is in no wise
 responsible for the acts of the last. It has no antecedents
 except those which illustrated its sincerity and its valor on
 the battle field, its fidelity to its beliefs, its fidelity to its
 leaders, its fidelity to itself. These are but so many hostages
 of the nation at large. Instead of stigmatizing it, the victor in
 the fight should throw over the South the flag of the republic;
 should place in front of it the emblematic eagles of the State;
 should fold it round from the dark and the light with the
 instinct of maternity, tenderest of its crippled offspring. To
 the young men of the South the country must look for the
 resurrection of the South. They should carry no dead
 weights either in their hearts or on their backs. The work
 of physical liberation, which is happily ended, is to be
 followed by a greater, a grander work—the work of moral
 emancipation. A sagacious statesmanship, even more than a
 generous magnanimity, points to this as the hope of the white
 man and the black man; the real restoration of the Union;
 the true solution of the problems of life and labor raised up
 by the mighty vicissitudes of the last fifteen years.

War or no war, we are all countrymen, fellow-citizens;
 and it is no mawkish sentiment or idle rhapsody which seeks
 to bring us nearer together. The day of the Sectionalist is
 over. The day of the Nationalist has come. It has come,
 and it will grow brighter and brighter, dotting the land, not
 with battle-fields, but with school-houses in which our chil-
 dren, instructed better than ourselves, will learn to discern the
 shallow arts of the self-seeking demagogue, who would thrive
 by playing upon men's ignorance and passion. We have
 seen within the last few weeks, how a little generosity in the
 fountains of our political existence has warmed the hearts of
 men and elevated the tone of public affairs. This tells us
 simply but truly that party lines are not, and ought not to be,
 lines of battle, separating men committed to deadly strife.
 That which I plead for, which I have pleaded for all my
 life, is that we shall be governed in our public interests by
 the same fair-minded and self-respecting principles of con-
 duct which good men bring to their private walks and ways.

Fellow-soldiers of the Union! I cannot close without
 thanking you for the opportunity your generosity has given
 me to speak in this place, and on my native soil, for your
 country and my country, for your flag and my flag. The
 Union is indeed restored, when the hands that pulled that
 flag down came willingly, and with full hearts, to put it up
 again. I come with a full heart and steady hand to salute the
 flag that floats above me—my flag and your flag—the flag of
 the Union—the flag of the free heart's hope and home—the
 star-spangled banner of our fathers—the flag that, uplifted
 triumphantly over a few brave men, has never been obscured,

destined by God and Nature to waft on its ample folds the eternal song of manhood, freedom to all the world, the emblem of the power on earth which is to exceed that on which it was said the sun never went down. I had it in my mind to say that it is for us, the living, to decide whether the hundreds or thousands who fell on both sides during the battle were blessed martyrs to an end, shaped by a wisdom greater than ours, or whether they died in vain. I shall not admit the thought. They did not die in vain. The power, the divine power, which furrowed the land with battle-fields, sowing it deep and broadcast with sorrow, will reap thence for us and for the ages a nation truly divine; a nation of freedom and freemen; where tolerance shall walk hand-in-hand with religion, while civilization points out to patriotism the many open highways to human right and glory.

Reform.—From the press, the pulpit, and the rostrum, reform is still agitated as necessary for the healthy growth of our civil, social, and political life. During the great presidential contest reform was the song of the politician, the inscription on the banners, and the rallying cry in the marts of trade and at the social circle.

Now, all this is well enough so far as it goes. But may we not put the following queries: 1. What has the agitation thus far disclosed? 2. What substantial good has it accomplished?

To the first inquiry, it is too evident to be successfully combated, that the cry for reform revealed a most lamentable state of morals not only in all the departments of the general government, but in every avenue where capital, talent and labor were struggling for position, power, or influence. Especially glaring were the violations of trusts both of a public and of a private character. There loomed up to the public gaze the revolting spectacle of individual pledges trampled under foot, sacred promises violated, and a general indifference to verbal or written contracts, except where they promoted selfish interest or personal aggrandizement. The good old maxim "honesty is the best policy," was spurned as the product of some old fogey, overly conservative, and too stupid to comprehend the demands of the age. The great tidal waves which seemed to sweep from the lakes to the gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, carried on their breasts but one proclamation, so easily understood by the multitude, and that was "Get money, my son, honestly if you can; but get it any how," for with it you get all else that heart or mind can covet.

In this motto there appeared much to allure, especially the young men just starting out in the world in pursuit of success. These young brains and hearts could only see and feel the influences which wealth gives; they lacked that mature and better judgment which surveys the future, and comprehends the true foundation of happiness. The precepts gathered by the young generation were swept aside by the whirlwind of fashion and love of display. More potent than these were the few examples of older heads, which loomed up suddenly from poverty and obscurity into the dazzling splendor of marbled palaces with their velveted couches and glittering chandeliers, though at the expense of honor and even honesty itself.

These young men, developed into manhood during and since the war, have not been blind to what has been too plainly written on the walls, not only in private dwellings,

but more conspicuously in public buildings, sacred offices, legislative halls, and even in the temples of justice. They saw that *money was king*, that there was much truth in the statement "that every man had his price," and that from the brilliant career of James Fisk, who, from a tin pedler became in a few years the "Prince of Erie;" from the obscurity of a small saloon keeper, the ruling power in the city and of New York, was William Tweed, who, for a time, rolled in his chariot as the owner of millions, as well as of legislators who moved and voted at his beck. Nay! they saw more. They witnessed the heads and fronts of chartered institutions, where were deposited hundreds of thousands of dollars, betray their trust, and pocket the hard earnings of the widow and the orphan. They looked upon ministers of the Gospel using their sacred offices to fleece the confiding members of their flock, and then winging their way across the ocean to a country with which our government had no reciprocity treaty, that they might there, undisturbed, enjoy their dishonestly accumulated riches. They read even now of broken faith in Life Insurance Companies and savings banks, millions gathered from the hard-working masses, only to enrich the scheming and confidence winning managers. All these are disclosures no less prominent than humiliating to us as a people. They are not precepts, but examples which have poisoned and still are poisoning the minds of the young men who are to succeed us in representing the nation. They are revelations which have furnished us the dead-crop of business, stagnated energies, cramped capital, and caused general distrust everywhere.

To the second inquiry: What substantial good has it accomplished? it may be safely affirmed, that the old landmarks are being looked after, finger-boards which safely guided in the past, and by which we must be guided in the future, if we would return to enduring prosperity.

This agitation has also taught us that slow growth is the only permanent and enduring growth, whether as applied to individuals, nations, or the world of vegetation. Only he who honestly earns money can appreciate its value or know its worth. The sudden acquisition of wealth, like that of knowledge, brings no lasting benefit, as a rule, to its possessor. The true worth of money is rather to be measured by the amount of toil in an honest calling given in exchange for it. We see this truth illustrated almost every day. The young man who inherits vast possessions, and controls money without restriction, generally rushes into some of the many forms of dissipation, and in the majority of cases is of no special value to himself or to society at large. The cry for reform has for its foundation all these and many more of the existing evils. We have departed from the wholesome methods of achieving success, and not till we return to first principles can we reasonably expect to turn the tides of business in our favor. Civil Service reform will come as a logical sequence to individual reform in business and at home.

The Permanent Exhibition.—The national character given to the "Permanent Exhibition" as it is styled by the managers, renders it not inappropriate in these columns to make some record of its doings, management, and prospects. While the Quaker City will receive the largest share of the

honor for the enterprise, and also the chief portion of the financial benefits of the "great show," we should not lose sight of the broader idea that the Exhibition in itself reflects an ever-increasing lustre upon the public spirit of the American people as a whole. It shows to all the world the masculine vigor of the American mind, the ability and willingness of our representative citizens to grapple with and control ponderous subjects, and to carry to a successful issue projects from which the more feeble and vacillating minds would shrink. It holds aloft the central fact that our country is prolific in her bold and daring spirits, who, ever looking forward for victory to crown their labors, press onward regardless of hedges, and what to others would be considered insurmountable obstacles, until the end is consummated. Faith in a most worthy cause brought the eyes of all nations to centre on Philadelphia as the seat of the Centennial Exhibition, and now this Permanent Exhibition and its management can scarcely fail to redound to the lasting honor of the leading spirits engaged in it.

The formal opening was a precursor of success. The President of the United States, ex-President Grant, members of the Cabinet and many distinguished persons from abroad—including Governors, Senators, Representatives and eminent citizens of foreign nationalities as well as our own—by their presence sanctioned the enterprise. The Main Building of the Centennial Fair was dedicated just twelve months after the great Exposition, in a most imposing manner, in the presence of more than twenty thousand persons, at the conclusion of Oliver Wendell Holmes's choral, "Angel of Peace." The Exhibition is now complete in all its departments, and may well be considered the most gigantic show of human skill, ingenuity, art and industry, ever permanently established through individual capital and talent.

War Movements.—The latest information from across the waters leads us to believe that the calm between the opposing forces is only like that which precedes the storm; the quiet and secret movements of the Russian army herald but the clash of arms and roar of artillery at an early day. The skirmishes now and then, here and there, are but feints to develop the strength of either side. The reports to the associated press seem to point to an union of the centre and right wings of the Russian army; that those of the former had advanced on the passes of the Soghanlu Mountains, and the latter on Olti and along the Choruk valley. There must now be added the fact, that the Russian centre has obtained communication with the left wing, so that the Eastern heads

of passes between the Soghanlu and Kiretch ranges, near Midshiner, are already in their hands, Mukhtar Pasha having withdrawn from his position between Olti and Bardez and taken up a fresh line between Kaprukoi and Hassan Kaleh. Mukhtar has thus improved his position, if he has sufficient force north of Erzeroum to check the advance of the Russian right wing. This, however, is very doubtful, especially as his position at Kyly, south of the Araxes, is threatened by the extreme left of the Russian left wing. A portion of the Russian left was detached at Jeranos, probably with the desire to turn Mukhtar's strong position at Kaprukoi, on the Araxes, for the descent from Soghanlu through the passes leading down to the valley of the Araxes is steep and difficult, as indeed is also the descent from the Kasher range to Kyly, which is about half an hour's march from the Araxes. If the Turks stand their ground, which they can only do if they have sufficient men guarding the northern approaches to Erzeroum, the plain of the Araxes will be the scene of a sanguinary battle. The great length of the Russian lines of communication, with the two fairly garrisoned fortresses of Kars and Batoum in their rear, necessitates great caution on their part; because if the Turks had sufficient enterprise or available forces they would long since have sent large reinforcements by sea to Batoum and endeavored to break through the circle which the Russian iron corps has been forming on the heights around the land side of that town. A vigorous effort in this direction might yet save Erzeroum. The Turks appear to be learning rapidly this fact, and some reinforcements have been ordered to Batoum.

While all this is going on, other complications and rumors point to a possible popular outbreak at Constantinople, in favor of the recently deposed Sultan, Murad; to plots and counterplots in France by the two wings of the ministry. The *Republique Francaise*, of Paris, Gambetta's organ, says: The Senators of the Left have determined that the Republicans, though they do not fear a dissolution, ought to neglect nothing which they may properly do to prevent it.

The *Ordre* says the Duke de Broglie has received a deputation of Legitimists, who demanded that the Ministry be remodeled according to the views of the Royalists. M. de Broglie replied that President MacMahon had no intention of asking for a prolongation of his powers. He would retain his office until 1880, but not hold it beyond that term, and thus close the door upon hopes which were justified by the Constitution. The *Ordre* adds that President MacMahon subsequently confirmed the Duke de Broglie's statement.

LITERATURE AND ART.

The State of Michigan: Embracing Sketches of its History, Position, Resources and Industries. Compiled under authority of the Governor in the interest of Emigration. 8vo, 136 pages. By S. B. McCracken. Published by W. S. George & Co., State Printers, Lansing, Michigan. This publication is one among the many reaching us designed to preserve in shapely form and style much that is

valuable concerning one of the most prosperous States in the Union. While it is not an exhaustive treatise of anything in particular, it furnishes a great amount of information never before embodied in book form. We think, however, not sufficient prominence is given to the subject of Fruit. Those at all familiar with the wonderful fruit-producing power of Michigan will agree with us in this criticism. Our Centen-

nial Exhibition gave ample evidence also of the richness of this State in the species, abundance and variety of her fruit products. On page 37 it is stated that the area devoted to orchards is no less than 237,098 acres, and that the apples, peaches and pears yielded in one year numbered nearly 6,000,000 bushels, yet the subject only receives a passing notice. Still, it would not be possible to say much on any one thing, where so many are touched upon in so small a space.

The author in his preface says: "The object of the publication is to present in brief outline the position, resources, industries, institutional character, and other general features of the State, embracing so much in its history as may serve to introduce it to the reader, for the information of persons who may be looking for places of settlement or investment. The project of the work had its origin with the State Centennial Board of Managers, but being so directly in the interest of emigration, it seemed to come legitimately within the power conferred upon the Governor in that regard, and it has been done under his authority. The work was one for which there was no precedent, and the style and method of which could not exist clearly at first in the mind of the compiler, but had to be wrought out, and in a measure created. Sources of information had to be sought out, and much labor was necessarily done before any visible results were produced, and in some cases work, over which much time had been spent, had to undergo remodeling to adapt it to the developing character of the work as a whole."

The general appearance of the compilation—for such it is, more than a treatise—reflects credit upon both the author and publishers. The paper is of good quality and the type clear and distinct. The title-page is faced by a fine lithographed view of the State Capitol at Lansing, followed by an excellent railway map of the State, and three very attractive engravings, full-page size, showing the State Public School at Coldwater and the Michigan Asylum for the Insane, at Kalamazoo; one page exhibiting the male department, and the other the female department of the institution.

Report and Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin for the years 1873, 1874, 1875, and 1876, Volume VII. Prepared by LYMAN C. DRAFER, Secretary to the Society. Published by E. B. Bolens, Madison, Wisconsin.

This book is of octavo size, 495 pages, neatly bound in dark cloth, and will be appreciated by the general public as well as the State Historical Society. It is clearly printed on a fair quality of paper and in long primer type. In the introductory, the author says: "This volume will, in many respects, be regarded, if not superior, at all events not inferior, to any of its predecessors. Mr. Tasse's exhaustive memoir of Charles de Langlade, Wisconsin's pioneer settler, made up largely from original sources, will deservedly attract attention." Its index of papers and subjects shows among other matters of interest to the student of history: "Pre-Historic Wisconsin," by Professor J. D. Butler, LL.D.; "Discovery of the Mississippi," by John G. Shea, LL.D.; "Fifty-four Years' Recollections of Wisconsin," by General A. G. Ellis; "Fur Trade and Factory System at Green

Bay, 1816-21;" "Sketch of Shau-be-na, a Pottawattamie Chief," by N. Watson.

Any of these subjects will pay perusal. On page 417, read from the sketch of Mr. Watson as follows: "The parlor was now full of Indians, who stood with their tomahawks and scalping knives awaiting the signal from the chief, when they would commence the work of death. Black Partridge said to Mrs. Kinzie: 'We have done every thing in our power to save you, but all is lost; you and your friends, together with all the prisoners of the camp, will be slain.' At that moment a canoe was heard approaching the shore, when Black Partridge ran down to the river, trying the darkness to make out the new-comers, and at the same time shouted: 'Who are you, friend or foe?' In the bow of the approaching canoe stood a tall, manly personage, with a rifle in his hand; and as the canoe came to shore, he jumped off on the beach, exclaiming in a loud clear voice, the musical notes of which ran forth on the still night air: 'I am the Sau-ga-nash!' 'Then,' said Black Partridge, 'hasten to the house, for our friends are in danger, and you alone can save them.'" The general style of the major portion of the other contributions is animated, though of course not of such a sensational character. While we welcome this publication, we think the value of the matter called for both a heavier and better quality of paper than that on which it is printed. The illustrations, by the Heliotype process, are very fair, but not what they should be. In the next volume we shall hope for an improvement in this regard.

The Washington-Crawford Letters: Being the Correspondence between George Washington and William Crawford, from 1767 to 1781, concerning Western Lands. By C. W. BUTTERFIELD. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co., Publishers.

A very attractive and neat little book of something over one hundred pages, octavo size, on paper of cream tint, nicely toned, embodies this correspondence between Washington and Crawford. The author in his preface says: "The correspondence, largely a private one, kept up for nearly fourteen years, between the parties, is now given to the public with the belief, that in its revelation of the beginning of Western land speculation, and the part taken therein by the writers, a contribution of value is made to American history. Much interest is added to these letters because of their bringing to light incidents of importance before but little known, in the early settlement of the trans-Appalachian region and in Lord Dunmore's War."

There is certainly a melancholy interest connected with the terrible death of Crawford—and this is heightened by the fact that Washington himself, as well as the American army, was greatly affected by it. Mr. Butterfield very truthfully says: "So long as the history of our country shall be read, the liveliest sympathy will continue to be excited at the recital of Crawford's dreadful suffering, in what was then the far off wilds of Sandusky."

This neat volume is bound in green cloth, and the cover shows the title in gilt letters. The book does no discredit to the publishers.

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

and Vital Power.—The students of chemistry have long since discovered that their best mode is by experiment. Not only do they observe that nature unfolds, but they try to place special circumstances, to find out all their proper laws, to reduce them to a code of simple laws. At the two sciences, there are those which apply to things, animals and vegetables, and in this new branch, besides ponderable matter, there are found phenomena, which are progressively developed, and which constitute, in a certain evolution, and which constitute, in science. Science must bow before the cause of these things, but if it has not the power to explain them, it is not right and the duty of searching into the laws which rule over their various functions, so restricted and yet so wide, it seeks for principles.

and surgeons have studied every organ with care and find that vital force is far from offering the character which occurs in the reactions of chemistry. cannot repeat the same experiment twice on an animal, but finding some disagreement in the result; the fact, that the organs consist of complex and variable apparatus, in which the conditions of experiment cannot be modified at will, or be changed without changing the functions themselves.

It is agreed that the elements which compose organic matter, and which enter into the immense number of combinations which plants produce, owe their origin, to ammonia, to nitrates, and to carbonic acid. The named body seems to play the most important part in the composition of the green matter of leaves under the influence of solar light, and disengaging itself from the carbonic acid, is brought back to the state of oxide of carbon. The first product of the transformation, and it afterwards becomes the original of all the combinations which it forms. It is the point of departure for chemists in the number of syntheses, or reconstructions; so that the transformation of carbon to formic acid, to carbures of carbon, to alcohols, to composite ethers, to vegetable acids, and it is but a continuation of metamorphoses and general laws.

In dealing in generalities, we go into the details, a multitude of examples are found which the intervention of chemistry throws light on the organic life. To mention one: it has been discovered that hippuric acid may be divided into benzoic acid and glycine; and reciprocally, by combining these two acids, benzoic acid may be reproduced. This being so, the organic animals when analyzed is not found to contain benzoic acid; neither do their secretions contain benzoic acid; but the latter appears as soon as the former is their food. Inversely, herbivorous animals do not contain benzoic acid, because their food contains benzoic acid, and it is to do so when the latter is removed from

It is found that the extract of malt possesses, like acids, the power of changing starch into dextrine and glucose; and the great French chemist, M. Payen, proved that the extract owed this property to a particular substance called diastase, which exists round the buds of all grain at the moment of germination. Now all seeds possess a provision of starch which serves for the earliest nourishment of the infant plant. As soon as they begin to grow, this diastase is formed; it renders the starch soluble by transforming it into dextrine and sugar, and these dissolved matters are afterwards used in nature's laboratory to constitute the first vegetable organs. Thus chemistry has reached the point of giving an exact account of the transformations to which a plant owes its earliest development, and they are absolutely the same as those carried on by the chemist.

It is to similar action, exercised by the gastric juice and all the liquids of animal economy, that our food is dissolved in the process of digestion, and may be absorbed in the system. The celebrated experiments of Rumford and Spallanzani in the last century to produce artificial digestion, prove it without doubt. It is to this also that we must attribute the production of sugar in the liver of the animal.

It is known that organic tissues are constituted by fibres and elementary cells, separated from each other by very small interstices, which contain a certain quantity of water, without which these tissues would be deprived of the physical and mechanical properties essential to their functions. It must never be overlooked, that even in the most rudimentary animals, life can only exist in the presence of water and under the influence of a certain temperature. This has been shown by the experiments made on the little rotifera, whose movements cease and re-commence whenever it is dried and moistened. The same is true of vegetables, and the explanation of how the sap rises and circulates in them has been realized with the help of mechanical action.

The most attentive student has failed to discover in the vegetable tissue any muscular apparatus which could set the liquids in motion, therefore it follows that the circulation of sap must be regulated by the play of physical and chemical forces. Hence it is necessary to fall back upon the attraction which solid bodies exercise on liquids, and which is called molecular attraction, because it seems to exert itself at distances as small as those which separate the molecules themselves. It remains to be seen in what measure this action can influence the rising of the sap.

When a very fine tube is plunged into water, a certain quantity rises in it, because the solid walls attract it, and as vegetable tissue offers similar narrow channels in every direction, it can be understood that it raises and absorbs the water from the soil; but this general explanation is not sufficient, because the ascent of the water is limited to a very little height in a narrow tube, and in trees the sap rises to the summit. This objection has given rise to many experiments among chemists.

Take any porous mass, a block of chalk, for example, and after hollowing a small hole in the centre, place it in a

manometer, that is to say, an instrument to measure the pressure of air which will develop itself in the interior of the block. When that is done, plunge the whole into water. In a moment the liquid enters the pores, as is seen in a lump of sugar, and drives the air which fills the cavities before it. This air flies to the centre, where it is gradually compressed, and the manometer rises rapidly under the pressure. When the final state is reached, it is evident that the air tries to escape as the water enters, and that the pressure of the air makes an equilibrium by the force of penetration, and gives the measure, which is equal to three, four, or even six of atmospheric pressure. Thus the atmosphere being equal to the pressure of a column of air ten feet high, the strength of the imbibing power may be said to equal thirty, forty, or sixty feet of water, and consequently the liquid can rise to these heights. The force of imbibition suffices to explain how the sap rises to the summit of the highest trees.

But another experiment is necessary to thoroughly understand how liquids circulate. Take a tube of glass, and glue to one end a porous plate, so as to close the opening; fill the tube with water, and cover the open end with the finger, so that the water does not escape until it has been turned over into a bath of quicksilver. The porous plate then imbibes the water, which evaporates into the air at the upper end, and is immediately replaced by that in the tube; a void is thus formed in the interior, into which the mercury rises, as in a barometer, and the air does not enter through the porous plate.

These two experiments are sufficient to show the exact mode in which the sap rises. According to the first, the roots take up the water from the soil, and make it rise to the leaves; the second shows how the evaporation of this water in the atmosphere makes a void in the tree, which will call up, by the effect of suction, that which fills the channels of the stem. M. Jamin, a French chemist, has constructed a model which will apply to all vegetables to justify this explanation. The base is formed of a very dense porous body, which represents the roots, and which is planted in damp earth; from this rises a tube, filled with plaster for the stem, and at the top is a large porous surface, taking the place of leaves, and serving for evaporation. Experience has proved that this fictitious tree absorbs the water like real vegetables, and spreads it through the air in the same way.

When a very fine tube of glass is plunged into water it rises high within the narrow space; if into oil, the latter mounts to a less degree; or if the glass tube be changed for another of the same dimension, but of a different substance, the effect is varied in intensity, whilst preserving the general character. Molecular force depends, then, on the nature of the bodies where it exists; it has some analogy with that productive power of chemical combinations which is named affinity, and which has for its special character that of depending entirely on the nature of the two substances which combine. Every time that this affinity takes place, heat is developed; the temperature has always been observed to rise in a porous mass at the time of imbibition; and a German physicist has discovered that a strong electric current is produced when water is filtered by pressure through a porous body. The consequences which result from this affinity may be traced in many different bodies.

Evolution.—The scientific minds of the day, and a very large number of minds unscientific, both by nature and education, are discussing, in some form or other, the evolution theories, while here and there a few positive characters are experimenting, and delving down deep into the mysteries of science. It has been said that "there is nothing new under the sun," yet only those whose minds are like the stagnant lake, void of life or motion, accept the statement as an embodiment of the whole truth. Especially is the American mind loth to receive it as a wholesome doctrine. The dead and by-gone nations and individuals might have dated the commencement of their decay and downfall at the period when such as this idea was palatable food for thought. The American people believe there are many things new under and over the sun; and that this belief is one of the leading causes of many of the so-called "wonders of evolution." If evolution be the act of unfolding or unrolling; the process of growth and development; as the evolution of a flower from a bud, or an animal from an egg; a mode of generation in which the germ is held to preëxist in the parent stem or root, then it must be too plainly evident to admit of dispute, that every new unfolding, fresh growth, step on to higher planes, each opening flower, or new life in any of its myriad forms, is not only a new, but a living proof of evolution. The great reform agitation itself stands on the firm rock of evolution. Progression, whether it be mental, moral, social, or physical, recognizes and must ever continue to recognize the truths of evolution. Nature herself proclaims that only through the evolutions of her forces could she live. The flux and reflux of the sea impart life to the mighty waters and the wonders therein; the whistling winds, floating clouds, and lightning flashes, breathe life to the moving world on the land and in the air; the less boisterous forces beneath the earth's crust, in the mines, and under the mountains, tell of continual change: decay, death, and resurrection to a new life and order. Even the mechanical and artificial powers, when not utilized, lose their beauty, force, and efficiency. The silent mill-wheel soon becomes useless; the unwound watch early rusts; the street void of life is early moss-covered; the unused rapidly chokes with rubbish and filth. So it is with things. The revolution of the planets, the change of seasons, scenes, and occupations, are the life-creators and life-preservers of the countless millions of animated creatures on the land, in the air and the sea. Old things pass away, and all things become new. Progression is evolution, and one of the immutable laws, supreme and universal.

In this connection we give our readers a brief of an interesting paper by Dr. J. S. Newberry on this subject, read at the regular meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences, held recently. The paper will be found of special interest to Americans, as it treats of the Evolution of the North American Continent. Dr. Newberry said, that the oldest rocks we know are themselves formed from sediment deposited by the disintegration of still older rocks of which we have no trace, and which may have likewise been the sediment from a still earlier continent. Of this older continent, we know not where it was nor what it was; we only know that it was large enough to form a continent from its own ruins. Its history has been obliterated. Beginning with the old metamorphic rocks, known as the Laurentian and Huronian, which extend from

brador to the Lakes of the Woods and as far north as the Arctic Ocean, we have the oldest known form of the American continent. Since that time it has been a changing form by the formation of newer rocks. Owing to the cooling and contraction of the earth, there is a continual tendency to raise the high lands higher and depress the valleys lower; while at the same time other influences are at work, grinding off the elevations and filling up the depressions. In many places the dig or bore down to the old metamorphic shales and slates, surrounded by newer rocks. There are islands of these old slates in Texas, and the Black Hills were found by Messrs. Jenney and Newton to be an island of these old rocks very much disturbed, with the slates turned up on edge. They contain characteristic shells which connect them with the Potsdam of New York. The Pacific coast is a rock-bound shore that seems totally invulnerable; but the big rollers come in and pound away at the rocks perpetually, until the rocks are undermined and fall. Finally the rocks are pulverized and carried off to be deposited in the far distant sea. This sea has taken possession at different times of different parts of the continent. Wherever there was a depression, there has been a deposit of the remains of sea fish, bones, teeth, etc., on the bed of the sea. When the sea be-

came shallow, another series of deposits, shells, etc., was made. Thus each period left a record of the physical conditions and the kind of life that existed in the sea at that time.

At the same meeting some choice minerals at the Centennial were illustrated by a large number of beautifully executed water-color drawings. Among the minerals referred to were the native copper and silver of Lake Superior. Drawings were shown of calcite crystals of a delicate wine color, also of stalactites and stalagmites from the lead mines of Iowa. Arizona sent a meteor weighing 1,400 lbs., and Mexico another. Among the beautiful things there were emeralds, rubies, and crystals of corundum from North Carolina. Mr. Chamberlin also spoke of the amazon stone from Pike's Peak, California, and exhibited beautiful drawings of this green mineral, some specimens of which have sold for one hundred and fifty dollars. He described the diamond exhibit from South Africa as exceedingly interesting, embracing both white and colored stones. In the collection sent by the School of Mines, St. Petersburg, was a topaz five inches in diameter, also emerald in rock, crocoite, and other beautiful and rare minerals. In other portions of the Russian exhibit, the magnificent display of polished stones and gems, lapis lazuli, malachite, labradorite, rhodonite, etc., made a splendid display.

OBITUARY.

Fletcher Harper.—We are again called to chronicle the loss of another life. Death, the steady reaper, has claimed the more of New York's honorable and aged citizens. Mr. Fletcher Harper, the youngest and last surviving member of the original firm of Harper Brothers, since the last issue of the MONTHLY has passed into the silent "City of the Dead," at the age of seventy-two, after some seven weeks' illness.

As one of our own brotherhood—publishers—with sadness we record the termination of a most useful life. The deceased was born in Newtown, Long Island on the 31st of January, 1806. At home was the major portion of his school-days spent, from which he attended at various times the common schools.

When but a boy he went to New York and entered the establishment of his brothers, J. & J. Harper, then on Fulton street, near Broadway. At this place he served his apprenticeship, and was admitted to partnership with his brothers in 1825, when not yet twenty years of age. In the same year he was married, and about the same time the business of the firm was moved to Cliff street. Later on, in 1833, the firm took the name of Harper Brothers—the partners being James, John, Joseph and Fletcher—and so completely have they been identified with each other and the business, that the history of one member of the firm is to a great extent a history of the other brothers.

Fletcher Harper, whose death leaves the firm without one of its original members, was a man of thorough, systematic business habits, always being on duty at nine in the morning and remaining until the close of business hours. The branch of the business in which he took a more special interest was that of the periodicals, and to his faith in their success is due

in a great measure the excellence and renown which they have reached. They have always been under his supervision.

Soon after the death of his brother John, in April, 1875, Fletcher Harper retired from active participation in the affairs of the firm, although he did not, as has been stated, withdraw, but remained the junior partner until his death. He had been in poor health for several months, but was not until quite recently considered dangerously sick.

From early life Mr. Harper was connected with the Methodist church, and at the time of his death was a member of St. Paul's M. E. church, corner of Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street. He leaves a wife and two sons, Fletcher, Jr., and Joseph, both of whom are connected with the business, the former being a member of the firm. All the surviving partners are sons of the original members, and the firm name will not be altered.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fries Ellet.—This lady, better known in the world of letters by her maiden name, Elizabeth Fries Lummis, ceased her life's battles on Sunday, June 3d, in New York city, at 170 Twelfth street, the result of an apoplectic attack on the preceding Tuesday.

While it would not be possible in this brief to do justice to the memory of one so well known to the reading public, we cannot refrain from recording a slight tribute in honor of a noble life consecrated to worthy objects in a noble profession.

Mrs. Ellet was the daughter of William A. Lummis, M.D., and widow of William H. Ellet, M.D., late Professor of Chemistry in Columbia College, New York city, and in the College at Columbia, South Carolina. She was born at Sodus, New York; and the world has been made wiser and

better through that birth and the subsequent career of that patient, painstaking, and loyal spirit after development into the full bloom of womanhood. To the literary circles Mrs. Ellet was known as a most prolific and fascinating writer, her works largely partaking of the character of reminiscences and history, wreathed now and then with poetical musings. Her first publication, a poem, in the *American Ladies' Magazine*, Boston, appeared in 1833, and a translation of Silvio Pellico's *Euphemia of Messina*, in 1834. This was followed by *Poems Original and Selected*, in 1835; *Teresa and Contarina*; a Tragedy acted, 1835; *Scenes in the Life of Joanna of Sicily*, 1850; *The Characters of Schiller*, 1841; *Rambles about the Country*; *Evenings at Woodlawn*; *The Women of the American Revolution*, 1848; *Family Pictures from the Bible*, 1849; *The Domestic History of the American Revolution*, 1850; *Watching Spirits*, 1851; *Scripture Gift-Book*; *Pioneer Women of the West*; *Nouvelletes of the Musicians*; *Summer Rambles in the West*, etc. She was well known as a welcome contributor to the standard periodicals of the day, among which were the *North American* and the *American Quarterly*. For critical notices of her writings, see Griswold's *Female Poets of America*, Mrs. Hale's *Women's Record*, and the *Southern Literary Messenger*. An English periodical of considerable authority, the *London Athenaeum*

says: "In treating the 'Women of the Revolution,' Mrs. Ellet is fair and honest; and the illustrations which might be drawn from a book like this, contain a lesson neither ephemeral in value nor limited in its application."

In closing this sketch of one of the most popular writers of America, we cannot omit speaking of the unselfishness which was a strong trait in the character of our departed friend. She ever felt for and sympathized with frail and suffering humanity, and her open heart and ready hand made many a home happier. As a contributor to this magazine, her article, "Life with a Kiss; a Historical Incident," published in the May number, called forth some evidences of the goodness of her heart. In reference to the manuscript, she wrote to the publishers, "if the editor would be likely to accept it, Mrs. Ellet will write it out and send it. What little it may bring she will give to a charity—a poor young mother and her three children under six." Thus her hand was ever stretched out to succor the needy and distressed; and many hearts besides ours will be shadowed by the withdrawal of one of earth's richest jewels and brightest stars from the literary world. We feel sure that such a life as Mrs. Ellet's goes not out, as all that is mortal passes down the valley, but that the potent influences which she put in motion will survive till the end of time.

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

An Open Page of the Beautiful.—A few days ago we were guided by the iron horse on the North Penn Railroad, while seated in the comfortable coaches assigned for passengers, from Philadelphia to Bethlehem, and the Blue Mountains, and after having gracefully and rapidly threaded our way through country and village scenery of the most charming character, all speaking of intelligence, taste, culture, industry and the refinement of an ever advancing civilization, the rosy morning, bracing and beautiful, found us seated in a really romantic section of the mountains, at an altitude at once commanding a bird's-eye view of mountain, hill, valley, river, rivulet, meadow and forest, always captivating to the traveller from the densely populated city, with its miles of brick, stone and mortar; but unusually inviting in this leafy month of June. At our feet, half shut out from view, nestled one of those lakes so far famed for trouting, in which were reflected in its clear and placid waters the majestic trees on its borders, some of which seemed to bend so low and near as if they fain would kiss their own dear selves; by our side, feasting on this open page of nature, sat our companion, a gentleman familiar with foreign lands, and especially with the picturesque scenery of England and Scotland. "This is as beautiful as Windermere," he said, "and yet few tourists visit the borders of this lake. The English make the most of their scenery. That cataract of Lodore, near Keswick, for instance, concerning which Southey wrote, is no larger than one of our mill streams, and in dry weather there is no cataract at all. One cannot have a Niagara every day, and I think the English are wise in appreciating to the utmost the romantic scenery of their little island."

Is there not in this a lesson for us all? Few of us have a bit of woods, a green field, a patch of blue sky, a running stream of water or a still lake that we may not magnify and dwell upon until communion with these various forms of nature gives calmness, repose and peace to our lives. Oleanders and cape jessamines are gorgeous and beautiful and fragrant, but so are wild roses and apple blossoms and blue violets. One sweet blooming rose in the window may fill the house and the heart with suggestions of Eden, if that heart be in tune; all tropical luxuriance is thrown away on him who has no eye to see, no heart to feel its beauty. We grasp after so much—wealth, learning, fame, travel—thinking by-and-by, when the point is reached that elevation is attained, the life-long aspiration is realized, we shall be happy; but genuine happiness comes soonest to those who sift from the passing days every element of enjoyment, and are chronically and resolutely thankful for what they have. "Let a man count himself worthy of hanging," says Carlyle, "and everything except the rope will be received with gratitude." With this we by no means agree, and certainly think Carlyle in his better moments would never have uttered it; yet as an illustration of the effect of deprivation, it doubtless had its end. We cannot accept the theory that as a means to elevate, we must first debase, or make low. A greater truth was enunciated by Mr. Beecher, when he said, "to continually hold up before any people their faults and supreme unworthiness, and rarely their good and noble manifestations is, to educate them for the penitentiary and the almshouse." There however is a truth in Carlyle's statement as applied to some individuals. These count themselves as entitled to so much prosperity or good

too often they overlook the diamonds and sparkle in the dust at their feet. On this it is ponder.

morning the sun rises in glory and sets at even-
lor. Do we enjoy it? In this season, the first
mer, when all nature seems to expand into
hen the pink, red, and white blossoms are smil-
everywhere; when the balmy air makes even
garden petals sing sweetly to the toiler or the
vill to pause and ponder; to ask, what all this
ere on this mountain top, near this lake silently
hear whisperings in voices more musical than
e signs and symbols are nature's own—Do we
prehend the sermon hourly delivered to us in
temple? These discourses, though silent, they
from a thousand rostrums, and in mysterious
r-living truths which emanate from nature's
ofty trees and infant plant, the babbling brook
ataract, the blushing rose and modest daisy, as
ring artillery and lightning of the shifting clouds,
power, wisdom and goodness of Him who
and peopled the known and the unknown
orlds. While nature rejoices in the life-giving
sun or reposes at night beneath the glowing
any of us open our hearts and minds to these
and allow these grand teachers to give us their
lessons? The responses from most of us only
glect or silent indifference. It was not so with
sworth listened, looked and learned, and the
h him was made better. The open page was
him to be read and studied. Likewise Hum-
z and others have enriched mankind by the
red from the pages of nature. From them let
ove for the beautiful, and reflect its light on
ay.

er dwelt upon may darken all our lives; even so,
ay be made to expand, and increase till it shall
the soul and throw its halo on an ever increas-
of the children of men.

Spoil the Pupil.—The lectures of the Greek
were attended by a young girl of exquisite
day, a grain of sand happened to get into her
ing unable to extract it herself, she requested his
As he was observed to perform this little opera-
teal which, perhaps, a little less sparkling eye
ave commanded, somebody called to him in
not spoil the pupil."

English Language.—Bayard Taylor, in one of his
says that he has noticed one striking change in
is the astonishing spread of the English lan-
the last twenty years; resulting both from the
English and American travellers who visit the
the use of the language by travellers of other
French, which until within the last few years
sable, has been slowly fading into the back-
is already less available than English for Italy
trient. I was a little surprised in Rome at being
native boot-black with, "Shine up your boots?"

In Naples, every pedler of canes, coral, photographs, and
shell-fish knows at least enough to make a good bargain; but
this is nothing to what one meets in Egypt. The bright-
witted boys learn the language with amazing rapidity, and
are so apt at guessing what they do not literally understand
that the traveller no longer requires an interpreter. At the
base of Pompey's pillar, to-day, a ragged and dirty little
girl came out of a fellah hut and followed us, crying, "Give
us a ha' penny!" All the coachmen and the shopkeepers
are familiar with the words necessary for their business, and
prefer to use them, even after they see that you are acquainted
with Italian or Arabic. The simple, natural structure of the
English language, undoubtedly contributes also to its exten-
sion. It is already the leading language of the world, spoken
by ninety million people (double the number of the French-
speaking races), and so extending its conquests year by year
that its practical value is in advance of that of any other
tongue.

A Beautiful Sentiment.—Dr. Chalmers beautifully says:
"The little that I have seen of the world and know of
the history of mankind teaches me to look upon their errors
in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one
poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to
myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the
brief pulsations of joy, the tears of regret, the feebleness of
purpose, the scorn of the world—that has little charity—the
desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices
within, health gone, happiness gone—I would fain leave the
erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it
came."

Sound Sleep.—Sound sleep is essential to good health.
It is impossible to restore and recuperate the system ex-
hausted by labor and activity without this perfect repose.
Sleep has a great deal to do with the disposition and temper.
A sound sleeper is seldom disturbed by trifles, while a
wakeful, restless person is apt to be irritable. A great deal
has been written about the advantages of curtailing the hours
of repose, and of sleeping but little. We are inclined to
think that there is room for doubt whether the benefits of
closely limiting the time given to rest have not been
exaggerated. Active persons of nervous temperaments can
hardly get too much sleep. We know very well that the
saving of two or three hours a day from slumber is in one
sense equivalent to a considerable prolongation of human life,
and we are no advocate of indolence; but the fact still
remains that sleep may be so much abridged as to leave the
system incapable of as much effective work in two hours as
might be performed in a better condition in one.

"Ise nowhar near de Top."—It is generally supposed
that the "average American" beats the world in his love of
big titles, and in his use of them; but the freed Southern
negro beats his white fellow-citizen all hollow. We hear
from Texas of one who is Head Centre of a Lodge—exactly
of what sort we don't know, but we suppose that it must be
a lodge in the wilderness or perhaps, in Solomon's phrase, a
lodge in a garden of cucumbers. This "cullud pusson" will
spend two months' wages to "report" at a grand junction

"jamboree" of his "lodge." The titles of the officers of these associations are something wonderful. A negro office boy down there asked leave of absence for a day to attend a meeting. "Why," said his master, "Scip, I didn't know you belonged to a lodge." "Oh, yes, boss," replied Africanus, "Ise Supreme Grand King, an' Ise nowhar near de top nuther." Who shall say that the abolition of slavery was not worth all that it cost?

Griswold and Poe.—The *Tribune* repeats the story published by Mrs. Stebbins of an attachment of Dr. Griswold and Poe for the same lady, and that the literary and personal animosity of the poet and the critic grew out of their rivalry in love. The *Tribune* says: "There are enough persons who knew all the parties concerned, still living in this city, to confirm the statement of Mrs. Stebbins." That Poe and Griswold were both friends and admirers of a certain beautiful poetess, whom they had both done a good deal toward rendering famous, there is no denying, and as she and her husband are both dead, there might be no impropriety in naming her, only that she has children living, who would naturally be unpleasantly affected by seeing their mother's name published in connection with such a literary scandal. But the personal and literary encounter between Griswold and Poe commenced in Philadelphia, when they both lived in that city and when one edited the magazine to which the other was a contributor. Poe did not then know the lady in question; but Griswold did. Poe's acquaintance with her commenced after his coming to New York to live, and, as he was married, and the lady was married, and Griswold was married, the attachment must have been of a purely literary nature, as Poe's attachments mostly were. Dr. Griswold was a very much marrying man, he having had three wives and many other attachments. He and Poe used to say sharp things of one another; but they were really good friends, and Griswold, with his personal knowledge of Poe and all of the dead poet's letters and private papers in his hands, treated him more generously than any other biographer would probably have done. Those who speak ill of Griswold for the evil he said of Poe would doubtless think differently of his motives if they knew what he suppressed.

Destiny.—Zeno, the philosopher, believed in an inevitable destiny. His servant availed himself of this doctrine one day while being beaten for a theft by exclaiming, "Was I not destined to rob?" "Yes," replied Zeno, "and also to be corrected."

Working Hours of Authors.—The literary habits of a number of London dramatists and novelists are thus set forth in the letter of an English correspondent:

Mr. Trollope asserts that he does all his writing before breakfast. Mr. Tom Taylor said, at a literary fund dinner, that all his literary work had been done before official hours in the morning. H. J. Byron says he only writes two hours a day, but he takes credit for thinking a good deal. Mr. Hepworth Dixon literally writes from morning to night. "George Eliot" is at her desk six or seven hours a day. Mrs. Henry Wood writes every day until dinner time. "How many hours a day do you write?" I asked Farjeon to-day,

"All the time," was the reply, and it was very near! The late Lord Lytton said that in two hours daily great in literature might be done.

Why even Walter Scott never, on his working days, less than four or five hours, and he always sat down at desk primed. There was no affectation of leisure about authors of "Pendennis" and "David Copperfield," and a man would lock himself up for weeks together, and write after hour at a stretch, and would come forth into the world with his book, haggard, careworn and exhausted. Braddon has been in the habit of writing from ten to twelve hours every day, and only a couple of years ago her work was so incessant that it turned her brain, and she had to lay down her pen for many months in the middle of a work which was finished by a friend.

A laughable story is related of Dunning, an English judge. It is said of him that frequently, in the examination of witnesses, he often displayed great coarseness, and upon himself the animadversion of his brethren. On one occasion, wishing to establish the identity of the party to the instrumentality of an unsophisticated old woman (occupying the witness stand), the following highly amusing conversation is said to have taken place between Dunning and the woman.

Dunning.—"Was he a tall man?"

Witness.—"Not very tall, your honor—much about the size of your worship's honor."

Dunning.—"Was he good looking?"

Witness.—"Quite contrary—much like your honor with a handsomer nose."

Dunning.—"Did he squint?"

Witness.—"A little, your worship; but not so much as your honor by a great deal!"

These replies produced a roar of laughter in the court, which Lord Mansfield (who was on the Bench) is said to have joined.

Leisure Hours of Great Men.—Some of the best brains have exercised a leisure hour in constructing epigrams full of ingenuity, fertile in idea, and graceful in language.

The following example is attributed to Charles James Fox and is without much difficulty seen to relate to glass:

What is pretty and useful in various ways,

Though it tempts some poor mortals to shorten their days,

Take one letter from it, and there will appear

What youngsters admire ev'ry day in the year;

Take two letters from it, and then, without doubt,

You are what that is, if you don't find it out.

One of the best enigmas of this class was by Lord Mansfield on the word—but we will leave the discovery of it to the reader:

Cut off my head, and singular I am;

Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;

Cut off my head and tail, and, wondrous fear,

Although my middle's left, there's nothing there;

What is my head cut off? a sounding sea;

What is my tail cut off? a rushing river;

And in their mighty depth I fearless play,

Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute forever.

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CIVIC AND SCENIC NEW ENGLAND.

By ORAMEL S. SENTER.

II.—THE CAPE REGION AND MARTHA'S VINEYARD.



WEBSTER'S HOME AT MARSHFIELD.

In the last number of the MONTHLY we gave the reader some account of that historic town and superb watering-place, Newport. Yet, notwithstanding all its attractions, so choice and varied and pleasing to some, it does not suit the average American, except it may be to gaze at and admire for a brief space, and then leave it for more congenial places. It is too select for his tastes—sometimes too expensive for his purse—and its *exclusiveness*, as he terms it, does not accord with his notions of liberty, and his broad sense of democratic equality. So until Newport becomes more cosmopolitan in its customs and less expensive, as it will doubtless in time, we must look elsewhere for watering-places for the masses, the millions, so to speak.

Of these there is no lack indeed in our vast and noble country, with its mighty rivers and water-

VOL. IX.—6

falls, its grand mountains, glens, cañons, caves, and bridges of rock, its hot springs and healing waters, and its boundless ocean shore affording tonic baths and exciting, healthful sports.

In determining our next field of inquiry, we find it not a little difficult to decide between the mountains and the seaside, each having its attractions and strong points. We should like to choose the one which will best please the reader, and we accordingly appeal to him as the umpire.

Say, dear reader, shall it be
To the mountains or the sea?
I am balanced; choose for me.
Comes this answer in a troth,
"Joy's in each and health in both
Who goes to either, wisely doth."

So we are left hanging upon both horns of the

dilemma as before, till a friend comes to the rescue and says: "Our people are flocking to the sea-side in increasing numbers each year. This being so, you will do well to visit the Old Bay State, and tell your readers about some of the many charming resorts of Cape Cod and Vicinity, which are becoming more and more popular as their merits are more widely known. Here one can enjoy the purest sea breezes, the best of bathing facilities, and any amount of healthful recreation, at the very *minimum* of expense, an important consideration in these times that have well-nigh reached a state of financial *asphyxia*."

This settles the question for us and for all; and we conclude to go where—

Health is wafted on the breeze,
Or is found within the seas—
Sports on land and on the wave,
For the timid or the brave.

Our field being Massachusetts, we must first slip down to the "Hub" to take our bearings, and see that we start right, going by that important spoke in the wheel, "the Old Colony Railroad."

But what means this word "Hub," a term that is much used, as a boast by some and as a standing joke or slur by others?

They know not what
A word they've got:
THE WORLD CONDENSED
By th' "Hub" is fenced.
Aye, there's the rub
About the hub,
A term oft used,
And much abused.

If you would learn its full meaning and get at the true sense, essence, and unction, inquire of a Bostonian, and observe with what grace and complacency he will explain all and make it as plain as the spire on Shawmut Hill, and clear as the light of day. Hear him: "Is not Boston the capital of Massachusetts and the metropolis of New England? Is it not the cleanest, best governed, and richest city in the country, and did not Mr. Webster delight to call its business men 'the solid men of Boston?' Is not this city the focus and leader of our great system of public education, and, with its suburb, Cambridge, the centre of authorship and literary genius and taste? Does not her commerce whiten every sea, and her manufactures enter into rivalry with the whole world? And did not the principles of liberty and self-government, that are now enthroned at the capital

and dominant over the land, originate and receive their effective power in Boston and Bay State—the very cradle of liberty rights?"

Hold, my friend. If you will but stop, you will concede that Boston is the "hub" of the universe, if you please—and that you have treated the subject as lucid as a moonbeam—promise me hereafter you will not remind us of this often, but just leave your city with its modesty to speak for themselves.

Be satisfied henceforth to say of this illustrious statesman once said of the State she is—behold her and judge for yourself.

On reaching Boston, and consulting maps and guides at our command, we have ascertained that the "Cape Cod Region" embraces seaside resorts that we could visit in ten days' time, and more than we could describe in the limits of a single article, and that the "Old Colony Railroad," with its numerous branches, enables us to reach them all in the most comfortable and expeditious manner.

But first we should let the reader know what is meant by the "Cape Cod Region." The origin of the term, "Cape Cod," is often used to designate the peninsula, or narrow neck of land between the east and south of "Cohasset Narrows," at which point the sea came near making an indentation of all that part of Massachusetts. It is, however, to include the coast for a long distance in each way from the "Narrows." We prefer the expression "Cape Cod Region" in a strict geographical sense; or as including all that section of the southeastern limits of Rhode Island, and the winding sweep of land and ocean between the Cape and Boston. It is embraced substantially by a line running from Narraganset Bay, at Fall River, to Boston Harbor, and is described or limited in this direction by the main line of the Old Colony Railroad. In going from Philadelphia to New York, if you wish to strike the lower Cape, or that part lying beyond Cohasset Narrows, it is not necessary to take Boston in the route. You can go by way of Somerset Junction at Taunton, making the distance much less. The Cape proper is about the queerest shaped piece of land to be found on the globe. Its general form is that of a man's leg, including the foot. The heel has a pretty long heel, and turns outwards. The toes—worse than the modern fashion

This grotesque figure of a boot looks as though it were clothed in a snow-shoe, a pair of skates, or an Indian moccasin. Which it most nearly resembles and best represents, the reader can decide for himself. One thing is certain, that this unique piece of land, which seems to have been thrown

something interesting to the careful observer and lover of nature.

Some portions of this region are fertile, or have been made productive and fair to look upon by superior cultivation. But, as a whole, you look at this part of Massachusetts and wonder how it ever



CAPE COD PENINSULA AND ITS CONNECTIONS.

out as a freak of nature in one of her most capricious moods, is more like itself than anything else. The narrow part of this peculiar figure, which might be called "the foot of time," whose direction is first east, and then north, and then southwest, as will be seen by turning to the map, is not a belt of land, almost or quite level with the water, holding this part of the world together by a rope of sand, ready to be broken by the waves at any moment, as we had supposed, but much of it is a high range of irregular hills, some of it beautiful, some of it picturesque, some of it neither, but all parts offering

became settled, and how the people live who are still there. One of her own poets has answered the question:

"Sterile her soil—not hers the grain
Waving o'er hill and lea;
What matter? while her gallant sons
Are tillers of the sea."

As a comment upon this, we state the fact that the day we reached Provincetown, two of her fishermen caught a thousand bluefish, worth a round hundred dollars. And everywhere in our travels on "The Cape" we saw thrift, intelligence, and

a cheerful content remarkable for the times, and nowhere did we meet a single case of begging or drunkenness. The "Patient Man" must have had his eye on Cape Cod and her blissful state when he said "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

To the inhabitants of Cape Cod, the ocean is their granary, their meat-barrel, and their money-chest. Throughout this projection of rough hills,



PLYMOUTH'S MONUMENT TO LIBERTY.

sterile knolls, and sandbanks, interspersed everywhere with spots of beauty and comparative fertility, there are fine bays, harbors, and coves, setting into the land—sometimes almost through it—which abound in fish of every variety known to our waters, including those standard kinds, cod, mackerel, and bluefish, in great abundance. The Hon. N. E. Atwood, of Provincetown, who is an authority equal to Agassiz, on living fishes, enumerates some ninety species that inhabit the waters surrounding Cape Cod.

The first point we made was Provincetown, the very land's end of the Cape region, although on our way hither we took, by way of episode, a slip of a few hours down to that little gem of a port, Hyannis—of which more anon. We reached Provincetown in the evening, but amid flashes of light and still more numerous streaks of darkness, for the town is badly lighted, we could see that there were people and dwellings here. Judge of our surprise, when the morning light revealed to us, instead of a few fishermen's huts, as we supposed it would, a large place—a solid and noble town, built amid the sand-hills, it is true, but abounding in fine stores, good houses—some of them elegant—and the whole place having an air of comfort and prosperity in marked contrast with many communities surrounded apparently by far greater natural advantages. But the most striking feature of Provincetown is its magnificent bay—one of the deepest, safest, and most spacious in the world. The main harbor or bay is some six or seven miles across it, and ten or more in length, and securely land-locked in the great coil or bend of Cape Cod, which here folds in its grasp a portion of the "stormy deep," making a haven where ships may rest as safely as though hemmed in by a great wall.

We often hear of harbors, where it is said that "the navies of the world may ride in safety," which are little belts or basins of water compared with this great bend or fold in the flowing robes of the grand old Atlantic Ocean. The harbor immediately fronting the shipping portion of the town is formed by a spur from the main point of the "Cape," which is little more than a vast sand-bar joined to the main land, setting off a portion of the bay about two miles in width, with a depth of water of sixty feet, constituting a perfect road for ships and smaller craft. The opening around this point of land, which is a vast natural break-water, is from two to four miles in width.

The population of this town, according to the State census, is about four thousand five hundred, the greater part of whom are engaged in the fisheries. These are divided up between "whaling," the cod and mackerel fishing, upon the Grand Banks, and that of various kinds upon their own coast. They have at this date twenty-one ships engaged in the sperm-whale fishery, outranking all other towns in the State except New Bedford and New London. They have also a number of ships employed in the general coasting trade.

tire shipping capacity exceeds sixteen tons.

etown, though not one of the oldest the State, since at first it was occupied fishermen, is a spot of great historic in-

grim Fathers first landed here, some ten days before they made their final landing ath, and here in this broad and beautiful the "Universal Yankee Nation" had its the person of Peregrine White; and here,

Great Republic, with its institutions, had its inception impact adopted on board the r, a document that embraced of every human right, and me the MAGNA CHARTA of

summer resort, this place has riors, so far as the pure air hful sports of the sea are l, and in an abundant sup- ll the comforts of refined As to facilities for fishing, iling and all nautical recrea- has no equal, so far as we on the Atlantic coast. Its harbor, supplemented and ilable by the tact and skill le community of sailors of de known to the "crafts- he sea," leaves nothing to l in this respect.

are four hotels in the place, three of permanent, and one is kept open only e season of pleasure travel. Of the per- otels, we found the "Pilgrim House," Mr. S. S. Smith, to be a good hotel. exclusively for summer boarders, is called proprietor, James Gifford, who is also of the port. This house is most delight- ted just back of the main street, on an nearly a hundred feet above the level of of which it commands fine views, with or about seventy-five boarders. Every- and about the premises is of the most nd inviting character, and we are sure house, if it receives its deserts, will be nd running over. Mr. Gifford is thor- rsed in history, literary lore, and gen- ledge, and is a fine representative of the lligent class of Yankee landlords.

What this place most needs to secure for it a large and fully merited share of summer boarders and pleasure-seeking visitors, is a line of steamers from Boston. The distance directly across Cape Cod Bay is scarcely fifty miles, and a strong swift steamer could make the round trip daily, giving passengers several hours for dinner and recreation, with opportunity to return the same day, or at some future time. Going to Boston in this boat, would involve the necessity of staying in the city over night. This would prevent the regular Prov-



THE PAWNEE HOUSE, OAK BLUFFS.

incetown travel from taking this direction, and so avoid all opposition or fear of rivalry on the part of the railroads. It would bring a multitude of people and patronage to the place, while it would take less business from the railroads than it would bring them. So the citizens of this town claim, and the position seems to be based upon sound reasoning.

There is one peculiarity about Provincetown which deserves to be noticed. The name itself is derived from the fact that its territory was without the limits of either of the Massachusetts colonies, and constituted, including some other towns, we believe, a little province by itself. Not having been chartered or conveyed to any one by the King of Great Britain, the title that was latent in the crown, including the right of eminent domain and the title to the lands, passed over to and merged in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts at

the time of the Revolution. But the State had never patented the land to anybody. The original inhabitants were all squatters, at first fishermen only, then settlers and citizens, with no right to the land but that of occupation and improvement. In this condition the war of the Revolution found them, and thus they have remained to this day, no one having any original title to this land except that of prescription. Yet the State has not only never deeded any of the land, but has assumed no occupancy over it. The real occupants have gone on making improvements and deeded the land from one to another by warrantee, as fully as though they had derived it by original patent from the British King or the United States Government, with an undisputed chain of title. It is probable, that if carried to the courts, the right of the inhabitants would be sanctioned and confirmed as fully as the glebe lands to the Church of England, or lands in Great Britain vest by immemorial use. When we left the city, and on the cars, it was "melting hot," and so it was on our return; while at Provincetown it was delightfully breezy and cool by day, and almost too much so at night. This fact, connected with its other attractions, speaks volumes in favor of the place as a resort during the oppressive heat of summer.

As we passed down the Cape in the night, and wound along its narrow belt of land, we could sometimes see the bright sparkle of the light-houses on both sides of the cars, which, by a constant change in their number and position, produced a novel and pleasing sight.

Several of the towns we passed through appeared attractive and prosperous, and the people that were constantly getting on and off the cars were unusually intelligent and courteous in their manners.

It was evident that while some of the people of Cape Cod cultivated the soil, poor as it is, the far greater portion are "farmers of the sea." The banks in which their treasures are largely deposited are the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, with a perpetual "savings fund" along their own shores. Yet they have large amounts laid up in the usual way. It is claimed that there are no poor people in the sense of beggary or want on the "Cape." Provincetown is a rich place, and it is by no means the only wealthy town on the peninsula. The whole distance, from Boston to

the extreme end of Cape Cod, measured by the railroad, is in round numbers one hundred and twenty miles.

We have alluded to HYANNIS. It is situated on a small but beautiful bay leading out of Nantucket Sound, on the south side of the Cape, at the end of a spur of the old Colony Railroad, some four miles long, and has one of the prettiest locations along the coast.

Its site is a group of gentle hills, which might be described as rolling table-land. It has some twenty neat and tasty cottages of differing styles, every one of which has a delightful location and cheerful, homelike aspect. The only hotel of this cozy little hamlet is the "Hallet House," which accommodates for about one hundred; and it is remarkably pleasant, clean and well furnished, and kept, with very low rates. The proprietor, whose name is the same as that of the house, like the majority of those you meet on the Cape, was a sea captain. It is very much as one gentleman remarked in reference to Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard: "If you address ten men whom you chance to meet as 'Captain,' you will be likely to hit it right in nine cases out of the ten." Hyannis is a little less than eighty miles from Boston, is about five years old, has excellent bathing facilities, with no mosquitoes, and a more cozy and attractive little place can hardly be found in all the "nooks and corners" of the sea-coast of New England.

At Cohasset Narrows, fifty-four miles from Boston, a railroad branches from the Old Colony Railroad to Wood's Holl, seventeen miles, and connecting with steamers of the Old Colony Railroad line takes you to Oak Bluffs, which is seventy-eight miles from Boston. We had read much, and seen many flaming advertisements of this place, some of which were not very judiciously written, and had come to the conclusion that it was either a place of much merit, or a great piece of deception. Happily, our disappointment or realization was on the bright and favorable side; for we never like to censure or appear to underrate persons or places, but prefer to do so, rather than to swerve from the truth or mislead the public. Our motto is:

To praise where we can
Censure where we must.

OAK BLUFFS exceeded our anticipation, if what we had read and heard could be relied on as the unvarnished truth. Its location, the facilities

for enjoyment and rest, the buildings and the society far exceeded our expectations. The ride over the Sound, of seven miles, is a most delightful one, and as you approach the place by water, the varying aspects of the town, with the charming views of land and water, are calculated to prepossess one in its favor, and the more you inspect its attractions and elements of future growth the more favorable are your impressions. The island on which it is located is peculiar in location, topography and history.

Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket are as completely isolated from the mainland of Massachusetts, as Ireland and Great Britain are from the continent of Europe. Their geologic and climatic conditions, and many of the national productions, differ widely from those of the State at large. On the "Vineyard," the wild deer roam at large, and the prairie-hen, sometimes called the "heath-hen," is found in considerable numbers, a fact in natural history which we believe is true of no other portion of New England. The entire region about Katama, some eight or nine miles from Oak Bluffs, looks so much like a Western prairie, that if one were set down in its midst without knowing where he was, he would beyond doubt suppose himself in one of the prairies of the great West. The resemblance is "very striking."

There are five small towns on the island with a population of about four thousand. Oak Bluffs is situated in Edgartown, which has a village of the same name, about five miles from the former, a well-built, solid place, and quite a summer resort.

The "Vineyard" is so entirely separated from the rest of the State that it is made to constitute a county by itself (Dukes), small as the population is, Edgartown being the county seat. In the winter season, their only communication with the mainland is by steamer three times a week. As the permanent population increases, especially at the "Bluffs," the trips of the boat will probably become daily, except during the prevalence of severe storms, or obstructions from ice.

Oak Bluffs, taken in its largest sense, is made up of three leading elements and three distinct sections—the Wesleyan Camp Ground, Vineyard

Grove, including the Baptist Camp Ground, and Oak Bluffs proper. The first is not a rude camping-ground in the wild woods, occupied by a limited number of board shanties and in the season of camp-meetings by a still larger number of tents; but it is an immense village in a grove, laid out upon the principles of rural art and architecture, with fine streets, and some seven or eight hundred handsome cottages abounding in everything that can minister to the comfort or taste of man. The style of architecture in these, is the very embodiment of elegance and taste, and the streets range in such a manner, whether in straight lines



DRIVING ON THE BOULEVARD, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

or curves, as to give the finest effect to each residence separately, and in their combined effect. When this camp ground, or rather beautiful rural village, and the adjoining streets upon the Bluffs are fully lighted up, as is the custom during the meetings in the month of August, the effect is said to be picturesque and brilliant beyond description. Most of these beautiful and comfortable cottages are occupied during the hot season either by the owners or persons to whom they rent them. Some rent theirs till camp-meeting time and then occupy them themselves; and in other instances, where both families are small, they come in during the time of the meeting much like other guests. They of course take much less for the rent of their cottages on account of this reserved privilege. They are usually furnished by the owners. This portion of Oak Bluffs was commenced about thirty years since, although much of it has been built within the last few years.

West of the Wesleyan camp ground the Baptists also have a camp ground and have made a good beginning towards building up a beautiful rural town for summer residence, and perhaps ultimately for permanent occupancy. The site was formerly owned by the "Vineyard Grove Company," and purchased of them by a number of prominent persons of the Baptist church in 1875, under the name of "The Baptist Vineyard Association," and a number of cottages erected the first year. The site is a high and attractive one, better we think than that of their Methodist brethren. Between the two "camps" there is a fine lake,



SEA VIEW HOUSE, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

nearly or quite fresh, though it at one time evidently belonged to the great ocean, which, with its big heart and strong impulses, every now and then pours into it numerous big drops of "joy and consolation." This lake is doubtless a bond of union and peace between the two denominations, for the good Baptist can "dip" himself in its clear waters till all his hardness of thought, if he has any, and other sins are "buried" in them; and his Methodist friends, if perchance their anger should wax hot at any time, can cool their passions in these fair and peaceful waters, so that nothing that is not loving and lovely shall ever reach the "Highlands" beyond, occupied by their Baptist brethren. It seems almost singular that the latter denomination should hold camp-meetings, though the Presbyterians of the West have done so, this peculiarly American custom having originated with two persons in Kentucky, a Pres-

byterian and Methodist who were brothers. It seems at first a little strange, too, that the Methodists should wish to have a Baptist association on their border, and should sell to them the land for building upon. But the explanation is—that religious denominations harmonize now much better than formerly; that, as a Methodist gentleman remarked, "They had much rather have on their border a body of godly and temperate men than to have to stand watch and ward against other classes of the community far less orderly and peaceable."

As to the "Gentiles" who occupy Oak Bluffs proper, "outsiders" as they are sometimes called, we think they are a very peaceable and respectable people. There is the most intimate and friendly intercourse between the different branches of this community, and it would be difficult to tell the difference between those outside and within the "sacred enclosures." Essentially they are one community, and blend and harmonize in most respects admirably.

We saw nothing of that great "impassable wall" between the two classes, the religious and those of mixed views which some writers have referred to and so vividly described. All this separation and difference existed chiefly in the imagination of the writers,

though doubtless the contrast may seem greater in time of the meetings. These generally continue one week, occupying the last part of August, those of the Baptists being held first.

But we were speaking of Oak Bluffs proper, or that part of this "Cottage City" bordering upon the Bay and occupied promiscuously by the world's people somewhat after the simile of the fish gathered into the net; or "the wheat and the tares." The site is very feasible and beautiful, unsurpassed, in fact, the walks along its borders next to the ocean having no equal, within our knowledge, except that of "The Cliffs" at Newport.

The cottages are numerous, large and attractive in the highest degree, many of them, in fact, being spacious, tasty and expensive mansions. Here too, most of the large and well-appointed hotels are located, including the "Sea View,"

the "Pawnee House," "Island House," "Grover House," and others too numerous to mention. The "Highland House," a large and well conducted hotel, formerly upon the European, but now upon the American plan, is situated upon the Vineyard Grove bluff, adjacent to the Baptist camp grounds. It is finely located and, next to the Sea View, the largest hotel and most prominent object when you approach the place by boat. But the hotel of Oak Bluffs and of this great watering-place is the SEA VIEW HOUSE. Its site is in the most prominent part of the town, and whichever way you approach the place this house forms a conspicuous and attractive object to the vision. It is nearly three hundred feet in length, four stories high, has some two hundred rooms, and a fine imposing tower at each end. It looks as represented in the engraving, only much better, as all well-built structures do. Its situation is directly upon the ocean shore, on the very water's edge, and the views it affords of the Bay as taken in at one commanding sweep, of its mirror-like face, adorned with hundreds of sail, or by a more minute inspection of the numerous coves and headlands of the near and remote shores, and the beautiful islands that seem to repose peacefully upon its waters—are not only magnificent and of never-tiring interest to the gazer, but the gently lashing strokes and soft gurgle of the waves as they touch the shore, and the low murmur of their more distant and subdued voice, form a chorus soft and sweet as the lullabies of childhood, and that comes gratefully and soothingly to the ears of the guest to woo him to sleep.

We have listened to this music of the night-waves till, charmed and lulled by its sweet sound and borne upward upon the wings of the imagination, we were locked fast in the embrace of Morpheus and the oblivious, healing power of "balmy sleep." The beautiful walk fronting the sea, of which we have spoken, leads directly from this hotel. It was built five years ago, in the most thorough and substantial manner, and furnished with every convenience that the most exacting could wish. It has been under the man-

agement of the present proprietor, Mr. H. M. Brownell, from the start. Mr. Brownell is also proprietor of the Parker House, at New Bedford, the "Sea View" being kept open only during the summer months; and to say that he understands the business and proper standard of a first-class hotel keeper, as very few do, would be only intimating what might be said, but which we forbear to put in words, lest it might be regarded as the language of extravagant praise. This hotel is run upon the American plan, the prices being as low as the accommodations will warrant. All the others, thirteen inclusive, except the Highland



MATTAKESSET LODGE, KATAMA, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

House, are conducted wholly or partly upon the European plan. The Grover House is a group of cottages, with a central house for cooking and supplies, and also for the entertainment of transient guests. It is run upon both the European and American principle. This arrangement has become a settled institution at Newport, as we have seen, and may become so at Oak Bluffs. Of course the hotel keepers here, as in other places, have felt the stress of times that has shaken the whole country and greatly tried business men of all kinds, for the last four years.

But one great drawback to individual success here is, that there are so many engaged in the business, and the patronage of the travelling public is still further divided up and shared by any number of boarding-houses. At Oak Bluffs and vicinity, there are not less than twenty public houses, that are most of them large establishments and claim to be first-class, while the number of places that entertain in one way or another can hardly be counted. In view of these two great facts, can it

be expected that all the hotels will be full, or make large profits while the times remain as they are? The number who visit Martha's Vineyard, and especially Oak Bluffs, even now, is immense; and if the people here who seek the custom of the travelling public and draw it away from the hotels, had other business, or if most of those who own or rent cottages occupied them for their own enjoyment merely, the public houses would do a very large business and make reasonable profits. If it be said that tourists and summer boarders have the advantage of great competition—we answer—it is more likely to prove a "scrub-race" to see which will draw most from a given number. There is only so much patronage to be shared by many, and each one must ask good round prices to live at all. We have said this much to show why it should not be expected that all the hotels of the Vineyard shall be full, and that because they are not, the number of visitors to "The Island" is not necessarily small or really falling off.

Some eight or nine miles below Oak Bluffs is the place marked on the maps as "KATAMA." It is simply a point upon a beautiful bay that makes in from Nantucket Sound, with fine views, good fishing, sailing, etc., and one of the best constructed and arranged hotels in the country; while back of it and along the bay, there is any amount of feasible and attractive sites for cottages. The hotel, whose special name is "Mattakeset Lodge," was erected two years ago, and it has had to contend with the stress of the times, its somewhat greater distance from the centres of travel and the drawbacks of all new enterprises. With good times and good management, this point and the hotel, around which other enterprises may crystallize, should draw largely upon the interest and patronage of the travelling public.

A fine narrow gauge railroad connects this place with Edgartown and Oak Bluffs, and steamboats ply here when the travel warrants it. To the superintendent of this railroad, Mr. Carpenter, we are indebted for many courtesies and much that is here given to the public respecting Katama.

We have spoken only of those portions of Martha's Vineyard which we visited. Other parts are no doubt interesting in many respects, although they are not, with the exception of Vineyard Haven, to any great extent places of summer resort.

In concluding our sketch of "The Vineyard,"

we may say truthfully, that it has many attractions, whether we consider the route to it, and the excellent facilities there, one hither, the beauty of its surface, the ocean views and privileges, the fine places that have been built up and opened to the public, the superior accommodations and means of amusement that have been provided, and the demands and pleasure of the tourist.

As to Oak Bluffs, with its great number of class hotels, its countless cottages, beautiful abodes of fairy land, its excellent society, intelligent, and high toned, yet reasonably democratic, and kindly disposed to all, and safest shore for bathing almost on the coast—it is the most beautiful of the seacoast of Massachusetts, unless it be Nahant, in judgment, all things considered, the most attractive place on her entire coast. We may say in the language of one of old, "The half had told me." We should have mentioned that the area of Martha's Vineyard is about one hundred and twenty-five square miles, while its population is hardly equal to that of its sister island.

NANTUCKET has become a great favorite with many who are fond of the "sports of the sea." It is an island of peculiar shape, and not more than one-fifth as large as its sister, Martha's Vineyard, containing, as it does, some forty-eight square miles. It has another peculiarity, given it by the folly of man—it is nearly treeless. It was in an early date stripped of its timber, which has since been high stripped it of its population also. (It has) been the efforts of its inhabitants to repopulate with trees—with those forest trees that are the glory and beauty of the world, and without which a portion of it is truly called a "desert." The efforts of these unfortunate Nantucket people only remind one of the trials of the old man who seeks to remove his baldness; and of the woman of beauty who has destroyed her "good looks" by cosmetics, and perhaps her health also, by the efforts she has taken to make her look fair and young. Yet the thing is possible; and we can only hope that the good people of that island, that instead of laughing at others in the laugh at their expense, will show them the greatest sympathy; and we wish to see those who think they can plant a tree by the sea, that these islanders, that *they* can plant a new one, or sail a boat, in a way that would put to blush; and that their forefathers would

a harpoon in the back of a whale so as to shame the world.

Nantucket was once the greatest "whaling" place on either continent, but the Revolutionary War destroyed it. It was partially recovered, when a great fire in 1846, together with the decline in the whale fishery, nearly ruined the business enterprise of the place. The people are now chiefly engaged in the coast fisheries.

Of late the island has become noted as a summer resort. It is about thirty miles from Martha's Vineyard, and the boats of the Old Colony Railroad make daily trips hither during the season of pleasure, and we believe, also less frequent trips throughout the winter.

We spent but a short time here, and our description shall be correspondingly brief. We find, however, that those who try this place are generally much pleased with it as a salt-water resort. In aquatic sports and feats they ought to, and we presume do, excel the whole coast except Provincetown. We saw, as we entered the harbor, one of their fair daughters rowing a boat, and moving over the waters as gracefully as a swan or a duck, and no doubt she was a *dear*, if not a *duck*—a widow, we presume, as she was dressed in black. She has perhaps taken up the oar that her husband laid down. Nantucket is an old town, with streets not very wide and somewhat irregular, but it has many good buildings and an air of solidity in all things. There is evidently wealth here yet, and with the introduction of manufactures and other enterprises of "the plow, the loom, and the anvil," they might recover their prosperity, and more than eclipse their ancient renown. They should imitate Plymouth, of which we shall speak soon, for while railroads cannot yet cross the bay, water transportation is the cheapest of all. Take one line of industry, root culture, sugar-producing beets, for instance, and the whole island could be made a garden, and the wealth and population increased tenfold in ten years.

Nantucket, like Martha's Vineyard, constitutes a county of itself, and has its court-house and jail, like the largest counties, though its population is

but a little over four thousand. It has paved streets, a good landing, and a broad thoroughfare leading to the town, of which a fine representation is herewith given in the engraving. The other view representing that part of the town bordering upon the water, is also "true to the life." There are four or more hotels in the place, all but one of which are for summer boarders. The Ocean House is the most noted, and is nearest to the landing.

One thing we missed here. We did not see the traditional cart, driven by some fair one, and



CAMP-GROUND COTTAGES AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

backed up to the door of her lover or some lady friend, and the challenge or invitation—according to the party—given for a ride. But we saw the more graceful, and possibly more useful feat of rowing, as it hints at fish, fees, or fun, which we have already described. Our passage to and from Nantucket was a little rough.

The return trip across the sound, from Oak Bluffs to Wood's Holl, or as our vulgar forefathers called it, "Holmes' Hole," if we mistake not, was a most enjoyable one, as the outward trip had been. So, too, the ride up and down Buzzard's Bay, or rather, next to it, is delightful, with the many smooth tiny headlands and little miniature bays that skirt almost its entire border, and are constantly appearing and disappearing upon the sight. We predict that in a few years this beautiful bay, with a very ugly name, will be bordered by little seaside hamlets for summer resorts.

There are several such already started, and among them Pocasset, the Falmouths, and Wood's Holl. At the latter there are three or four hotels. One of these, the Webster House, we visited. It is a plain, comfortable hotel, beautifully located, well arranged, and well patronized. The house is on a gentle eminence, at the foot of which a cove sets in, with a cosy little landing right at the very door. The whole region about the "Holl" is slightly and picturesque, abounding in delightful locations.

Let none suppose from the few places we here describe, situated on the coast of Massachusetts, and more especially along that great bay from which the grand old Commonwealth derives its name of "The Bay State," that we affect to include all her seaside watering-places or even all the best ones. "Their name is legion," and we only give those selected for description as "sample goods." The whole shore, in fact, beginning at the eastern boundaries of Rhode Island, and circling around Buzzard's Bay, whose curiously scalloped border of land and water, as beautiful as a fair lady encircled with a snowy ruffle, can hardly be surpassed; and passing along Nantucket Sound, up the Atlantic, and around the great Bay of Cape Cod to Boston, and so east of it towards New Hampshire and Maine, including the beautiful Nahant and kindred places—is one extended seaside resort. Almost every part of this coast, several hundred miles in extent, which originally made Massachusetts a commercial people and a power in the earth, and has been the primary school of our navy, supplying to a great extent our men-of-war and our merchant marine with as brave and hardy seamen as ever donned a tarpaulin, climbed a mast or manned a gun—every part of this coast, we say, is dotted more or less continuously with seaside resorts, hamlets, hotels, and fishermen's huts or farm-houses, where one can enjoy the sports and sanitary benefits of the ocean to his heart's content. In the meanwhile, he can be in a retirement and solitude that would satisfy a Selkirk, or move with a throng of people and disport himself among exquisites and the moths and butterflies of fashion. Best of all, at the seaside resorts of Massachusetts one is among a nautical people—old "salts" or amateur sailors from childhood—who know how to set a sail, handle the oars or steer a craft from a skiff to a skipper, from a yawl to a merchantman or man-of-war, with that ease and certainty that can only

come from the most thorough knowledge and long experience. These men know how to meet danger and how to meet it when it comes ashore too has a pebbly bottom, and which is comparatively free from surf or treacherous quicksands. Hence there is not a tithe of the accidents or liability of them, on such a coast as among such a people, that there is in most other places, and we seldom or never hear of those sad individuals and whole families being drowned here, as have made Atlantic City, Long Branch, and other resorts of our coast, the terror of visitors.

The whole shore from Boston to Cape Cod, proper, is gradually becoming a continuous seaside resort. The lower portion of this coast, spoken of as a part of "the Cape Region," is reached by the Old Colony Railroad and the Cape Cod Railroad, which it controls, the main route extending to Plymouth. Hence, the name "Old Colony Railroad" applied to a road that has now over three hundred miles of track, and with its connecting lines and steamers, probably controls fully one third of the miles of important routes, furnishing almost the sole facilities of public travel for all south of Massachusetts, or that portion of the State is, as we have seen, bounded by a line from Fall River to the "Hub," with many important connections in both directions. Here, too, we have the origin of the famous "River Line" of steamers, a name which is unfrequently applied by the public to this line of the railroad.

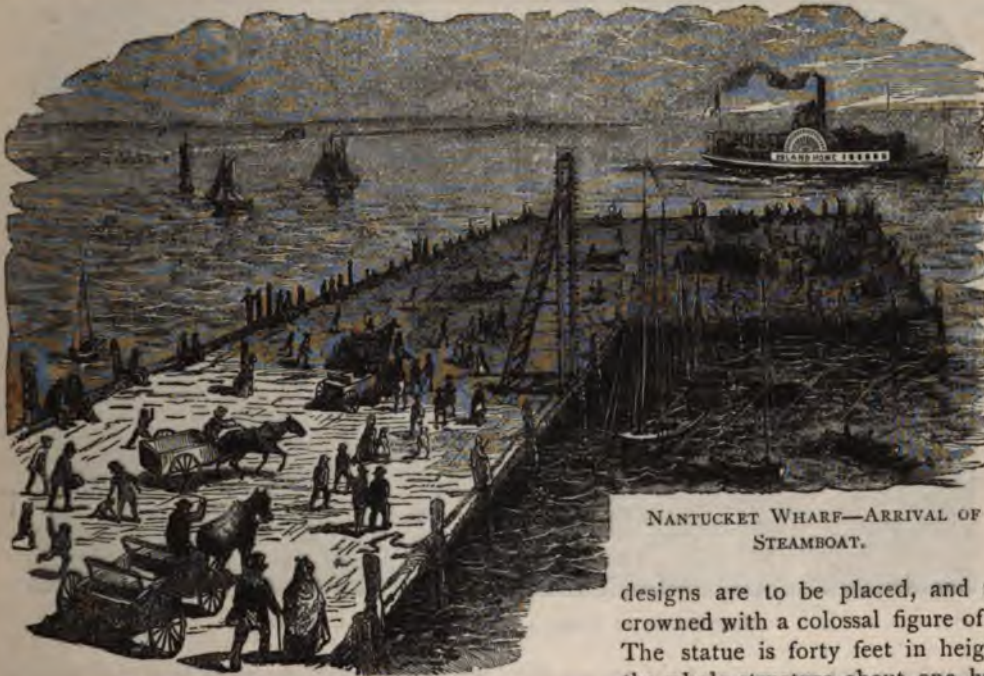
There are two routes to Plymouth, as we have intimated—one by way of "Duxbury" and the other by "Abington." The former is the one that runs along the coast. As we pass out of the depot in Boston, which, by the way, we should mention is at the junction of Kneeland and South Streets, the views and glimpses of Boston Bay, the islands, headlands and forts, and their ever shifting aspects, are charming, and we cease to peer out of the car windows and to gaze at the delightful scenes. There are some lovely and many attractive places along this coast, the principal of which, are Quincy, Hingham, Cohasset, Scituate, Marshfield, Duxbury and Plymouth. Scituate alone has nearly twenty hotels, which are for summer boarders. Hingham, an old and beautiful town, has much wealth and many fine buildings, and it being only thirty miles from Boston, is a great place both

and residence. But as we spent most of our time at Plymouth, Marshfield and Quincy, we shall confine what we say in this connection chiefly to these places.

Plymouth has been written and spoken to the American people so fully, that most of them know its history by heart. Not much can be added to the great thoughts and eloquent language in which Everett, Choate, and Webster have clothed that history. We shall touch chiefly upon its present aspects, and especially as a summer resort. Most

admirers of the illustrious names and deeds of the past, but not described.

A magnificent monument, the finest we think that we have ever seen, has been erected upon a hill overlooking the town and harbor and dedicated to THE FOREFATHERS, the front side facing the very spot where the Pilgrims must have sailed into port, in the IMMORTAL MAYFLOWER. It is of light granite, in the form of an ornate cross inverted, upon the massive arms or projecting sides of which, four groups of statuary of appropriate



NANTUCKET WHARF—ARRIVAL OF STEAMBOAT.

designs are to be placed, and the top crowned with a colossal figure of FAITH. The statue is forty feet in height, and the whole structure about one hundred.

of those who visit Plymouth go there to spend the day only; though not a few tarry a part or all of the summer. Of the former, there is a multitude, most of whom are drawn here from its historic associations. All of course inspect "Burial Hill," "Pilgrim Hall" and "Plymouth Rock." A portion of the rock has been removed to the front of Pilgrim Hall, fenced in, and the railing inscribed with the names of the voyagers of the Mayflower. The solid part of the rock has been smoothed off and a beautiful pavilion of polished Quincy granite erected over it, at a cost of nearly forty thousand dollars. Pilgrim Hall, on Court street, is rich in relics of the forefathers, both of the Pilgrims and early settlers. These can be seen and enjoyed by the lovers of their country and the

It is now nearly complete, and is not only a worthy and appropriate memorial to men whose fame indeed is secure without it, but will constitute for all time a conspicuous and attractive object, and the chief point of interest for all visitors.

The place itself is a grand old town, whose broad streets and spacious, solid edifices, and fine shade trees, are in keeping with its noble origin and historic renown. It is also a place of business prosperity. It does not live in "the dead past," nor has it gone to seed or mildew and decay, like some other ancient towns of our country. It has a population of nearly eight thousand, which is yearly increasing, and a great amount and variety of manufactures, besides its

fishing and commercial enterprises. The principal hotel of the place for tourists and summer boarders, is the Samoset House. It is delightfully located near the Old Colony Railroad depot, and is a large, exceedingly pleasant and well-appointed house. Plymouth is forty-six miles from Boston, and the trains are so arranged as to give the visitor the greater part of the day, or he can stop over as long as he sees fit.

In visiting a spot like MARSHFIELD, where rests the remains of the greatest statesman of America,

pressed every beholder, stamping him in the estimation of his fellow-men as one in whom all the gifts combined to make A MAN, and gaining for him the significant appellation of "the god-like Daniel;" here his earthly part, slowly mingling with its kindred dust, shall await the final resurrection. Mr. Webster's farm at first contained over sixteen hundred acres, only three hundred of which remain in the family name. Everything about the premises is in keeping with the character of the man—the immense fields, the solid stone



NANTUCKET AS VIEWED FROM THE CHURCH TOWER.

one's difficulty is not respecting what to say but what to omit.

We stopped there on our return from Plymouth, and visited the mansion and tomb of WEBSTER, spending the night in the vicinity. Here THE GREAT STATESMAN spent more than twenty years of his life. Here he farmed his broad acres, mingled in friendly intercourse with his neighbors, received distinguished visitors of every land, and here he wrote those celebrated documents of State that will live as long as his country and the English language shall live; and here, too, he laid down his noble manhood and the great trust his Creator had committed to his keeping in those remarkable gifts of person and of intellect, which, in connection with the worthy public uses to which they had been devoted, im-

walls, the great sweep of land and water and the commanding view which the eminence above his house affords, and the grand old mansion itself with the bright green sward in front of it, where his noble red oxen passed the owner's inspection just before he went to be reviewed by the King of Kings; and after uttering the immortal words "I still live," closed his eyes forever upon earth.

Webster's tomb is the very simplicity of plainness, occupying a corner of an ordinary country burying-ground, which was once probably a part of his own great farm. His dust thus mingled with the lowly, as he did in person when living with the humblest of his neighbors. All his family who have died, rest near him. The wife of his son Fletcher Webster, and a grandson, stay at the homestead most of the time, and are, we believe,

all that remain of his family, except his second wife, who lives in New York.

As we stood by the tomb of the great man, the most illustrious son of Massachusetts, and the greatest of American Statesmen, what thoughts came up from the past! How vividly his history passes in review before us! his early struggles and career at Dartmouth, his *début* as a great criminal and forensic lawyer, his wonderful career and remarkable efforts in the United States Senate—efforts that won for him the title of “Expounder of the Constitution,” and stamped him as one of the greatest orators of modern times. We seem to see, too, those other great statesmen, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Silas Wright and Hayne, with whom he contended for the intellectual mastery, and for the success of weighty principles, as one strong man contends with another. “There were giants in those days.”

We learned many interesting facts from his neighbors and those who had lived with him, concerning Mr. Webster's personal habits, which we had intended to give, but want of space forbids. None of these were more pleasing to us, or showed his greatness in a truer light, than the remark that “there was no kinder neighbor or better man to work for than he;” and the tribute, uttered with great emphasis—“They never saw so great a man and so noble looking a person as he.” The verdict of his neighbors is the verdict of his countrymen; of all who ever saw and heard him!

Marshfield is also noted as a watering-place, having several hotels for summer boarders, and a

broad smooth beach nine miles in length, which is considered one of the finest on the coast. While here we had the pleasure of meeting Miss Adelaide Phillips, the celebrated singer.

We made a short stop at Quincy, to inspect for the first time the old family residence of the Adams family. We saw the room where tradition says the elder Adams was born, and somewhere in the same house John Quincy Adams, the greatest of them all, first saw the light. Near by is a mansion where we believe Charles Francis Adams had his birth. Both are very plain structures, poorly located, and few farmers in good circumstances would be willing to make either of them his home. Charles Francis Adams, whom all will remember as the grandson of John Adams of Revolutionary fame, lives in an elegant mansion nearer Boston. It is a remarkable family, all things considered, great talents running through four or more generations.

We returned by way of Boston, Newport and New York, having inspected many places besides those described, and travelled over one thousand miles, all of it over the “Old Colony” and “North Pennsylvania” Railroads and their connections, without the slightest accident, interruption or annoyance of any kind, highly enjoying the trip with its delightful scenes and pleasant incidents.

We hope our readers will receive an equal amount of pleasure in perusing these sketches, and that it will excite in them a desire to visit the same attractive resorts.

MY MARTIN MATINEE.

WHEN the dim, dull hours of later day
Throw shimmer and shade in my quiet room,
And my work has slipped from my hands away,
Half in gladness, and half in gloom,
I yield myself to the dreamy hour,
And drift away in the tender spell,
And forget for awhile in the witching power,
That the world to me be ill or well.
And the martin's sing on the wall close by,
And their shattered songs drift down to me,
And fill my heart with such tender thoughts,
With their loving and broken minstrelsy;
Tender and sad the thoughts they bring,
And I tearfully think them o'er again,
And lovingly linger where one gives joy,
And sadly hasten, where one gives pain.
O, Birdies! you bring to my tired life
Such happy thoughts of the old time day,
When December was lost in a maze of joy,
And the whole year round was a year of May.

When summer and winter were all the same,
And the days would bud, and the seasons blow,
And the fields would harvest but joy to me,
Whether covered with daisies or drifted snow.
Oh, Birdies! you make me go back again
And tread on the graves of my buried years;
And try as I will, my eyes grow dim
And fill with sad and regretful tears;
The martins sang in the old brown eaves
Of my boyhood's home, and somehow, some way,
You seem to me as the martins then,
And I as the boy of that long past day.
Let me whisper how happy the days went by;
I remember them better than last night's dream,
They were brimmed from beginning to end with joy,
And seemed too happy but just to seem,
Of good there was all that life could ask—
A mother's love and a father's care,
Brothers and sisters, two little graves,
The morning hymn and the evening prayer.

ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS, AS SEEN IN THE RELIGIOUS EDIFICES OF THE WORLD.

BY REV. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, D.D., LL.D.

VII. EUROPEAN CONTINENTAL CHURCHES—POINTED AND RENAISSANCE.

It has already been stated, that although the Pointed architecture, as well as the earlier Norman of England, was derived from the Continental, and chiefly from France, in consequence of the political and ecclesiastical relations which for centuries existed between these countries, yet the styles which prevailed in England were in many respects different from the forms which satisfied the taste of Continental builders. An educated eye, on looking at a large number of engravings, can at once say, *that is a Pointed edifice in the French style; that is German; that is Spanish; that is English; and these are Italian and Sicilian; and yet all these specimens will display pointed windows and have other members which are found in one or other of the periods of the Pointed style.* Germany has always been celebrated for its lofty spires, which rise to a great height, ascending out of a forest of pinnacles in a pyramidal form, and thus an effect is produced which is truly magnificent. Spanish edifices are varied in outline, but the tendency is towards horizontalism, and thus the eye is left unsatisfied; while in France there is an elaboration of ornament which is at once an evidence of the national sentiment; and these enrichments are often united to parts which are out of harmony with the style.

In no country in Europe have Pointed buildings suffered more than in France. Before 1790 there were one hundred and thirty-three bishops in France, and each had his cathedral; but the ravages of the revolutionary ferment were so extensive, that several of them were destroyed, some were reduced and turned into parish churches, some were overturned for sake of their materials,

some devoted to secular uses, while others were overthrown and afterwards rebuilt in an old or other modern style. The cathedrals of Sens, Troyes, Meaux, Amiens, Reims, Cologne and Avranches were totally destroyed, and at Senlis and Auxerre were turned into

churches, having been reduced to a small size; and thus the devastation went on, and there are really few cathedrals of a large class in the country. As church property passed into the hands of the State, and as all the churches which the government wished to raise, has been required to sustain a huge standing army, and to meet the outlay consequent on the great changes which so frequently take place in France, there has been no provision made to restore the edifices which have been spared. Some of the great churches that remain are splendid specimens of the Pointed style, and they display very gorgeous features of the study of the architecture, and illustrative of the style which prevailed when they were erected.



GABLE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

Antiquaries have not decided the questions that for ages have been discussed respecting the place in which the style had its origin, but in France it is in the twelfth century, and its differences appear to have been known there before they were adopted in England; for the "English" is somewhat later than the "French," and so was it with the "Early English." The Abbey Church of St. Denis at Paris is one of the earliest of the French edifices; and it appears to have been built A.D., 1137, and at the same time the Church of the Knights Templar at Paris was built. Years afterwards the Abbey of St. Pere at

was built by a monk, and about the same time the Bishop of Paris began the eastern end of the Church of Notre Dame in Paris, but many interruptions and great delays prevented the completion of the church for two centuries. Contemporaneous with these structures were the eastern end of the Cathedral of Lyons, and the great Church of St. Nicholas at Amiens.

The thirteenth century, however, was the brightest period of ecclesiastical architecture in France. As has been truly said by the author of the "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of France," when describing the buildings of this period: "Everything seemed to conspire in the circumstances of the nation and of the world to produce an interval favorable for the cultivation of the arts; and genius and talents were not wanting to make use of the happy opportunity. The thirteenth century found the French artists a numerous and protected body, in possession of a new and beautiful style of building; the religious enthusiasm of

VOL. IX.—7



CATHEDRAL OF REGENSBURG.



CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS.

the times, formed by the spirit of the Crusades, was at its height, and the throne of France was filled by monarchs equally distinguished by their piety and magnificence. The dissensions between the barons and their sovereign which agitated England during the greater part of this century, increased the power, and ensured the tranquility of France. Thus were external circumstances no less favorable to the prevailing taste, and its triumph was proportionably brilliant. The most

in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. peasantry were drafted from the soil, the cities in towns were burdened with taxes, and districts were laid waste, and as the sovereigns were compelled to use their finances on fortifications instead of objects of taste and art, it is no wonder that architecture then declined.

It has been stated in these papers that French and English churches have features in common, but in certain respects they are characteri-

sumptuous churches now adorn the French are the work of this age while their extraordinary beauty renders them interesting objects of curiosity. accurate knowledge was able to acquire of their names and the names of their architects is singularly important to the illustration of our antiquities and the history of Gothic Architecture." During this time churches were built in numbers in France, and among them was the Cathedral at Rheims by some enthusiastic architect has been pronounced the finest Gothic church in France.

As early as A.D. 13, the decline of Pointed Architecture had commenced in France, and for two hundred years there were few indications of genius presented among the architects of the country. The invasion of France by English armies that penetrated to the heart of the country, the divisions and strifes of the nobles, the defeats of the monarchs, the want of industry and the insecurity that prevailed on every side account for the stagnation and decline of art, which marked the history of



PRINCIPAL FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

different. In the northern part of France cathedrals have almost universally an octagonal or semicircular apse at the east end, whereas in English churches the east end is generally finished by a regular gable, having as in York, Lincoln,

Carlisle, Gloucester and elsewhere, a magnificent eastern window; and in Ely, the Cathedral at Glasgow, the Temple Church in London, the Abbey Church, Romsey, and similar buildings, a flat gable with early pointed windows of the

period when they were built. With a few exceptions, French cathedrals, like those in England, are built in the form of a Latin cross, but in some, the plan was not carried out; the transepts having never been erected, and in a few cases the nave was omitted, probably for want of funds when the other parts were erected. At Blois the choir only was built, and there is neither nave nor transept, the whole consisting merely of the choir. The troubles of the period when they were built, the want of means in the hands of their founders and the apathy of succeeding ages will account for these anomalies. The transepts of French cathedrals are much shorter than those of English, but they are very elaborate in their enrichment. The entrances to the churches are exceedingly imposing, the porches being deep, abundantly ornamented with statues, and the apex of the porch rising aloft so as to appear to cover a part of the windows in the entrance gable. The double transepts as at Salisbury, at Lincoln, and others of the great English, are rarely seen in France, in fact they scarcely exist; and the massive towers with the lofty spires which rise in English cathedrals from the intersection of the nave, the choir and the transepts, are usually wanting in France. At York, at Gloucester, at Canterbury, Hereford Wells, the Abbey at Bath and similar

churches the lofty massive central towers give character to these edifices. Winchester and Westminster Abbey, notwithstanding their great length, suffer from the low dumpy form of the central towers, which do not satisfy the eye; while at Salisbury, Lichfield, Chichester, Norwich, Glas-

gow, the steeple rising grandly out of the central tower, carries the eye upwards forms a lofty crown to the whole edifice. Of the French cathedrals have double



CATHEDRAL AT AMIENS.

each side of the nave, and this presents the appearance of greater breadth and spaciousness while some of the French churches are usually shorter than the English cathedrals. In one important feature the French cathedrals differ from the English churches. They are much loftier

height is an essential element of beauty in all the periods of the Pointed style; so also the circular or wheel windows over the western portals and in the transepts of French churches are usually

Decorated, the tracery in the heads of French windows assumed the forms known as the Flamboyant, the lines flowing into each other and then opening out again, and thus resembling the appearance of a flame.



CATHEDRAL AT RHEIMS.

larger and much more elaborate than similar openings in English structures. Changes of style took place in France in the same order as in England, and during the period of the English

ceedingly elaborate, with niches, statues and pinnacles, the flying buttresses being very conspicuous and profusely ornamented with carving.

An idea of the character of the roof may be

Chief among the great French churches are the Cathedrals of Amiens, Rheims and Rouen, and they all deserve the attention and study of amateurs. Amiens, on the way from Boulogne to Paris is, quite accessible to American and English travellers. It bears a similar relation to other French churches that Salisbury does to later English churches. That is, it was built all in one style and in a comparatively small number of years, being begun in A.D. 1220 and entirely finished in the same century. Externally it is far from being attractive, for it presents the appearance of a great huge square mass but little broken by the low turrets and spire, while the roof is about two hundred feet high; owing to the manner in which private houses enclose it, a good external view can only be had on the south side. On the west three enormous portals greatly enriched lead to the interior, and three porches are constructed on the south side, the principal one being at the end of the transept. The sculptures on these porches and on the western façade cover the walls, which are ex-

formed from the statement that it is so acute and lofty, that the apex is fifty feet perpendicular above the spring or at the level of the flank walls. The great beauty and magnificence of Amiens, however, is to be seen in its interior, which Dr.

so different from the familiar type of English cathedrals. The proportion of height to breadth is almost double of that to which we are accustomed; the lofty solid piers which bear the height are far more massive in their plan than

light and graceful clusters of our English churches, of them being a cylindrical pier with four engaged columns. The polygonal east apse is a feature which we seldom find, and nowhere so exhibited on such a scale; and the peculiar French arrangement of the walls at the base of the buttresses and the forms interior chapels round, in addition to the aisles, gives a vast multiplicity of perspective below, which fills out the idea produced by the gigantic height of the central space." Those who have stood in the nave of Westminster Abbey form some conception of the loftiness of Amiens when they are told that it is half as high again as the roof of the nave; they have gazed with admiration and delight.

Rheims is a subject of controversy with critics. Some admit that it is a rival of Amiens, while others, with Mr. Whittington, say that "the exterior of the Cathedral at Rheims is the most beautiful and complete piece of Gothic architecture in the world." This, however, is exaggerated.



CATHEDRAL AT FREIBERG, IN BREISGAU, GERMANY.

Whewell has correctly described as "one of the most magnificent spectacles that architectural skill has ever produced. The mind," he says, "is filled and elevated by its enormous height, its lofty and many colored clerestory windows, its grand proportions, its noble simplicity. To a person fresh from English edifices this effect is combined with surprise at finding a cathedral so complete and impressive, and yet in many respects

for it is a fact that all such structures have their own character, and they become standard in their own style. Peterborough in England and Rheims in France have been compared to each other, but there is no resemblance whatever between them except that they both have enormous lofty towers. The proportion of the different parts is ex-

and the richness of the ornamentation at Rheims cannot be exceeded. It has not the square form of outline of English cathedrals, as the ascending lines become pyramidal, and thus the architect has displayed a correct feeling, showing that he thoroughly comprehended the character of the style. Not only is this cathedral exuberant in decoration, but it is as light and graceful as if clothed with ornament; while the solid parts are kept below, and the lighter and more airy members rise aloft, so that the judgment and the taste are equally satisfied. Unquestionably, if it be held that in steeples and the great effect which they produce when seen as they arise out of the central mass of the building, the English cathedrals excel, on the other hand, the portals of the French cathedrals must be awarded the palm for their vast size, their grandeur and the magnificence of their details. At Rouen the present cathedral is the fifth that has been built on the site which it occupies. Like other

great French churches it has three western portals, and unlike English churches the towers at the angles of the western façade stand out beyond the

line of the body of the church. The western façade is one hundred and seventy feet broad, and the central



GOLDEN PORCH OF FREIBERG CATHEDRAL.

portal stands out considerably, is loftier than the others, and is ornamented with buttresses which are lavishly decorated. Like other French churches,

the transepts are highly enriched, and the portals with the circular windows over them are so gorgeous, that they would be considered adequate to the dignity of the western end of a first-class church. This great church is sadly disfigured by the

finished, it will take its place before all other German churches, and if, when its breadth and height are considered, it were an hundred and fifty, or even two hundred feet longer, it would stand out as the noblest cathedral in the world.



THE CATHEDRAL OF AUXERRE.

crowding around it of mean houses and shops, from the chimneys of which the smoke may be seen rising against the windows and ascending in wreaths among the pinnacles and the tracery of the stone work.

German churches, as has been observed, excel in spires, but the body of the German church is usually plain, in many cases approaching to baldness. The lightness of French ornamentation is wanting. When the cathedral at Cologne is

finished, it will take its place before all other German churches, and if, when its breadth and height are considered, it were an hundred and fifty, or even two hundred feet longer, it would stand out as the noblest cathedral in the world. When the Perpendicular style became established in England, it gradually gave way to the debased Tudor style, in which the flattened arch, the lowered roof and the heterogeneous mixture which were introduced showed that taste had degenerated and that society was ready for a change. That change came from Italy, in which pure Gothic had never prevailed. Pointed forms had been used in Italy, but the national taste always leaned to the Romanesque. When the treatise of Vitruvius was exhumed in the monastery of St. Gall at Constance, by Braccioline, in A.D. 1413, where it had lain for centuries, it gave a powerful stimulus to the Italian mind that already had been led to abandon the Lombard and the Pointed styles by the influence of Brunelleschi. He lived from A.D. 1377 to A.D. 1414, and from his time these styles may be considered as extinct in Italy. When he began to design palaces for the Italian nobility, he abandoned the features of the Gothic periods, and established that which has been known as the "Italian" style. Different terms have been used to designate this style. Sometimes it has been called the Cinque-Cento, a term which literally means five hundred—a contraction for fifteen hundred—the century in which the change took place. It has been called the Revival, the Revived Classical and the Renaissance. The Italian style has been divided into three schools, the Florentine begin-

When the Perpendicular style became established in England, it gradually gave way to the debased Tudor style, in which the flattened arch, the lowered roof and the heterogeneous mixture which were introduced showed that taste had degenerated and that society was ready for a change. That change came from Italy, in which pure Gothic had never prevailed. Pointed forms had been used in Italy, but the national taste always leaned to the Romanesque. When the treatise of Vitruvius was exhumed in the monastery of St. Gall at Constance, by Braccioline, in A.D. 1413, where it had lain for centuries, it gave a powerful stimulus to the Italian mind that already had been led to abandon the Lombard and the Pointed styles by the influence of Brunelleschi. He lived from A.D. 1377 to A.D. 1414, and from his time these styles may be considered as extinct in Italy. When he began to design palaces for the Italian nobility, he abandoned

ning with Brunelleschi, about A.D. 1414, and closing A.D. 1600 with Amanti; the Roman commencing A.D. 1470 with Bramante, and ending A.D. 1607 with Fontana, and the Venetian, dating from A.D. 1500 to A.D. 1620, from San Micheli to Scamozzi. The material which different parts of the country supplied has been held to have affected these styles, as the heavy Florentine is traced to the great blocks of stone which were accessible and which made the Florentine palaces and houses so solid and solemn when compared with those in other parts of Italy. The Roman edifices were much lighter in character; columns were introduced, the entrance was made imposing, an arcade ran round an interior court, and a great stairway led to a large *sala* or reception hall. The Venetian was lighter still, and it abounded with columns, pilasters and arcades. Usually, a basement of rustic work formed a first or ground story, then a principal story with columns, arched corridors and an entablature surrounded and crowned the whole. The democratic character of the Venetians did not demand vast churches, great palaces for monarchs and nobles; and hence the villa style of Palladio soon came into favor, and was extensively adopted elsewhere, as well as in Italy, as being suitable for a mansion of taste and refinement. The

Renaissance soon established its suitability for palatial edifices, a fact that all travellers have seen

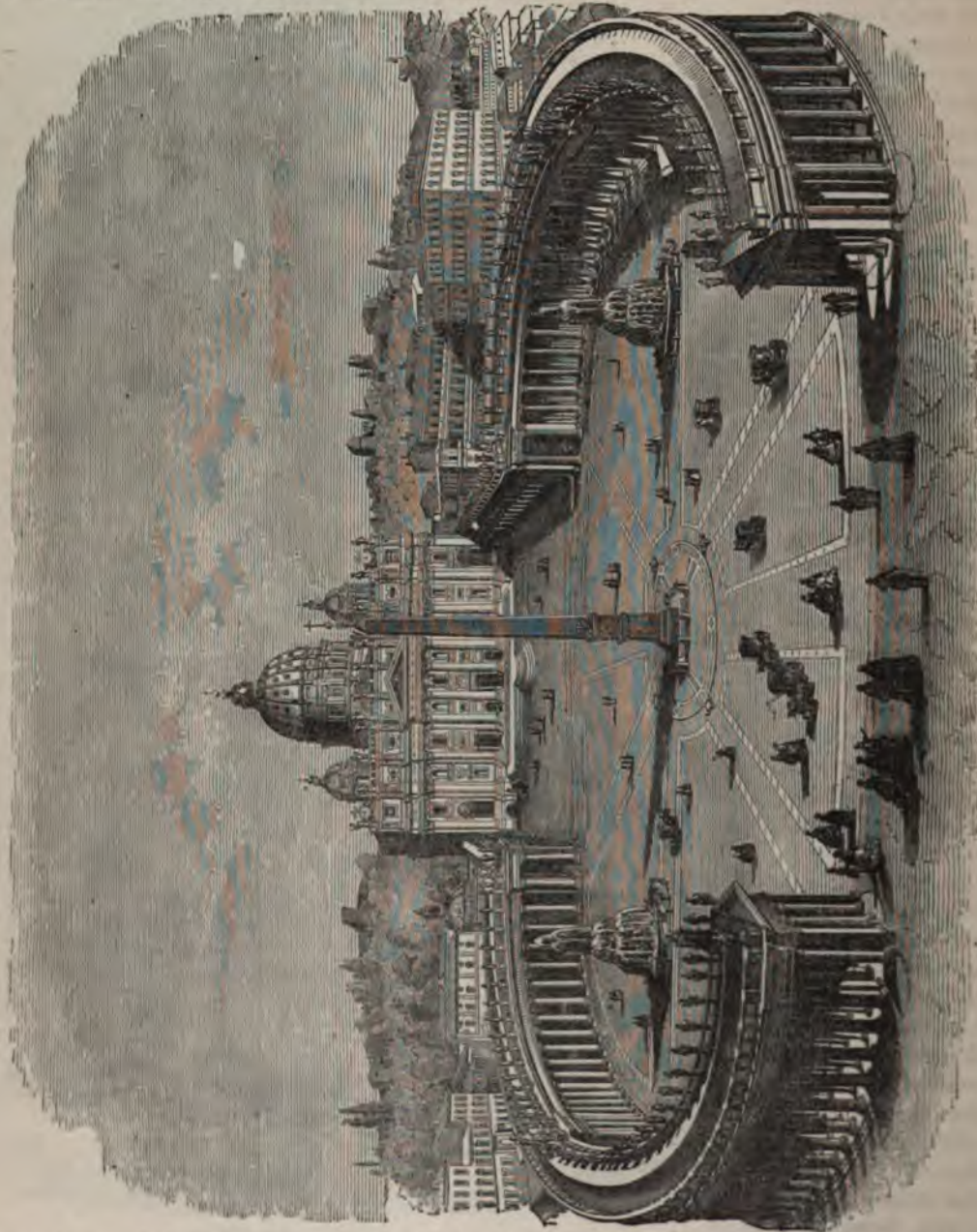


THE CATHEDRAL OF COUTANCES, FRANCE.

who have ever visited Genoa, Venice or Rome. Chief among them are the Palazzo Pitti, the Palazzo Strozzi at Florence, and the Farnese at

Rome, the latter of which, in the judgment of Quatremère de Quincy, for the grandeur of its mass, the regularity of its plan and the excellence of its architecture, ought to hold the first rank

the material used in its construction was plundered from the Colosseum; the vandals being the nephews of Paul III., the Pope who commended the palace.



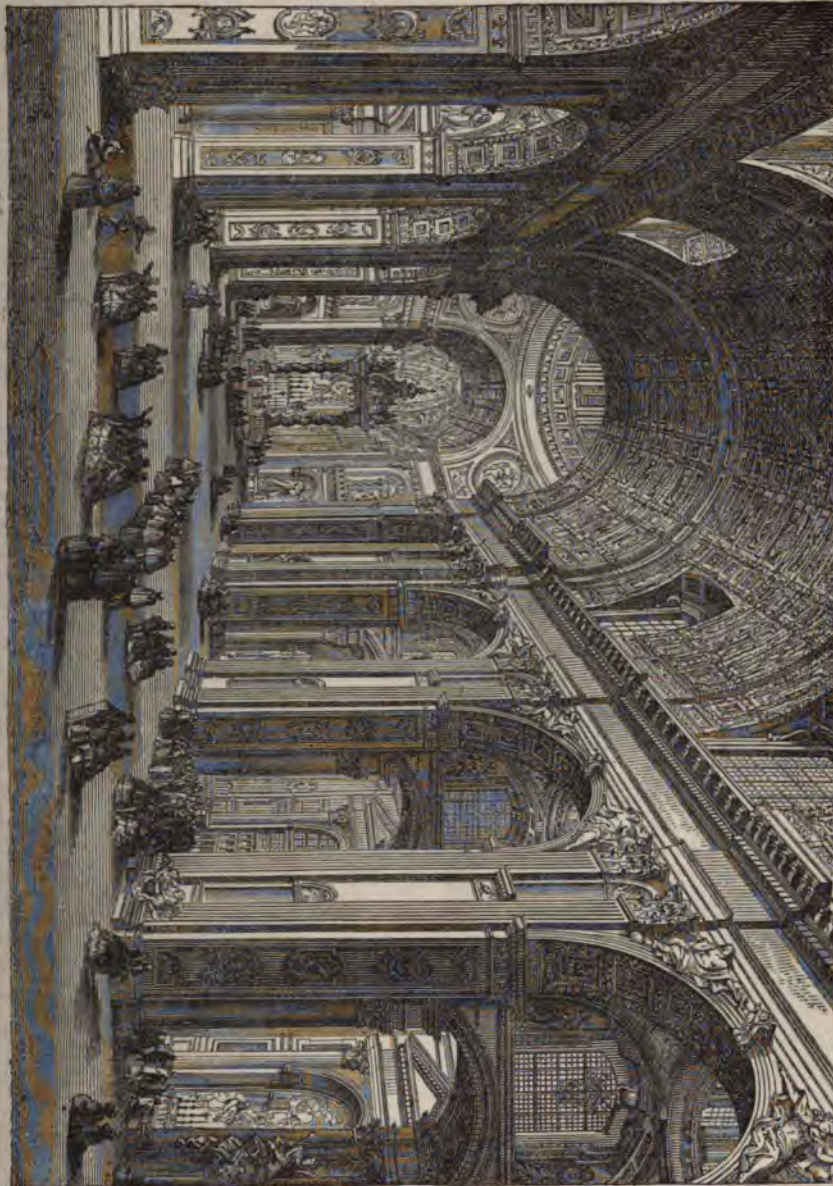
ST. PETER'S, ROME.

among palaces. It is built in three stories, having a front two hundred and forty feet long, by a width of one hundred and seventy feet, and one hundred feet high; but the fact ought not to be omitted, that

In Ecclesiastical Architecture, the Italian or Renaissance culminated in the great Church of St. Peter's at Rome. The Basilica of Constantine had stood for more than eleven centuries, but in

50 Pope Nicholas determined to have the dilapidated structure removed and a more magnificent building erected in its stead. Little time, however, until A.D. 1503, when Braccio under Julius moved the of his predecessors and commenced his operations. His plan being a Latin cross, a great cut in the interior, and a porch having six piers at the entrance. Changes and obstacles of various kinds retarded the work. He engaged Bramante, Sangallo, Giovanni da Udine, and as architects. After them Giulio Romano and then Michelangelo, who, as upwards of twenty years when he was engaged. He changed the form of the plan to that of a Greek cross, and made other modifications. In 1547, Vignola and Bramante came into the church, and after the death of Bramante, Giacomo della Porta, who, in 1562, finished the church according to the plan of Michelangelo. In 1608 the plan of a Greek cross was rejected, and Carlo Maderno went back to the original one, and at length, in 1612, the nave was finished. In subsequent years other parts were completed, and

eventually it was dedicated by Urban VIII., one hundred and seventy-six years being spent in its erection. Still much remained to be done, and if the works of Pius VI. be taken into account, it



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

required three centuries and a half, during which time no fewer than forty-three Popes reigned, to complete this mighty undertaking. Every form of laudatory expression has been lavished by amateurs and critics in describing this largest of

Christian churches. Of late years the feeling of admiration has considerably diminished. All claims that arise out of size, solidity, harmony of the

the portals of Amiens or of Rheims, feeling of the traveller who has stood nave at all resembled the elevation

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CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, CHARTRES.

parts and general massiveness, must ever be conceded to this great Basilica, but it may be confidently stated, that no person who has ever gazed on the western façade of St. Peter's has realized the impressions which he felt when he looked on

value of the Royal apartment, in shown in the fact that Jones, the su of the Banqueting House, received diem, and £46 a year for house-re other expenses.

THE AMAZONS OF MEXICO.

(FROM THE PEN OF A TOLTEC HISTORIAN.)

TRANSLATED BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

MALINKA was High Priestess in the great temple of Cholula. She was tall and shapely in person, with large, luminous eyes that penetrated the very marrow of those upon whom she fixed them. She presided over all the young acolytes, two thousand in number, who were brought to the temple for the purpose of taking part in the great religious ceremonies which formed a portion of the worship of the one invisible God, whom the Aztecs worshipped, but more truly to be victims to the lust of a corrupt priesthood.

There had been a day of public sacrifice. A beautiful youth, nobler, fairer than any of the people, had been immolated on the altar; and this youth Malinka loved most tenderly; he had been assigned to her as a sacred husband, whom to love was to ally herself and family to undying distinction; but Malinka had loved with a woman's love, and it had opened her eyes to something unexpected even to herself. It had been her office this day to remove the chaplet from the lovely head of the victim, and bare the handsome breast for the last terrible rite. Even there in the presence of the great multitude, she clasped him in her arms, whispering: "I too will die;" but he looked into her eyes, and answered:

"Go, Malinka, from this accursed place. Go, and bring forth our child from hence. Go, go; and God be with you."

His lips were cold, but his eyes were like flames of fire as he bade her farewell, uttering these words with a stern tenderness. It was many days before Malinka was able to arise from the agony of her grief, but at length she called the priests of the temple and bade them convene together all the women of the city to the great Pyramid of Cholula, and there she would reveal to them the will of God, which had been shown her in a night vision.

Now Malinka was not only beautiful in person, but ready of speech and wise to execute. She sent the maidens under her care whom she could best trust as discreet and virtuous, secretly to the women, and bade each to provide herself with spear-head

and arrows, with dried meats, and their most costly robes and jewels, and make themselves ready for a journey to the mountains at the source of the Great River, for thus was what is now called the Amazon and its tributaries known to the Aztecs.

Now the women of Cholula fostered a profound bitterness in their hearts, and this the Priestess knew, and knowing this she had determined what to do. She had but one fear, and that was, that some weak woman, more curious than wise, would bother her little head with surmises, and lay the matter before her husband, and he would carry it before the city authorities, and thus her plans be thwarted. But giants rarely find giants to co-operate with them, and must run the risk involved in the use of pigmies.

On the appointed day an immense multitude appeared at the call of the Priestess. Thousands and thousands of men lined the lattices and all the thoroughfares to the temple. Indeed, men of every grade, chiefs, warriors, priests, artisans, and laborers, all left their various avocations, intent upon learning what this vast gathering of the women might portend: some even insisted upon going with their wives, and daughters, and sisters, but the latter bade them retire with solemn earnestness, declaring that the divine powers must be obeyed.

Malinka commanded that guards should be placed at all the avenues to the temple, so that her will should be learned without molestation. Never was secret better kept. The thousands of women were possessed by one will and desire to follow the behest of one of the sex, acknowledged to be wiser than they all; and this was most surprising, as most of women will succumb to the tyranny of any man rather than yield to the supremacy of a woman. They each insist that they can do as well as another, and are unwilling to yield to the best, differing in this respect from men, who will co-operate and follow a leader.

Malinka stood upon one of the terraces of the great temple where she commanded a view of the vast multitude of her sex collected below, and

where her voice could be distinctly heard. She told them that Quetzlcoatl, the god of perpetual youth and beauty, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, with golden locks, and a smile that caused blossoms to spring from the earth, and birds to break into song, had come to her, and with a stern voice bade her call the women together and upbraid them for their cowardice, their sensuality, and their servitude. "They will barter their very soul," he cried, "for gold, and gems, and splendid robes. They are slaves to men through their vanity, their envy, their jealousy and malice. They grind them to dust by playing upon their evil passions and rivalries, and by ministering to their depraved love of finery and ease."

"What shall we do? what shall we do?" cried the women, stung to the quick. "What shall we do to win the favor of the beautiful god?"

Then Malinka looked upon them with a grave aspect, and told them what had been commanded.

The women had not forgotten to robe themselves in their best; their heads were crowned with chaplets, and under their robes they carried the stolen arms of their male associates. More than this, Malinka saw with delight that the multitude of slave women had come with their mistresses, and each carried the instruments of her toil.

The men had not failed to hear a portion of Malinka's words, but they saw not, nor understood the depth of their purport; and when the Priestess, descending the terrace, struck the cymbals, and with a measured dance went forth from the gates of the city, followed by the multitude of women singing in chorus, the men foolishly took up the strain and sang:

Hear the young god calling, calling,
Rings his sweet voice loud and free,
Sweet as dew on moss-bed falling, falling,
Hear him call, come unto me.
Follow, follow, one and all,
Listen, listen to the call.

All the air is ringing, ringing,
Leaps the young god like a roe,
Or the dove when homeward winging, winging,
Thus exultingly we go.
Follow, follow, one and all,
Listen, listen to the call.

It was curious to hear the men of the city join in the chorus, as it came more and more faintly to the ear, and to see them stretch their necks to catch a last gleam of the retreating petticoats.

[Here the manuscript is much worm-eaten, and could not be deciphered, but it was interlined by

a modern hand, with many venomous epithets about the contraptions of women and the dullness of husbands].

They had not proceeded many leagues to the south over the great plain of Cholula, when Malinka ordered a halt, and called a council of the oldest and wisest women who accompanied her. It was growing late also, and the people needed refreshment and rest. In this consultation Malinka unfolded her plans more fully than she had hitherto done, though she dared not explain all as yet, knowing that the women were unprepared for the great destiny to which she invoked them. The debate was somewhat stormy for women are apt to distrust each other, and not being often foreseeing, they cannot look to result and in enterprises demanding time, combination and patience, they grow weary, discontented, and at length their impatience culminates in a general break-up. Calmness and composure are little esteemed by them.

At length the council broke up, and the people settled themselves for slumber. The soft air was laden with the odors of roses and jasmine, and blew refreshingly over the sleepers, whose beautiful faces, half-shaded by their abundant dark hair gleamed in the starry midnight, under the protection of the mighty constellation of the Southern Cross. No dew crept from the earth to molest them; the ever-burning flames from the distant mountain shot upward to the zenith, and innumerable fire-flies darted here and there, revealing now the closed lids of some careless maiden, and now the anxious open eyes of some noble matron to whom slumber would not come. Here and there some young wife tossed uncosily, for to her as yet the thornless rose had only been presented. Here sighed a girl for her lover, willing to take all the odds of life for one smile from a manly lip, and one sound of a voice, so loud, so tender, so much better than all the dreams of Priestess however inspired. Here and there a heavy hand fell upon a restless child, which gave forth a shrill cry, and then sobbed itself to rest. At length all was hushed, and only the low voice of a night bird, and the strange startling ring of the bell-bird came to the ear.

Malinka placed her sentinels to guard the sleepers, and, like a general in his camp, responsible for the well-being of the thousands under his command, was the last to betake herself to slumber.

How fared it this night in the great city of Cholula? A city of fifty thousand men, and only now and then an old servitor, or a girl child in all its precincts. The slaves spread viands before their masters, but a relish seemed wanting. Even those whose wives had been termagants began to feel that habit had made this interminable clatter of a woman's tongue necessary to them. Those who owned the milk-and-water kind of women, were better content, for men rather like a tonic, and grow tired of vapidness. It was not so much absolute discomfort that the men suffered, as the absence of something to stimulate the imagination, engage a little waste tenderness, or what was better still, something upon which to exercise a certain amount of spleen or ill nature, woman being the only available medium. Towards morning there was a general sense of exasperation; a feeling of baffled will not to be endured. What right had these women to go out of their own free will and leave the city emptied of torment, emptied of what was alike its plague and its joy. These women belonged to the men; they were too weak to fight; too imbecile to rule; they brought the State neither the wisdom to construct law nor the skill to build palaces; they composed not the songs that incited the warrior to battle, nor the hymns chanted in honor of the gods! They were unskilled in agriculture, and incapable of subduing the horse to the curb, or the bison to the yoke. Their pursuits were foolish, and their toil of no avail. As the men enumerated these disabilities of the sex a fierce yell of indignation rang through the City, and they poured into the great market place of Cholula in a storm of exasperation.

The Priests of the Temple, ill at ease themselves, appeared in procession and exhorted the men to patience. They represented that the women had gone forth at the command of the beautiful god Quetzalcoatl, and they must not interfere, for these Priests understood well that to indulge the men in their disposition to go forth and bring back the women by force of arms would be to diminish the influence of the hierarchy. Therefore they did not abuse the women, nor show their distrust of the whole movement. The great square resembled the buzz and fury of a nest of hornets, against which some idle boy had cast a stone. Now and then a lover bewailed upon his pipe of reeds the absence of his mistress, or some young boy deplored the fair girl for whom he had gath-

ered the humming-bird or fire-fly to place amid her jetty locks; but the men of whatever condition wandered about, sulky and watchful; those who really loved their wives and friends, irritated and indignant, and those that did not, raging violently at what looked like rebellion. Philosophers bore it more calmly, soldiers laughed in high glee, saying, "they will be glad to get back again," and those of common make solaced themselves with strong drink. It was noticeable that hardly a single man made his prayer to God this night.

As the Constellation of the great Cross waned at the approach of morning, the disconsolate and deserted men, little appreciating their freedom from the tricks, subterfuges, and irritations of women, sank into a disturbed slumber, in which many dreamed that the women had all returned, at which they were so frightened that they fled in dismay.

The glorious rays of the coming sun hardly slanted from the east, when there arose a sorrowful wailing from the great plain of Cholula. Looking forth, the men beheld a concourse of female slaves approaching with about a thousand young boys and boy-babies, which their mothers had taken with them on their hegira of the day before, and these unconscious little ones, either too young to understand what was going on or feeling in the marrow of their poor bones the sense of change and discomfort, were returning to the arms of their fathers, there to be coddled and comforted, fed and cared for as best they could. Some of the fathers took the poor things in their arms, and tenderly laid their heads upon their shoulders, while others gave them a kick or a slap, and bade them whist their noise.

It was noticeable that those who had loved and cherished their wives were the most tender to the little boys, while those that had hated them, for whatever reason, were the most violent and cruel, as if the evil passions their wives had engendered were extended to their children, and thus the reign of discord was extended.

At the council of which I have spoken, Malinka had taken the Lady Tula fully into her confidence, and it had been agreed by these and other wise women, that the boy children should all be returned to their fathers, as we have already seen. When the boys were collected together ready for departure, there was much excitement. Women looked at each other out of the corner of the eye, some turned the head, some drew down the corners

of the mouth to express their scorn and contempt; young girls shrugged their shoulders, and flirted their petticoats in a kind of blind derision, for they had not a single idea in their little brains. There was a general uprising, which was little understood how or why by any of them.

Malinka at length made her appearance, and her serene face quieted the women by a conscious harmony.

"My sisters," she said, "the beautiful god, sent by the great one God, has directed us to go on, we women alone, further into the wilderness, and he will come to us and explain what it is his will that we should do. He has seen that we are mere creatures for toil, for luxury and delusion. He sees we act from no sense of what God designed in us when he made us to be companions to man in this world; and he has called us forth that we may learn to do his will. He has bidden us to separate ourselves from all of the other sex, and by being alone we shall learn what we are good for in the world. For this reason we return all the boy children to their fathers."

"And I go with mine," cried a young woman with a loud voice, "and I go with mine," "and I with mine; it is a sin for a mother to forsake her child," several women exclaimed, grasping their boys by the hand. It was observable that these women were those who had lived in great harmony with their husbands, and when the slaves went forth leading the young boys and carrying the babes in their arms back to Cholula, these mothers returned with their sons, more intent upon being good mothers than good followers of the divine Quetzalcoatl; for the love and duty of a mother is easy to be understood, but the will of the gods is learned only by the few.

The women determined to remain upon the plain of the Cholula for a day or more, that they might learn the real strength of the movement and know who was for and who was against it. They were busy mounting spear-heads and practicing with the band, when a distant, continuous rumble attracted their attention. "It is an earthquake," cried some; "the volcano of Popocatepetl has burnt into flame again," cried others; all were aghast and ready to fly back to Cholula, or anywhere that might afford them a sense of protection. Malinka appeared in the midst of them and with a calm equal voice answered to their fears:

"My sisters, it is neither an earthquake nor the uprising of Popocatepetl that you hear. It is the

great drum of the temple, sounded only in periods of dismay; the great drum covered with human skin which once covered the bones of a thousand victims. Collect yourselves, my sisters. Choose this day whether ye will obey the voice of Quetzalcoatl, or whether ye will return to Cholula to be once more the bond-women of our oppressors, to breed children for the torture, to swell the tide of lasciviousness and sensuality prevailing in Cholula; be the catspaws of men, to be used as they direct, to aid in their triumphs, be a parcel of their glory, and with judgment, self-ownership or religion, be no better in the world than the slave in the market, or the chattels which men transfer or cast aside at their whim or pleasure. I declare to you in the face of the great God, that my mind is not clear; I see the misery, the cruelty, the horrors of the times, and the voice of my dead husband, and the voice of Quetzalcoatl call to me to go out from the midst of all this disorder, and they promise to reveal to me the better way. Yonder come the men from the city. I retain no one; I council that you obey the voice of our beneficent deity, and go forth to learn his will; but those of you that are content to bear the miseries that mark the lot of women in her present state, return to the despots of Cholula."

Malinka was here interrupted by the rush of the women to the side of the camp upon which approached the men of Cholula, with the beating of drums and cymbals, banners flying, and innumerable pendants as upon some festive occasion. Every man was in holiday trim, his garments sparkling with gems, and chaplets of flowers depending from head and shoulders.

As they approached, the women, at a hint from Malinka, seated themselves upon the ground, and bowed their heads as is the custom of those who observe a vow, but the little girls ran forth to meet them with shouts of delight. The multitude certainly was handsome to the eye, but it is a question whether they gained much by this concession, for it is the nature of men, and women too, to increase their demands at every indication of weakness, and those who would have been content with one thousand dollars at the first, no sooner see a desire to settle, than they increase their demands to ten thousand. It is observable, likewise, that women yield to an obstinate man, who would bite out their tongues sooner than give way to a weak one. Twenty weak women will be glancing out of the

l of the eye after one true, brave, domineering n, while a good man, obedient to God and ional to women, will find them all with noses h in the air at her approach.

[Here a modern hand had written: "This is e," and profanely added, "The men had better e brained all these she d—ls at once, and waited a new stock somewhere else."]

The men halted when they had reached speak-distance, and two elders of the city clad in ite, and bearing white flags in their hands, came h from the ranks, and approached the camp; the same time Malinka, leaning upon the arm the Lady Tula, clad in the silvery robes of Priestess, and bearing upon her head the sacred abol of a dove resting upon the crest of a ser-t, went forth to meet them. The envoys ques-ed closely the reason of this strange hegira of women; to which Malinka replied, as hereto-e, that they went forth at the command of Quet-coatl; adding "it would be impious to disobey behest of the god. It is thus you and the ests have taught us, and we believe and obey."

"But" returned the envoys, "Quetzlcoatl is entle god, and careful of his worshippers; never ore has he thus called *our women* to leave their nes and desert their children. What are we to ? Should sickness overtake us, who will smooth pillow and soothe the aching head? Who will afort our sorrows, and look to our well-being?" e eyes of the speaker were suffused with tears. h!" he continued "without women our world blank: there will be no prayers to the great d, no court of justice, nothing to fill up our rowful lives."

The Lady Tula smiled, and Malinka was about eply, when several women rose from the ground l walked over to the ranks of the men. It was erved that the latter looked by no means pleased this movement, and their husbands rather aked out of sight at their approach. This was t all. Several lovers rushed forward and seized ir mistresses by main strength and bore them ay in their arms. The latter did not resist in least. A group of married men attempted the ne thing, but with by no means pleasant coun-ances, and their wives screamed and kicked lently; some made their escape, others were lucted, a few wives smiled sweetly when seized, glad to be claimed and carried off. A troop of

young girls scampered off over the plain with the young boys, and were seen no more. There were much noise and contention. The High Priest, also, separated himself from the men, and whis-pered to Malinka:

"I do not understand you, I distrust you. Explain, or I will bring all the people down upon you."

"There is nothing to explain," said Malinka. "The good Quetzlcoatl has directed us to go three days into the wilderness, and there set up an altar for worship, when he will come down and tell us what to do."

The priest looked at her askance, and retired. There was now an appearance as if the camp would be entirely deserted and Malinka, the Lady Tula with a few others be left alone, but the women were many of them thoughtful, and willing to learn the will of God, for they believed in Him, and but for this belief, this faith in the unseen and eternal, nothing would have been done. So it turned out, that while many departed, a multitude was still left.

"Will ye also, go away?" asked Malinka, sorrowfully, but they answered: "Never—we are miserable in Cholula, we will follow the voice of God."

Then the men with the recreant women went their way. It was even thought the majority of them hurried their departure fearful that more of the women would return. The soldiers jeered and laughed, and cried out, "we can spare the old and the ugly—the fewer of them the better." It was even so; most of the young, the giddy, and the pretty, those that coveted ease and pleasure, and lived upon the flatteries of men, went away.

As the night approached slaves appeared from the city bearing tents of snowy cotton fringed with silver, great quantities of food, and imple-ments of war and the chase, besides gold and gems to a great amount. They brought also a parchment upon which was written by the hand of the High Priest, "Go your ways, all of you; when you return, Hintzilopatchli, the cruel god, will claim you for sacrifice."

Thus were something more than three thousand women banished forever from the City of Cholula; thus went into perpetual exile, thus were thrown upon their own resources of wit and strength, more than three thousand women.

MARIA ANTOINETTE OF AUSTRIA, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

BY ELIZABETH G. HALSEY.

THE life of my present heroine, Maria Antoinette of Austria, presents many stirring contrasts. She was by birth a princess, and yet died on a scaffold; the daughter, sister, wife, and mother of kings, a crowned queen herself, yet traduced, imprisoned, condemned, and dragged like the vilest criminal to an ignominious death. With truth may it be said of her that she enjoyed the highest honors and endured the greatest sufferings that ever fell to the lot of humanity. Maria Antoinette was born in Vienna, in the year 1755, on the same day which witnessed the destruction of the city of Lisbon by a terrible earthquake, and in after years this was looked upon by the superstitious Frenchmen as an omen of her tragical fate. From her earliest childhood she displayed an intelligent mind, a warm and generous heart, and a courteous dignity of manner well befitting her noble birth. To these rare gifts she added a lovely face and a princely and graceful bearing. She became the idol of the inhabitants of Vienna by her benevolence and liberality to the poor during a severe winter which caused much suffering among the lower classes of the capital. On one occasion she was present when some high dignitary of the court was representing to her mother, the Empress Maria Theresa, the sad condition of the working classes of Vienna, the inclemency of the weather, the enormous cost of fuel and provisions, and the utter impossibility of obtaining employment. While the Empress, much troubled by the recital, was meditating upon the best methods of relief, her little daughter, who had suddenly disappeared, returned, and placing a small box in her mother's hand, said eagerly, her eyes filling with tears as she spoke, "In this box are fifty ducats, mamma, all I own in the world; pray let the money be immediately distributed among those poor suffering families."

Another time, Maria Antoinette was passing through the suite of apartments to the bed-room of the Empress, who was slightly indisposed, when her eye was attracted by some Hungarian soldiers, covered with wounds, waiting to petition their sovereign for a pension, as a reward of their services. Their appearance instantly recalled to the princess that crisis in her mother's life when, with

her infant son in her arms, she entrusted him to the courage and devotion of her Hungarian subjects, who, drawing their swords, swore that they held sacred, "to die for their Empress, Maria Theresa." Deeply touched by this remembrance, the Princess approached these time-worn soldiers, inquired kindly what were their necessities, and undertook to present their petition to the Empress. "Mother," said she, as she placed the paper in her hands, "your friends are inquiring about your health, and are anxiously waiting for your answer." "And who are these friends?" asked the Empress, glancing over the papers.

"Some old Hungarian soldiers, dear mother," said she. "Well done, my daughter; they shall not long to wait."

The petitions were all granted, and the soldiers took leave, invoking many blessings on the person of the young archduchess. Many more instances might be cited of this impulsive benevolence and generosity which she afterwards displayed on a larger scale and in a more extended sphere of action, the memory of which, in spite of the calumnies of her enemies, has not yet passed.

The King of France, Louis XV., solicited the hand of Maria Antoinette for his grandson, and having received a favorable answer, he immediately sent the Count de Noailles to Vienna to marry her by proxy. The marriage ceremony was accordingly celebrated with much pomp and magnificence at Brussels, on the 25th of April, the fair young bride having just completed her fourteenth year. She was followed into her new home by the prayers and blessings of her many subjects, and that stern mother herself gave a passionate burst of grief as she parted from her favorite child. Little did she dream in her dream of securing the crown of France for her daughter that she was speeding her on her journey to the scaffold. The Dauphiness, as she was now called, made a triumphal entry into Paris, where she was received with shouts of welcome, and at once captivated all hearts by her beauty, affability, and winning gentleness. She was welcomed with the utmost affection by the royal family, and soon became the ornament and delight of the French court.

been of the Austrian, Court. The marriages were repeated with great splendor, on the 16th of May, 1770, Maria Antoinette put her hand upon the Dauphin, to whom Maria Theresa had written the following letter:

My wife, my dear Dauphin, has just bidden me tell you that she will make you as happy as she has ever made me. I have endeavored to do her for that purpose, for I have long known that she would be your bride. I have done my duty, to love you, and to do my power to please you. I have also imprinted on her a deep, sincere devotion to the king, feeling assured that no nation can govern whose sovereigns fail in their duty to the Almighty Potentate who alone creates, sustains, and destroys. Love, then, your Maker with all your heart, and next to that I tell you, my dear Dauphin, as I told my daughter, seek the good of the people over whom you may be called to reign. Be just to your venerable grandfather, be accessible to the poor and needy. In fluctuating yourself, you cannot fail to be happy. My daughter will love you dearly. I promise to promise you this from my knowledge of her character, but my very conviction of her attachment to you, only makes me the more anxious for her, my darling child, at your hands to receive sincere, confiding affection in return. My dear Dauphin, my paper is bathed in tears, but may you and my dear child be

happy. The Dauphin and his bride made their public entry into Paris on the 8th of June, and were received with the wildest enthusiasm by the people, who seemed fully to participate in the joy of the royal family. A magnificent display of fireworks took place on the evening of the 10th in the Place Louis Quinze. Owing to carelessness and want of forethought, a explosion took place by which many people in the throng were wounded and many more trampled under foot and smothered to death. The queen could exceed the kindness and sympathy shown on this sad occasion by the Dauphiness. She exerted by every means in her power to relieve and comfort all the sufferers from this terrible

One lovely summer's day she was out on the king's hunt in the forest of Fontainebleau when her attention was suddenly arrested

by hearing the most piercing shrieks in a female voice. She instantly ordered her coachman to stop, jumped hastily from her carriage and went in search of the sufferer, whose piteous cries had attracted her notice. Guided by the sobs of a childish voice, she soon reached an opening in the wood, where she found a woman stretched senseless on the ground bleeding profusely, while a little child with bitter tears and lamentations was calling for help. The benevolent Dauphiness soon ascertained that a stag in its rapid flight had thrown the woman down and wounded her with its antlers. She called her attendants, had her placed in her carriage and carefully carried home, sent her own physician to attend her, and at her earnest request the king granted the poor woman a pension. Such was Maria Antoinette in the bloom of youth and beauty, at that time the idol of the French nation. Alas! why must each bright picture have its reverse!

Louis XV. died on the 10th of May, 1774, and was succeeded by his grandson under the name of Louis XVI. Maria Antoinette, far from being elated by her new honors, showed the most sincere grief for the loss of the old king, who had always treated her with the greatest kindness and affection. She gave another instance of her magnanimity a few days after her coronation. The Marquis of Pontecoulard, Major of the Gardes du corps, had been guilty of some want of respect towards Maria Antoinette when she was still Dauphiness. As soon as she ascended the throne, fearing the queen's resentment, with which in the excitement of the moment she had threatened him, he resigned his commission. The queen sent it back to him, with the following gracious words: "The Queen neither remembers nor punishes any offences against the Dauphiness, and she hopes that Monsieur Pontecoulard will forget them himself."

The winter of 1784 and 1785 was a very severe one, and caused much suffering among the poorer classes on account of the high price of provisions and the difficulty of getting employment. The Queen hearing of this lamentable state of things, sent for the chief of police, gave him twelve thousand francs which she had been saving for some sudden emergency, and desired him to distribute it all among the populace. "Make haste," she said, "make haste and distribute every cent of the money; never have I given any away so cheerfully."

On the 19th of December, 1778, the Princess Maria Theresa Charlotte, since better known as the Duchess of Angouleme, was born, and in the course of the next few years the Queen added two sons and another daughter to the royal house of France. Maria Antoinette was passionately fond of her children and took great pride and delight in the early promise of the young Dauphin, who with his mother's beauty and intelligence inherited also her rare charm of manners. But this gifted child was feeble from his birth, and after seven years of great suffering most patiently borne, with his dying eyes fixed on his mother's face, he closed them forever in this world; and little did his mother think in her agony of grief at the loss of this loved and loving child, that she would ever be thankful that he had not lived to share the fate of his mother. The little Princess Sophia died shortly after, and the Queen grieved for them both as only mothers can grieve. Two children were left to her, both destined to share the sorrows and imprisonment of their parents, and one of them to die a more cruel and lingering death than theirs.

Already clouds had begun to gather over the political horizon of France, and its kind-hearted but vacillating sovereign accelerated by his want of firmness and energy his own downfall. So much has been said and written about the dreadful Revolution which drenched the soil of France with the blood of its best and noblest, that repetition would only weary.

Suffice it for my purpose to say that during the awful scenes of the 20th of June and 10th of August, the heroic courage of the Queen never forsook her. Heedless of her own danger, she thought only of her husband and children, and was ever at the King's side. When overtaken at Varennes and brought back to Paris, she displayed far more firmness than Louis, and when imprisoned in the Temple, she showed herself the most affectionate of wives, the most devoted of mothers. Suppressing all expression of her own grief and anxiety, she endeavored constantly to cheer and encourage her husband, to instruct and amuse her children, thus beguiling the weary hours of imprisonment by the strict performance of her moral and religious duties.

When Louis was dragged from prison to his pretended examination, the Queen for the first time yielded to her tears; but her husband, press-

ing her tenderly to his heart, endeavored to assure her by saying, "Fear not, dearest, we shall meet again to-morrow."

Alas! never again was the unhappy gaze on that beloved face, never again the ill-fated pair to meet on earth. He was taken from the so-called Hall of Justice to the Bastille. On the 6th of August, 1793, the poor Dauphin was torn from his mother's arms, and she herself told to prepare for her removal to the prison of the Conciergerie. In vain the Queen implored permission to follow. They had to deal with demons, not men. Maria Antoinette was thrown into a dark dungeon, with a pardoned convict for her cell-mate, there to await her final interview. Some few generous hearts were touched by the misfortunes of the Queen, and one or two unsuccessful efforts were made to save her. A public examination took place on the 12th of October, 1793. She was asked if she had not been in a negotiation with the Emperor of Austria prejudicial to the interests of France, to which she replied with gentle dignity, "The Emperor of Austria is my brother, the King of France is my husband; the intercourse with Austria was always for the good of France."

"You were the means of inducing the King to deceive his people," said one of the judges.

"Never," was the Queen's calm reply. "The people have been cruelly deceived, but not by the King nor by myself."

"By whom, then?" was the next question.

"By those whose interest it was to deceive the nation," replied the Queen. "It could be no object either to the King or myself to mislead public opinion."

"Who are they, then, whose interest it was to deceive the people?"

The Queen instantly detected the trap in this question, and answered, "I speak of the facts, not the individuals. Our duty was to enlighten, not to deceive the people."

The Queen's calm and resolute answer tokened innocence, but her judges were not so easily able. When once more an inmate of the Bastille she asked for a needle and thread. A request was refused to her, but on her persistent request it was granted, on condition that she should use her needle in the presence

jailor. They feared she had some design upon her life, when in truth she only wanted to mend her shoes. The daughter of the Imperial Cæsars was almost barefooted. Her last examination was of thirty-six hours' duration, and all sorts of crimes were ascribed to her, all sorts of questions put to her. Weakened by illness, imprisonment and grief, the Queen still displayed the same calm dignity, the same resolute courage. Only once did she give way. One of her judges dared to accuse her of the most horrible crime of human nature. Her noble and touching answer is on record. With a burst of grief which went home even to the hearts of some of her pitiless judges, she exclaimed, "I appeal to every mother here present whether such a thing can be true."

At the end of the session the Queen's sentence of death was read to her. She listened to it unmoved, and left the hall of audience without uttering a single word. It was long past midnight when she reached her cell, and early the next day she was to die. She wrote the following letter, bathed with her tears, to her sister-in-law, the Princess Elizabeth, commending her orphan children to her care and affection, little dreaming how soon Elizabeth of France would follow her to the scaffold. Surely no mother could read these dying words of the hapless Queen without emotion:

"PRISON OF THE CONCIERGERIE,

Oct. 16th, 1793, 4 o'clock in the morning.

My Dearest Sister: I write to you for the last time. I have just been condemned, not to a shameful death, it is only so to the guilty, but to rejoin your brother. Innocent as I am, and as was of all the crimes imputed to us, I hope to show the same courage and resignation that he did. I am perfectly calm, as only those can be whose consciences reproach them nothing. My only grief is leaving my dear children. You know that I lived only for them. And you, my kind and loving sister, you who for our sakes have sacrificed everything, in what a position do I leave you! I learned, during my interrogatory, that you and my daughter had been separated. Alas! my poor child; I dare not write to her, they would not let her read my letter; how do I feel sure that these lines will ever be allowed to meet your eyes. Should you be permitted to meet again give them my dying love and blessing. I trust that the time may come when they will

again be under your tender guardianship. Impress upon them what I have always endeavored to teach them, the faithful performance of all their duties towards God and their fellow-men. Teach my daughter, who is so much older than her brother, that she must watch over him and supply as far as she can my place to him. Tell Louis to be obedient and loving to his sister, to do all he can to help her, and bid them both follow our example. How much comfort we have had in our great afflictions from our warm affection for one another, and where can one find truer, purer love than in one's own family! Let my son never forget his father's last words, which I repeat to him in this, my dying hour. Seek not to avenge our death. Vengeance is mine saith the Lord.

I wish now to speak to you, dearest sister, on a subject most painful to my heart. I know what bitter grief my poor little son has caused you, by the odious testimony which he has given against me. Forgive him, dear Elizabeth; remember how very young he is, and how easy it is to make a child say what it does not comprehend. One of these days he will fully realize and appreciate your love and kindness to himself and his sister. And now I have only to say a few last words to you about myself. I die in the Roman Catholic Apostolic faith, in the faith of my ancestors, in which I was brought up, and which I have always professed. I am without the consolations of spiritual aids; I do not even know if any priests are left in the land, and it would be at the risk of his life for any one of them to visit me; I earnestly and sincerely ask God's forgiveness for all my many sins. I trust that in His great mercy He will accept my humble repentance, and take my soul to dwell with Him forever. I also ask pardon of all those whom, in the course of my life I may have injured or offended, and especially of you, my good and devoted sister, if ever, however unintentionally, I have caused you any pain. I forgive all my enemies and persecutors as freely as I hope to be forgiven. I bid farewell to my aunts, my brothers and sisters. I had some warm and devoted friends from whom it is hard to part. Let them at least know that they were not forgotten in my last moments. As I am not a free agent, a priest of the new faith will probably be brought to me. I shall not speak one word to him, but shall treat him as an utter stranger.

And now farewell, best and kindest of sisters. May this letter reach you! Do not forget me; talk to my children about me and their father. I embrace you and my dear ones with all my heart. And now the bitterness of death is past, earthly things are vanishing, I turn to a Merciful Father."

This last sad duty performed, the Queen, exhausted with fatigue and agitation, threw herself on her bed, and for about an hour enjoyed a quiet tranquil slumber soon to be exchanged for that of death. At six o'clock she was roused by the beating of drums, and shortly afterwards a priest of the new government entered her cell. She refused his spiritual aid, but requested him to accompany her to the scaffold. With her hands tied behind her back, her hair blanched to snowy whiteness in the temple, in a common cart used only for the vilest criminals, guarded

by fifteen thousand soldiers, exposed to the gaze and abuse of the same fickle crowd which former days had greeted her appearance with shouts of joy and admiration, the Archduchess Austria, Queen of France, was dragged like the lowest malefactor to the place of execution. But her courage never faltered, though by a refinement of cruelty, the scaffold was erected on the Place Louis Quinze, the scene of the splendid festivities which greeted the fair young bride and the Dauphin when she made her triumphal entrance into Paris. She knelt calmly on the scaffold, saying in clear and distinct tones: "Deign, Lord, forgive my murderers. Farewell, my children; I go to join your father." The priest blessed her as she knelt, and at noon on the 16th October, 1793, Maria Antoinette had ceased to exist.

THE DAWN AND GROWTH OF CIVILIZATION.

By C. W. R.

It is commonly assumed at the present day that civilization is a plant of slow and gradual growth, which developed itself by degrees in the course of ages, and which belongs consequently to a comparatively late period of the world's history. The "primeval savage" is a familiar idea; and the so-called "science" of the day is never tired of presenting before us the primitive race of man as only little removed from the brutes, devoid of knowledge, devoid of art, devoid of language, a creature in few respects elevated above, and in many sunk below, the anthropoid apes, from whom it is held that he derived his descent by way of evolution. Occasionally, indeed, a confession is made—parenthetically and by the way—that there is no proof of this supposed priority of savagery to any form of civilization; and it is admitted to be questionable which of the two preceded the other. But this confession, hurriedly uttered and hastily slurred over in most cases, makes little impression on the public mind; and the belief is general that in some way or other science has proved that the first men who inhabited the earth were savages, and that there was no civilization till a comparatively recent period.

But the question is one which is really quite an open one; it is one on which natural science is quite incompetent to pronounce a judgment, and

on which historical research has not hitherto decided in either way. Natural science, of course, if it assumes the doctrine of evolution and applies that doctrine to man, must give the precedence to savagery, which is manifestly more congenial to civilization to the anthropoid ape. But if the doctrine of evolution is recognized as a mere hypothesis, one out of many theories as to the mode in which things that are have been brought into the state in which they are, and a theory which lacks altogether any confirmation from fact, then science has to confess that she can give no decision on the point in question, but must leave it to the judgment of those who are familiar with historic facts.

Now, historic facts show that either of two movements is possible. Man can and does often, perhaps most usually, pass from the savage into the civilized condition. We have numerous instances of this transition, which we can follow step by step and put (as it were) under a metaphysical microscope. We see the Greek pass from the simplest semi-savage state described by Homer to the condition of high civilization placed before us by Thucydides and Xenophon. We see the Roman gradually exchange the robber life of the eighth century B.C. for the splendor of the Augustan age or the paler but purer radiance of the Court of the Antonines. In later times, we observe the Ar-

hordes, issuing from the desert unkempt and almost naked, with no literature but the confused jumble known as the Koran, no arts but those of forging iron and weaving a coarse cloth; and we trace their progress from this rude condition to the glories of the Baghdad caliphate and the magnificence of Granada. All over Western Europe we see the barbarous races which overran and crushed the Roman empire settling down into a less wild and savage life, adopting the arts as well as the religion of the conquered, and gradually emulating or surpassing the civilization which at their first coming they destroyed. In our own time, and before our eyes, a civilizing process is going on in Russia and in Turkey; serfdom disappears; nomadic tribes become settled; the arts, the habits, even the dress, of neighboring nations, are in course of adoption; and the Muscovite and Turkish hordes are becoming scarcely distinguishable from other Europeans.

But, while this is the more ordinary process, or at any rate the one which most catches the eye when it roves at large over the historic field, there are not wanting indications that the process is occasionally reversed. Herodotus tells us of the Geloni, a Greek people, who, having been expelled from the cities on the northern coast of the Euxine, had retired into the interior, "and there lived in wooden huts, and spoke a language 'half Greek, half Scythian.'" By the time of Mela this people had become completely barbarous, and used the skins of those slain by them in battle as coverings for themselves and their horses. A gradual degradation of the Greco-Bactrian people is apparent in the series of their coins, which is extant, and which has been carefully edited by the late Professor H. H. Wilson and by Major Cunningham. We trace a certain degeneration in the Jews of the post-Babylonian period, if we compare them with their compatriots from the accession of David to the captivity of Zedekiah. The modern Copts are very degraded descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and the Roumans of Wallachia have fallen away very considerably from the level of the Dacian colonists of Trajan. In America, both North and South, the modern descendants of the Spanish conquerors are poor representatives of the Castilian gentlemen who, under Cortez and Pizarro, made themselves masters of the Mexican and Peruvian kingdoms, and introduced into the new world the time-honored civilization of the old.

Civilization, as is evident from these and various other instances, is liable to decay, to wane, to de-

teriorate, to proceed from bad to worse, and in course of time to sink to so low a level that the question occurs, Is it civilization any longer? But still, perhaps, a doubt may be entertained whether the relapse can be complete—whether, that is to say, any people which has once participated in a high civilization can ever under any circumstances be reduced to absolute savagery. In most of the cases that have been quoted, while a certain deterioration has taken place, the end has not been actual savagery or barbarism, but rather a low and degraded form of civilization, retaining traces of something higher, and considerably raised above the condition of the absolute savage. Are there any cases, it may be asked, where the degradation has proceeded beyond this, where a civilized race has lapsed into complete and absolute barbarism?

Now, it is exceedingly difficult—it is almost, if not quite, impossible—to trace such cases. So long as contact with civilization remains, the degeneration will not be extreme. Savagery can only be reached where there is complete separation from civilized mankind; and at the same time such a condition of the physical circumstances as demands the concentration of all mental power on efforts to support life. But in such cases there is of course, no record. The race, tribe, nation, has passed beyond the ken of its civilized neighbors, and has no time to spare for recording its own history. It loses all knowledge of the past, all power of noting events; and if, in aftertimes, it is so bold as to venture an account of its "Origines," the narrative is evolved from the inner consciousness—is pure fancy, and has no claim to be regarded as even built on any historical foundation. Complete and continuous historical evidence, therefore, of such a degeneration as we are now speaking of is not to be looked for; and we must be content to accept as sufficient proof of what is so difficult to be proved evidence of a lower kind. Now, Comparative Philology does present to us cases where there is reason to presume an original participation in a high civilization, though the present condition of the race is almost the lowest conceivable.

An instance of this kind is furnished by the very curious race still existing in Ceylon, and known as the "Weddas." The best comparative philologists pronounce the language of the Weddas to be a debased descendant of the most elaborate and earliest known form of Aryan speech—the Sanskrit; and the Weddas are on this ground believed to be degenerate descendants of the

Sanskritic Aryans who conquered India. The Sanskrit Aryans must, by their language and literature, have been, at the time of their conquest in a fairly advanced stage of civilization. The Weddas are savages of a type than which it is scarcely possible to conceive anything more debased. Their language is limited to some few hundred vocables; they cannot count beyond two or three; they have, of course, no idea of letters; they have domesticated no animal but the dog; they have no arts beyond the power of making bows and arrows, and constructing huts of a very rude kind; they are said to have no idea of God, and scarcely any memory. They with difficulty obtain a subsistence by means of the bow, and are continually dwindling, and threaten to become extinct. In height they rarely exceed five feet, and are thus degenerate both physically and intellectually.

Thus, on the whole, there would seem to be grounds for believing, broadly, that savagery and civilization, the two opposite poles of our social condition, are states between which men oscillate freely, passing from either to the other with almost equal ease, according to the external circumstances wherewith they are surrounded. If the circumstances become ameliorated, if life becomes less of a struggle, if leisure be obtained, civilization (as a general rule) grows up; if these conditions are reversed, if the struggle for existence tends to occupy the whole attention of each man, civilization disappears, the community becomes barbarized, and the savage condition is reached.

What, then, does history say as to the priority of the one state or the other? History, no doubt, shows abundant instances of improvement, of an advance from a comparatively low condition to a higher one, of civilization developing itself out of a savage or a semi-savage state, and gradually progressing, until it arrives at a sort of *quasi*-perfection. But what does the earliest history say as to the earliest condition of mankind? Does it accord with the bulk of those who write the accounts, now so common, of "pre-historic man?" Does it make the "primeval man" a savage, or something very remote from a savage? To us it seems that, so far as the voice of history speaks at all, it is in favor of a primitive race of men, not indeed equipped with all the arts and appliances of our modern civilization, but substantially civilized, possessing language, thought, intelligence, conscious of a Divine Being, quick to form the concep-

tion of tools, and to frame them as it needed them, early developing many of the useful and elegant arts, and only sinking by degrees, and under peculiar circumstances, into the savage condition.

In proof of this we shall allege, first and foremost, that sacred record which is, even humanly speaking, one of the most venerable fragments of antiquity that has come down to us—the opening section of Genesis, chapter I. to V. In this we find our first parents represented much as Milton has drawn them:

"Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with naked honor clad
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all;
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude, severe and pure;
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed;
Whence true authority in men."

No savages are this simple pair, but clever, intelligent, quick to invent, able to sew themselves coats on the first perception of the need of them (Gen. 3 : 7), able during their innocence to enjoy high converse with God and with each other, able to suggest to their children the two chief modes of life by which subsistence is readily procured. In simple times, the pastoral and the agricultural. No gradual working onward, with toil and pain, from the life of the hunter to that of the shepherd, and from the life of the shepherd to that of the cultivator, is set before us—the two sons first born to the first man are respectively "a tiller of the ground" and "a keeper of sheep" (Gen. 4 : 2). Again, the primeval race does not find a shelter in hollow trees or in caverns, neither does it burrow under ground, like some tribes of Africans. The eldest son of the first man "built a city" (Gen. 4 : 17)—not, of course, a Nineveh or a Babylon, but still a city—a collection of habitations, permanent and fixed, fitted together by human skill, a sufficient protection against extremes of heat and cold, or against storms and rainy weather. Later, not earlier than this, the tent is invented (Gen. 4 : 20), and then while the first man is still alive, instrumental music comes into being; the harp and flute are framed by skillful hands (Gen. 4 : 21), and the pastoral life is enlivened by the charms of melody. Copper and iron are smelted at the same period (Gen. 4 : 22), and a race of artificers in metal grows up, which produces tools and weapons of war, perhaps also works of artistic beauty.

THE FAIR PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY DAVID MURDOCH.

CHAPTER XXXII. THE AFRICAN COURT-MARTIAL.
 OUR night walker, uncertain concerning the character of the sounds he heard, dropped himself softly and suddenly to the ground, where he put his ear, hoping to be able to distinguish the voices which gave them forth.

"Some frolickers," said Teunis, "who have made the camp above too quiet. Maybe some Dutchmen on an independent excursion. Both must be avoided by me to-night. I can neither join them, nor be seen by the other? Ha!" said the negro, "these are niggers; what can they be at, and at this time of night? But why need I wonder, they are just like all vermin; they follow a white man, and mock his ways. Why not? They have as good a right to their fun and fight as we have to ours."

Climbing upon a point of a jutting rock, he saw a fire kindled in a hollow place, which he knew must be near to the cloven rock, where he himself often rested, and which was a standing mark to all. Many a cup of good Holland had been drunk there by the hunting parties, who were wont to gather round it after their surroundings, at night to make it their pillow before a bonfire. The Dominie, after one of those excesses, which had gone to excess, came down on the sinners in a thundering discourse, in which he rebuked this the *steen des aanstoots*—the stone of stumbling; and by that it was known among his flock, till one day the good man himself came across a party handing the cup around, and catching him coming they obtained one of pure rum running through the rock, and gave it to him. He tasted it, drinking it off with a loud smack of his lips, at last saying, "Deszen Mozusstoots!" and it is called Moses Rock unto this day.

Cautiously Teunis crept forward till he was near enough to distinguish the shrill tenor of the negro, and the deeper bass of some white men; then a chorus of laughter, which went from the guffaw to the guffaw. Determined to find out who the roysterers were, he sought as close a standing place as he could find, without being seen himself. Climbing well up to the westward, he came down,

almost crawling; as if swimming on his back, feet foremost, to the side of the rock, which he had placed between him and the assemblage below. Rising up, he looked over and saw such a scene as gipsy life can only present. A large fire burning brightly in the centre, sent out a heat which made the party turn round as brown hams hung on a spit would turn were they possessed of feeling, and waiting for a regular roasting all over, and through to the bone. Here were all colors, from the jet black, glistening with sweat, to the bronze that changed as the fancy was tickled, on to the whity-brown of those called white people.

Teunis knew them all as the slaves belonging to the farmers of the district; chiefly the same ones he had seen in the den two nights ago, attending their superstitious orgies. Cuffee, the African king, as he maintained himself to be; Cæse, with his fiddle; Jerry of Kaatsban; and Tom, the Dominie's man. These were usually the leaders in all mischief around, and though very stringent laws existed in the colonies concerning slaves meeting after nightfall, they were easily eluded by such cunning fellows, who, like thieves, knew more of the laws than the average of justices. Strong in mind naturally, and not degraded yet by long bondage, experience had made them acute in matters where their enjoyments were in danger, or their gratifications curtailed.

To Teunis they now seemed to be engaged in holding a court, whether in mockery or in earnest, he had some difficulty to determine. Cuffee was the presiding spirit, as he usually was in all affairs of the kind. His sincere belief, or his assumption, gave him airs which he was not slow to put on, and being of a robust person, and possessed of great shrewdness, he generally enforced the law by physical force.

Tom was the only one who disputed his authority, and this he did, *first*, because the king was a heathen; and *second*, he himself being a Christian, should "*hab authorities*;" and *third*, the Dominie's man affected a little of the Dominie himself. From his place and puffed up pride, he had begun to assume it, and latterly he really believed he had a call to preach.

At the time Teunis discovered these blacks, Cuffee was acting as judge, trying a young negro, who the secret spectator at once knew; and he soon saw that this was not mere sport, but that Cuffee and his followers, presuming upon their relation to the big Indian, were acting for King George, in due legal form, which, to one who was a mere spectator, might have afforded amusement; but to Teunis, who had now wakened up to the danger of his own playmate, was no joking matter. He determined to watch and prevent mischief.

Tom acted as public prosecutor, and Jerry, the slave of Cornelius Wynkoop, was to defend the accused.

"Constable, cry de court," said the judge with great gravity, when old Cæsar stepped forward in front of the raised bench, and mumbled over, "oh yeez, oh yeez," and left the rest in an unknown tongue.

A ludicrous imitation of a white man's trial here followed, which would defy the pen or pencil of genius to portray in its true colors. What was of more importance to our hero, the scenes were indicative to him of how the public mind was beginning to regard his own present position. Leendert, who was the son of Dora, and of the same age with himself, had, like all negroes brought up side by side with a master's son, walked in the steps of Teunis, till it had become his own nature to do whatever his young master did. He was showing signs of disloyalty now, and those of his grade had detected his tendencies. In the trial he was passing through, Teunis saw his own self foreshadowed.

A charge was formally made of leaving the service of King George, and taking part with the "rebels." A jury was chosen, and exact specifications laid down to be proven. In all of which Teunis heard but his own case repeated. The pleadings on both sides were ludicrous indeed, but it seemed that the actors were in earnest.

"Bring in de prisoner guilty of treason," said the mock judge, "and den shoot him."

Teunis was here about to take part, and prevent what appeared to be the actual intention of the cool rascal, whose words seemed as positively spoken as if he were sitting in an Albany court, among his white peers; when suddenly, out of the darkness behind, old Dora emerged, to the great terror of all, including the chief actor himself. Rising, he made a low bow, saying:

"King Cuffee glad to see Queen Dora wid the Gree Gree."

Dora paid no attention to the salaam made to her presence, but turning her eyes into a clear crystal cup she held in her hand, she muttered some words of incantation; then lifting her face to the judge, said in her most solemn style:

"King Gongalloo hang on de gallows dree."

Cuffee had already ordered the prisoner's arms to be unloosed; and then he called out:

"Court 'journed till abter suppa."

"Men, so let it be," said Tom, who was man of all work at home and abroad.

A long pole, laid from two branches, sustained two pots of the biggest size in use, which were simmering over a fire of hot coals, filled to the brim. The acting cook, a full-bodied wench, was looking in now and then, stirring the contents, and scenting the savory steam that entered Teunis's nostrils, making his mouth to water for he had not eaten a warm supper since the night of Tobias Myers's husking-bee. Besides being really hungry, he knew well enough that the purveyors of this feast had found the best in the land. He forgot the robbing of hen-roosts, and nearly in his eagerness for food, yielded up his prudence. It was evidently in the mind of Cuffee that young Massa Teunis had been guilty of double-dealing, and would be punished when caught. With all these willing hands about him, a larger prize than Leendert would be acceptable. There were, besides, some persons present whose backs were toward him, and as yet he had not heard their voices above a common tone.

The festival table was the ground, raised as if a ditch had been dug round a knoll, into which the feet might be stowed away, and the edge of the bank used as seats. Many of them chose the flat places, squatting down on whatever was below them. There were at least fifty or sixty persons of the black population, with at least a dozen young whites—sons of the farmers, whose low tastes led them to seek such frolics, where the animal propensities could be gratified unrestrained. One individual kept himself hidden, notwithstanding that he lay on the ground, just below where Teunis was perched on the branch above. The spy in the tree had his fears that it might be known to the groundling that some one was in the loft.

The supper dishes were large sugar troughs,

in the woods for the spring opening, and clean in the water near by, and content the revellers. Into these the contents were poured—meat and potatoes in the centre stood a monstrous dish of chickens, mixed with sausages. The reed vell wid von anoder," Dido said, been fechten cocks in de mornin'."

The ducks swim in de gravy vell as in de de oder unda dem vings," was the int of old Cæsar, who gave some extra on his fiddle, as he saw his favorite dish. The attraction of the table were two full of what is known as souse; a well-grown, fat, and corn-fed, cut up into small stewed, altogether, till it became soft

Dido was in her glory when she saw up, slightly browned in the skin and the touch.

A mess for de king, and de Dominie be-t say grace as long as turkey's neck dat n's tail behind."

hungry men, seldom has a finer repast d. All sat around as they chose. Forks in plenty. A twig cut from the bush m, with a stump for handle, and the d, was equal to the best silver in the basket of plate. That stuck in at ran-r failed to bring up the game that grati-ater. Bread came out from corners as ame Dyce could produce to her New York in her fine stone mansion by the Kaats-and to crown all there was cold slaugh, ough, which was forked into their mouths vere stowing away heaps of manure into ar way.

o! ho!" roared out Cuffee, as he fished piece which he saw would be his last at platter, "me got de gobla crop; dat hollo orda!"

ie! he!" responded one of the young "King Cuffee got de goose's throat. e good squia."

The faithful Phœbe produced her liquor filled with strong waters of some kind, the usual effect upon human brains. All rollicking commenced, and some of a could not be described without defiling

Savage nature came out in its most forms, such as we read of in histories of its feasts. Looking down upon them,

Teunis saw the rolling and tumbling as if it had been the wriggling of black snakes, in a round pit.

During the noise, our night-walker had climbed to the outmost part of the branch. He was eager upon finding out who was lying beneath him on the ground, and had just succeeded to his horror, when Cuffee cried out:

"Now for the trile of de Ingen Shandaagan, for falling in'd love wid Martin's Elshie—Clerk will read de law."

Here Tom, who had heard it many times, gravely repeated the colonial statute: "De durd Sessions of de fif Assembly Queen Anne. Be it 'nacted by de Governor, Council, and Assembly, in case any slave or Ingen, kiss, or marry, or court free man's daughter"—

Here the Indian, who took all this more in earnest than was intended, and who had worked himself up, under the influence of love, liquor, and mortification, rose just under the nose of Teunis, and gave the war-whoop of his tribe, so lustily and so long, with his face turned toward the mountain, that the echoes of his voice returned as if a thousand demons had responded to him. Every man, white and black, started to his feet and fled as if the Mohawks had come into their midst with gleaming tomahawks. Nor was the commotion abated by Teunis, who, eager to see the whole from his perch, had gone so far forward on the branch that it swung, so that he lost his balance and dropped right among them, fronting the infuriated Indian, who became cool in a moment, when he saw the very man he cared less to see than any other, before him, as if demanding satisfaction for the injury with which he had just been charged.

"Ugh," said the red man, as a grim smile crossed his face, "the young bear can climb trees for sweet apples."

"And sometimes he gets sour apples for his pains," was the tart answer of the excited Teunis. The fact alluded to in the mock charge of this black court, was evidently understood by those eavesdroppers at home and abroad. He had suspected all along that the intention of Kiskataam was to remove the young English lady to the West, and the reward of Shandaagan was to be his own beloved. Putting all he knew in one, he was persuaded within himself, that the hiding-place of the young woman was known to these wily men. But there was no time to settle that question to-night, so turning away from his enemy, he stepped up to

the souse dish, and putting a fresh fork into the mess, he proceeded to eat a hearty supper from the abundant fragments which remained. By the time he was through, the leading spirits of the late scene had disappeared, afraid of being informed upon. They knew the law well, and Tom in his mock fun had reminded them that

"It sall no' be lawful for more as tree niggers to meet together in von place, 'cept at kirke door on Sunday, upon de penalty of being whipt upon de naked back, wid forta lashes by de public whipper, Yankee Dorlan, the horse-doctor."

The fear of this was constantly before the eyes of the slaves, and even Cuffee did not care to be seen by a man of Teunis's character. Tom, however, came back, assuming to be loyal, and willing to excuse himself for being present with a crew of black rebels.

"The Dominie would look wild to see you here, Tom," said Teunis.

"And vilder to see us two," said Tom, as he winked a sly wink. "Ve vatched dem;" putting weight on the plural word we.

CHAPTER XXXIII. REVENGE IS SWEET.

TEUNIS and Tom made their way to the camp, where Grant kept guard. Among the first questions asked of the brawny Scotchman was, "where's the Dominie?"

"He's gane doun the glen to that warlock bodie. They are baith ow're weel acquaint with the diel. He is, nae doot, sitten atween them."

"Has he been long away?" was the next question put.

"Oh, yes; but when twa sic meet, nae sayin' when they will part: but for mysel', I would as sune hae a crack with auld Sawney as we' ane 'o his bairns."

"Oh!" said a new comer, whom Teunis had not seen in the party that day, "you are mistaken, Grant; the hermit is not one of your Scotch witches, but a respectable spook as can be found in a Christian land, where it takes all kinds of people to make the right kind of a world."

"May be, sir," said the Scotchman, who turned to Teunis and asked with evident feeling, "where did you leave that fine Englisher, Clarence? has he heard any thing o' his sister? his heart was sae in his mouth when he spoke about her that I began to suspect she might be a bit tenderer than a sister. There is nae accounting for such things. Bluid is aye thicker than water."

"I am going down the hill, Mr. Grant," said Teunis; "and I would hint to you that there are Indians about, who have ears that hear a great way off; and their noses can smell tobacco smoke a mile away; and you can see the fires of Brandy's party are not much beyond that distance."

"You are quite richt, sir, and I maun awa roun' all the outposts and see after things. I have heard my father, honest man, say, that when he was out in the forty-five, that he smelt King George's poother frae Loch Awe to Fort George. Good nicht with you; I'll see you in the mornin', and we'll hae a crack aboot these things."

"A beautiful night it is, Grant; but it may be an awful morning," said Teunis, his mind running in a mournful direction.

"Yes, man, that is a bonny sky. It is gratified to stand up here and view that crown in the heavens. It sends me awa back again, where I herded sheep on the braes of Balquidder; when I used to watch these very stars, as they gaed round like clock-work, tellen me the time o' night. Man, how happy I been sometimes rolled in my plaid; and thinkin' whiles on the great Creator, and whiles on Susy McLaren. Poor thing, she was ta'en awa fra me, far aboon those stars; and I am here this very night, on ither kind o' hills, herden Indians; kittle kind of sheep, and no' lamb among them, if we leave out that puir lad's sister."

"Yes," said Teunis, touched with this fit of tenderness on the side of Grant; "there is another besides her that I am interested in; and she is not my sister."

"Aye, man, I suspected as much as that; I'm an alder man than you, but my heart is no altogether so cauld but I can feel for you. when I think on Susy McLaren. There's my han', Teunis, and depend on't, if Hughie Grant can help you or yours out o' trouble, he'll do it wi' right gude pleasure. Noo, awa wi' you to the glen."

Teunis left, nor was he long in reaching the foot of the hill, which he had travelled frequently; and he went now with more confidence because of his appointment with the mysterious being: still, putting his hand in his bosom, he pulled out the black pebble stone; touching the spring, so that he might be ready should danger come in his way. In spite of his convictions, his feelings dwelt on the superstitious at the time; and as he drew nearer to the door, the quicker his heart beat in his breast.

"I would not consult this witch of a creature."

ere the Dominie not near me," he said to himself. "I must however, wait till the two part on each other."

He came up to the door of the shanty and saw the flickering light between the crevices of the logs, that had been laid up of old by some trader or trader, who had built them for shelter while he gathered his peltries from the Indians during a winter's hunting and trading campaign. It served now another purpose, and long had had the reputation of being the Geest Housen. Teunis, knowing that a window was open at the rear, peeped cautiously round, that he might first ascertain the state of things within. Putting his ear to the opening, which was covered by the skin of some animal, he heard voices in earnest conversation. There was a small slit which allowed him to see or hear, but not at the same moment of time. His first effort at seeing was to obtain a perfect look of the cabin; so, fixing his eye on the crevice, which had been newly supplied with pine knots and cones, he watched till the blaze broke through, when he saw three sides of the den. Two of these were covered with skins of different kinds of animals, inhabitants of the region; some of them undressed; but the most of them tanned after the Indian manner of preparing furs. These served as clothing for the person of the inhabitant out of doors, and for the bed of the restless solitary at night. Guns and pistols of different patterns, with other hunting apparatus, were suspended on deer's antlers, which were the hooks for all things that were hung up. Above the place where the couch was made, a naked sword gleamed as if alive when new fuel sent forth flame. The scabbard depended on another hook hard by, and was ornamented with some precious metal. Besides those necessary articles of furniture, there were things of which the observer could not see the use so easily. A large paper globe was suspended from the roof, covered with figures of beasts and birds, serpents and men. On the wall on the left side were pictures, which, so far as Teunis could distinguish, were more of demoniacal than of human shape.

These observations were made at a glance, for the mind of the slow Dutchman was now excited to the highest pitch, and comprehended in a minute what an hour could not have unfolded to him at another time. As we may suppose, it was the living human figures which chiefly arrested his

attention. There were two men, one on each side of the fire. The Dominie he knew, and only observed that he was in his most dignified posture; if possible, more so than when he sat in the President's chair in the Consistory. He had never seen him before with a face in which intelligence and goodness struggled so much for the ascendancy. His usual humor lay hidden away in the deep lines that surrounded his eyes and his mouth; and yet while he sat gravely, like a man who was conscious of his place and power, he yielded a deference to the man before him which Teunis had never hitherto seen him do. But this was the first superior he had ever seen in the presence of the greatest man on the Kaatskills. The other man was of tall and upright carriage, with a head like one that was accustomed to command. His face closely shaven, and neck bare, he seemed more like one sitting in a city mansion, than the rough unshaven creature that interrupted him on his way two days ago. The obeisance given him by the Dominie—who called no man master—showed him to be of some distinction. Perhaps a messenger from the Provincial authorities, proffering help; or, after all, he might indeed be a real wizard able to change his appearance like Satan himself.

At that instant a change from one position to another gave Teunis a chance of seeing him more closely, when he almost called out, "That is none else than Captain Whittesley, that caused so much commotion in Sopus the other day." Teunis had read in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments of persons going through such transformations, but he had ever believed it to be but a fable; and he almost trembled when he remembered how Granny Hoffman had said, with her long skinny finger lifted up, "Teunie, Teunie, never looken on ole duivel wid hisn young face."

It was while Teunis was conning over this warning, that the object of his scrutiny turned his eyes in the direction of the place where he was standing, so intently that the hidden spectator's blood ran chill. Rising from his seat by the fire, he took down his pistols, and coming directly to the window where Teunis stood, he thrust his hand so quickly that the looker in had just time to squat on the ground, and let the inmate fire over his head, one pistol after another, followed by a similar discharge of guns, that seemed as if the cloves and the gulf were sending back their

reverberations, which increased in loudness as the several pieces were fired off. The state of Teunis's nervous system made him believe that the artillery he heard must be something more than earthly; and had he been threatened with a muzzle at his ear, he would have sunk dead on the ground, so feeble were his knees when he attempted to rise. Recovering from his fear, he heard the voices again within, and ventured to look once more. This time the skin was left a little aside, so that he could hear and see at the same time. The stranger was reloading the pieces, bestowing great care upon the manner as well as upon the matter in hand.

"You are very precise and attentive to these Boanerges. Do you suppose that they will speak their thunder any louder, or with more effect?" said the Dominie, who was evidently asking not for information, for he knew as well as others, but because he was leading a conversation.

"Reverendissimo Domino, know you not that a little more or a little less powder would either fail to carry, or scatter the shot without doing the execution; I am confident that Leyden taught you that loud thunder is not lightning."

"True sir, but I find that thunder frightens more people than the lightning; and when you have more powder in the flask than shot in the pouch, what is to be done but let fly, and you may chance to hit."

"Thrown away, Reverendissimo Domino, know this, that a little more or a little less would fail, as I said; so look here, this thimbleful is worth more than a hornful. Your piece may chance to kick you over in the—I beg pardon—pulpit. I give you this illustration from Leyden."

"You would say," said the reverend expounder, "that short sermons, short prayers, spoken cool and quiet, to saint and sinner are best. But tell me if you ever in the heat of battle thought on the thimbleful. Nature is then above all rules."

"Reverendissimo Domino, nature in war, work or worship, is but wisdom, requiring the true expression, whether it is to be given by Captain or Doctor Theologi. Be in earnest. The heart, your reverence; the heart in the right place, and then fire away wisely."

"Old Cromwell's advice, 'trust in Providence, and keep your powder dry.' Just as I said, honorable captain, nature is above all rules; and a few grains of powder more or less is not thought of. *Thimbleful* in the heat of battle, sounds like folly.

"Ah! but Reverendissimo Domino, we measure the powder before the battle begins," were the deliberate words of the man loading the piece; who as deliberately took out a few grains from the thimbleful.

"As we soldiers of King Immanuel should do," was the quiet reply of the reverend man, "I accept the good advice. I have seen many good sermons lost by scattering the points; just as I did myself in a flock of pigeons when my piece was overloaded. To drop figure, I see that you are in earnest there, preparing for battle. If so, please to inform me, captain."

"Remember," was the quick reply of the other, "that you are not at liberty to use that title here nor elsewhere above your breath. After to-morrow I hope to throw aside all disguise, but I must first have revenge. The face of a dying mortal follows me everywhere, crying revenge! For that have I yielded up king, country and ranks. Thanks to the Almighty, he has heard my prayer, and brought my enemy close to me. Now hear me O God, again, and let him not elude my hand—the hand of justice—a second time, as he did once before."

These last words were uttered with exceeding bitterness and while the loading went on. There was a deep determination expressed as the wadding was rammed in, that seemed to say: "Now let it belch forth fire and blood." There was a pause in the conversation here as if the operator was afraid to trust his feelings in words, and the Dominie was too prudent to attempt making way for the torrent that he saw lay behind. When he spoke, it was cautiously; but venturing, he said: "Revenge, my dear sir, is a fiery demon; and I have marvelled if that be not the reason why he deals so much in powder and ball."

"Reverendissimo Domino, there you are wrong again. A pistol is a gentleman, and a musket is a hero. If they fall into malicious hands the fault is with the demon that uses them. It is the stiletto and the poison bowl that act the coward. That pistol in my hand is the executioner of justice; and all I want is to have such a good judge as yourself to see that justice is done without malice. It shall be dealt out as the Almighty apportioned it to the sinner, when he sends down his thunderbolts: God's firearms have no malice in their execution."

"Noble sir, hear what that God says 'vengeance is mine.' It is too sweet a morsel, the heat here."

a mortal man. The sinner should be according to his sin; but we must wait.

Reverendissimo ministro verbi Dei. "He that man's blood by man shall his blood be wait God's time! O Heaven! have I thy time, and thanks to thy great name, we come. You will say this yourself, Reverendissimo Domino, when I have rehearsed of wrongs in your ear, and my vows." "Honorable sir, you have hinted these before, and I am anxious to be able to do your honor when you are gone, for that you must go."

"My duty is performed, and that will be now fulfilled. But mark, Reverendissimo, how that Providence, in which you and which I am now forced to believe in, hath the sinner to the place of his end."

"Have I not heard something of a decoy to bring on here him that you call your son? If so, then more than Providence has a share in the matter."

"And that has been revealed too; some of those of the greatest number, are sieves, through which they pass. The red race have as much as their neighbors. But tell me, sir, if Providence does not use all sorts of partialities?"

"And he also controls them, when he sees they would go too far; I have seen a fool set on fire, and he could not stop it; and I once opened the sluice out of sport, when the water ran through with a force that swept him away. Is it a dangerous thing, this helping the poor?"

"I am having a good course yet; to-morrow I will be the whole well, and you will say so."

"I grant that it may; but unless the man is the strings of the puppet-show, under the machine well, he may bring up the curtain at the wrong time and spoil the play. A wiser one than he must direct."

"Reverendissimo Domino, be patient and you will see special Providence here, as you would say. Did you know all that your God has put in my mind, and, you would yourself urge me on to do my duty in the right time and place. I will do justice! Woe be to me if I fulfill not my duty. I see the sword at this moment; I

have seen it every night for the last year, as I lay on that skin, suspended over his head: and hear me, by the God of justice, I will have revenge."

"Perhaps you will succeed," the Dominie here interposed, "but does it accord with our notions of right and propriety that the injured should become both judge and executioner?"

This argument, which went farther than the roused reasoner wished, goaded him, so that he almost screamed out in madness: "No man may come between me and my victim. I am appointed of heaven. I have prayed, planned, dreamed of this hour, and tracked him like a sleuth hound; how I have lain on that bed thinking of nothing else, till I fell asleep, and the morning found me dreaming that I had him by the throat. I have bought the service of menials and flattered the vanity of fools; made myself appear to the vulgar a simpleton, a wizard, everything, that I might see this day, and now to let him go into the hands of those who will deal daintily with him, calling it justice, lawful justice. Ha! ha! ha!"

Here the speaker rose from his seat like a maniac, smiting his hands on his forehead, and laughing again, till the echoes out of doors mocked the hoarse sounds within.

During a pause in this transport, the Dominie put in a few words, saying: "Then you have not a high opinion of Sir Henry's sense of justice."

"Why should I have a high notion of his honor? This man was my bosom friend; I took him into the sanctuary of my heart and of my home. He betrayed me; defiled her soul, which was as pure as the driven snow which I have seen coming into my hut here. Yet she died in my arms, praying to me for my forgiveness. Freely did I pardon her; but I swore on my knees, with her still warm hand in mine, and her eyelids unclosed, that the villain who had caused this should have the full punishment. That oath is recorded in heaven, and was carried thither by her whom the villain had ruined. But where is the law on man's statute book to punish the guilty seducer? Can any tribunal restore to me my pure Augusta, or give me back my peace of mind; my home; my joyous heart! Where is the equivalent on earth! Men taunted me by pointing me to the code of honor. Honor with Satan! honor with the man who had already violated all honor! But still I offered him the justice of a soldier and of a gentleman. He sneered at me. When I appealed

to that same Sir Henry, he affected to feel for me, but he had his favorite removed, where I could not find him. He promoted him instead of disgracing him, and then I swore that they all should know and feel my justice."

"And yet you know that mercy is the darling attribute of God," was the quiet insinuation of the good man present, anxious to allay the passion of the agitated solitary, who was hiding his face a minute, till waking up he said:

"I know all that, and it is well for the Almighty, who can allow himself to wait, since time is nothing to him; he has eternity to operate in, but we mortals must be quick when the time comes."

"And yet," said the reverend visitor, "you have been very patient in your purpose, and have taken a long time."

"Yes," and this was said with a deep sigh, as if it involved a confession of guilt. I left my own colors, burning with revenge, threw myself into the ranks of your rebels, whose cause was nothing to me, as compared with my own; the authority of Washington, which you saw to-day, I purchased by pertinacity of purpose. I left the world, came here, when I found that this hut lay near to the road which leads to the West. I bought the service of Kiskataam, who has decoyed the villain hither. I bought the same Kiskataam that he might carry off another, that shall be nameless. The black, the white, you all are now helping to develop my plot."

"And is this the secret," said the astonished pastor, "of the Hermit's residence in this wild region? his walks by night, and of his journeyings and disguises by day? For this he has made up with the Jew and Christian, the deist, and the Pagan. His mixing with witches and saints; his influence over the old men, and the young maidens; all, that he may be revenged on one that has injured him? Verily I shall be humbled after this, when I think of the zeal of revenge—revenge on one man."

"On two men, holy parson: the one who did the injury, and the one who sheltered the sinner. Both shall see what you Calvinists call a special Providence. God has aided me in my pursuit. What say you?"

"I could believe all you say," said the calm auditor, smiling, "were it an unbiased interpreter that preached it; but our wishes make us partial commentators, and hence law has been established

as the moderator between the offender and offended."

"As the colonies should wait for the king's law and not have recourse to arms," was the quiet retort of the recluse.

"Most honorable captain, the people waited the law was lost sight of in despotic tyranny; we fell back upon our natural rights."

"You help me, reverend sir; I waited till I saw there was no law for me, and I have now fallen back on my rights as a man, and it is not possible for you to overlook the advantage that is thus thrown into my hand."

"I own," said the Dominie, "you make out a good case for yourself, and on that very account I am the more suspicious of the end in view. We are apt to be well pleased with our own creations, and call them the work of God when it suits us."

"But Reverendissimo Domino, hear. There are on the flat rock above us a band of marauders, and they have in their hands some of your own friends. They are waiting for others. That noble-hearted girl, Elsie, is one of them, and the daughter of Clinton is the other. You heard the story to-day; now tell me, did I bring that young lady here? Have I detained Brandt so long that the brother has had time to come and help in the rescue? If this will teach Clinton that he ought to have done justice to me, that the hand of God has followed him, and found him in his own family, so that the very man who injured my honor is the destroyer of his own peace, shall not the punishment of the double-dyed villain lead to the deliverance of your friends, to the restoration of the innocent girls, and to the fulfillment of my vow, and be a warning to the guilty ever afterward?"

"Amen," was the hearty response of the vanquished Dominie, whose feelings were all the time on the side of the speaker. Pipes and tobacco were now produced, where amidst the thick fumes of smoke the theologian was eager to resume the argument on special Providence in the abstract. His antagonist fought shy, not from any inability, as was evident, but he was now too much in earnest to attend to a mere display of intellectual gladiatorialship.

"I am pleased, sir, to see that our discussions held before, have had some effect upon your belief, and that those vile Arminian doctrines are abandoned."

"Venerable sir," was the half jocular reply of

the other, "I am too young a convert to be congratulated on my conversion. You have just now warned me against allowing my wishes to control my faith."

"Yes, honorable captain, but you have too much philosophy and legal acumen not to perceive the force of that canon of the national Synod of the Reformed Church, held at Dordrecht, not"—

"Oh, yes, reverend sir, that was a great convention; I have it now before my mind. You lent me the book, and I have profited by it; but you will not refuse a cup of this good liquor, for dry argument ought to have the throat well moistened, else we are apt to stick too long at the hard points."

During these passes of intellectual debate, the stranger had put his hand into his capacious coat pocket, and produced a square bottle, which he took kindly before he poured out part of its contents into a wooden cup; holding it out to the Dominie, as he made those remarks, in a quiet, pleasant manner. The minister, without stopping his discourse, took the offered beverage, and with his pipe reeking in his left hand, he lifted the cup half way to his mouth, looking in the face of his entertainer, continuing to say:

"That canon as I have said to you before"—

"Yes, sir, drink;" interrupted the other. "I know it all by heart, I have been, as you shall hear, a most diligent catechumen. 'As God himself is most wise, unchangeable, omniscient, and omnipotent, so the election made by him can neither be interrupted nor changed, recalled nor annulled; neither can the elect be cast away, nor their number diminished.' That is the article. What think you of the liquor?"

"Honorable sir, that came out of Elder Abiel's cellar. I was there on the night he returned from Jamaica. I took home a barrel of the same kind; which, somehow, has run dry very quick. I have always blamed that scoundrel Tom. But, concerning that canon—correctly repeated, verbatim; and what is better, you have expressed your belief in it."

"Reverendissimo Domino, your good health, and success to our enterprise. Your amen lingers in my ear yet, like rich music. But do you not think that the authority of that Synod of Dort is greatly impaired in its force by the strong minority in favor of Arminius?"

Vol. IX.—9

"There was a majority on the right side," said the Dominie, warmly, as he emptied the second cup, "and there was Calvin, a host in himself."

"So, reverend sir, you test truth by numbers, and the quality of the man that heads them. Where would it lie now with you on one side, and your humble servant on the other?"

"Solomon declares that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety."

"Then, Reverendissimo Domino, the heathen and the papists are safe."

"Honorable sir, you know that the staff of an army is the smallest part, yet they fight the battle."

"Just as King George wanted to rule by his staff, and the many would not allow it."

The Dominie was getting warm inside and out; when his teaser said to him, "here is a subject that concerns us more just now than the Heidelberg catechism."

A large skin was spread on the wall, the fur inside. The unknown captain began to chalk out a plan upon the surface, explaining as he went along the combinations necessary for future operations. These were too intricate for Teunis to comprehend. What he could gather was enough to convince him that the Dominie and the hermit did not agree.

"Your plan, noble captain, is all made with one overwhelming thought in your mind—the punishment of your personal enemy; we cannot sacrifice the good of the whole for that single point, however intensely you may feel concerning your end. Your scheme has too much of theatrical trick and plot about it to prove in all points successful. You are desirous that your enemy be made to bite the dust in the eyes of an audience whose very presence shall humble him. We have public good in view, even though your intended victim should escape the fate he justly deserves at your hands."

The Dominie's auditor was calmed by a thrust which had so much reason in it, but persisted in saying that the arrangement of the several parties was complete, that it could not possibly fail of both humbling the guilty and effecting the public good.

"You may be disappointed in what you expect. Let me say what I think. You have woven your net with such exceeding great skill that I am now afraid that the boldness of the Mohawk and the desperate villainy of the English colonel will break

it; when you may find that the wise have been caught in their own craftiness. You have heard our plan of attack, noble captain, and if you can take part in either division we can make room for you."

At this point in the discussion, the captain, as he was called, stepped forward and wrote with his chalk some figures Teunis could not at his distance decipher, but which made the Dominie start, and then give a glance around. This brought the conversation gradually to a close, as if intended to deceive some one within earshot.

"When do you expect the hermit home?" was the casual question of the Dominie. "He keeps late hours in these regions."

"All hours, reverend sir, are alike to him; and as he would not relish more company than suits him, we had better march up hill to the camp."

This Teunis only regarded as a ruse, for he saw the glance and the look which was cast at the widow, and that he might not be caught eavesdropping, he slipped back into the darkness for a few minutes, intending to call at the door as soon as prudence would permit.

WOODED AND MARRIED.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY,

Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Wee Wife," "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," and "Robert Ord's Atonement."

CHAPTER XXXIII. DARKEST BEFORE DAWN.

EVERY one thought that Miss Elliott looked strangely ill that night.

The Fortescues and Trevors and Humphrey Nethcote were dining up at the Great House that evening, and Dym, who had spent the afternoon in her own room in a confused trance of suffering, had been obliged to rouse herself at last, and, after bathing her aching eyes and head, to creep down stairs, trusting that under the shade of the friendly twilight she would be able to steal to her usual corner beside Mrs. Chichester without challenging special observation. But on this occasion the Fates were against her.

The lamps were already lighted as she entered the drawing-room. Humphrey had possession of her corner, and the squire, contrary to his usual custom before dinner, was lounging on the rug in his favorite attitude, carrying on a somewhat one-sided conversation with his cousin.

Beatrix was not quite so ready as usual with her answer; she appeared absent and ill at ease. She started almost nervously as Dym entered; a quick flush passed over her face. Guy did not seem to notice it: he talked on indolently till Humphrey's shocked voice reduced him to momentary silence.

"Why, Dym, what ever have you done with yourself? Some one told me you were ill," he began, in his cheery good-natured way.

"I have had a bad headache," stammered Dym,

taking refuge in a seat beside Mrs. Chichester, and wishing in a sort of agony that Humphrey would desist from his questions; she commanded her voice with difficulty, so as not to alarm Mrs. Chichester, who was always anxious when anything ailed her favorite.

"You must have a shocking headache, my dear, for your hands are like ice, and your face was quite burning when you kissed me just now."

"The fire is so hot," returned Dym, struggling for composure, and shielding her face with her hand. "Humphrey, would you mind handing me that screen? Thank you. I am only a little faint. I shall be able to talk presently." And she gave him such an appealing glance to be silent, that Humphrey, sore perplexed as he was, could not fail to comprehend her, and at last consented to leave her in peace.

Dym drew a long breath of relief as he left her. Her screen shielded her from observation. Mr. Chichester was still talking: he had not noticed her, then; if she could only elude his penetrating eyes, all would be well; she must get through this evening; by and by there would be time to think and to form her plans.

"Do you think you think you need come in to dinner, Miss Elliott?" Dym started, and the screen fell from her hand. Mr. Chichester quietly restored it. He had come noiselessly round to her side, and was leaning on his mother's chair,

but his question was so low-toned that it only reached the ear for which it was intended.

"Thank you; I have only a bad headache; it will go off presently," faltered poor Dym. She did not dare lift her eyelids, but the grave comprehending tenderness of Mr. Chichester's voice brought the color to her face.

"Is there any necessity to put such a force on yourself?" he persisted, gently. "You are either very ill or very unhappy. I wish"—in a half-whimsical, half-serious tone—"I wish I knew what was troubling my little friend."

"Don't Mr. Chichester. Oh, if you would only leave me!" gasped out the poor child. She really hardly knew what she was saying: her temples throbbed with nervous agony, a dull sickening pain was at her heart, she felt physically faint and ill. "If only he would not be kind to me," she said to herself. "If I could only go away somewhere out of the reach of his voice." She had a dull sort of consciousness that she had been taken at her word, that Mr. Chichester was gone and his place was taken by Humphrey.

"You are not to come down to dinner: the squire forbids it," he whispered loudly. "Perhaps the quiet may do your head more good. I heard him order Stewart to bring you some strong coffee. Try and rest a little, and perhaps in an hour you may be better." Dym gave a feeble smile in answer. When the room was empty, she took possession of one of the couches and drank her coffee. How good of him to interpose and shield her in this way! how could she have sat through the long dinner between Mrs. Trevor and Humphrey, and opposite Beatrix's scrutinizing eyes? "Perhaps he only thinks I am ill, and will forgive my petulance; but how could I tell him to go away when he was so kind—so very kind?"

Dym was able to pronounce herself somewhat better when the ladies made their appearance in the drawing-room. She shrank away from Mrs. Delaire's advances, however, and placed herself under Mrs. Trevor's wing.

Mr. Chichester found them talking, to all appearance very comfortably.

"Has my prescription taken effect?" he said, standing opposite them, and giving Dym one of his most critical glances. Dym felt his tone was a little cool.

"My head is certainly less troublesome," she returned, evasively. "The coffee was much better than the dinner, Mr. Chichester."

"Humph!" was his sole answer, turning on his heel, and for the rest of the evening he did not again approach her corner.

Dym slipped away as soon as the guests had gone. She made some hasty excuse that Mrs. Chichester wanted her, and did not again reënter the drawing-room, where Guy and his cousin were the only occupants.

Florence was awake, for a wonder. Dym lay down on the bed beside her, in her white dress, and took the little creature in her arms, and waited patiently till she had fallen asleep with her head on her shoulder. "She would not hold her often in this way," she thought; and all at once it came into her mind how sadly Flossie would miss her. "She loves her father dearly, but she has not given him all her heart," she said to herself. And involuntarily she pressed the sleeping child closer to her breast as the prospect of their speedy separation came upon her. Dym never knew how the long hours of that night passed away; she could hear the church clock chiming out the quarters one by one. Presently the cock crowed, and a faint dusky light came stealing up the valley. Her eyeballs burned, the dull heavy throbbing at her head went on ceaselessly; towards morning fatigue and pain overpowered her, and she slept. Phyllis found her later on still in her white dress, with Florence nestled close beside her.

"Why, you have never been to bed at all, miss!" gasped out Phyllis, open-eyed and anxious; "dear heart, you will take cold and be sick, and no wonder, neither."

"Hush, Phyllis! I fell asleep without undressing: that was all; it was very wrong. Please say nothing of this to Dorothy." Dym felt she had been incautious when she saw Phyllis's puzzled look of alarm. She dressed quickly, and was in her accustomed place at the breakfast-table long before Mrs. Delaire made her appearance. Guy and his child came in later hand-in-hand.

"I hope you are better this morning, Miss Elliott," Beatrix had said to her. Mr. Chichester merely gave her a scrutinizing glance as he shook hands.

"What are you going to do with yourself this morning, Tricky?" he observed, as he sat down.

"I thought, perhaps, as it is so fine, we might ride over to Knaresborough," she returned; "it is too far for Florence, but you and I might go."

He shook his head.

"You must leave me out, if you please. I have business this morning."

"Not those tiresome farm-accounts, Guy? they could wait, surely; and these April mornings are so delicious." There was a trace of impatience in Beatrix's tone.

"I will send down a note to Latimer; it is a pity you should be disappointed of your ride," returned her cousin, quietly. "My business is almost as unfortunate as your fit of the vapors yesterday, eh, Trichy?" And there was a lurking tone in Guy's voice that made Beatrix color with vexation. Do what she would, she could not make this man yield to one of her caprices: he would set aside her requests in the coolest way, if they did not meet with his approval.

She rose from the table now with a displeased air.

"Do not trouble yourself to send a note to the vicarage. You know I dislike Mr. Fortescue's company; if you will not ride with me yourself, Guy, I do not wish for any other escort."

"To-morrow, then," he returned good-humoredly. "Suppose you keep my mother company this morning." And Beatrix, vexed as she was, did not dare to press the matter closely.

Dym had left the room, and was hurrying across the hall, when she heard Mr. Chichester's step behind her.

"Miss Elliott, have you any very pressing duty summoning you at the present moment?"

"I was going up to Mrs. Chichester: she expects—that is—I always read to her in the morning."

"Headache or no headache, I suppose? I have sent my cousin Beatrix to sit with her. Come in here a moment, please: I want to speak to you." And Mr. Chichester opened the library door. But Dym, for the first time in her life, hesitated to obey.

"I must go; I am sure your mother wants me," she persisted, keeping her ground. But her color varied dangerously.

Mr. Chichester gave her one of his peremptory looks.

"Do you wish me to remind you that I have a right to be obeyed," he said, so gravely that Dym did not venture on a second remonstrance. Mr. Chichester's slight austerity vanished as he placed a chair for her.

"You are so unlike yourself that you make me

unlike myself," he said, with a smile that was evidently meant to atone for his speech. "Come, Miss Elliott, drop this reserve that so ill becomes you, and tell me frankly what ailed you last night."

The question was so sudden and so unexpected that Dym lost her presence of mind. "Don't ask me. Oh, I am so unhappy!" she said, hiding her face in her hands.

"So I suspected," was the quiet answer. "You are not subject to fits of vapors too, are you? Come," and the shielding hands were taken down and held for a moment, "don't treat me to women's most persuasive arguments—you know what a horror men have of tears, but tell me—I have a right to know—what has been troubling you."

His voice, with its old kind drollery, touched on too painful a chord. Dym snatched her hands away, and for a little while answer was impossible. Only between the slender girlish fingers the hot tears fell fast—tears of sorrow and shame, of doubt and bitter yearning.

Mr. Chichester stood looking at her for a moment, and there was a shade on his face as he turned away and walked slowly up and down the room. Evidently there was something here for which he was not prepared. He had had one glimpse of her face before she had hidden it from his view, and its wild look of sorrow almost appalled him.

Dym hoped he would leave her; but he was only giving her time to recover herself. Presently, when she had grown a little calmer, he took the seat beside her.

"Miss Elliott, do you know you are trying my patience sorely? No; no more tears, my child," with a touch of peremptoriness. "I see I shall have to make you afraid of me, after all. What has my cousin said or done to annoy you?"

No answer; only the tell-tale crimson mounting to the very roots of her hair.

"Beatrix and you had a long talk together yesterday. Trichy had a fit of vapors, which certainly lasted all the evening, for I never saw her so unlike herself; even Mrs. Fortescue noticed it. And I have never known you before suffer from these intense sick-headaches."

"One must be ill sometimes," she returned, evasively.

"Do you think it cures them to do without your night's rest? You understand nursing very poorly,"

with a keen glance that made her shiver. How had her long vigil reached his ears? Could Phyllis have betrayed her?

Her miserable night was not the best preparation for the endurance of the day's trial. Dym felt so weak and wretched that she was utterly defenseless; not a spark of her old courage remained. She must guard her secret—so much her woman's pride told her—but after that it mattered little what became of her.

The pale rigidity of her features smote Guy Chichester's heart with generous pity.

"Forgive me if I pain you," he continued, gently, "but it is my duty to find out this. Would you rather have me speak to my cousin?"

"No—oh no!" in a deep voice of misery.

"Then you must be perfectly frank with me yourself. Tell me, Miss Elliott, have Beatrix and you quarreled?"

Dym considered a moment. "Not in the way you mean. We disagree in opinion: that is all. Wait a moment," pressing her hands on her temples in a bewildered sort of way, as though trying to collect her thoughts for a great effort. "I want to tell you something, Mr Chichester: you may have to know it soon—I have made up my mind to leave Ingleside."

"To leave us!" in a tone of astonished incredulity.

Dym had made a desperate plunge; she went on rapidly. "It was you who brought me here first, and you have a right to know. Flossie can do without me now, and your mother will easily find some one else to replace me. I have quite made up my mind to go; nothing you say can shake my resolution."

"Then in that case I need not try," was the somewhat dry rejoinder. "I suppose I may ask the reasons for this sudden and singular resolution?"

Her reasons! Dym was reduced to silence now.

"Have I unfortunately done anything to displease you?"

"You Mr. Chichester? oh no." Dym's grateful look was sufficiently eloquent.

"My mother, then?"

"Your mother is goodness itself. She is the dearest, the kindest——" Dym was nearly breaking down again.

"Then it is as I suspected, and Beatrix is at the bottom of the mischief. Oh, you women!"

getting up from his seat and pacing the room impatiently. He was becoming angry now.

"Mrs. Delaire has never liked my being here," went on Dym, in a stifled voice; "she says and thinks things that make me wretched."

"Has she said anything that makes it impossible for you to remain?" demanded Mr. Chichester, sternly. There was no misunderstanding his meaning. Dym grew whiter and whiter under those searching eyes.

"You need not answer. I begin to have a glimmering of the truth now. You could not tell me this yourself, of course. Never mind: I will take steps to silence Beatrix's nonsense. I would not have believed it of her," he muttered, still more angrily.

He was about to leave the room, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he made a hasty stride back to her chair.

"If I make it all right—if Beatrix apologizes—you will not persist in your foolish intention of leaving us?"

She shook her head sorrowfully. "There is no apology needed. You are mistaken, Mr. Chichester. I must go."

"Nonsense!" he continued, impatiently; "you know so little of the world that you are not competent to decide on this point. Fools will talk; but wise men will not heed them. You are justly hurt and aggrieved: when you are older these things will not sting quite so badly. Leave me to bring Beatrix to reason; she shall apologize to you before many hours are over. Don't you know it would break my mother's heart to lose her adopted daughter?" He was turning away again, but Dym sprang after him and laid her hand on his arm: her face was perfectly ghastly.

"Mr. Chichester, you must not; I cannot bear it."

"I must not do what, my child?"

"Speak to your cousin. She is not to blame; she meant to be most kind. It is not her fault that I am in a false position. It is my own wish; I must go."

His pertinacity seemed cruel. It was depriving her of her last chance.

"You must allow me to judge whether I am to speak to my cousin or not." And there was a touch of haughtiness in Mr. Chichester's manner. Dym's look of mingled reproach and despair protested silently against his harshness.

"Can you not trust me?" he asked, more gently. "Your brother would not have recommended your acting for yourself in such an emergency."

"Oh, Will! Will!" Dym could not quite suppress the ring of misery in her voice. She let Mr. Chichester place her passively in a corner of the couch. Even before he left the room her head dropped on the cushions with a child's utter abandonment of weakness. She had fought out her piteous little battle, and had been worsted. In spite of her desperate determination, she had felt a very reed in the hands of this man, whose will was so strong and arbitrary for good. He had not suspected her secret; he had attributed her reluctance to remain to mere motives of maidenly modesty. Beatrix had told her she was in a false position; but would Mrs. Delaire guard it equally well? Dym in her innocence thought she would certainly try to shield her, and if it had not been for Beatrix's evil temper she would have been perfectly right in her surmise.

But Guy knew how to be provoking, and it was not easy to evade his lynx-eyed vigilance. The interview between the cousins was a long and stormy one, and when it was over Beatrix shut herself up in her own room for the remainder of the evening.

When a short time had elapsed, Dym made an attempt to go up to Mrs. Chichester, but the first movement brought back dizziness and faintness, and she was obliged to remain in enforced idleness. Phyllis brought her luncheon. Mrs. Chichester had gone down to the vicarage—Mrs. Fortescue had sent for her and Florence. Phyllis thought Mrs. Delaire had gone with them. The squire had started for a long walk with Kelpie, and Mr. Nethecote had sent up to know how Miss Elliott was.

"And I might have told him, miss, you were looking rarely worse, for there isn't a speck of color in your face," added Phyllis, in a vexed voice. Dym smiled faintly. It was a relief to own herself really ill, and decline the tempting meal Phyllis's foresight had prepared. She drank some wine and lay down again. This perfect quiet was bracing her numb faculties to fresh efforts. She must face her difficulties, and not sink under them; she thought, come what might, she must not forfeit her own self-respect.

She had fallen into a slight doze in the twilight,

and had just awakened with a start, when there was a light tap at the door, and Mr. Chichester entered.

"You are just where I left you this morning," was his only greeting. "I told them not to disturb you. I hope you have properly repaired last night's ravages."

"I am better, very much better," she answered gratefully. "Has Mrs. Chichester returned yet?"

"Yes, my mother has come back, I believe. I saw Florence just now," rather absently. "Miss Elliott, without renewing our previous conversation, I want you to make me one promise."

"If I can—that is, if it be right," she returned, timidly, glancing up at him. Was it the firelight, or did his face look strangely pale and drawn?

"Promise me that you will not speak to my mother about leaving us for three days, not till I have spoken to you again; only three days, remember."

"I can easily promise that."

"Beatrix tells me she had no intention of hurting you with ill-timed advice. We must give people their due—we all have our faults. If I might venture on giving you advice, Miss Elliott, it would be to dismiss all this from your mind for the next three days; be calm, be content, and trust me." As he spoke, he put his hand upon her head with a fatherly gesture; and, looking up she saw the sad kindly gleam of his eyes.

A moment after, the door closed, and Guy Chichester was alone—never more alone!

Alone! Alas, what bitter thoughts were lining the man's brow as he stood with arms tightly folded across his breast, and the flickering firelight playing on his bowed head and gray beard.

"Who would have thought of this?" he muttered. "Poor innocent child! and to think Beatrix is making her her dupe; there was heart-break in her face. I could see it for myself; and yet fool that I was never to dream of that! and then my mother and Florence—Florence will fret herself to death for her. Is there no other way, no other way but this? Oh, Honor, my darling, my darling, the only woman I ever loved, or that I ever can love, come to me one moment and tell me what I am to do in this sore strait." He spread his hands with a groan into the empty air, and then they dropped heavily to his side. Alas, these hours of desolation and anguish were not new to the lonely man, but to-night his soul was torn by

conflicting passions, generous pity for the girl he had befriended, tender compassion for his mother and child, whose lives were so closely bound up with hers. At times the whole chivalry of his nature seemed to rise up and plead for these defenceless ones. "If I can make them happy, what does it matter what becomes of me?" he thought. "She will be a mother to my child; she has never known any other; she is the sunshine of our house. Lonely as I am now, I feel I shall be doubly so if she leave us. No, for my own sake I cannot let her go; and yet is there no other way than this?" He sighed heavily as the gong disturbed him from his musing.

It was a silent party that gathered round the dinner-table that night; Beatrix was absent, the squire taciturn and gloomy, Dym sad and conscious and shrinking from notice. Once, and once only, during the evening, Guy roused from his reverie. Florence had clambered up into Miss Elliott's lap for a good-night kiss. Mr. Chichester suddenly raised his eyes and regarded the pair long and fixedly. The child had her arms tightly round Miss Elliott's neck, the bright golden head reposed lovingly on her shoulder; the two were whispering their confidences together. "You must carry me up to bed," begged Florence, sleepily rubbing her eyes; and Dym rose obediently.

"You must say good-night to papa, Flossie," she whispered, and she held out the child to him as she spoke. Guy stooped over them both as he kissed Florence fondly; he shielded his eyes and watched her as she left the room, still carrying the child. What a young creature she looked! a small slight figure in a white dress, with a sweet, dark face that he had somehow grown to love.

She was not far off being very pretty, he thought to himself; there was such a tender, appealing look in her eyes sometimes, and the small shining head was set so daintily on her slim throat; how pleasant the touch of her hand had been to him when he had stood alone with her that wild March morning; but even as these thoughts flitted through his mind, there suddenly came before him the vision of another face—a grave, beautiful face—with a broad low brow and solemn gray eyes that opened softly. "There was none like her; no wonder the angels claimed her so soon, she was too good for earth," he sighed. A moment after, when his mother spoke to him, he left the room, and no one saw the squire's face again that night.

Dym never spent such a strange three days in her life. A sort of oppression and unreality was upon her. At times her conversation with Beatrix appeared a dream. Mrs. Delaire, when she met her next, seemed strangely subdued, and treated her with marked kindness. It was true Dym did not respond to her advances: the girl was so sore of spirit that a word wounded her; she shrank away from the least approach to confidence on Mrs. Delaire's part, and confined herself entirely to the society of Mrs. Chichester and the child. She would sit for hours at her friend's feet, looking up at the blind, placid face as though she were learning how to take leave of it. Mrs. Chichester hardly knew what to make of her *protégée's* silence and sadness.

Dym only saw Mr. Chichester in the evening, and then he scarcely ever addressed her. Each day his face seemed to grow thinner and sadder. Dym's heavy heart grew heavier as she looked at him.

He must be hurt with her, after all—he was sorry she was going—he was sad, displeased. Poor Dym! There was no form of self-tormenting in which she did not indulge during those endless three days.

They came to an end at last.

Dym had been sent to the library on some trifling commission. Mr. Chichester was going out, and wanted some papers copied. Guy never asked his cousin to do anything for him now—so Dym sat through the long afternoon, accomplishing her task with her usual neatness and despatch, till the last sheet was finished. She was still stooping over her work, when the squire entered, bringing a current of fresh air with him.

"I am afraid I have set you too long a task," he said, looking over her shoulder. "How neatly you do this work? You would make a capital copying-clerk. Come to the fire and rest a little. I am sure both eyes and hands must be weary." And as Dym hesitated, he quietly added, "I want to speak to you," and Dym had no alternative but to obey. Mr. Chichester followed her, and took up his old position. "My three days' grace has expired, I believe," he said, looking thoughtfully, not at her, but at the fire, "and you have a right to expect that our painful conversation should be renewed. Do you still persist in your former resolution, Miss Elliott?" turning on her so abruptly that Dym started; but she contrived to answer him with tolerable firmness.

"I have quite made up my mind to leave Ingle-side and seek another situation."

"And you decline giving me your reasons?"

"I cannot—that is—I hoped that you would understand that—you would not think me ungrateful, I mean," faltered Dym, growing white again.

"You need not fear misconstruction from me," he replied, calmly. "As far as I can judge of your motives, they do you infinite credit. My cousin has unfortunately raised a question that ought never to have been mooted, and I can well understand that you cannot remain here happily in your present capacity."

"I am glad you approve——" she began, in a timid voice, and then stopped.

"Pardon me, I disapprove so strongly that I do not mean to let you go—if it be in my power to keep you—Miss Elliott," speaking now very gravely. "After what has passed, there is only one way in which you can remain happily under my roof, and that is—do not be startled, my child—by becoming my wife."

"Mr. Chichester!" Dym rather breathed than said the words; her infinite surprise almost deprived her of utterance.

Mr. Chichester stood and watched her varying color sadly, and then he came up to her and took her hand.

"I asked you to trust me. I have thought over it all: believe me this is the only way. Is the idea very repellant to you?" endeavoring to get a glimpse of her downcast face. But Dym hid all of it she could.

"No! oh, no! but I am so unworthy," she whispered; "and then you do not love me, Mr. Chichester?"

"I have something to ask on the other side of the question. Do you think you could care for me, Dym?"

He had never called her by her name before, and the word thrilled her with incredible sweetness. Care for him! did she not love him so that her heart was nearly breaking within her?

She lifted her face, covered with burning blushes, to answer him. Something in the

strangely, for he suddenly drew it to him and kissed her brow.

"It is settled, then. But, my child, I want you to listen to me for a moment. I will believe that you can care for me, gray-haired, middle-aged man that I am, whom trouble, and not years, have made hard and stern. But on my part I dare not deceive you. The best part of my life, my hopes, my love, is buried in Honor's grave."

She pressed his hand timidly—the kind hand that had done so much for her and hers: he need not have told her that, she thought.

"You are so young that you have a right to expect an undivided heart. There are many men who would give you their best and truest love; I am not one of those, Dym."

"I know it," she whispered. "I do not expect it. I never dared hope for even this."

He smiled a little at the childish *naïveté* that betrayed so much: and then his tone resumed its gravity.

"When I lost Honor I lost the dearest thing earth had to offer me. I knew when she died I could never love any woman again as I had loved her. In some sense I am a broken-hearted man for life; but I think"—his voice changing into tenderness—"I should be a little less lonely if you will come to me, my dear."

And this from him. Dym was fairly weeping now.

"I have always loved my little friend dearly; she has come into my desolate home and made it pleasant to me. May I hope to keep her there always?"

No answer, only as his hand touched hers caressingly she suddenly stooped, and her girlish lips set the purest seal to her long love and fidelity.

"God bless you, my child! I will try to make you happy," were Guy Chichester's last words to her that night; and Dym's affection and loyalty found no fault with the sadness of his tone. Was she not his own—did she not belong to him—her lord, her benefactor? Dym's tumultuous heart could find no room for doubt. With such thoughts as these she lay down to sleep that night, like a veritable child wearied out with overmuch joy, and oblivious of clouds of to-morrow.

AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS.—SOME SINGULAR COINCIDENCES.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

CHAPTER IV. JUSTICE DELAYED.

HE opened the package, and, as he handed the papers to me one by one, described them:

"Here is a small Bible which my mother gave me when I left home for the army; it has her handwriting on a blank leaf. Here is a package of letters which I received from my father and mother while I was with the army. Here is a certificate of my enlistment; another of my honorable discharge. Here is a statement sworn to by twelve respectable and disinterested persons, and taken since my return from the army, establishing my identity. Here is a certificate of the marriage of my father and mother, and a certified copy of their marriage license; fortunately, the minister who performed the ceremony is still alive. And here is a certificate of my birth, sworn to and signed by the doctor and the nurse, both of whom are also yet living."

"Are there any affidavits to the genuineness of the handwriting of the letters from your father and mother?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he answered; "there are also twelve of them. They are attached to the package of letters. There are plenty of persons besides who will testify to the handwriting of my father and mother, and, as to that matter, to my own identity."

"If you will leave these papers with me, Mr. Brantley," I said, "I will examine them. How long do you remain in Leonardtown?"

"I shall not leave until the day after to-morrow," he replied. "I will stay longer if you need me."

"Very well," I said. "Call and see me again to-morrow at ten o'clock in the morning."

Before he left, however, he told me that he made a scanty support for himself and his child by teaching a small school in Medley Neck. "Medley Neck" is the name of one of the old "Hundreds" of St. Mary's County.

June 6th, 1785. Mr. Richard Brantley came this morning at the appointed hour. I have determined to undertake the case, and shall file declaration and order the issuing of the original

writ forthwith. There never was a juster cause in any court in Christendom—or elsewhere.

I learned, during Mr. Brantley's visit to-day, that Mr. Key's impression was not so far wrong as I thought it was yesterday. Richard Brantley's mind is evidently much weakened by the physical and mental suffering which he has borne. He was very childish to-day in his complaints of the ill-treatment which he has received, not only from his cousin, he said, but from "everybody." Even the little girl—"Honora" he called her—seemed to be ashamed of him.

Baltimore City, October 12th, 1792. Having to-day come across the above note, and the package to which it is attached, while engaged in search of some old papers, I think it well to add a statement here, comprising all that I know concerning Mr. Richard Brantley's affairs, in addition to what I have already noted above. This writing may, perhaps, at some future day, cause justice to be done to his descendants.

I brought suit; but, within a few weeks afterwards, I received so promising an offer of partnership from my old college-mate and friend, James Harley, already established in successful practice of law in this town, that I did not consider myself justified in declining the opportunity to better my fortunes.

I left Richard Brantley's suit in the hands of the young lawyer Joshua Jones, whom Mr. Brantley had spoken of to me, thinking him best informed in regard to the business. Indeed, I found no other member of the bar disposed to take hold of the case; and even Mr. Jones, I think, was induced to do so mainly by my leaving other and, as he considered them, more "paying" cases to his care.

A month or so after I left St. Mary's County, Richard Brantley, having been offered a school in the western settlements of Virginia, went there with his little girl. I suppose he had but little faith in Mr. Jones, having tried him before to no purpose, and had come to the conclusion that all hope of obtaining justice was gone.

All that Mr. Jones did with regard to the business was to see that judgment by default was so entered against his absent client as not to interfere with any future efforts which might be made to obtain justice for him. WALTER TOLYER.

CHAPTER V. FROM THE DUST OF YEARS.

AFTER reading the manuscript of my maternal grandfather, I examined the package beneath it. I found the contents to answer precisely to Richard Brantley's description of them as recorded above.

Some passages in the letters, and especially the inscription in the little Bible, were very affecting to one acquainted as I was with the subsequent ill-fortune of Richard Brantley. But the quotation here of these passages would but delay the denouement of my narrative, and would, therefore, prove less than interesting to the reader. So I omit them.

"Well," I thought, after I had concluded the examination, "here is a just claim which has lain dormant for almost a century. If an heir of Richard Brantley can be found, and the descent of such person established, Brantley Hall may still be recovered for a rightful claimant. And I should like to be an instrument in causing justice to be done even at this late day."

What steps should I take to ascertain whether or not Richard Brantley had descendants, or a descendant, living? Should I advertise in the papers? There might be objections to that course; I would wait awhile and consider the *pros* and the *contras* of it.

Then this Miss Honora Brantley Hall! I had more reason now to be interested in that name in reference to the matter. "Honora" had also been the Christian name of Richard Brantley's daughter.

Of course, Honora Brantley was, in all likelihood, dead; for, if living now, she would be nearly one hundred years old. But this Miss Hall, bearing the full name of the former in addition to her own patronymic, was not only possibly, but probably, a descendant, or otherwise relative, of Honora Brantley.

If I could get an interview with Miss Hall, it was likely that this question would be solved at once. It was more than probable that she lived in Baltimore—else why should a letter be addressed to her here? But how should I learn the street and number of her residence?

I looked into the Baltimore City Directory for 1876. There was a large number of Halls; but among them all was not one Honora Brantley Hall, or even Honora B. Hall.

Should I advertise for her in the daily papers? But that course might prove unpleasant to the lady, or might raise expectations not to be realized.

I determined to devote a few days to private inquiry, and then, if unsuccessful, to advertise for her. If I should fail to secure an interview with her, or, having secured such an interview, should learn that she is no descendant of Richard Brantley and knows nothing of such a person, I would then advertise in all the Baltimore daily and weekly papers for information concerning the descendants of him—the revolutionary soldier—who, while living, was deprived of his rightful heirship to the Brantley Hall estate.

It is necessary that I should make here a brief statement with regard to my law firm:

The first partnership was formed between my two grandfathers, and was styled "Harley & Tolyer." My father, John Harley, was taken into this partnership when admitted to the bar.

After the death of my grandfather Harley, the firm was entitled "Tolyer & Harley." As John Harley had married the daughter of Walter Tolyer (after whom, by the way, I was named), it seemed more appropriate that the name of the father-in-law and the older man should hold the place of senior partner.

On my admission to the bar, I was taken into the partnership; and when my grandfather Tolyer died the name of the firm was changed to "Harley & Son."

After the death of my father I conducted the business alone for a year or two under the same title, intending to take my son John into partnership after he had passed his legal examination. This event took place in the spring of 1875.

Gaston Willoughby, a college mate and bosom friend of my son, finding life uncomfortable without the companionship of John, entered my office as a student two or three years ago. He was admitted to the bar in the spring of the year 1876.

During the years of Gaston Willoughby's studenthood I have become almost as much attached to him as John is. He is a young man of a cheerful, amiable and loving disposition. Finding him honorable, talented and energetic, in fact, competent in all respects, we offered him the place of junior part-

ar firm. This offer he accepted; and the
hip is now entitled "Harley, Son & Co."
Willoughby is the son of Edmund Wil-
Esq., of Willow Grange, in Prince
County, Maryland.

ER VI. MISS HONORA BRANTLEY HALL.
The morning after my examination of the
Brantley papers, Gaston Willoughby and
were alone together in the inner room of
e, both of us being engaged in writing.
s attending to a case in the City Court.
g occasion to use a law volume which I
Mr. Willoughby's desk, I left my seat and
the room to get it. As I bent over his
reach the book, my eye was involuntarily
by the address on the envelope of a letter,
y between me and the volume that I was
g my hand to take up:

Miss Honora Brantley Hall,
No. — W. Fayette Street,
City.

lon me, Gaston," I said; "I did not in-
read the address on this letter, and should
gotten it in a few minutes, but that the
one which much interests me. Are you
ed with the lady?"

Young man seemed to be startled and con-
my question; his face was instantly

pe that I have not offended you," I said.
o, not at all, sir," he replied. But he
ared to be confused, and did not answer
ion.

e you any objection, then, to satisfy my
?" I asked, after a slight pause. "It is
uriosity, and has, I think, a good object."
ve no objection in the world to answer
stion, sir," he replied. "I know the
dy very well. And, Mr. Harley, your
reminds me of a matter concerning which
en wishing to speak to you for some days.
your advice, and probably your active
."

Young man still kept his eyes bent upon his
he color in his face faded from rosy to

know, Gaston," I answered, "what a
odly interest I take in all that concerns
will, with pleasure, advise and assist you
worthy object; and I am sure that you

would entertain no other. I will be governed, in
any affair in which you need my assistance, by all
the consideration and sympathy of a father."

"With more sympathy than of a father—at any
rate, than of my father—in this case, I hope," he
said, with his eyes still bent downward. "I have
been for months truly and warmly attached to the
young lady to whom this letter"—placing his hand
on it—"is addressed; and the attachment is
grounded in an appreciation of her true and noble
worth. I am convinced that my love is returned.
But my father refuses to sanction our marriage, for
the sole cause that she is poor; and she will not
consent to a union with me without his approba-
tion. I wish you, Mr. Harley, to give me your
advice in the matter, and"—here was the gist of
his desire in regard to my services—"to try, if
you please, to induce my father to consent to our
marriage."

"Of course, John is aware of this attachment
of yours?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "and he approves of it;
he knows Miss Hall. He advised me to consult
you."

Here he raised his head, and looked into my
face, with a smile which expressed his impression
that John's approbation would have a favorable
influence on me. And his impression was right.
I have great faith in John's uprightness and in the
correctness of his judgment.

"I wish to become acquainted with the young
lady before I take any steps in the affair," I said.
"And I have another reason, too, for desiring to
know her. You have not forgotten that I spoke
just now of being much interested on seeing her
name on this envelope. I will tell you the cause
of my interest."

I then related to him, in outline, what I have
been telling to the reader; about the advertised
letter, my grandfather's notes, and the Brantley
papers.

He was much interested.

"Brantley Hall!" he exclaimed. "Why, my
mother's name is Alice Brantley; and that estate
was hers when she married. It is still in our
family. I have often wondered whether Miss
Hall—having Brantley for her middle name—was
related to us or not. I have also wondered why
she prefers to be addressed in letters by her full
name. All the reason that I can obtain from her
for this preference is that it is due perhaps to a

traditional family superstition. By-the-by, this peculiarity may have some connection with the remarkable relation which you have just made to me."

"I think it is probable," I said; "and this is my reason for wishing to have a conversation with the lady."

"I will open my letter," said Gaston, "and add a postscript, informing her that I shall bring you with me when I call to see her this evening. The reason, by the way, why her name is not in the City Directory is that she came here only last January. She is boarding with a private family, and is attending the Normal School, to prepare herself to make her own support by teaching. The small property left by her father at his death is sufficient for this purpose, as, being an only child, she is his only heir. Miss Hall is doubly an orphan, for her mother, as well as her father, is dead."

Gaston then opened the letter, added the postscript, placed the sheet in another envelope, wrote the direction on the letter, and then went down into the street to place the missive in a mail-box.

CHAPTER VII. A FAMILY RECORD.

WHEN I was introduced to Miss Hall that evening, I found her to be a lovely young lady, with graceful and winning manners and a refined expression of face. I formed, during the evening, a high opinion of her mental and moral worth. I noted, also, her evident attachment to Gaston, notwithstanding her maidenly efforts to suppress exhibition of it.

As there was other company present besides Gaston and myself, there was not a good opportunity of introducing the subject which caused my visit.

I stated to her my desire to have a private interview with her, and requested that—as the next day was Saturday, and her attendance would not be required at the Normal School—she would allow me to call on her at ten o'clock the following morning.

She seemed surprised, but readily made the engagement.

When I called the next morning, I found her alone, and at once entered upon the object of my visit.

"I have learned, Miss Hall," I said, "that your middle name is Brantley. May I ask, are you

related to the Brantley family of St. Mary's County, in this State?"

"I am, sir," she answered. "But why do you ask the question? I have reason to be much interested in such an inquiry."

Her manner plainly showed the interest which she expressed.

In reply, I told her of my having seen her name in the list of advertised letters, and of the middle and last words of that name seeming familiar to me; of the consequent search among my grandfather Tolyer's papers; of the discovery of the letter marked "Richard Leigh Brantley," and of its contents.

"This is very remarkable, Mr. Harley," she said. "In conversation with Mr. Willoughby I learned that his mother was a Miss Brantley, of Brantley Hall, St. Mary's County. This reminded me of a Bible belonging to me, containing very full family records, which was once the property of one of my great-great-grandfathers. It was in the care of Colonel Amery, of Salem, Virginia, my uncle on my mother's side and my guardian. I wrote to him to send it to me. The letter, the address of which you saw in the advertised list, was from him in reply, intended to inform me that he had forwarded the book to me by express. With the carelessness of which he is often culpable, he neglected to add my street and number. The omission of these seems in this instance to have been providential, since it drew your attention to me. The package containing the book was indorsed with my address in full, and came safely to hand this day week."

"Will you let me see the book, Miss Hall?" I asked.

"Certainly," she said.

She left the room. Returning in a few minutes she placed on a table near me a large old quarto family Bible, in the old-fashioned type and substantial binding of a hundred years ago.

Opening the volume at the end of the Old Testament, she drew my attention to the family record.

Before the leaves devoted to the registering of marriages, births, and deaths, several sheets of foolscap paper were firmly fastened.

On these were pasted what I afterwards ascertained to be certificates, in legal form, verifying every marriage, birth, and death in the family from the year 1795 down to the birth of the young lady before me. The first of these leaves, however

contained the following lines, written in a beautiful old-fashioned round-hand, and with ink that was still unfaded:

"SALEM, VIRGINIA.

On this 28th of November, 1809, I here record, and do all that is in my power to aid in the future redress of a most grievous wrong, and to restore to my descendants the rights of which I have been despoiled.

I am the only child and rightful heir of William Gough Brantley, of Brantley Hall, St. Mary's County, Maryland.

While I was serving in the army of my country, in the war of her independence, my father and mother died. My unnatural cousin, Thomas Brantley, pretending that I was slain in battle, took possession of all my father's property. When I returned to St. Mary's County, after my honorable discharge from the army, diseased and enfeebled in mind as well as body by my wounds, he denied my identity, and still deprives me of my rights.

No one, having the means, has shown any disposition to aid me in obtaining redress.

Walter Tolyer, lawyer, of Baltimore, Maryland, has in his possession important papers, which are necessary, at this late day, to the establishment of my claims. Since my life has become more settled of late years, I have written to him to return them to me. I have received no reply from him.

Nevertheless, trusting that a kind Providence will cause those papers to be taken care of and produced at His own fitting time, I urgently desire my descendants to follow and fulfill my advice as follows:

Let every marriage, birth, and death of my direct heirs be plainly recorded in this book, and let legally authenticated certificates, verifying each record, be firmly pasted on the blank leaves which I have inserted here. Moreover, let every member of the family bear Brantley as a middle name.

I have entered, in their proper places in this volume, all the marriages, births, and deaths in my family, from as far back as my memory retains record of what I have learned of them, to the birth of my daughter's son—and so far, only child—who is named after me.

RICHARD LEIGH BRANTLEY."

CHAPTER VIII. RESTORED AT LAST.

I have no means of learning the reason that Mr. Richard Brantley's letter, above referred to, was

not answered by grandfather Tolyer. I have heard my father speak of each of my grandfathers having had, at the same time, a severe and protracted attack of typhus fever in the early part of this century. Probably the letter arrived during their illness, and was mislaid and lost before their recovery.

I shall not trouble the reader with all the details of the records in the old family Bible. The following excerpts are sufficient to show Miss Honora Brantley Hall's direct descent from Richard Leigh Brantley, and her exclusive heirship to his rights of property:

"William Gough Brantley was born in 1730, and was married to Viola Leigh in 1755; he and his wife died in 1780, leaving one child, Richard Leigh.

"Richard Leigh Brantley was born January 21st, 1757; was married to Honora Wysham January 21st, 1777; and died June 18th, 1810, leaving an only child, Honora.

"Honora Brantley was born October 28th, 1777; was married to William Hall December 18th, 1795; and died July 10th, 1830, leaving one child, the only survivor of several, Richard Brantley.

"Richard Brantley Hall was born January 5th, 1797; was married to Agnes Wilson May 1st, 1825; and died June 4th, 1835, leaving one child, William Brantley.

"William Brantley Hall was born August 20th, 1830; was married to Mary Violet Amery February 10th, 1855; and died April 13th, 1874, leaving one child, Honora Brantley.

"Honora Brantley Hall was born June 3d, 1857."

This family record, supported by the papers in my possession and by legally authenticated certificates in regard to every important event, rendered Miss Honora Brantley Hall's claim to the Brantley Hall estate irresistible.

Mr. Edmund Willoughby, of Willow Grange, Prince George's County, Maryland, after an examination, link by link, of this chain of evidence, no longer opposed the marriage of his son to Miss Hall, and proposed to settle Brantley Hall on the young couple.

The young lady, however, insisted that a suit should be instituted in her name in the Circuit Court of St. Mary's County, and a judgment in her favor be obtained in due legal form. This she required to be done in justice to the memory of

her great-great-grandfather, Richard Leigh Brantley.

Her desire was fulfilled. My son John wrote and filed the bill of complaint, in the equity case of "Honora Brantley Hall *vs.* Edmund Willoughby and wife." The respondents, represented by Gaston Willoughby acknowledged, in their answer, the justice of the complainant's claim; and the decree of the court declared the young lady the rightful owner of the Brantley Hall estate.

Of course, on account of the engagement of

marriage between the complainant and the court for the respondents, the right to mense pro was waived.

Gaston Willoughby and Honora Brantley Hall were married on the Centennial birthday of our national independence, the fourth day of July, 1876, a few weeks after the issuance of the decree of St. Mary's County Circuit Court, sitting in equity, which restored to her the estate which had been unjustly withheld from her family for a century.

SEARCHING FOR DIAMONDS.

It is barely ten years since the first diamond ever found in the Cape Colony was taken away from some little Dutch children who were playing with it, and now the annual value of the exports in these gems is to be counted by tens of thousands of pounds. Nor is there any fear that the diamondiferous soil is being worked out; on the contrary, the greater the depth reached by the elaborate machinery which is daily taking the place of the more simple contrivances originally used, the more satisfactory are the results. To the generality of readers the geography of South Africa is so vague and unknown that a more particular description of the localities whence the diamonds are brought cannot fail to be a necessary prelude to the due comprehension of any information regarding them. Some 600 miles inland, as as the crow would fly, to the northeast of Capetown, lies a small territory lately acquired by the British Empire by cession from the Chief of the Griquas, and known as Griqualand West. A certain rather important portion of it is still claimed in amicable fashion by the Orange Free State, and the exact question of the boundary line is barely settled. Only 100 miles from north to south and 150 from east to west, it yet attracts a population which is numerically great as compared to the meagre returns from other parts of the colony. 15,000 white people, 10,000 colored and 20,000 native laborers make up a respectable total of inhabitants, especially as they are nearly all centred in one spot.

Diamonds were at first found singly and scattered along the course of the Orange and Vaal

rivers, and diggings were established in various promising spots. Attempts were also made to find whether the natives had ever thought it worth while to collect and preserve any of the shining stones, and in this way the famous "Star of South Africa" was purchased from a Caffre witch-doctor, but no other equally valuable stones have since come to light in the same way. The digging at first was mere surface scratching, and it was only five years ago that the now famous Kimberley mine, originally known by the rough-and-ready name of New Rush, started into existence. Unfortunately, diamond digging is fatal to the symmetry or beauty of a landscape, and Kimberley resembles nothing so much as a giant ant-hill crumbled into ruins, with the swarming inhabitants busy repairing damages. But no filling-up, smoothing-over process is really at work; each day new earth is turned over, fresh claims, divided and subdivided into minutest sections, are being worked, and over all the confused heap of excavations stretches a labyrinthine net-work of wire rope, seventy feet above, by which to haul up the buckets of wash-dirt.

The first diamonds were found very close to the surface by the river banks, and even heavy rains would affect the quantity discovered. They had to be washed out of the gravelly soil by a cradle, such as is used by gold-diggers, and, considering the rude and imperfect nature of the process, the quantity found even then and the quality of the stones were suggestive of vast treasures still concealed. Yet the report of more than one geologist sent out expressly for the purpose was

frica was distinctly non-diamondiferous; the stones found by the river-side were alluvial, and the claims would be worked to a depth of five or six feet, which was actually in spite of all this, diggers swarmed to the valley of the Vaal, camps sprung up in the neighbourhood of solitary Boers who had not seen half a century together in their lives woke of a sudden and as many hundreds hard at work by the prospect of waiting to ask at what price they could get their barren acres. Of course the vicissitudes of fortune were great, and men were ruined by turns, and by turns the famed African Diamond Fields rose and fell. Until the system of dry digging had been established—five years ago, at New River, it had superseded the Kimberley mine—that dry digging took its place as one of the chief industries of the world, and that a new town has sprung up around the depression which encloses unknown wealth. Dry digging was hasty and superficial, as was the prospecting, but when the ground came to be more fully parcelled out, the debris already found and supposed to have been carefully sorted, by the new process of water-digging, was found to bear on it, diamonds to the value of £1,000,000. In fact, the value of the soil of this especial mine will be proved by the statement that from 90 to 95 per cent of all the diamonds exported from South Africa come from the Kimberley mine, and yet the mine only extends over some nine acres. As it has been worked down the average value has been in value £100,000, and at a depth of ten feet below the surface diamondiferous ground has been struck.

In spite of these stubborn figures and facts, it will, however, always be a mystery to geologists why so great a profusion of diamonds should be hidden in ground bearing so few of the characteristics of the best-known diamond mines elsewhere. It can only be accounted for by a theory of eruption, and this is supported by the constant intrusion of broken rock, limestone, shale, and basalt into the true diamondiferous ground. Besides which, it is also a singular fact that different parts of the mine—and it should be recollected how close such parts must be in so small an area—produce totally different diamonds as to color and weight. These precious nine acres pay a royalty of £6 per annum for every 31 feet square, and there is besides a license on the diamonds found. The mine at Kimberley is surrounded, as are most of the mines, by a girdle of distinctly non-diamondiferous rock, and it is from this sort of basin-like form that the Dutch took their word "pan" as the earliest name for the depressions holding the rich deposits here and there. In contradistinction to this is the term "koes," a hillock; and although diamonds have been found in small quantities in the "koes," still it is into the "pans" or reservoirs that the true diamondiferous material has evidently been washed. It is curious, too, that these "pans" are all surrounded by the same sort of ring of porphyry, or green stone, and that other precious stones of less value, such as emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, are also found, with large quantities of garnets. The water struck below the surface in some of the "pan" is salt, and the color of the diamond-bearing clay changes from yellow ochreous to bluish-gray as it gets deeper. Indeed, many new and strange things come to light in searching for diamonds.

MY RIVAL'S PORTRAIT.

By EMILIE TOLMAN.

never considered a superstitious man. My wife was rather disposed to find fault with her, she called my want of faith in the matter that she had any vulgar belief in the matter like most women she had a love of her theories of spiritual existence. I had been about to relate had happened to her,

I might have made some allowance for preconceived opinions; but with me it was another matter. Although I am aware that this narrative will be read with derision on the part of some, and incredulity on the part of others, I can but tell the things I have seen and heard.

My wife had a second cousin named Edgar

Lampson, who had once been my unsuccessful rival for her hand. There is no doubt he was madly in love with her; but he was a dissipated, bad-tempered man, and his devotion to her brought no return. Soon after Mabel and I became engaged, I chanced to meet him at the gate of her father's house.

With his white teeth gleaming savagely through his black mustache, he muttered: "You have crossed my path. Some day I shall cross yours."

Mabel and I were married, and for nine years lived quietly and happily. Edward Lampson's parting words, which had been uttered with such vehemence and determination as at the time to produce an uncomfortable impression, had almost faded from my memory. He had started for California a few weeks after our marriage, and had never been heard from since. All attempts to find him having failed, it was generally supposed that he was no longer among the living.

Meanwhile his father, my wife's uncle, died, bequeathing her a portion of his extensive property. Business relating to this legacy called me to the city where he had resided, and late one Saturday afternoon I ascended the marble steps of the spacious mansion which he had left to his widow.

Mrs. Lampson was out, but I told the servant I would wait; and, being ushered into the drawing-room, ensconced myself in a luxurious arm-chair, to enjoy my surroundings.

I could have easily entertained myself among the rare pictures and curiosities which adorned the apartment, but almost the first object that attracted my attention was one from which I found it difficult to withdraw it. Upon the wall opposite me was a life-like portrait of Edgar Lampson. There were the black, curling locks, heavy brows, and handsome features which I remembered so well. Whichever way I turned my eyes, those of the picture seemed to follow. At last I gave myself up to the spell. As I looked and pondered, the portrait seemed to move out from the wall. I thought it could not be, though the

illusion, for such I called it, gave me a feeling, and caused me to gaze upon the even more fixedly than before.

"It is a fine likeness. No wonder I felt for a moment it was a living thing." As I said this to myself, again it came out from the wall, trembled slightly and drew back.

The words, "You have crossed my path, some day I shall cross yours," came to my mind. I felt almost as though the lips concealed behind the heavy black mustache, might part at any moment and show the white, gleaming teeth.

A third time it moved, advancing and retreating as before. There could be no doubt; it was now. I rubbed my eyes, to make sure they were awake. Then I looked about the room for an aperture from which a stream of air might issue sufficient to cause this singular phenomenon. The doors and windows were closed, and nothing else in the room was motionless.

As I said in the beginning, I never was considered superstitious; and I think I may claim my share of manly courage; but that the portrait of Lampson should actually start out of the wall before my very eyes, without any assistance, was appalling. The cold perspiration stood upon my forehead. After looking about the room in vain for any reasonable cause, I sat back in my chair to wait for further developments.

How long I sat there, motionless and knowing not. My mind was in such a state of bewilderment, agitation, and indefinable terror that it took no note of time. Still the portrait moved back and forth; and my staring eyes were fixed upon it.

At length, determined to probe this mystery with one mighty effort I broke the spell, and came to my feet. Stepping quickly forward, I stretched out my hand to grasp the picture. It dropped from my side again instantly; for I perceived a current of hot air issuing from a register just below the portrait, and proceeding, doubtless, not from the spirit-world, but from some common-place below.

MY CREED.

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety
A selfish scheme, a vain pretence;
Where centre is not can there be
Circumference?

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Coins of the World and their Value.—The following list of the coins of the world may prove interesting to some of the readers of the MONTHLY, and will be found convenient for reference. It is compiled from the excellent Lexicon of Jabez Jenkins:

Abn, a Polish silver coin, about 24 cents.

Adarcon, an old Jewish coin, about \$6.

Allevur, a Swedish coin, about 1 cent.

Altin, Russian money, about 3 cents.

Angel, an old English coin, about \$2.40.

Ana, East India money, about 3 cents.

Aureus, Roman money, about 3 cents.

Aschereh, Egyptian money, about 1½ cents.

Asrafi, Persian gold coin, about \$2.25.

Aslani, Turkish silver coin, about \$1.40.

Asper, a small Turkish money, 1-24th cent; Egypt, 1/8th cent.

Asche, Turkish silver coin, about 1½ cent.

Ajocho, Roman money, about 1 cent.

Aschereh, Egyptian gold coin, about 49 cents.

Atzen, Swiss money, about 2 cents.

Subee, a half-penny.

Edidlik, Egyptian gold coin, about \$4.97.

Atro, a small Venetian coin, 1/2 cent.

Erant, an old Byzantine gold coin, worth about \$2.25.

Isa, a gold coin worth about \$1.

Languille, a Barbary coin, about 3 cents.

Lure, a Swiss coin, 2 cents.

Colle, small Scotch coin, 1/3 cent.

ousobbattash, Tripoli money, about 1 cent.

roadpiece, an old gold coin, value about \$6.

yzant, a gold coin, \$75 or \$2.25.

abcer, a Mocha coin, about 60 cents.

ancareen, Chinese money, 1 and 4-10th cents.

arlino, Naples silver coin, about 8 cents; Sardinia gold coin, \$9.47.

Carolin, Bavarian gold coin, about \$4.80.

Cash, a Chinese coin, about 1/6th cent.

Carlillane, Spanish gold coin, about \$2.30.

Cechin, Sequin, about \$1.75.

Christiana, a Swedish coin, about 14 cents.

Christian d'or a Danish gold coin, about \$3.96.

Cistophorus, an ancient coin, worth about 75 cents.

Cobang, Japanese gold coin, about \$3.57.

Cowry, a shell used as money, 20 to a cent; in India, 60.

Crown, silver coin, about \$1.07; gold, \$5.81.

Cruzado, a Portuguese silver coin, about 48 cents.

Daalder, a Dutch coin, about 60 cents.

Dawm, an Indian copper coin, about 1½ cents.

Denari, Tuscan money, about 11-12th cents.

Denarius, a Roman coin, silver, 15½ cts.; gold, \$3.87.

Denier, old French money, 1-5th cent.

Didrachma, silver, about 30 cents.

Dollar (Rix), 95 to 105 cents.

Doppia, Roman gold coin, about \$3.28.

Doubloon, Spanish gold coin, about \$15.57.

Drachme, Greek coin, 17½ cents.

Ducat, gold coin, \$2.25; Russian, \$2.75; silver, 83 cents.

Ducatoon, kind of silver ducat, \$1.26.

Ecu, a Swiss silver coin, 88 cents.

Escudo, a Spanish gold coin, \$1.90.

Floren, Florence, an old gold coin, about \$1.50.

Florin, North German, 54 cents; Spanish, 42 cents; Austrian, 48 cents; gold, \$1.66.

Franc, French money, 19½ cents.

Francescone, Tuscan coin, \$1.03.

Franken, Swiss silver coin, 27 cents.

Frederick d'or, gold coin, \$3.96.

Genevoise, Swiss silver coin, \$1.08.

Genovine, Sardinian gold coin, \$15.17.

George, a gold coin, about \$1.60.

Gerah, Hebrew money, 3 cents.



COINING AND FINISHING MONEY.

roschen, Prussian money, $2\frac{1}{3}$ cents.
 Groten, Dutch money, about 1 cent.
 Guilder, Dutch coin, 42 cents; Guiana, 26 cents.

Guinea, English money, about \$5.

Halfjoe, gold coin, \$8.70.

Hamsee, Egyptian gold coin, 25 cents.

Hashreen, Egyptian gold coin, \$1.02.

Imperial, a Russian gold coin, about \$7.84.

Jacobus, an English gold coin, about \$6.

Joannes, a Portuguese gold coin, \$17.24.

Kopeck, Russian money, 1-100th part of rouble.

Kopfstuck, a Bavarian coin, about 16 cents.

Kreutzer, Austria, 8 1-10th; Baden, $\frac{1}{2}$; Bavaria, 6-10th of a cent.

Lavin, a Persian wire coin, about 12 cents.

Leopoldone, a Tuscan coin, about \$1.05.

Li, 1-10th of a cent.



COIN OF CORINTH.



Nusf, an Egyptian silver coin, 48 cents.

Nusfhk, Egyptian gold coin, about \$2.49.

Obolus, an ancient coin, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

Onikilik, Turkish coin, 89 cents; Onlik, 44 cents.

Onzia, a Naples coin, about \$2.48.

Ora, an old English coin worth about 32 ce

Pagoda, a coin worth about \$1.67.

Para, Turkish money 1-30th cent; in E

and Tripoli, $\frac{1}{4}$ th c

Pardo, a Goa silver c about 60 cents.

Patca, Spanish coin, \$1

Algerine piastre, 36

Paul, Italian money, 10 cents.

Pawl, a coin of Guinea, 6 cents.

Pendebad, Persian silver coin, 11 cents.

Pera, a small Turkish coin, $\frac{1}{4}$ cent.

Pseta, a Spanish coin, about 20 cents.

Peso, a Spanish coin; a dollar; a piastre.



SHEKEL OF COPPER.



DEMI-SHEKEL OF COPPER.

Libra, a Roman coin, about \$14.50; Spanish, about 56 cents.

Libra, south of Europe silver coin, $18\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

Livre, an old French money, about 18 cents.

Louis d'or, French gold coin, \$4.50.

Maasha, an East India coin, about 5 cents.

Mace, Chinese money, 14 cents.

Macuta, Portuguese money,

$5\frac{1}{2}$ cents; Sierra Leone, 10 cents.

Maravedi, Spanish money, $\frac{1}{3}$ cent.

Marengo, a Sardinian gold coin, \$3.79.

Mark, money of account, English, \$3.20; Scotch, 27 cents; German currency, 30 cents.

Medine, Turkish coin, $3\frac{1}{3}$ cents.

Medio, Spanish coin, 5 cents.

Merk, an old Scotch coin, \$3.22.

Millrei, Portuguese silver coin, \$1.16.

Mina, an ancient money, about \$19.36.

Mohur, an East India gold coin, \$8.13.

Moidore, Portuguese gold coin, \$6.48; Brazil, \$4.92.

Napoleon, a gold coin, \$3.83.



SHEKEL OF SILVER.



Pezza, a Tuscan coin, about 95 cents.

Pfenning, Prussian money, 1-5th cent.

Piastre, a dollar in Spain or Italy; Turkey, 5 cents; Trip 12 cents.

Picayune, $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents.

Pice, copper coin of India, $\frac{1}{4}$ cent.

Pistareen, a silver coin, 19 cents.

Pistole, a gold coin, Sardinia, \$5.42; \$4.48.

Plack, an old Scotch $\frac{3}{4}$ d cent.

Poltin, a Russian silver about 38 cents.

Pound sterling, Eng ney, \$4.84.

Quan, Cochín-Chin about 85 cents.

Quattrino, copper c

Quinto, Spanish money, about $\frac{3}{4}$ d cent.

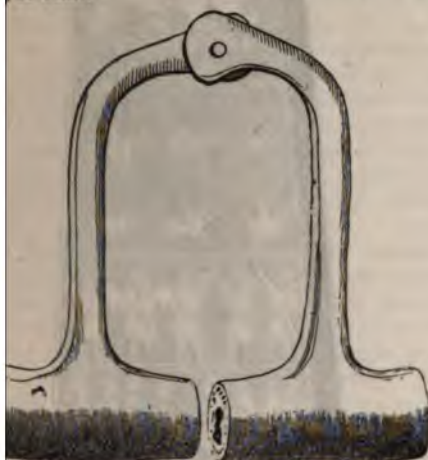
Real, a Spanish coin, silver, 11 cents; 5 cents metal; Egyptian, 97 cents.

Ree, Rei, Rea, Portuguese money, 1-10th of a ce

Rial, an old English coin of 10 shillings.

Rix dollar, a German coin, 75 cents to \$1.08.

able, an ancient gold coin, worth about \$1.
 an Egyptian silver coin, about 25 cents.
 Russian silver and gold coin, about 75 cents; paper
 , 20 cents.



ANCIENT COIN MOULD AND DIE.

silver coin, 44½ cents; Malay, gold. \$7.27.
 , Tuscan gold coin, \$6.92.
 Dutch coin, \$6.



CÆSAR AUGUSTUS, B.C. 27.

ran, a Persian silver coin, 22 cents.
 Austria, 97 cents; Rome, \$1; Sardinia, \$1.22.
 gold coin of France, 80 cents.



ANCIENT RING MONEY.



JULIUS CÆSAR.

Seni, Japanese money, 1-64th cent.
 Sequin, a gold coin, Italian, \$2.29; Turkish, \$1.80; Egypt-
 ian, \$1.25.



COIN OF ARCHELAUS.

COIN OF CLEOPATRA.

Sextans, Roman money, about 1/6th cent.
 Shekel, silver, 62 cents; gold, \$8.75; weight, 9 1-5th penny-
 weights.
 Shilling, English shilling, 24 cents.
 Soldi, Italian money, 1 cent.
 Sharock, East India silver coin, 24 cents.
 Spur-royal, an old gold coin, \$3.66.
 Stiver, a Dutch coin, 2 cents.



SOTER, B.C. 162.

Stooter, Dutch silver coin, 5 cents.
 Sultanin, a Turkish gold coin, \$2.42.
 Tael, Chinese money, about \$1.40.

Tallero, Venetian coin, about 98 cents.
 Taro, Naples silver coin, 8 cents.
 Temin, Algiers money, 40 cents.
 Tempo, Japanese, about 2 cents.
 Teruncius, a Roman coin.
 Tester, an old coin, about 12 cents.
 Testoon, silver coin, Italian, about 30 cents; Portuguese, 14 cents.
 Tetradrachma, silver coin, about 78 cents.
 Thaler, a German dollar, about 72 cents.
 Tical, a Siamese coin, about 60 cents; Chinese, \$1.61.
 Token, money not coined by authority.
 Toman, a Persian gold coin, \$2.25.
 Tonga, a Bokhara silver coin, about 15 cents.
 Triens, a Roman copper coin, $\frac{1}{6}$ th of an ounce.
 Tsien, Chinese money, $\frac{1}{8}$ th of a cent.
 Utchlik, a Tripoli coin, about 15 cents.
 Vellou, Spanish money, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents.
 Vinten, Portuguese money, about 2 cents.
 Yrmilik, a gold coin of Turkey, 87 cents; Egypt, $9\frac{1}{2}$ cents.
 Zloty, a Russian and Polish coin, about 11 cents.

Temple of Apollo Pythias.—Thinking the enclosed may not have come to the notice of the editor of *POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY*, the writer takes the liberty of sending it to him, as the archaeological discovery fixes the site of the Temple of Apollo Pythias, before unknown. The clipping is as follows:

The Department of State at Washington is in receipt of a letter from General John Meredith Read, charge-d'affaires at Athens, reporting the discovery by Mr. Stephen Commanverdis, the learned Secretary of the Archaeological Society of Athens, of the monument mentioned by Thucydides as having been erected by Pisistratus, son of Hippias and grandson of the tyrant Pisistratus. The stone, which was lying neglected on the right bank of the Illisus, southwest of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, bears an inscription of which the following is the translation:

"THIS MONUMENT, UPON HIS ADVENT TO POWER, PISISTRATUS, THE SON OF HIPPIAS, HAS DEDICATED IN THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO PYTHIAS."

The discovery of this remarkable stone fixes the site of the Temple of Apollo Pythias, which was hitherto unknown. The monument has been purchased by the Archaeological Society, and will be immediately transferred to the Museum of Varvakion.

PHILANDER.

What does it Commemorate?—In the *NOTES AND QUERIES* department of your very interesting periodical I have frequently found most valuable information not obtainable elsewhere, and am therefore induced to ask through its columns (if the Editor will kindly permit) the many readers to whom it pays its monthly greetings, if any one can inform me in regard to the object of the "Pillar or Obelisk" in County of Elgin, Scotland, concerning which much has been written, but nothing so far as I know, that shows or tells what it commemorates.

SIDNEY W. FISHER.

We cheerfully give space for the above letter of inquiry, and join with Mr. Fisher in his desire for light pertaining to



OBELISK IN THE COUNTY OF ELGIN, SCOTLAND.

the Obelisk in Scotland. We are only able to state for the general information of the reader, that this pillar is supposed to have been erected some time during the tenth century, and must have been designed to perpetuate important historical events connected with the people living at that time, both of a civil and a warlike character. The carvings on the Pillar in the main, show figures and implements of war: the bow and the arrow, the sword and the shield. Our illustration may aid our correspondent, or the reader, in his search for facts, exhibiting as it does many peculiarities. The monument—if it can be called such—is carved on the two opposite sides, and has long been a subject of curiosity.—EDITOR.

The Myth of England.—One of our esteemed contributors, in sending us a short sketch of a somewhat mysterious character, writes: "As the new group of St. George and the Dragon over St. George's Hall, in Philadelphia, is a theme of no little interest, I thought perhaps it would be worth while to give the readers of POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY the benefit of the enclosed scrap:"

The story of St. George the especial myth of England—as St. Martial is of France—the dragon-slayer's myth, is founded with a host of others, upon the scriptural allusions to St. Michael the foremost in the Christian hierarchy, in his conflict with the old serpent, runs as follows:

Near a city of Libya dwelt the dragon, a monster whose habitation was a pond, and whose rations were two sheep and a maiden per diem. When it came to the turn of Saba, the king's daughter, to be sacrificed, and the people demanded her death, the monarch refused to offer up his child. At this juncture St. George appeared and promised to help Saba in the name of his Lord Christ. He subdues the monster and delivers the girl, whereupon the king, his

daughter, and all his subjects were formally baptized. St. George being offered rich gifts, refuses all reward, he gives lavish alms to the poor, teaches the king his duty to God and his neighbor, and finally departs. Of course the myth resolves itself into the deeds of some public-spirited man who in a time of sore need has become a public benefactor, distinguishing himself in some time of pestilence or great calamity, by heroic deed on behalf of his suffering followers, then, while men's hearts were made tender by sorrow, has taught them great truths, baptizing them into a new faith, and leaving them a nobler and purer code to live by. Such is the history of George of Cappadicea.

MARGARET FIELD.

A Long-Lived Family.—A correspondent in Kentucky sends us the following: The recent death of Amos Turney, Sr., of Bourbon County, Kentucky, in the 78th year of his age, suggests this notice of his family.

Daniel Turney, who died in Bourbon County many years ago, aged 87 years, and his wife, Susan Turney, who deceased aged 55 years, were the parents of thirteen children, all of whom reached mature years. The one dying youngest was in his 55th year. The following are the names and ages of their children: Eva May Smizer, aged 64; Peter Turney, aged 54; Sallie Turney, aged 84; Judith Themister, aged 80; Anna Forsythe, aged 75; Rebecca Current, aged 81; Lydia Bowen, aged 69; John Turney, aged 56; Jesse Turney, aged 79; Amos Turney, aged 78; Morgan Turney, aged 71; Matthew Turney, aged 65; Katharine Morris, aged 74.

Parents and children aggregated 1,072 years, an average of about 72 years and 6 months. Two of the children are still living—Morgan Turney, aged 71, and Katharine Morris, aged 74.

W. W. F.

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

Trade with South America.—Our people are always interested in any subject which has in view an increase of their exchequer, either in a national or individual point of view. Especially at this time, when there is general depression of all forms of industry, owing to the lack of confidence of capitalists, any scheme or project which seems plausible, is agitated and pretty thoroughly shaken up to see if "it will hold water." While there has been a general cry of "hard times" but few methods have been developed to ameliorate or improve our condition. At one time our troubles were all charged to a depreciated currency; we had either too much or too little: at another period, over-production was the source of evil. In time of general thrift we had overstocked not only our own market, but the markets of the world. Another observing mind had discovered that as war always destroys or consumes wealth, we have through the late war become a bankrupt nation. To our minds none of these are correct, but each embodies some truth. That which concerns us more than how we got into our embarrassment, is how to get out the easiest and quickest way. If our dwelling be on

fire, it is not the time to waste energies as to who set it on fire, but how to save the building and its contents.

To find markets for what we produce has been the desire of both manufacturers and general producers. There is certainly not much doubt but that such markets being once found and utilized, much of our distress would disappear. There are certainly channels enough in the markets of the world—human wants, necessities and tastes—to take from us all our surplus manufactures and set again in motion the wheels of industry, if we can only share fairly in supplying them. And why have we not long since turned our attention towards the Sunny South? We have not only wasted by war, but crippled by our domestic policy, those whom we should have aided. At least the ten years past, say from 1867 to 1877, could have brought forth plentiful harvest, if proper efforts towards conciliation had been put forth. The trade of the North with the South prior to the war, was one of the chief sources of our general prosperity. Merchants, manufacturers and shippers found in our Southern brethren good customers. The value of this large trade has apparently been

overlooked, while searching for reasons for the continued stagnation of business. The sooner this trade is put in motion, between these two sections of the country the better for the whole people.

The trade with South America is an item of considerable moment, and there is no good reason why we should not control a fair share at least of it. Add this trade to that of the Southern States, which capitalists can soon revive, and we will see the dawn of better times. The importance of early effort to develop the exportation of our manufactures to Brazil and Mexico is impressing itself more every day upon our merchants. Mr. Randall, the ex-Speaker, has written a letter to some leading citizens of Galveston, Texas, in reply to an invitation to visit them, in which he points out that, while the total foreign trade of the countries lying south of the United States on this continent amounts to about \$520,000,000, our share of it is only \$112,000,000, and of this only \$37,000,000 is carried on under the American flag.

What we need to mend matters is, he says, "more favorable commercial relations and more comprehensive trade connections with other nations;" and he adds "that the policy of the Government should be to enlarge our trade relations with Mexico and with the Central and South American States," and he afterwards speaks of this as "an extended policy." The difficulty which afflicts the trade of this country with South America is the one which afflicts our trade with all foreign countries. We have so arranged our system of taxation that it costs us more to produce commodities than foreigners are willing to pay for them, and consequently we have to pay for what they sell to us largely in gold, and they cannot afford to take gold. South Americans, like other rational people, go to the market where they exchange their own goods to the best advantage for other people's goods.

The New York *World* gives an interesting compilation of facts and figures, showing what an inviting field is here offered for American enterprise. The latest figures obtainable, those for 1874, show that while the United States sold to Mexico and South American countries twenty-eight millions of goods, France sold twice and England four times as much. And yet the United States, during the same time, imported seventy-five millions of various goods from these countries. Mexico, Brazil and Chili need just what we want to sell. They have no manufactures, but their tropical soil gives the husbandmen abundant returns. They bought in one year 475,000,000 yards of cotton cloths, of which England furnished fourteen-fifteenths, though from one to two thousand miles further away than the United States. And yet we can sell cotton to advantage in Manchester; we do send cotton to Manchester, 2,500 miles and let Manchester send cotton back to Brazil, 5,000 miles. These countries use thirty millions' worth of machinery every year, which we manufacture as cheap and better than England. Finally, a steamer leaves Liverpool almost daily for South American ports, while the United States has not one regular line, though two firms, one in New York and one in Boston, have four steamers running at irregular intervals.

There was talk last fall about a line between Brazil and Philadelphia. Now New York is being aroused to the possibilities of such a commercial relation, and at the next

session of Congress there are likely to be at least two lines asking for a mail contract. The advantage in port charge and rail connections are such that a line from this city can be made to pay larger profits than a line from New York. Many articles for which there is a ready market in South America are manufactured in this city, and through freight rates to or from any part of the country can be made always as low at this port, and sometimes lower. To do this trade is impossible without steamships at stated periods, but with them it will be necessary for our merchants to send out their agents and to make especial effort for the sale of their goods, because in many of the large ports even there are no houses who have any trade with American ports. The Fall River manufacturers, finding no market at all for their goods at home, sent an agent to Brazil who prospected the country, and immediately on his return looms were changed, and already the demand is sufficient to take all their surplus product. Nor is there any trouble about a return cargo. If the supply of cotton, hides or India rubber fails there is always a paying freight to be had by taking cabinet woods.

Making History.—Just as we go to press with this number of the MONTHLY, our mind reverts to the HISTORY made since our last issue. "Time and tide wait not," is none the less true because an old saying. Most certainly events crowd rapidly after their forerunners, and stamp their undying imprints upon the pages of history. The record goes on as unceasingly as the flow of the waters of the mighty Mississippi, nor night nor day does it pause in its chronicling of that history. This record is either one of shame or of honor, whether applied to national or individual life. It is an exhibit of either progression or retrogression—an advance forward or a step backward in some one of the countless interests which relate to human weal or human woe. Neutral life is a non-entity—a myth belonging only to imagination. All animated forms of creation show growth or decay, from the most delicate plant in the valley up to the most honored king on his lofty throne. We gladly record some of these events in this outgoing number of the AMERICAN MONTHLY, and none with a greater degree of satisfaction than those which tell of THE NATION'S ADVANCE.

Without ostentation, or desire for display, President Hayes moves majestically towards a higher life for the nation. The fiat went forth from the White House on June 22d, having in it the true ring of reform. Theories, pledges, and promises are all well enough at times, but when a grand principle is brought forth into life, having in view the saving of our republican form of government, it must enable the people representing that government to breathe easier. That decree was, and that principle is, that THE BUSINESS OF THE GOVERNMENT AND THE POLITICS OF THE OFFICE-HOLDERS UNDER THAT GOVERNMENT, OUGHT TO AND SHALL BE DIVORCED. That proclamation, if not in words, in spirit, of Rutherford B. Hayes, will live long after he shall have laid down the cares of office. No wonder that it produced a perfect tornado of abuse from wire-pullers and tricksters, in office and out of office. DIVORCE BUSINESS FROM POLITICS! Four words big with meaning, and wide-spread in their operations. They say, corruption in office shall take place no longer. They lift the ominous clouds hanging over the nation's destiny.

This order, too, goes directly home to every office-holder in the United States. We here give it in full:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, June 22.

SIR: I desire to call your attention to the following paragraph in the letter addressed by me to the Secretary of the Treasury on the conduct to be observed by officers of the General Government in relation to the elections: "No officer should be required or permitted to take part in the management of political organizations, caucuses, conventions or election campaigns. Their right to vote and to express their views on public questions either orally or through the press is not denied: provided it does not interfere with the discharge of their official duties. No assessments for political purposes on officers or subordinates should be allowed." This rule is applicable to every department of the civil service. It should be understood by every officer of the General Government that he is expected to conform his conduct to its requirements. Very respectfully, R. B. HAYES.

Our late national contest came near wrecking the great ship of State, through the machinations of office-holders and political organizations under their control. When a Secretary of War, and other influential members of the Cabinet, standing at the head of a great political body, can use the military to coerce decisions at the ballot-box, it is high time the people rise in their might and hurl from power those subverters of one of the best forms of a government in the world. The old cry, "impracticable!" is heard from those who have been too long fed from the public crib, to the public detriment. "Impolitic! it will destroy the Republican party," sing out another class of barnacles, who have for many years impeded the sailing of the old Ship of State. Reform, to be effective, must go to the bottom of the evil, and remedies as radical as the disease itself must be administered. The best elements in both parties say amen! to this, as they will to every measure which the President adopts to purify the civil service. "He serves his party best, who serves his country best," is an expression which does its author honor. The true idea of government is "the greatest good to the greatest number," and this is the principle involved in the separation of the two conflicting interests, business and politics. That the patriotic spirit of the masses is kindled, as with a new life, by this move by the Executive, we need only to witness the ratifications made manifest both North and South. New England's heart ratifies the reform measure. This is shown in emphatic style by the warm reception given the President during his recent tour.

RETRENCHMENT.—In harmony with this, we see the several members of the Cabinet instituting changes calculated to retrench the expenses of the Government, while augmenting the national credit. The Secretary of the Treasury is successfully negotiating the sale of our bonds at the low rate of *four and four and one-half per cent.* This, as compared with former rates, will save from one and a half to three per cent. on so much of the national debt. In this connection we give Mr. Sherman's letter explanatory of the mode and material in which the new loan is to be paid. The letter is as follows:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, June 19, 1877.

Francis O. French, Esq., No. 94 Broadway, New York:

SIR: Your letter of the 18th inst., in which you inquire whether the four-per-cent. bonds now being sold by the Gov-

ernment are payable, principal and interest, in gold coin, is received. The subject, from its great importance, has demanded and received careful consideration. Under laws now in force, there is no coin issued or issuable in which the principle of the four-per-cent. bonds is redeemable or the interest payable except the gold coins of the United States of the standard value fixed by the laws in force on the 14th of July, 1870, when the bonds were authorized. The Government exacts in exchange for these bonds payment at their face in such gold coin, and it is not to be anticipated that any future legislation of Congress, or any action of any department of the Government, would sanction or tolerate the redemption of the principal of these bonds, or the payment of the interest thereon in coin of less value than the coin authorized by law at the time of the issue of the bonds, being the coin exacted by the Government in exchange for the same. The essential element of good faith in preserving the equality in value between the coinage in which the Government receives and that in which it pays these bonds, will be sacredly observed by the Government and the people of the United States, whatever may be the system of coinage which the general policy of the nation may at any time adopt. This principle is impressed upon the text of the law of July 14, 1870, under which the four-per-cent. bonds are issued, and requires, in the opinion of the Executive Department of the Government, the redemption of these bonds, and the payment of their interest in coin of equal value with that which the Government received upon their issue.

Very respectfully,

JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary.

This letter is pregnant with interest to our creditors at home and abroad. We believe Mr. Sherman's policy of thus funding the public debt is deserving of general approbation.

THE NATION'S HONOR GUARDED.—Mr. Evarts, our able Secretary of State, keeps pace with the ideas of national protection of American citizens, whether on our border or on the other side of the Atlantic. The recent seizure of the schooner *Rizpah* by a Spanish cruiser, resulted in diplomatic correspondence between our own and the Spanish Government. The essence of the controversy is shown in the following, taken from the *National Republican*:

"Early in June the American whaling schooner *Ellen Rizpah*, Captain Dunham, of Provincetown, Mass., was boarded by a Spanish cruiser while on the Keys south of Cuba, and her papers called for. The latter were produced, but not being deemed satisfactory to the commander of the cruiser, the schooner was seized and the captain arrested and placed in close confinement. At the expiration of four days a Spanish frigate arrived, and after consultation the schooner and captain were released.

The foregoing were the facts as related by Captain Dunham upon his arrival at Key West, which were forthwith communicated to the Government. Secretary Evarts immediately took steps to investigate the matter, and at his request Colonel Frank Wicker, Collector at Key West, was directed by telegraph to dispatch the revenue steamer *Crawford* in search of the *Ellen Rizpah*, and obtain from Captain Dunham a sworn statement of the circumstances attending the outrage alleged to have been perpetrated by the Spanish

cruiser. The cutter started in search of the schooner, but did not succeed in finding her. Secretary Evarts, however, addressed a note to the Spanish Government, calling its attention to the facts as they had been received at the State Department, which, if true, were such as the United States could not tolerate, and would require the fullest and most ample satisfaction.

The tone of the Secretary of State's communication must have been regarded as an unsavory novelty at Madrid, and doubtless convinced the Spanish Ministry that the day was over for gratuitous indignities to our flag, and that hereafter Spain will be held to a strict accountability for all outrages perpetrated upon our citizens by its officials, in Cuba or elsewhere. The reply of the Spanish Government, recently received at the State Department, assures Mr. Evarts that Spain will make all honorable amends for the seizure and detention of the schooner in question and the imprisonment of Captain Dunham just as soon as an investigation of the facts can be had, and promises that it will spare no efforts to prevent a repetition of similar outrages in the future. Mr. Evarts will hand in his bill of damages against Spain when he receives Captain Dunham's sworn statement."

A REHABILITATED SOUTH.—In concord with the protection of American rights abroad, we see the most gratifying evidences of better times in the Southern States. Confidence is rapidly taking the place of distrust; and the demoralization of knaves and thieves points to light and happiness in the near future.

The wisdom—not to say the right—of allowing the citizens of each State to manage their own affairs in time of peace, is daily being demonstrated. The President may rest satisfied with his "well-done" in the formerly distracted States.

LET JUSTICE TRIUMPH.—Our hope now is that the legal measures recently instituted against members of the late Returning Boards will bring to the full light of day all acts and their authors which militated against the sacredness and purity of the ballot-box. It matters not who suffers, so long as Justice is crowned victor. The gaze and condemnation of the whole world on those who betrayed such holy trusts, cannot be too severe as a lesson for the future. We cannot afford to make treaty with evil doers, no matter what social or political station they occupy. This last remark is called out in view of statements in the representative journals of the day to the effect that "an indictment of the members of the Louisiana Returning Board by the New Orleans grand jury, is a violation of the plighted faith of the Nicholls government." The idea here is that certain conditions and guarantees being made by the present State Government, resistance to its claim would be withdrawn; and among these conditions were the suppression of evidences of fraud and protection of the guilty. Such appears to be the meaning of bubbleing near the fountains of power. Judge Lawrence, of Illinois, gives expression to this idea as "a gross violation of pledges by the Nicholls government," and that in an apparently official way. This certainly is a startling confession by one of the leading members of the Commission. The people cannot afford to compound crimes of such a character, and we feel sure that the voice of the nation will call for the whole truth.

OUR RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.—Extending our obser-

vations further south, we see still agitations going on the borders of Texas and Mexico. The frequent incursions of Mexican outlaws into our domain, and thefts and murder committed by banditti bands, have compelled our government to despatch military protection against such invasion of the rights of American citizens; and as the government of Mexico appears powerless to control these desperadoes, orders have been given to General Ord to pursue, if necessary, these bands into Mexican territory. This policy, it is not claimed, is sanctioned by law, but is our only remedy. Self defence is certainly one of the first laws of nature, and retaliation on the part of individual citizens would seem justifiable; it is a question, however, whether such an act of the government as ordering the United States forces to cross the Rio Grande is justifiable, prior to further efforts with the Mexican government in search of redress. It seems to us premature; but not as much so as the recognition of the Diaz government, through Senor Matta, the accredited Minister from Mexico. It is also announced from high authority that the Diaz government has made arrangements to pay all the just claims of Americans who lost their property in the mining country.

THE ISSUES IN FRANCE are not yet settled, and it is difficult to foresee the termination. In the French Chamber of Deputies the debate on the interpellation was recently resumed.

The principal speech was made by M. Leon Renault, former Prefect of Police, who addressed the House in the name of the Left Centre and all Conservatives who on grounds of reason had rallied to the Republic. In vehement but persuasive language he demonstrated the impossibility of turning backward and restoring the monarchy. The present Cabinet would ruin the Marshal as Polignac had ruined Charles X., and simply pave the way for the triumph of the Bonapartists. The Count de Choiseul then presented the following order of the day in behalf of the United Left:

Whereas, The Ministry formed May 7 under the Presidency of the Duke de Broglie was called to the direction of public affairs contrary to the law of the majority, which is the leading principle of parliamentary government, and has since assuming office avoided giving explanations to the national representatives; *whereas*, it has besought the administration to crush universal suffrage by all the means at its disposal; *whereas*, it represents merely a coalition of monarchists guided by inspirations from the clerical party; *whereas*, it has allowed attacks on national representatives and incitements to violation of law to pass unpunished; *whereas*, on all these grounds it imperils peace and order, and disturbs business and general interests; *therefore*, the House declares that the Ministry does not possess the confidence of the nation.

On the conclusion of the reading of this order, there was much excitement and cheering. Ministers left their seats only to increase the applause and general confusion.

THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT struggle waxes warmer from day to day, and while Russia has met with reverses in Northern Asiatic Turkey, there are only accumulating evidence that she proposes to occupy Constantinople. Plucky little Greece has resolved to be neutral, and give the Turks

no special advantage. Austria approves the course taken by the Greek Government in detaining Turkish arms at Corfu. It is proposed that an Austrian steamer be allowed to take them to some neutral port. This Greece will agree to, provided the Austrian Consul gives a written guarantee as to their destination.

It is most gratifying to notice that amid the alarms and realities of war, the Emperor of Russia, whose emancipation of the serfs will carry his name with honor through the future ages, is steadily proceeding with measures for ameliorating the condition of the numerous races who acknowledge him as lord, and is forwarding by all means in his power (chiefly governmental assistance and pecuniary aid) the establishment of a university in Siberia, so long previously known as a penal settlement. As far back as 1803 a rich Ooralian (or Uralian) land-owner paid 100,000 rubles into the Treasury, to be applied to this purpose. This has swollen to 150,000, to which a Siberian merchant lately added 100,000 rubles more. Omsk, which has superseded Tobolsk as the capital of Western Siberia, and which has long been the seat of a military academy, is the place chosen for the future seat of learning, as it is not far remote from the scholastic arrondissements of Orenburg and Turkestan, and does not contain a single political prisoner. The buildings are already being constructed, and the intention is to have them ready for occupation by July, 1880. The whole expense of "running" this Siberian university, including the salaries of the professional staff, is estimated at \$214,900 a year. The system adopted will resemble that of the American rather than the English universities.

THAT THE NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY was generally observed throughout the country on the Fourth of July speaks well for the patriotism of the people and permanency of republican institutions. The demonstrations were not so boisterous as usual, but they all showed that the birth of the FIRST YEAR in the SECOND CENTURY of the Republic was duly recognized. The day itself was remarkably fine, just sufficiently cool to brace up the system and enable pedestrians, orators and others to accomplish whatever they had in view. Among the many commendable speeches of the day we find none more significant than Colonel Forney's, of Philadelphia. It discusses national topics in a most vigorous way. We extract the following as comprehending the issues of the hour:

"But we seem to have approached solid ground within the last six months. Two of the greatest European nations have exploded into a war, which threatens to extend far and wide in the Old World, but here all is peace, or the assurance of peace. A wise administration of the General Government bravely presses for the restoration of tranquility between recently divided States.

It is true these bright signs are followed by a protracted business depression. But even this depression is not without its uses. It compels a severe and resolute self-examination. It enforces the correction of social and individual mistakes. It imposes upon government and people a rigid frugality and economy. The government cannot shrink from its duty while the people suffer; and the masses will not complain if their public servants follow their example. The office-holder must work for his money, like the unofficial

tax-payer. Competency must be the test in public, as it is in private business. There can be no privileged class in a republic. There can be no families quartered on the treasury. The citizen in office neither becomes the master of the citizen not in office nor yet his slave. He is to be paid for his work, not for his political skill. The experience of the last forty years was hard enough in both parties; but the expensive and dangerous excesses since the war became insufferable.

A new departure was inevitable. It could not be postponed without private and general bankruptcy. A great man came in time as the instrument of Reform. Providence sent us the warning, and also the deliverer. God give him strength to persevere, and woe to those who attempt to chain his hands and to defeat his great mission. The clouds still hang heavily over our country, not only ours alone, but over all the interests of labor abroad. Yet I can see the silver lining growing broader and brighter."

Constantinople.—At this particular time in the world's history no one place on the map of the Eastern Continent commands more attention than Constantinople, the capital of Turkey. The interest converging at this point is not so much with the masses as with the crowned heads, as it is regarded strategically and politically in its relations to other powers somewhat in the same sense as the keystone is to the arch of the temple. While Russia and Turkey are the powers in direct conflict, with all the destructive implements of warfare, the other nations are more than merely interested observers; they are passing through the more active forms of diplomatic correspondence, in order that there shall be brought about a mutual understanding with each other, that their respective interests shall be protected. To Russia they say, "thus far and no farther shalt thou go;" and Russia gives assurance that should she take possession of Constantinople, she will hold it only long enough to get indemnity and guarantees. Under these pledges, it is more than likely, from the outlook at this writing, that England will keep "hands off," at least for the present. The subject, however, is a complicated one, and it would not greatly surprise us to hear of other Powers stepping in for their share of the Turkey.

It may interest our readers, especially those who have not had the opportunity of visiting Constantinople, to give here an outline of it. On landing at this seat of Empire, the feeling experienced by the traveller is generally one of disappointment. The magnificent view of the city obtained from the deck of a steamer entering the Golden Horn, either from the Marmora or the Bosphorus, gives rise to anticipations, which, alas! are destined never to be fulfilled. The belt of Constantinople proper is about fourteen miles. The city is enclosed by walls on the land or western side. On the north is the famous "Harbor," or Golden Horn, which separates it from Galata, and the Bosphorus divides it from Scutari. These are the outlying, or more properly, suburbs, but are included in the general make-up of the city. Difficult, indeed, would it be to find a site better adapted for the Imperial City. Apparently nothing is wanting; and it is not at all remarkable that the eyes of the world are now and then turned toward it. The population of the city is near a half million, composed of a variety of congruous and incongruous elements

Armenians, Arabs, Greeks, Europeans, and Turks; the last mentioned (Turks) representing fully one-half of the population. It is probably unnecessary to state that the city occupies the site of ancient Byzantium, founded 667 B.C.

From its foundation until the time when Constantine made it the seat of power, it had a varied history, usually falling into the hands and among the most successful of the Greeks. In A.D. 329 arrangements were made for the great change, and in May, 330, the new capital was formally inaugurated. The city rapidly grew in size and splendor; and when, in 396, it was declared the capital of the Eastern empire, it rose into great magnificence.

The Moslem divides his day and night into twenty-four hours, it is true, but his days begin with the sunset. An hour after sunset is one o'clock. It is at sunset that the "call to prayer" is made from the galleries of the mosque minarets, and not at any one stated or set hour, and is thus made not a little significant. The absence of churches and clocks, therefore, must make the city strange, if nothing else did so. Then there is—what, indeed, was to be expected—the narrowness

and tortuous character of the streets and ways, where anything in the way of plan or arrangement never could have crossed the minds of those who built the houses or dwellings which line them. They can only be compared to the irregular way across an uneven field, with cottages built close to the edge of it, as the traffic got year by year to be thicker and thicker. Each street of the city is a perfect zigzag, and a straight line is not to be found. Indeed, there is a total absence of "planning" in any sense. From east to west the city is about three miles and a half, while from north to south it is about three miles.

It is the residence of the Greek Patriarch, who holds his patriarchal synod here; and the Armenian Patriarch and the Greek Catholic Bishop have their homes in Constantinople. The Protestant churches of Britain and America have their missionary headquarters also here. During the thirteenth century the Genoese and the Venetians by their contest retarded its prosperity, and in 1543 it fell before the power of the Turks, who besieged it for forty days. Since then it has remained in Moslem hands.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Representation.—Creations of ART, as distinguished from works of NATURE, are objects of so much diverse criticism by both sexes, equally familiar perhaps with the productions of those men and women who have given to the world the best efforts of a life-time, that it may compensate us for the time and labor spent, if we investigate the causes of this contrariety or diversity of opinions. It is recorded of a certain work of art, which illustrates our thoughts, that on its being placed conspicuously in a public hall on exhibition, a written request was put over it as follows: "Every one who examines this painting and sees in it any imperfection, will please mark with pencil on the canvas itself the localities of each defect or mistake of the artist." Multitudes went to see the painting and pass judgment upon it, and among them many of the best art-critics of the day. One after another expressed his disapprobation of this part, that color, and yonder design, by making on each spot a cross sign of his criticism. The picture had been on exhibition scarcely three months when its whole beauty was marred and disfigured by the unfavorable marks of spectators. Judging from this seemingly general condemnation, it was pronounced by the press a failure, and its author a botch. Public opinion seemed to fully ratify that of the press, and those indicated by the crosses. The result of such disfavor induced the withdrawal of the painting from the public gaze. A few weeks subsequently the same picture was again put on exhibition in the same hall, with a card upon it as follows: "Your sign of approval of this painting is requested by a mark on each particular place of beauty or grandeur as may really deserve it." Hundreds gathered before the result of the labors of the pains-taking artist to again record their judgment of the work. One sign was followed by another until, as before, the entire canvas was studded, like the heavens on a clear night, with stars of the people's approval.

The heart of the artist was warmed as with a new life, and his future pathway to success and renown was illumined by this host of constellations on his ideal creation.

How truthfully and forcibly this story typifies the diversity of human judgment. It but faintly unfolds, however, the causes. These are multiform, and can only be fully understood by probing the inner elements, faculties and functions of human life. Criticism grows out of inherited, cultivated, or trained powers. These powers may be noted by various characteristics. A taste for the moral and æsthetic may predominate with one person, while physical grandeur, strength and boldness may mark the love of another. We see the more strictly intellectual taste almost, if not entirely, isolated from the emotional nature. Sometimes a strong light is thrown upon a subject by the relation or position it holds to other topics. Hence, taste has a philosophical side to it. Some writers even advance the idea that taste is never emotional. With this we do not agree; for daily ocular evidence compels us to acknowledge that our tastes and judgment are measurably controlled by our feelings or emotions on beholding certain objects. They excite sympathy or disgust, according as they bear upon our sensitive and emotional nature. They may say that decisions which are influenced by the heart are biased or partial. In some sense this is certainly true; but when the cold and matured intellectual judgment is in harmony with the heart promptings, it generally is broad and impartial. Taste is only in a degree an original power, distinct from other powers; it appears rather as a combination of several powers. Our conceptions of the good, the true, the beautiful, the majestic, and the sublime have their springs in several localities. The judgment is twisted and warped through the forces of education, customs of society, conditions of the body, or circumstances surrounding its possessor. Blessed, indeed, is he who can cut himself

printed by the hand of the editor and his sister. Of course there was but one copy of this sheet in an edition. Mrs. Broderip thinks that if Tom's talent for drawing had been cultivated he would have made a fair water colorist and a capital designer on wood. He did do some wood-drawing occasionally, and illustrated several children's books. Hood received a university education, and it was at one time decided to make a clergyman of him; but this was given up, as his tastes and leadings were all the other way. He actually did write a sermon or two, which are still in existence. He learned the practical workings of a newspaper office on the

He was a baby first, and then
He was his parents' joy;
But was a man soon after, when
He ceased to be a boy.

And when he got to middle life,
To marry was his whim;
The selfsame day he took a wife
Some woman wedded him.

None saw him to the other side
Of Styx, by Charon ferried;
But 'tis conjectured that he died,
Because he has been buried.



WOMEN WITH DISTAFFS.

(See page 155.)

Liskeard *Gazette*, in Cornwall. He was among the early contributors to the *Cornhill Magazine*, when Thackeray was at the helm, and of him that great man said: "He is one of the most promising of the young birds who flutter around our *Cornhill*." Hood filled a temporary clerkship at the War Office at one time, spending his days at his desk and his nights in writing for the magazines. He soon gave up the War office and turned his peaceful thoughts to literature, editing and writing, until he finally became editor of *Fun*, a position he held to the day of his death. One becomes very much interested in this son of a great man, who, if not a great man himself, was a genial gentleman and a clever humorist. We give below specimens of his humorous and serious verses. The first is called "A History:"

There was a man, so legend says,
And he, how strange to tell!
Was born upon the very day
Whereon his birthday fell.

This is very suggestive of the father. The following called "If!" is wholly his own:

Ah, dearest, if our tears were shed
Only for our beloved dead;
Although our life's left incomplete,
Tears would not be so bitter sweet,
As now! ah! no.

Ah, dearest, if the friends who die,
Alone were those who make us sigh;
Although life's current is so fleet,
Sighs would not be so weary, sweet,
As now! ah! no.

If oft man pain it did not give
To know that our beloved live,
Than learn their hearts has ceased to beat,
Grief would not be so hopeless, sweet,
As now! ah! no.

We must confess to a preference for this poet's humor, although the foregoing is very pretty. Mr. Hood



CORN AT SYRIA.

(See page 155.)

disfortune to be born the son of a famous man. Great expectations were expected of him from his cradle, and comparisons suggested to his grave. In all probability if his name had not been Tom Hood it would have brought him more. His reputation, however, was very pleasant and easily won. We cannot help calling attention to the cover of this book, which is as beautiful as it is unique.

In speaking of authors, our attention is called to a very pretty contribution to the current literature of the day, by John G. Whittier. There is peculiar interest in the lines, as they have a certain halo over and around the statue of Fritz Reuter, recently unveiled in Central Park, New York. Our readers will no doubt appreciate them:

Among their graven shapes to whom
Thy civic wreaths belong,

O! city of his love, make room
For one whose gift was song;

Not his the soldier's sword to wield,
Nor his the helm of state,
Nor glory of the stricken field,
Nor triumph of debate.

In common ways, with common men,
He served his race and time
As well as if his clerkly pen
Had never danced to rhyme.

If, in the thronged and noisy mart,
The Muses found their son,
Could any say his tuneful art
A duty left undone?

He toiled and sang; and year by year
Men found their homes more sweet,
And through a tenderer atmosphere
Looked down the brick-walled street.

The Greek's wild onset Wall street knew,
The Red King walked Broadway,
And Alnwick Castle's roses blew
From Palisades to Bay.

Fair City by the Sea! upraise
His veil with reverent hands;
And mingle with thy own the praise
And pride of other lands.

Let Greece his fiery lyric breathe
Above her hero-urns;
And Scotland, with her holly, wreath
The flower he culled for Burns.

O, stately stand thy palace walls,
Thy tall ships ride the seas;
To-day the poet's name recalls
A prouder thought than these.

Not less thy pulse of trade shall beat,
Nor less thy tall fleets swim,
That shaded square and dusty street
Are classic ground through him:

Alive, he loved, like all who sing,
The echoes of his song;
Too late the tardy meed we bring,
The praise delayed so long.

Too late, alas! Of all who knew
The living man, to-day,
Before his unveiled face, how few
Make bare their locks of gray!

Our lips of praise must soon be done,
Our grateful eyes be dim;
O, brothers of the days to come,
Take tender charge of him!

New hands the wires of song may sweep,
New voices challenge fame;
But let no moss of years o'er-creep
The lines of Halleck's name.

Johnson's New Universal Cyclopædia, a Scientific and Popular Treasury of Knowledge, Edited by President Barnard, of Columbia College, New York, and Professor Guyon, of the College of New Jersey, and many other associate writers, is just completed with the fourth volume. This last volume contains 1760 octavo pages, and embodies subjects from the letter "S" to "Z" inclusive. The appendix contains valuable articles too late for insertion in alphabetical order. The plans, maps, and engravings are numerous, and all show good taste and care in their execution. The critics generally speak of this "Treasury of Knowledge" in a complimentary manner, and bespeak for it a favorable reception. In speaking of the origin of the work, the editors-in-chief say, that the idea of its publication belongs to that most remarkable journalist of his time, Horace Greeley, he believing that there was a growing need of such a Cyclopædia. The fact that Zell's work of a similar character has obtained a large sale, would seem to demonstrate the appreciation of the public of knowledge in such systematic form. Considerable competition will naturally arise between Appleton's, Chamber's Zell's and this—Johnson's elaborate work—but it can only prove a healthy agitation, tending to disseminate the general spread of knowledge.

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

Our Manufactures at Paris.—Our department of manufactures at the Centennial opened wider the eyes of foreign nations than any other branch of the nation's exhibits. Especially in machinery and agricultural implements were we strong; and the ingenuity and industry which were crystallized in the many useful inventions made a deeper and more lasting impression on the minds of visitors from abroad than all other things combined, although our wonderful resources of soil, variety of climate, etc., commanded favorable consideration. The remark has been made recently that England was put at a disadvantage in Philadelphia on account of the Americans being at home, while she could not bring so far a fair exhibit of her manufacturing strength.

These remarks are called out in view of the approaching show at Paris. Let us there show the manufacturers of the United Kingdom that the United States have not made any retrograde movements since 1876. The *London Times* says: "The competition at Philadelphia was not altogether satisfactory to us. It is true that every nation has an advantage in exhibitions held within its own area; but the products of the industry of the United States surpassed our own oftener than can be explained by this circumstance. It appeared as if there was a greater economy of labor habitually practiced in the States, and in conjunction with this there was evidence of the more constant presence of a presiding mind superintending every process of industry. The best machine in the world will fail to give satisfaction if there is not an intelligent human being at hand to watch it, to take care of it, to detect the smallest failure in its working as soon as it is developed, and to suggest and supply the means of correcting any miscarriage of its functions.

A steam engine dropped from heaven in the middle of Africa might be adored, but it could not be put to any use. The failure of many of our industrial enterprises in foreign parts can be traced to the difficulty in procuring agents and assistants that can be taught to use the machines committed to their care.

Much of the mechanical work shown at Philadelphia was executed with a fineness that could not have been exceeded if every man who had any share in its production had originally conceived it, and had been solely interested in its success. There was evidence of personal care and personal anxiety. Every stage must have been watched with intelligence and with zeal. In comparing the results with our own, we are painfully suspicious that they revealed the application of more brains than we always have at our command."

Memory as a Subject of Science.—There are so many strange, and I might say, mysterious things connected with the MEMORY, that have never been explained to my satisfaction, and knowing how accommodating the Editor of PORTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY has been to the anxious inquirer, the undersigned would ask the favor, if possible, of some solution to these mental phenomena. Some persons readily remember figures, but not names of persons; others can call

at once the name of any one to whom they have before been introduced. Again, there are individuals whose memories are prodigious as regards dates and historical events, but who have no retentive power worth speaking of concerning what they read if the subjects relate to Literature, Science, or Art. We have instances, again, of *ready memories*; those which instantly enable their possessors to give names, dates, or circumstances connected with any event or transaction. Some men memorize readily and retain easily what they once learn; others are able to retain what they see or hear only with great labor and difficulty. There are characters noted chiefly for their ability to tell a story, especially if it be of a *humorous* nature, while the same individuals are totally incapable of repeating historical matter, or that which is dry or *serious*.

E. V. HILL.

We fully agree with our INQUIRER as to that faculty known as MEMORY being a mysterious one in its operations and manifestations. Indeed, the *whole* mind of man is a marvel to us benighted creatures.

No part of man's organism is more complex than that which has to do with gaining knowledge. Phrenologists speak of MEMORY or EVENTUALITY as a faculty capable of cultivation, that is, of growth and development, if properly trained and nourished, and that the reverse results follow neglect and abuse of the faculty. We do not dissent from this idea, and know from observation and experience that it is possible to discipline and expand this power, and account, in that way, for many of the differences which exist between people as regards Memory. We know also, that were we to take two persons of about equal ability, of equal age, with similar surroundings and influences, and give them the same training, say for one year, the result would not be the same. One would excel the other in one or more particulars, and prove unequal in others. Causes for this difference might be many, and perhaps no less varied; among them, perchance, and even probable, natural temperament, quality and character of inherited blood, or some marked characteristics of the ancestral stock, either on the father's or the mother's side. The physical constitution, in both its present and normal state, most certainly deserves consideration when looking up causes of this memory phenomenon. It must not be understood that when we use the word *recollect* we signify the same thing as *remember*. We explain the distinction so as to be the more clearly understood. According to one authority, to *recollect*, is to call up or before the mind that which we *before* knew, while to *remember* is to fix upon the mind something which had been *forgotten*, or *never* yet known; recollect signifying the gathering up that which before was scattered. Words are so frequently misused that we are compelled to be constantly on the guard, especially when treating of a subject belonging to philosophy or mental science. Most of our knowledge is retained by the law of association, *i. e.*, by linking the fact or event with or to some particular person, location, or circumstance. By Upham, a

writer on mental philosophy, this is called "circumstantial memory, or that species of memory which is based on the relation of contiguity in time and place." The inherent constitution of the mind coins, as it were, its own circulating medium, according to patterns or dies furnished by nature. The material or composition of this coin, of course, is furnished from the external material world, but shaped, stamped, and preserved in a large degree according to natural laws. To elucidate more fully our views, we would classify the forms which memory assumes. We, on investigation, recognize such a thing as, 1. A Philosophic Memory, sustained chiefly by resemblance, contrast, cause and effect. 2. Circumstantial Memory, which leans mostly upon minute particulars or com-

binations. 3. Intentional Memory, growing out of force of will or will-power. Now, in about the same ratio as the mind is methodical, systematic, and orderly, or the opposite, will be the growth towards the PHILOSOPHIC and logical, or in the direction of the CIRCUMSTANTIAL. As associations are not always voluntary, so likewise a remembrance of events is not a matter entirely of our own volition. Impressions of a permanent nature are at times even reluctantly fastened upon the memory, and we fain would obliterate them if possible. We might here extend the discussion of this very interesting subject *ad libitum*, but want of space compels us to contract our remarks. The more curious and odd feats of the memory will receive attention some other time.

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

Beautiful Women.—We find considerable space devoted to the subject of BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, in the weekly and monthly periodicals of the day, and it is remarkable how much nonsense is mixed into the various descriptions of female beauty. One writer takes as his ideal of beauty the Roman, another the German, and a third the Italian, while from different pairs of eyes, the French, the Russian, and even the Chinese women possess the largest number of nature's gifts, which constitute, in the aggregate, beauty. In our opinion, beauty in man or in woman is so much the creation of fancy, or the coming up to one's own self-conceived and created ideas of what elements or physical signs make beauty, that it would almost appear a work of "love's labor lost" to attempt to set up before the public eye, either through the medium of the press, or in the living reality, what to one mind or pair of eyes is the highest form or essence of female beauty. Muscular development and power, to the devotee of muscular charms, wherever found remarkable, would seem beautiful. To him who regards the eyes as the chief of charms, if he love the intellectual and spiritual character, there would appear magnetic attractions in the eye which burns with such a flame as can only be seen in the few. The blonde is the choice of some, and the brunette with others. The color of the eye, shade of the hair, complexion, all go to form certain styles of beauty. Grace of motion and refinement, and culture of expression, after all, make woman, to our mind, more beautiful than certain physical peculiarities distinctive from the rest of womankind.

R. Grant White, in the *Galaxy*, gives us a very entertaining article on this subject. In speaking of the BEAUTY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WOMEN, he says: "One day a lady whom I had the pleasure of taking in to dinner in a country house near London, and whom I had soon found to be one of those simple-minded, good-natured, truth-telling women who are notably common in England, spoke to me about some ladies who on a previous day had attracted her attention, adding, 'I knew they were Americans.' 'How?' I asked. 'Oh, we always know American women!' 'But how, pray?' She thought a moment, and answered: 'By

their beauty—they are almost always pretty, if not more—by their fine complexions, and their exquisite dress.' I did not tell her that I thought she was right; but that she was so I had by that time become convinced. And yet I should say that the most beautiful women I had ever seen were English women, were it not for the memory of a French woman, a German, and a Czech. But the latter three were exceptions. Beauty is very much commoner among women of the English race than among those of any other with which I am acquainted; and among that race it is commoner in 'America' than in England. I saw more beauty of face and figure at the first two receptions which I attended after my return, than I had found among the hundreds of thousands of women whom I had seen in England.

The types are the same in both countries; but they seem to come near to perfection much oftener here than there. Beauty of feature is, however, sometimes more clearly defined in England than here. The mouth in particular, when it is beautiful, is more statuesque. The curves are more decided, and at the junction of the red of the lips with the white there is a delicately raised outline which marks the form of the feature in a very noble way. This may also be said of the nostril. It gives a chiseled effect to those features which is not so often found in 'America'; but the nose itself, the brow, and the set and carriage of the head are generally finer among 'Americans.' In both countries, however, the head is apt to be too large for perfect proportion. This is a characteristic defect of the English type of beauty. Its effect is seen in Stothard's figures, in Etty's, and in those of other English painters. Another defect is in the heaviness of the articulations. Really fine arms are rare; but fine wrists are rarer. Such wrists as the Viennoise women have—of which I saw a wonderful example in the Viennoise wife of a Sussex gentleman—are almost unknown among women of English race in either country. It is often said, even in England, that 'American' women have more beautiful feet than English women have. This I am inclined to doubt. The feet may be smaller here; and they generally look smaller because English women wear larger and heavier shoes. They are

obliged to do so because they walk more and because of their moister climate. But mere smallness is not a beauty in a foot more than any other part of the body. Beauty is the result of shape, proportion, and color; and feet are often cramped out of shape and out of proportion in other countries than China. A foot to be beautiful should seem fit for the body which it supports to stand upon and walk with. It is said by some persons, who by saying it profess to know, that nature, prodigal of charms to English women in bust, shoulders, and arms, is chary of them elsewhere, and that their beauty of figure is apt to stop at the waist. Upon this point I do not venture to give an opinion; but I am inclined to doubt the judgment in question upon general physiological principles. The human figure is the development of a germ; and it is not natural that, whatever may be the case with individuals, the type of a whole race in one country should present this inconsistency. Possibly those who started this notion were unfortunate in their occasions of observation and comparison."

The Value of a Greenback when kept in Circulation.

—Mr. Brown kept boarders. Around his table sat Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Andrews, the village milliner; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter; Mr. Black, a baker; and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed, and lumber merchant.

Mr. Brown took out of his pocket-book a ten-dollar note, and handed it to Mrs. Brown, saying:

"Here, my dear, are ten-dollars toward the twenty I promised you."

Mrs. Brown handed it to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying:

"That pays for my new bonnet."

Mrs. Andrews said to Mr. Jordan, as she handed him the note:

"That will pay you for your work on my counter."

Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, the flour, feed, and lumber merchant, requesting his lumber bill.

Mr. Hadley gave the bill back to Mr. Brown, saying:

"That pays ten dollars on board."

Mr. Brown passed it to his wife, with the remark that that paid her twenty dollars he had promised. She in turn paid it to Mr. Black to settle her bread and pastry account, who handed it to Mr. Hadley, wishing credit for the amount on his flour bill; he again returned it to Mr. Brown, with the remark that it settled for that month's board. Whereupon Mr. Brown put it into his pocket-book, exclaiming that he "never thought a ten-dollar bill would go so far."

Thus a ten-dollar greenback was made to pay ninety dollars indebtedness inside of five minutes. Who says Greenbacks are worthless?

Did't Know which was the other Gentleman's.—A good story is told of an hostler, who was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveller's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveller, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals, and brought them to the door. "That's my nag." "Certainly, your Honor, I know that very well, but didn't know which was the other gentleman's."

Courting in Church.—An Illinois clergyman is reported to have said the other day at the laying of a corner-stone of a new meeting-house: "If boys and girls do their sparking in in church, I say amen to it. I have a daughter whom I cherish as the apple of my eye. When she is of suitable age, I would rather she should be courted in the house of God than in a theatre."

England Honoring an American Citizen.—The reception given in London recently at the residence of Minister Pierrepont, in honor of ex-President Grant, was a most brilliant affair.

The house was superbly decorated with flowers. The large drawing and reception rooms were crowded from ten until one o'clock. At least one thousand persons were present, comprising all the best and most distinguished of English and American society in London. Ex-President Grant received with Mrs. Pierrepont and shook each person's hand. Mr. Pierrepont received with Mrs. Grant. All the members of her Majesty's Cabinet were present except Lord Beaconsfield, who is ill, and almost the entire diplomatic corps attended, the Japanese and Chinese Ambassadors being especially remarkable. A large number of members of Parliament, Mr. John Bright, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. William Black, Rev. Moncure D. Conway, Professor Schliemann and the Earl and Countess of Caithness were among the distinguished guests. Nearly as many Americans as Englishmen were present.

Good-by.—The Rev. Dr. Taylor, of the New York Tabernacle, lately exhorted his church members to take their religion with them into the country, and not be like the little boy who said his prayer, "Good-by God; I am going to New Jersey for a month."

"Air them to defend me?"—The custom of appointing young lawyers to defend pauper criminals received a back-set the other day in court. His Honor had appointed two young lawyers to defend an old and experienced horse-thief. After inspecting his counsel for some time in silence, the prisoner rose in his place, and addressed the bench: "Air, them to defend me?" "Yes, sir," said his Honor. "Both of em?" inquired the prisoner. "Both of them," responded the judge. "Then I plead guilty;" and the fellow took his seat, and sighed heavily.

The Vox Populi.—"I tell you, sir," said Dr. — one morning to the village apothecary, "I tell you, that the *vox populi* should not—must not be disregarded." "What, doctor!" exclaimed the apothecary, rubbing his hands. "You don't say that's broken out in the town, too; has it? Lord help us! What unhealthy times these are!"

"Dont go in."—Scene in front of a Fifth Avenue mansion. —First swell: "Don't go in, Augustus; her father has become a bankrupt." Second swell: "Pon honor, Charles, all the more reason I should continue my suit. The old gent, like all bankrupts, is sure to come out a half million richer." Augustus steps up and in.

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CIVIC AND SCENIC NEW ENGLAND.

By ORAMEL S. SENTER.

III. PORTLAND, THE WHITE MOUNTAINS AND LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.



OBSERVATION CAR.



CRAWFORD NOTCH (LOOKING NORTH), WHITE MOUNTAINS.
VOL. IX.—11

ONCE it required from three to six weeks to visit the "Crystal Hills" and inspect their various points of interest; and the "journey," as it was appropriately called, involved much hardship and no small amount of adventure and peril, between stage-riding, horseback-climbing and foot-scrambling. Its expense, too, was what very few could afford. Now, the "trip," as we truthfully term it, is made in from one to two weeks, including the sight-seeing and the time occupied in going and returning, if one does not live more than five hundred miles away. In this short time much more is seen and enjoyed than formerly, as many more places of interest have been discovered and opened to the public; and the facilities for reaching these and of entertainment are such as not only to remove danger and fatigue nearly out of the question, but so as to make every sight and effort highly pleasurable. "The world does move," even as high up as Mount Washington, whose serene

and lofty summit pierces the clouds. Apropos to this thought, and a significant commentary upon it, at this moment we have received a communication from "Mount Washington Summit," over the signature of Edwin Judkins, the first and present conductor of the "Mount Washington Railway," giving valuable information which we had solicited respecting this interesting railroad and triumph of engineering skill. It is emphatically "a message from the clouds." In fact this article will, much of it, be occupied in

Railroad," including as a link the "Boston, Lowell and Nashua" road.

For visiting the east side of the "White Hills," the "Eastern Railroad" *via* Portsmouth, Great Falls and North Conway, is a most interesting and enjoyable way.

But the route which we would advise all to take, if they have a plenty of time, the fare being the same, is by way of Portland, over the "Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad." Portland can be reached either by the railroad or steamboat lines from Boston. This is the royal road to the "Monarch of the Mountains" if you would inspect the wonders of his dominions on either side, or in any part of the charmed realms. We have looked forward with the greatest degree of interest from the inception to the completion of the enterprise, to the time when this route would give the tourist the wondrous key that should unlock to his admiring gaze the mysteries and beauties of a region that has more charms than any other



FALMOUTH HOUSE, PORTLAND, MAINE.

detailing what we saw and learned while the clouds were around us or beneath our feet; and where in fair weather we had twenty minutes more of sunshine than the average inhabitant of "the world below."

Among the many routes and combinations for reaching the White Mountains from Philadelphia and New York, that through the Connecticut and Ammonoosuc Valleys *via* New Haven, Springfield, Bellows Falls and Wells River, is undoubtedly the most attractive and delightful one, especially taking into account the exceptionally beautiful region you pass through. There are others that have great attractions, and all the leading routes have special features of interest. From Boston, the most direct, and a very picturesque and delightful, route to the west side of the mountains, is that of the "Boston, Concord and Montreal

this side of the Rocky Mountains, if not in the country—a region, which certainly, if we take into account both the many objects of interest and the facilities for reaching and enjoying them, has no equal in America. Much as we had looked for from the road and the route, our expectations were fully met; our anticipations of joy in reveling in the choicest, rarest beauties of nature were more than realized.

The Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad is peculiarly fortunate in having so classic and beautiful a town to start from as Portland, and so fair and fine a business place for its northern and western terminus as Ogdensburg; and still more in having its route through the most picturesque and attractive portion of the continent.

There is very little in New England, Northern New York, or the Canadas worth seeing, that is

not reached directly, or by easy connections, through this route. It suggests at once visions of the beautiful and babbling Saco, the tortuous and raging Androscoggin, the grand and glorious "White Hills," the wild Ammonoosuc, the quiet and tranquilly beautiful Connecticut, the rich green Highlands of Vermont, crowned by Mount Mansfield, and adorned with those gems of brightest lustre, lakes Dunmore, Willoughby, and Memphremagog, the scenic beauties and historic memories of Champlain, the wild-wood charms of the Adirondacks, the grandeur of Niagara, and the countless attractions of the St. Lawrence, and the Dominion of the Canadas beyond, which are opening up yearly with increasing interest to the people of the States. In short, it brings before the vision of those who have an eye to see and a soul to appreciate, anticipations of a feast of beauty and flow of soul such as language can feebly indicate but never adequately portray—leaving scenes that can neither be painted nor described, to be appreciated by being seen.

Portland being our starting-point, and a prominent watering-place, we will detain our readers a short time in giving brief descriptions of it, they in the meantime preparing their minds for the beauties and glories that lie beyond.

The very name of this fine city, which is the metropolis of Maine, and a great railroad and commercial centre, suggests refinement, beauty, and renown. When it is spoken of, we think of its broad, deep harbor, its elevated, delightful, and almost insular location, its cool and salubrious air, its broad streets, and fine public and private edifices, and above all, its community of intelligent, enterprising and refined people. We recur to it with pleasure and the pride of Americans, as the birthplace of Longfellow, Willis, "Fanny Fern," Ann S. Stephens, John Neal, the journalist and poet, Neal Dow, the champion of temperance; of Commodore Edward Preble, the hero of the war with Tripoli, of Judge Nathan Clifford, of the

United States Supreme Court, and other distinguished men. We remember that it has been the home of Senators Evans and Fessenden, Governor Washburn, and many more persons eminent in the State or National councils. We remember also, with melancholy interest, that it was the birthplace of the brilliant but unfortunate Prentiss, the best stump speaker of America, whose matchless elo-



SEBAGO LAKE, BRIDGETON, MAINE.

quence thrilled and set on fire the Valley of the Mississippi and the great Southwest, whose premature death is a perpetual beacon of warning against bad habits, and in the silencing of whose silver tongue and magnetic, flaming words of eloquence, it is thought the brightest genius and most striking example of American oratory was extinguished.

Much as there is of interest and influence clustering around Portland, it is in territory a mere patch or point of land. It contains, including the islands in the harbor, but 4,600 acres; without them, but 1,666 acres, which is almost exactly the size of Webster's farm at Marshfield when in the occupancy of its illustrious owner. But small as the area of this city is, it is beautifully varying and picturesque in surface, with an elevation ranging from fifty to one hundred and seventy-five feet; it

contains fully 35,000 inhabitants; has a valuation of over \$31,000,000; nearly \$55,000,000 of exports and imports, which is almost twice as great as those of Philadelphia; twelve lines of steamers and railroads centering here; and a harbor so deep, broad, and accessible that it was the only one on our coast which the company that constructed that "leviathan of the deep," the Great Eastern, presumed to think of entering; though it was afterwards found that this ship could enter several of our leading ports.

As a summer resort it has peculiar advantages in the ample means of transit, the purity and coolness of the atmosphere, the excellent boating and bathing facilities, the numerous points of interest in and around the city and harbor, opportunity for making purchases, the various privileges of refined and Christian society, and the excellent hotels and boarding-houses that abound here. They have at least five large public houses that are claimed to be first-class. Of these the Falmouth Hotel takes the lead. It is six stories high, has two hundred and five rooms, and can accommodate some three hundred guests at once. Its fine front is of light sandstone, and the entire edifice looks much better than the picture herewith given. The proprietor and his principal clerks are gentlemen in the best sense of the term, and the house first-class in all its appointments. It is open the year round, but makes summer boarding a leading feature. We noticed a large number of persons of the most respectable appearance, in addition to the many transient guests which they had.

The number of tourists who visit Portland, and the summer boarders who make trial of its many privileges and excellent fare, is deservedly great and steadily increasing from year to year.

We left the metropolis of "the Pine-Tree State" with the most favorable impressions and many pleasant associations connected with both the place and the people, exclaiming of it silently, oft and again, as the amiable aeronaut Blondin, in the poverty of his English, but in the sweetness of a refined and grateful spirit, and with the exquisitely good taste of a Frenchman, once said of Springfield, Massachusetts, "Beautiful city! Beautiful city!" We should have parted with its refinements and attractions with regret, only that we turned our face towards "the everlasting hills," the beauty and joy of the earth, the throne and peculiar habitation of the Almighty, and the

dwelling-place of the best races and types of mankind. The mountains gather and pierce the great reservoir of the clouds, distribute their waters over the continents, and let them gently down to the ocean again. Their influence upon man himself is as marked as upon the atmosphere. They have ever been the home of liberty and religion, and the inspiration of the noblest sentiments that elevate and lead the race.

The morning train leaves Portland at seven o'clock, and reaches "Fabian's," near the foot of Mount Washington, at 11.30; but not making connection with the first train for "The Summit," the latter is not reached till seven in the evening. We did not travel so fast as this, but preferred to take time to see what was worth seeing, both along the main route and on those little branches and spurs, where the most interesting objects often lie concealed, and richly repay the trouble of looking them up. The first part of the way is through the valley of the Presumpscot, a pleasant and fertile region, with nothing striking in the scenery till we reach Sebago Lake, seventeen miles out. We pass one or two pretty falls, and more interesting still, at Windham, about eleven miles from Portland, the birthplace of John A. Andrew, the celebrated war Governor of Massachusetts. Sebago Lake, with its vast reservoir of the crystal fluid, is the source of supply for Portland, fortunate in having such pure and wholesome water so near at hand. But Sebago Lake has other attractions of a less utilitarian but more poetic kind. It is one of the most fair and lovely sheets of water in New England, ranking, as some think, with Lake George, Willoughby, Winnipiseogee and others of greatest beauty and note. Briefly described, it is a deep clear body of water, eleven miles by fourteen in extent, with high shores of a beautiful contour and pleasing aspect. Its outlet is the Presumpscot River, formerly called Sebago, and its principal inlet a large navigable stream, called "The Songo." The name smacks of Indian origin, though it evidently lacks that euphony of sound and indescribable charm that generally attaches to Indian names. This river is thought to be one of the crookedest streams in the world, for it takes six miles of roundings and grotesque contortions to make an actual progress of two miles. We have never seen its match except in Buffalo Bayou, Texas, a stream of which it strongly reminds us, except that it is not so

muddy, and possibly not as deep. But two men have been found competent to navigate this singular stream without "banking" the steamers. The term *banking*, which means running aground, reminds us of the fact that one end of the boat constantly points to the shore, and sometimes both, and the danger of running into the banks is so great and constantly recurring, that the slight danger involved and the novelty of the continually shifting scene are exciting in the extreme, keeping pilot and passengers ever upon the *qui vive*.

This river and two other bodies of water, one of which is called Long Lake, and is a very beautiful sheet, having scenery at its north end worthy to be painted, with the broad and fair Sebago, constitute a continuous route of thirty-four miles, touching upon several pretty hamlets and summer resorts, which is traversed by two fine steamers, the "Sebago" and "Mount Pleasant," each of which makes one round trip daily during the season of summer travel. The Sebago connects with the morning and evening trains from Portland, so that one can take this delightful excursion over Lake Sebago, and reach North Bartlett, amid the White Mountains, the same day, as we did, at the same time surveying one of the fairest lakes in New England, and taking, at a very trifling cost of time and money, one of the most delightful and enjoyable excursions.

We should have mentioned that as we go up the lake, whose course is northeast and southwest, we pass the whilom residence of Hawthorne, off at our right. The name of the town we do not recall.

We left Sebago station at 6.42 and reached Frank George's Hotel, Upper Bartlett, at nine o'clock. Soon after leaving Sebago Lake, bearing northwest, we strike the Valley of the Saco, and follow this stream all the way to the mountains. It is not a wild and sterile, rugged region, but a smooth, cultivated country of hills and valleys,

with good farms, fine villages, and prosperous towns. We had glimpses of one or two attractive Falls on the Saco, but did not stop to view them.

At Fryburg—best known as the location of a pond where occurred "Lovewell's Fight," in the days of Indian wars—we leave the State of Maine, and bearing slightly westward, enter the borders of New Hampshire, at North Conway. Here we



SCENE ON THE RIVER SACO, MAINE.

are at the very gateway of the mountain region, and are brought into the presence of some of the finest scenery which it offers to the admiring gaze of the tourist. We state this chiefly on the authority of Starr King and others, who have described its beauties in the most varied and glowing terms, and made this whole region classic ground. We visited the place twice, but once it was in the dusk of evening, and the other time it was lowering weather, and the highest peaks and best views were obscured by the clouds.

The hotels of North Conway have a good reputation, the leading one of which is the Kearsarge House, beautifully located near the depot of the "Eastern Railroad," which has a branch extending to this place, and with the main road, it con-

stitutes one of the most interesting and feasible routes to the Mountains.

At the upper end of the town, or just beyond it, is a hamlet, with a very pleasant location, and some of the best hotels in the place. This is especially true of the "Intervale House." The fine scenery, abundant accommodations, and the delightful location and surroundings of the village itself, make North Conway a favorite place of resort, and large numbers annually flock to this magnificent panorama of the beauties of nature—to this Mecca of the invalid, where hay fever and other ills speedily disappear.

At Upper Bartlett there is but one hotel, kept, as we have already stated, by Frank George. It is a cosy, homelike place, where the traveller soon realizes that he is among friends who seek, without extra parade, to make him as comfortable and happy as possible. Soon everybody feels—most desirable state—very much at home. This house is capable of accommodating from fifty to a hundred persons. The fare is good and the prices low.

But while there is but one hotel, there is the purest air and water almost in the world, and much that is worth seeing of the grand and beautiful in nature. The valley is a tract of table land, elevated some fifty feet above the Saco, in the form of an ellipse, about five miles in length by two in width, and surrounded by some of the noblest elevations and most attractive scenery in the White Mountain region. Some twenty peaks, including Mount Crawford, are in plain sight from the hotel, each of which would be considered sublime and

grand in any other locality. From Mount Langdon, commanding one of the finest views anywhere to be found, two hundred peaks can be counted, including Mount Washington and other distant and noted mountains.

But it is the combination of grandeur and beauty which gives a charm to the scenery here that cannot be described.

The whole view is like a vast and splendid amphitheatre on a scale of magnitude and beauty that would put to blush any structure known to the architecture of ancient or modern times. We are certain that when justice comes to be done to the scenery in the different sections of the White Mountain region, the splendid views that surround Upper Bartlett with grandeur and beauty will give to that most interesting locality far greater prominence than it has hitherto enjoyed.

About five miles from Upper Bartlett you come to the grand ascent through



BEMIS STATION, WHITE MOUNTAINS.

the "Crawford Notch," and you realize for the first time, from the grades, that you are ascending mountain gorges and declivities. Hitherto your ascent has been so gradual and the grades so light, that you would not imagine yourself amid Alpine heights, but for the mighty summits that greet the view on every hand. Now for nine miles—that is, from Bemis station to the Crawford House—the grade is one hundred and sixteen feet to the mile, or more than one thousand feet in all; but being equally distributed over the whole distance, the ascent is steadily and easily made. The "iron horse" scarcely gives an extra strain or puff. He seems to act from the force of

habit, and takes you up the grand gateway with all that indifference that usually characterizes the performance of a daily task. All this one can excuse in a faithful servant that bears you along with a strong arm and steady foot, giving you the fullest opportunity to see and enjoy the wondrous sights.

And yet, in this nine-mile ascent, what historic places, what monuments of Almighty power, and what scenic glories do we pass amid and through! Yonder, off at the right, is Mount Crawford, high and rugged, but not so grand and lofty as those we shall soon see. Here we come to the Frankenstein Bridge, with its trestle-work eighty feet high or deep, depending upon whether you look up or down, the framework of iron, so thoroughly braced and strong that there is not the least danger in passing over it. Yonder, north of Crawford, and nearer to the "pass," is Mount Webster, bold, abrupt, broad-faced, and colossal in its proportions, with features that, like those of its namesake, appear more grand and striking the nearer you approach them. And here upon the left, cropping down steeply to the very track, is Mount Willard, one of the most lofty and precipitous of all the White Mountain range.

Step to the rear of the car now, and cast your eye up those mighty declivities and see how the track stretches athwart its almost perpendicular sides, and the car moves like a fly crawling along upon a line that spans the steep roof of a house. Now you must open the windows on the east side of the car and keep watch for an opening in the trees, if you would catch a glimpse of the famous

"Wiley House," a sad monument of a whole family buried in a mountain slide, fifty-one years ago come the 28th of this month (August). There, that is it: that little low red house to the north of the group of buildings, used now as then for a place of entertainment, only much enlarged. We should like to recite the sad and touching history of this family thus suddenly buried alive, if it

accorded with our present design. But our obliging conductor has already opened the windows upon the left or west side, so that we may see where the slide or avalanche came down with such resistless and overwhelming force as not only to entomb a whole family, but to fill up much of the valley below and turn the Saco from its course.

Just look up those towering sides, more than two thousand feet high and so steep that you could not stand there a moment; almost perpendicular, in fact, so that, moistened and loosened by

heavy rains, it is no wonder that the incumbent mass of earth came down in the mighty avalanche to which we have referred. These naked rocks, stripped of their covering of earth and trees more than fifty years ago, have in these long years scarcely veiled their skeleton forms, even with a coating of moss, but seem to mourn the hapless lot of the buried family alike in the glare and glamor of the sunlight, and in the beating and howling of the pitiless storm. And storm and tempest as they sweep through the recesses and caverns of these vast mountain solitudes, so deep and towering that they seem to join two worlds, earth and sky, shall continue to chant their solemn requiem down through the countless ages.



FRANKENSTEIN TRESTLE (LOOKING SOUTH), WHITE MOUNTAINS.

We are now approaching a huge precipice some two thousand feet perpendicular height, confronting it face to face, apparently ready to run into its stony recesses—its impregnable and towering walls of adamant rock. But no! like a charmed path, or the magic thread of the labyrinth, the supple and sinuous iron track takes us safely and smoothly around the overhanging cliff, and averts the threat-



CRAWFORD NOTCH (LOOKING SOUTH), WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

ened danger just when it seems most imminent and unavoidable.

Those towering cliffs to which we have just referred, and which seem to be a mighty wall connecting Mount Webster to Willey, with the break only of "The Notch," go by the name of Mount Willard, of which we will speak soon.

But here we observe that we approach a grand turn around the huge ramparts of stone, and it must portend some new revelation of the wondrous works of nature, if not some startling and thrilling sights. With bated breath we watch and wait. Ah! "It is 'The Notch,'" says the conductor. "The Notch!" "The Notch!" is repeated by the passengers. The thrilling watchword passes down

the line of tourists, and from car to car, while all eyes are strained to catch the sight, and all ears attent to hear the explanations that the various inquiries elicit. But seeing is knowing, and as all look, all know at a glance what the striking phenomena or freak of nature called "The Notch" is. All the vague and dreamy notions which hearsay testimony had woven around the imagination pass away like smoke before a strong wind, or mist before the rising sun, and the clear atmosphere of truth and reality settles at once around the mind like the light of day. We all know that the real Notch is that huge gap or gorge reaching from side to side, and rising with the mountains almost to the sky, the bottom of which is the old road or turnpike, rugged, wild, and precipitous on all sides, which our fathers from necessity traversed on business, and which was visited by the sight-seers of other days, at much trouble and expense, but perhaps in quite as enjoyable and appreciable moods and keen a relish as we can claim.

That little cut in the rocks which the railroad man—fine, obliging fellow that he is!—calls "The Notch," and tells us is sixty feet deep, is only a niche in the side of the true Notch, a little rut or auger-hole chipped out by the puny hand of man, wholly unlike the grand cleft through the mountain's side from base to summit, which the Great Architect and Engineer who reared these "Everlasting Hills" has carved out to teach a lesson to man, and as a sign of His strength and glory.

The views herewith given represent "The Notch" from two aspects—one as we go north, just before reaching the cut for the railroad, with the celebrated and now historic Crawford House in the distance; the other gives the view looking south, along Mount Willard on the right and far down the Saco, which is here a tiny mountain stream, and out through its wild and picturesque valley, along many windings and across many gulfs and gorges, almost the entire length of the nine-mile grade that spans the Notch.

Mount Willard, which must not be confounded with Mount Willey, is ascended from the Crawford House, by a good bridge and carriage road,

through one of the finest forests in all the White Mountain region. This cool and umbrageous pathway can be surmounted and highly enjoyed on foot, the method of ascent which we adopted, both from economy and choice. The whole distance, with its grades and windings is scarcely three miles, and is easily accomplished by any person of a moderate share of vigor and experience as a pedestrian. We had heard much of the views to be had from Mount Willard, and they fully met our most vivid and glowing conceptions and most sanguine anticipations. It is not the height at which you stand and from which you gaze, but the peculiar position of your lookout or point of observation, with reference to the surrounding peaks and the valley below. You stand just that high and just at that point, where the huge rocky bulwarks and the grim features and gigantic forms of the monarchs of the mountain stand out in boldest relief before you; while the beautiful valley below assumes the form of a vast yawning abyss, down into whose almost fathomless depths it makes one giddy to look, and from which you shrink back with shudderings lest somehow you slide and fall into it. The sublime and awful appear here in their grandest forms and most striking characteristics. Mount Willard is to the observer of natural scenery among the mountains, what the right position is, in viewing a gallery of paintings from the hands of the great masters. It is a raised platform, from which you can see a tableau more imposing, a panorama more magnificent and impressive, than was ever prepared by the hand of man, and which the Almighty Architect alone could construct.

In the vicinity of the Crawford Notch, there is much of interest to the tourist who is a true lover of nature, an earnest and childlike student of its mysteries and beauties, to which we cannot

even allude. Of course all will visit the "Flume," the "Silver Cascade," and "Beecher's Falls," they are so interesting and so very near and accessible. And if visitors can well do it, we would advise them to take the bridle-path, once the old carriage road, from the Crawford House to the summit of Mount Washington.

The whole distance by this route is, we believe, about nine miles, and to those who can bear the fatigue it must be a most romantic and delightful adventure. Yet with the fine facilities now provided for reaching and ascending the mountain by rail, as the least expensive and on the whole the most comfortable and enjoyable one, most will choose this method. Those who can afford the time and expense, should try both ways.

The summit of the Notch is at "Crawford's." From here it is a gently descending grade to "Fabian's," a distance of hardly four miles. The finest view of Mount Washington that we have seen, one that does not bring you so near as to make

the rugged features appear huge and repulsive, nor so distant as to dwarf and dim their more interesting and marked characteristics, is from the piazza of the "Fabian House." One point, near the south end, is particularly favorable and happy in its revelations of the beauty and glory of this "monarch of the hills." As he sits there, enthroned in the very realms of the sky, in serene and peerless majesty, you gaze at the grand spectacle with rapt awe and unutterable admiration and delight.

From Fabian's to the base of the mountain it is just six miles, and as hitherto by rail; but this last distance is made not over the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, but over one provided for our use by the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad Company, which, by a spur or track completed last year, and which was appropriately



THE FLUME, FRANCONIA NOTCH, WHITE MOUNTAINS.

signalized by driving the golden spike, furnished the last link that gives to the pleasure-seeking and travelling public unbroken railroad transit to the top of Mount Washington.

On our way from Fabian's we get occasional glimpses of the "Royal Mount," several of which are very fine; one especially, that is to be seen about two miles from the "base," is sublime and impressive in the highest degree. Language cannot describe it. No painter can catch and fix the resplendent view. At one moment the summit is seen to stand forth in calm and serene majesty, the "imperial features" clearly marked and radiant with the glowing light of the sun; then presently the face is veiled in a cloud, enhancing the impression by partial concealment from too familiar gaze; meantime the body of the mountain is clothed with a halo of purple and gold which seems to reflect the beauty of earth and the glory of the heavens. As we gaze with rapt emotions and filled with transports of delight, fancy touches the picture, giving it unearthly beauty, and imagination

takes wings till the whole mountain shines like a summit of burnished gold, and, transfigured before us, glows with the light and beauty of that "upper mount," which the conception of all sometimes portrays, the heathen guided by the light of nature aspire after, and which was clearly revealed to the prophet of God at the isle of Patmos.

Well, here we are at the foot of the mountain, and as we look up this grand stairway of the skies, this stupendous monument to the power of the Creator, we wonder how it could be thus reared on high and kept in its place. We wonder, also, how we can ascend its steep and rugged sides to its towering summit. Time and again as we have looked up this precipitous pile of rugged rocks, we have resolved that we would ascend it on foot—that we would thus see all the sights and know how our fathers did the thing—above all, we would

learn how to value the crowning reward, by first earning the coveted prize.

And to-day, as usual, misgivings come over us. Why should they not? after having walked six miles—for although our "passports" were all right, and we could have rode on the cars, we wanted to enjoy the sights of the old route, and especially that splendid view to which we have referred, and to see once more the "Beautiful Falls of the Ammonoosuc"—with the thermometer in the "nineties," and our dickey melted down to zero—the zero of hot water, not the freezing

cipher—and three miles of climbing looming up before us—all of it up, up, up, over a pathway rough as a bed of lava and steep as "Jacob's Ladder," a part of the tramway being in fact named after that poetic stairway, up and down which the patriarch's celestial visitors used to walk; or, that more brilliant one that adorns the heavens. Why not, I say, let one's courage fail him at such a time? And why should it not, with such a fine comfortable car coming up just at the moment when you

are balancing motives, with a gay company of tourists made up of fair and smiling ladies and merry gentlemen?

We surrender, not *at* discretion, but *to it*, and take our seat with the sensible party in the car. Up, up we go! The spunky little engine, spluttering and clicking all the time at a great rate, takes us along, pushing and climbing hand before hand, all wondering how it can do the thing and do it so well, and some pale with excitement and fear lest it should fail us. But nothing convinces like the doing of a thing, and soon all, or nearly all of the passengers, become reasonably assured of their safety, and continue to enjoy themselves in a cheerful, talkative manner. Some are gazing from the car windows upon the wondrous scenes with rapt emotions, and are lifted up with great thoughts. Others are filled with awe and strange



OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, FRANCONIA NOTCH, WHITE MOUNTAINS.

emotions, they scarcely know how or why. Others still are wild with excitement and inclined to be merry.

"Down in front!" often comes from those in the rear of the car, *bottom* we should say, as they are nearly under us. A goodly number sit on the upper or forward platform—for remember that we are backed up, not drawn, and let down when we return, the engine remaining all the while on the lower end of the train—professedly there to see better, but really, uncharitable thought! so as to

language and space would fail us, and we should be compelled at last to say to the reader, "You must go and see for yourself. No mortal man can tell what he sees and feels on the sublime heights of Mount Washington! Its wonders and glories, its ecstatic and transporting thoughts can never be spoken, much less written. They can only be experienced and felt."

A few interesting phenomena we will discuss and a few items of information give.

The "Mount Washington Railway," Walter



PROFILE HOUSE AND ECHO LAKE, FRANCONIA NOTCH, WHITE MOUNTAINS, N.H.

jump off easily in case anything should give way in the rear.

For the first mile we realize that we are ascending great heights, with magnificent landscapes opening before us. For the next mile we obtain views of distant lands and noted mountains, and are so high that we lose nearly all appreciable means of measuring our ascent. For the last mile, and especially at the termination of it, we seem to be suspended between the heavens and the earth, and to occupy neither world, not exactly "hanging loose," but standing upon some stupendous and towering monumental pile, on the very pinnacle of earth and sky, ready to take a look into both worlds!

We shall not attempt to describe all our emotions while upon this "mount of mounts." Both

Aiken manager, was completed in 1869, this being the tenth season it has been in operation. It is three miles in length, lacking a few feet, and surmounts a perpendicular height of 3,600 feet from base to summit, the height of the mountain being 6,296 feet above the sea, as now reckoned. This makes it 1,016 feet more than one mile in altitude. Some measurements give a few hundred feet more than this. But that which is here given, and which is doubtless very nearly accurate, makes it the highest mountain this side of North Carolina and the Rocky Mountains. The "base" is 1,200 feet above Fabian's, which would indicate that the latter is 1,496 feet above the level of the sea.

They sometimes take four cars and two hundred persons up the mountain at once, and as many as

four or five hundred in a day. They usually make two trips a day, during the season of pleasure travel, stopping on the summit over night. It takes one hour and a half to accomplish the ascent, the motion being slow but strong; giving the passengers of average strength of nerves a comfortable assurance of safety, yet one always feels a sense of relief when the train ascends to

the travelling public and their many friends at home, who are thus freed from all anxiety respecting those who make the ascent. One great advantage of this safe and pleasant means of reaching the summit is, that persons not physically strong, even the most delicate, unless positive invalids, often the most cultured and appreciative observers, can now make the ascent,

And view the wondrous sight
With transports of delight.

The reader will most likely inquire, mentally at least, "Does it pay?" Not yet; it has cost, all told, for construction and improvements about \$250,000, and although the fare is three dollars each way, or four dollars for the round trip, the season is short and the investment has thus far been a losing one, at least in its direct income.

The present "Summit House" is large enough to entertain two hundred persons at a time, and is not a mere shell with accommodations for transient visitors, but a large hotel, well built, fastened very firmly to the rocks by iron rods, and well furnished and exceedingly well managed by Mrs. J. W. Dodge and her assistants. The sleeping arrangements—what the traveller most desires at such a place—are superb. Each morning, if it is clear, the



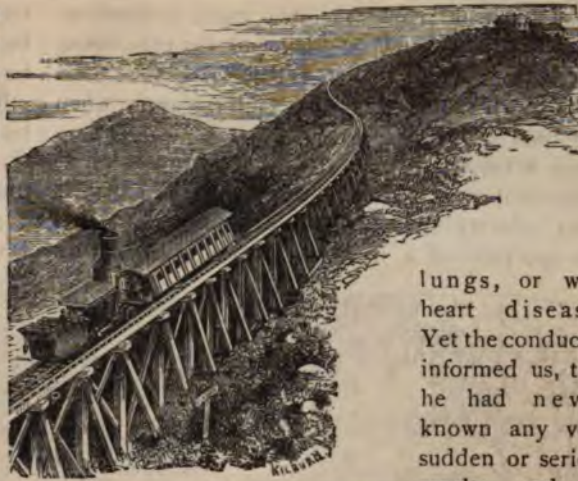
OWL'S HEAD AND MOOSE HILLOCK, WARREN, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

the platform at the "Summit." We certainly do, and we guess others do.

As to the matter of the safety of this road—which by the way is its strongest possible recommendation—there can be no question about it. It has been examined by the best engineers in the country, and pronounced safer than any other road. Better testimony still, it has conveyed in its cars some ten thousand persons each season for nine years without a single accident. It is a great feat of engineering invention and skill, and Mr. Sylvester Marsh, the inventor, who, we believe, is a resident of Littleton, has thus made himself a benefactor of his race, particularly

guests are called up by a bell, in season to see the sun rise. If they are such leaden sleepers and stupid travellers as not to desire to witness this glorious sight, they can disregard the call and sleep on, till their more animal nature calls them to breakfast. This house succeeds one that had been built twenty years and is now used for a printing-office; and this was preceded by a sort of cabin whose age it would be hard to tell. There is generally a bank or sea of clouds between the mount and the valley below reaching apparently to the eastern horizon, so that the "glorious orb of day" rises as though coming up out of the ocean, especially as when seen skirted with light,

low clouds. The sight is worth going far to see, and we witnessed and enjoyed it too, for the first time, on the first day of August, the present year. As to the number of clear sunrise and sunset scenes, there are undoubtedly great misconceptions. We have been told that a clear good view of this phenomenon could be had but a few times in the season, and that a person in making many trips, might not witness the interesting sight at all. Judge of our surprise—and we think it will be new to most persons—when informed, on the testimony of the conductor, who has been on the road and stayed on the summit at night for four or five years, that *fully one-half of the time the sun rises and sets clear, as seen from Mount Washington*. This, of course, affords the greatest possible encouragement to tourists and excursion parties to make the ascent and to stay on the "Summit" over night. The



JACOB'S LADDER AND MT. WASHINGTON SUMMIT.

lungs, or with heart disease. Yet the conductor informed us, that he had never known any very sudden or serious results, and the effect, when any is noticeable, may

probably be traced in most cases to nervous weakness and the excitement from the novelty and imaginary dangers of the trip.

On one occasion, when the thermometer stood at sixty degrees, and the air was very still, it is described as being like the hot, dry air of a furnace in a close room. This was due largely to the rarity of the atmosphere, though it is seldom the thermometer ranges so high, with a still air at the same time.

The winds blow here with great velocity, sometimes reaching a hundred and eighty miles an hour, as measured by the Government officials, which, as most readers know, has a "Station" on the summit here. Such, however, is the rarity of the atmosphere at this height, that their force is far less. The Mount Washington trains do not run



LIVERMORE FALLS, PLYMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

difference of temperature between the "Summit" and the valley below, is from ten to thirty degrees, occasionally reaching even forty. This usually causes no inconvenience, except the precaution of taking suitable clothing to protect one against the change, the difference seeming much greater than it is, on account of its suddenness and the great rarity of the atmosphere. It is thought to be unfavorable to persons affected with bleeding at the nose or



RAILROAD STATION, BETHLEHEM, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

when the wind rises to eighty miles or more an hour. There would be danger of the cars being lifted from the track. Fortunately, the most violent winds occur in the winter season, when the road is not in use. There is a phenomenon often witnessed here, which we have no doubt is connected with the force of the winds, that is their velocity and momentum combined. It is the spectacle of a little white cloud, apparently

ciently condensed to form a cloud when one cannot be formed further down the Mount. Thus it will be seen that the cloud does not come to the summit from other directions, but is formed there and by the mountain itself, in resisting and condensing the atmosphere; otherwise it would speedily blow over, instead of seeming to linger there as it does.

A different phenomenon, but from the same cause, is witnessed on the top of Whiteface, a mountain of



WEIRS LANDING, LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

"lingering" around the summit of Mount Washington, at times like a white gossamer veil, but of more or less size and density; it is almost always there, lifting and settling, expanding and contracting, but still hanging around the "majestic face," to the great annoyance of those below, and less frequently to those on the Mount, who wish to have an unobstructed view; and the mystery is, that it is often seen in the driest, fairest weather, while all around in the plains below, and upon the mountain sides, it is perfectly clear.

The explanation, we think, is this: the mountain is so high and the force of the winds so great that the atmosphere, which is always charged with vapor, that is invisible till greatly condensed, is driven against the mountain top with such force, especially on this extreme pinnacle, that it is suffi-

ciently condensed to form a cloud when one cannot be formed further down the Mount. Thus it will be seen that the cloud does not come to the summit from other directions, but is formed there and by the mountain itself, in resisting and condensing the atmosphere; otherwise it would speedily blow over, instead of seeming to linger there as it does. We found it to be simply water condensed from the atmosphere, by the mountain itself upon the rocks, and constantly dripping and gathering into this little basin or reservoir clear as crystal, and pure as that with which Eve laved her lips in Paradise.

On the summit of Mount Washington but few animals are found, or can live there. We might have mentioned that trees disappear and vegetation of most kinds ceases at about two-thirds the height of the mountain. The porcupine, or hedgehog, is occasionally found and killed here. There is also a species of mouse called the "deer mouse,"

from his color and long ears; unlike the deer, and most other mice, they have long tails. Red and striped squirrels are found occasionally, and one snake which—was killed, of course. In very clear weather ships can be seen at sea, and other objects not often discernible. All have doubtless heard of the clear and beautiful lake, a short way down the summit, yet five thousand feet above tide water. It is called "The Lake of the Clouds," and is situated on the route of the old Crawford Road.

There is one phenomenon seen here which is of very rare occurrence, and must be as beautiful and exciting as it is wonderful. It is called "The Corona." The conditions necessary for this interesting spectacle in nature, are a partially cloudy atmosphere, with a light thin mist towards the sun and a cloud in the background—time of day, at least so far as it has been noticed, the afternoon. Then, when all things are ready, this natural "camera" throws an image of the persons or other intervening objects upon the cloud, which serves as a screen. The image or images are very distinct and perfect, and are seen to move with the motions of the spectators, much like shadows upon the wall. This rare and interesting sight must be exciting and gratifying in the highest degree, but is vouchsafed only to the favored few. The Great Operator does not give notice of what he is about to do, though none are excluded, who appear at the right moment.

As we stood upon the top of Mount Washington and looked down the east side, we had often noticed a curious little basin or valley of deepest emerald green, variegated with white specks that looked like the tiny blocks of a child's play-house. On inquiry, we found that it was a noted place called "The Glen." On visiting it a few days since, we found it to be a most delightful spot, with one of the finest hotels and most accomplished landlords in all the White Mountain region. It is but eight miles from the summit, by one of the best turnpikes in the country, and daily stages. To miss seeing this place, would be to lose one of the best things of the mountain region.

Littleton, Bethlehem, and "The Franconia Notch," in the heart of the "White Mountain Region," and Plymouth and Lake Winnipiseogee and vicinity, more remote, are interesting and important localities, but we have only space to speak very briefly of the latter place.

We left the cars of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, at Weirs, after a delightful

trip from the mountains, such as we always have on this road, to take a sail on a lake about which we had heard and read much, that we might see with our own eyes its world-renowned beauty of surface and scenery.

Lake Winnipiseogee is about thirty miles in length, by from ten to twenty in width. Its form is very irregular, but the contour is fine, the shores high, and the valley in which it is located, surrounded by lovely hills and lofty mountains, the most noted of the latter being the "Ossipee" and "Sandwich" ranges. This lake is full of islands, some of which are very beautiful, some very unique in form, and some very large, one being six miles in length. The poetic number of three hundred and sixty-five, corresponding with the days of the year, which has been credited to it, as to Lake George, is doubtless in both cases equally whimsical and groundless. The exact number, by actual count, is two hundred and seventy-six, a marvelous number of islands, as surpassingly beautiful as they are numerous.

Two steamers, the "Lady of the Lake" and the "Mount Washington," make frequent trips across the lake during the season of summer travel, both of them touching at Senter Harbor (erroneously spelled "Center") and Wolfeboro. In crossing the lake to either place, you have some of the finest views that the eye ever feasted on or the imagination pictured. Several of these constitute landscapes worthy of the hand of the greatest master in painting.

The most beautiful place and noted summer resort on the borders of this lake, is the "Senter House," with its fine grounds and magnificent shade.

From an eminence that overlooks the lake and the adjacent shores, which is said to be the best view to be had, we surveyed this most charming of New England if not American lakes. The fair waters of the lake, the beautiful islands, and the picturesque mainland, were clothed in the rich mellow rays of the setting sun, as with garments of light, the lake itself reflecting from its face the many hues of the clouds, and glowing like a mirror of burnished silver in settings of azure, crimson and gold, and constituting the central figure and chief attraction of the matchless scene.

Spell-bound we gazed upon the fascinating view till the shadows of evening fell upon lake and landscape.

ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS, AS SEEN IN THE RELIGIOUS EDIFICES OF THE WORLD.

BY REV. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, D.D., LL.D.

VIII. ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.



THE OLD CONGREGATIONAL MEETING-HOUSE AT HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS—OLDEST IN AMERICA.

THE attention of the reader is drawn to an illustrated article on this subject which appeared in this MONTHLY for March, 1875.

ments of our people in the early years of our national life. It was shown that though the progress of our people has displayed all the energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, in the subjugation of

of palatial homes, in the union of our vast territories by iron bonds, and in girdling the world by



COLUMBUS AVENUE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BOSTON.

our commerce, yet in none of these departments of our civilization has greater progress been made than in the sphere of church architecture. It is, no doubt, amusing at the present day on returning from a luxuriously cushioned pew in an edifice with lofty groins overhead, with golden many-tinted lights from rich emblazoned windows flooding the interior with a mingled halo of glory, with long drawn aisles and clustered columns that lift the eye heavenward and leave on the mind a feeling of reverential awe, to turn over the leaves of an old album and look at the pictures of the quaint, rude shrines in which the sires of a former age worshipped God. True, these structures had little beauty of outline. Externally, there was nothing in their form to gratify the eye and satisfy a cultured taste. Internally, all was bald and homely; the hard bench, the stiff unbending back, even if there were a back to the seat, the barrel pulpit up aloft, the huge stove with rambling pipes that stretched up roofward in rigid angularity, and the many-paned windows, all bore evidence of a primitive time. What else could be expected?

VOL. IX.—12

Has there not been a Glastonbury and an Iona; and what of King Edwin's Church of wooden frame where the proud Minster of York now rears its head in splendor over more lowly but still beauteous fanes? Who can forget the early scenes of the Holy Isle; and even at lordly Durham was there not "a little oratory of wattles" before there was a church of stone? The men who braved the ocean, encountered Indians, subdued the forests and made the land the home of liberty, left a fatherland for freedom to worship God; and humble though the sanctuaries were which they erected, they served the God of their fathers with the best which they had. In time, their circumstances changed, and their humble churches bore witness of the change; but taste and science are not perfected in a day. That could not have been expected on the west of the Atlantic which was not to be found in the same age in the lands of our fathers, even with all the wealth which they commanded and with the examples of centuries of progress before their eyes. Uneducated mechanics could only build according to the degree of their intelligence, and it was not strange, therefore, that when the desire for something better than the old square meeting-house was felt, that the wonderful exhibitions were made in Grecian art which towns and villages soon displayed. The village builder made his own



FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE AT MATINECOCK, NEW YORK.
(Built about 1725.)

columns according to his own ideas of diameters. He made them long or short, as the height of his walls demanded, and pediment or no pediment he

which access was to be gained by a stair in the corner of the room. And yet such a contrivance was not thought to be out of place in the building which was dedicated to the service of God.



FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE, FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.
(Built in 1716.)

placed his columns where he thought they might ornament his workmanship, regardless of Calli- crates or Ictinus, or any Greek or Roman of the olden time. Columns were columns, and capitals were capitals, and so the builders pleased themselves and wrought as best they could with the means at their command. Still farther, as engravings showed the forms of Grecian temples, why not have churches like them, at least on the outside? During this transition period in this country and in Britain likewise, builders never paused to ask themselves, did Greeks or Romans build temples two stories high, with windows in the flank walls, and then proceed to block up the windows internally, by carrying a floor across the middle of them on which to construct fixed seats for the accommodation of an audience? That which would not have been tolerated in the best apartment of any dwelling-house, was in this condition of "churchly art" quite good enough for the house of God. Any builder would have been considered insane, who would have proposed to enlarge the space of a merchant's parlor or drawing-room, by running a floor across the middle of his parlor windows, so as to enlarge the apartment by a loft projected inwardly some ten or fifteen feet, to

introduced for obvious uses in a different condition of civilization, in edifices of a type and style such as no Greek ever saw? To be sure, such conjunctions were just as lawful on this continent as they were in Britain where they had been introduced, and where all forms of monstrosities and utterly senseless, baseless, barbarous structures had been erected, which served to show how wide-



OLD DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.
(Built in 1656.)

spread the decay of architectural principles had extended over the land. If the builders of this country had sought for precedents and examples

as authorities or apologies for their achievements, they could have found them scattered all over



CHRIST CHURCH, SACKETT'S HARBOR, NEW YORK.

Britain, where the Ebenezers, the Mount Zions, the Nazareths, and the Bethesdas gave ample evidence of the sad condition of architecture in the Georgian age. As in the case of disease, there are certain maladies that are not confined to the human race. The condition of the atmosphere which is favorable to influenza, will embrace the lower forms of animal life in its influence, and so it was with the Greek architectural fever. Greek churches led to Greek "mansions," and thence it was an easy step to Greek stables, and ere long stables had steeples to them also. The use to which the structure was to be dedicated seemed not to be thought of when the plan was projected, and hence, millions of our population have stood admiringly before a splendid marble structure, with its imposing Ionic columns, its entablature and pediment, and yet from its interior a lofty, bare red brick chimney arises, to show that after all, the edifice is a sham on the outside, for internally it is only a species of a great national foundry for casting and moulding certain forms of the valuable metals. Two matters of great weight here claim attention. First, the

strange neglect of many professed architects who seem to omit so frequently, as they do, all consideration of the uses to which the building is to be devoted for which they have prepared their plan. Thus, in the suburb of one of our largest cities, our travelling public may have their taste cultivated by contemplating a huge building erected in the style and appearance of the nave of a great medieval cathedral, and yet on closer inspection it turns out to be a very essential part of a great gas-house; and so it is in cases manifold. A second and equally important oversight may be seen in churches, dwelling-houses, school-houses, and, indeed, in all classes of buildings. A beautiful picture is designed, an imposing entrance is projected, and on the right a window is balanced by a window on the left, a projection on one side is balanced by a projection on the other side, and thus the whole is complete. As soon, however, as the internal details are entered on, the absence of intelligence begins to appear. Window after window will be deformed by a massive staircase blocking them up and marring their appearance. Where a small apartment is required, a huge window, or it may be the lower half of a great window is used to light it, because a window of



DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH AT NEW UTRECHT, LONG ISLAND.
(Built in 1690.)

the same dimension has been placed elsewhere, and this large opening was constructed merely to

balance the other. If in any buildings shams and attempted deceptions would be out of place, churches at least should be free from them; and yet it is specially in churches, where all should be

be blocked up again. A circular or wind stair was lighted by windows which also ascended. Any chamber requiring light had an opening of commensurate size; floors were not carried

up by windows, for if two or more were required, each floor was provided with the needed size and number of lights to serve the needs of the occupants, and hence, a spectator by examining the outside of a medieval church could at once anticipate the arrangements which he would find within. In no modern are the imitations of the past day more conspicuously behind the edifices of a former age, than in this sad want of reality.

For instance an old Norman church; the porch, the tower, the apse, the nave or body of the edifice are all exactly just what they would declare themselves to be. Take a modern imitation of a medieval church; internally the windows are nearly hidden by a heavy gable that blocks them up, and the lighting which in appearance pretends to be an apse or a choir is only a two-story structure, cut up into vestries or school-rooms; and just in proportion to the degree which the knowledge of principles is apprehended by professional architects that all such shams will be detected, and truth and reality in architecture will be found to prevail. It is well known that architects have much to contend with, on account of the lamentable want of information which characterizes the popular mind, and it is usually found that the more ignorant the members of the "building committee"



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK.

real, that the promise of the outside fails to be carried out, and disappointment awaits the visitor who examines the arrangements within. Here it is where the medieval builders excelled, and where they set a lesson to all the would-be architects of our age and land. No sham door was placed where a door was not needed, no window was constructed in order that one-half of it might

be, just the greater is the difficulty to induce to allow an educated architect to have his way. In a neighboring city, a large number of persons belonging to a "building committee" on returning to their homes after business hours usually brought some crotchet along with them, and by their persistent energy, they compelled the architect to put into the edifice which he

erecting a number of members which they had seen in other buildings; and thus they had succeeded in disfiguring a structure which otherwise would have been worthy of the artist's name.

Passing from the buildings of the Grecian type to the style which gradually succeeded them, it is not strange that in the early years of our national culture there should have been many wonderful displays of utter ugliness. A building with a few pointed windows was taken as a specimen of a "Gothic Church." Then a great advancement was made when a tower, or a tower and spire were erected at an angle of the entrance gable. All the while the interiors were dealt with as their predecessors of the Greek type had been treated. The same blocking up of windows, and the utter recklessness of the peculiarities of the style, the commingling in one structure of windows of one age with buttresses and mouldings and columns of other ages, and many of these of no age—all these violations were displayed; but as it has already been observed, these things might have been expected, and they are far more excusable than equally flagrant mistakes which were made by builders in Great Britain who had all over the land the purest specimens of architectural works before them that the eye of the critic could examine. They had these gems, but it would seem that they actually did not see them; and thus an untaught and unreflecting class of mechanics succeeded in erecting a multitude of as absurdly constructed "Gothic" buildings as ignorance of style and want of taste could produce. Visitors from our land who have looked with delight on the gorgeous pile of the Houses of Parliament in London, would with difficulty believe that the architect of that National Senate House, had in the early years of his professional life produced some of the baldest and poorest specimens of stiff "would-be" Gothic churches which the early part of this century can show; yet this is well known to all in Manchester who are acquainted with the history of its churches. The last fifty

years, however, have witnessed an amazing progress. The efforts of Rickman and others to discriminate and classify the successive styles, the examination of the ancient examples everywhere to be found, the minute copies by students of all the details of columns, mouldings, bases, and capitals; the con-



CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, PHILADELPHIA.

trasts of the members of one style with those of others, the study of the principles of construction, and the culture of that state of mind which enables the pupil to acquire "a feeling" for the peculiarities which belong to the different periods of the art; all these have united in producing a body of artists which were unknown in the previous age. Chief among the influences in this direction were the publications of the celebrated Pugin. His tendencies to extremes prevented him from being the eminently successful practical architect which otherwise he might have been, but his books of "Contrasts" were of inestimable value, and they

greatly affected the progress of art in his day. He presented a number of actual views of the ugliest buildings in different parts of the kingdom, and on the same sheet he showed by drawings the correct forms which these edifices might have displayed. He did this with gables, doors, windows,



ST. FRANCIS BAPTIST CHURCH, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

buttresses, and other members; he took a hideous looking entrance end of a chapel, with utterly tasteless decorations, and he showed by a picture what it might have been. He gave an angular view of a building which was supposed to have a specially ornamented front, while the side was bald, poor and *outré* in appearance, and by a "Contrast" he showed what *front* and *flank* might have been without any additional expense. In this manner his works became influential all over the country in cultivating the taste of the rising generation of builders, and at the present time there are very few leading professional men who would be guilty of mingling the members of different periods in the same edifice.

Where these matters are not understood they will not be appreciated; and many will no doubt contend that in churches about to be built, it is quite proper to block up windows by floors and stairs carried across them, and to put windows and buttresses of all kinds into the same building, because these things have been done from year to year in churches that are already built. It would be well if builders of such edifices would call their works by a proper name, for the time has fully come when there should be a recognition of the "hybrid" style.

It is easy to know when the study of architecture is only in an elemental state in any city, by the odd freaks and senseless things that artists attempt to introduce into their productions. For instance, any person who has ever seen an old fortified castle, or even the picture of one, must have an idea of the use of a machicolation. It was a parapet or gallery projecting from the upper part of the wall of a fortified house, castle or fort, supported by corbels or brackets, and perforated by openings in the lower part, through which destructive missiles might be cast down on an assailing force below. Consider then the thoughtlessness of an architect who would attempt to put such a structure on the top of a tower of a church, a house of peace, erected to promote gentleness and brotherly love. A fortification is one thing and should have all its parts, but a church is another thing and all its parts should be consistent with its churchly character. Suppose

further that from the angles of a church tower thus "ornamented" small circular turrets should be projected, supplied with narrow windows to enable the defenders to watch the enemy without or below, and over all, a grand angular lofty object, in place of an ordinary spire, should arise, to what style or period in architecture should such an edifice be assigned; and why should money be thus wasted in disfiguring a building?

An illustration in this paper will show the bearing of this criticism. The body of the church is an Italian style and the tower at an angle of the building is really an Italian Campanile; and yet on the top of this tower, the architect has placed a heavy machicolation, while above it there are



CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, NEW YORK CITY.

tial, and no features of any style whatever should be admitted that may mar the acoustic qualities of the edifice, or place a large part of the congregation behind obstructions that prevent the worshippers from seeing and hearing.

Now all these essentials may be secured, while a strict adherence to style is observed. It is only a matter of secondary importance as to the peculiar style that may in a particular case be adopted. Let it ever be kept in remembrance, however, that beauty does not mean lavish adornment and extravagant outlay; for on the other hand, many church edifices that are quite free from ornament are effective and striking, their great beauty arising from the harmony of their parts and the general outline of their plan. Whatever style may be adopted, keep to it, and avoid all mixtures. Avoid the common error of drawing a pretty picture for "a front" or "an exterior," irrespective of the internal necessities, and then offending by having the inside a series of ugly blunders. Should the size and requirements of a congregation render the

due regard must be paid to the capacities of the ordinary human voice. Thorough ventilation, combined with freedom from draughts are essen-

construction of a gallery in the church needful then let the plan both outside and inside be honest and consistent. It is an egregious mistake

to think, as many do, that Gothic buildings do not admit two ranges of windows, one range above another. Any one who has ever looked at Salisbury, or Ely, or Peterborough, knows to the contrary; and among the illustrations of this paper, there are two good examples which enforce this principle. Where galleries are required let the openings for light above and below be real windows of a distinct form and character.

Much has yet to be learned in church building, but it is a gratifying fact that during the last twenty years the progress of education has already beautified most of our cities with ecclesiastical edifices that are goodly monuments of the artists who designed and of the liberality of those whose munificence erected them.

It should ever be borne in mind that all designs in church architecture should combine symmetry of proportion with the greatest possible utility of the space occupied. This utilizing of room, while furnishing at the same time the necessary embellishments to inspire a feeling of awe and solemnity, is one of the surest tests of the artist's skill. The interior of buildings consecrated to the worship of God, while agreeing with the general exterior, should so blend

the majestic with grace of form, style and color of finish, as to awaken in mind and heart of the worshipper thoughts and emotions of a serene and exalted character.



ST. ANN'S CHURCH (EPISCOPAL), BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Want of taste in ecclesiastical structures is a serious impediment to lofty conceptions of the Great Architect, as it tends to distract the feelings, as discord in music mars the equanimity of the listener. The effect of the objects contemplated is, therefore, a subject of primary importance.

THE AMAZONS OF MEXICO.

(FROM THE PEN OF A TOLTEC HISTORIAN.)

TRANSLATED BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

CHAPTER II.

For awhile the women sat upon the ground with their heads bowed down, weeping, and casting their eyes upon the beautiful city which they should enter no more. There were their husbands and brothers—there were their fathers and their sons, friends of their youth, companions of their childhood. They were no more to behold them—death would be the penalty of their return. The lurid light from Popocatepetl shone upon their sad faces, and the everlasting stars looked placidly down, as they have done for thousands of years, aloof from human misery, regardless of the destinies of man. There was no omen of good, no sign of Divine displeasure. It is the fate of man to act, and the consequences of his doings haunt his footsteps with a perpetual, untiring tenacity, till the foregone has become a part of the ultimate. Yet does the great God consider it all, and what has tended to the good is folded into the fatherly bosom of the unseen.

As the night waned, the solemn multitude were gradually in the land of dreams, but the Lady Tula sat at the feet of Malinka holding her cold hands, but silent and motionless, for the Priestess was like to one sitting at the portals of death. She uttered no word, nor gave utterance to sobs—her eyes were raised heavenward, and a great agony of spirit, an inward cry of the whole soul went up in the face of the great God. She was responsible for all these women—at her word they had lost kindred and home. Had she been a blind leader of the blind? As this last thought pressed upon her mind, her whole being revolted; “No, no,” she inwardly cried. “The vision was true as God is true. I could not, did not foresee this banishment. It has come upon us, and we submit.”

The next day she expressed her mind to the women, of whom it is but just to say, they had not reviled nor reproached Malinka. She called upon them to bow down before that Invisible God, which had been a part of the worship of Cholula, and to whom no temples were ever raised.

“Alas!” they cried, “how can we worship! we have lost the sacred fire!”

“I am persuaded,” answered the Priestess, “that we are called to worship, to power, to empire, and for these we must relinquish the past. We must build better than we have built, wiser than we have known.”

She knelt down and in silence adored the Unseen, and all the women knelt, and not without many sobs and tears. Then Malinka, seeing the people obeyed her voice, as they always had done as a Priestess without considering whether it were wise and well to do so, bade them choose a leader, who should be a ruler, till such time as it was determined to build the walls of a city in which they might dwell. With one voice they called upon her to direct their movements. Then she bade them bring their gold and jewelry, and place it in the hands of the Lady Tula, reserving only such as they were in a habit of wearing for convenience as well as ornament. They willingly obeyed making this a treasure to be used as necessity might suggest.

“We must go south,” suggested Malinka, “for there I have learned by the Priests of Cholula, the people are gentle, and the country most lovely. There we will build us a city; there will establish laws to govern us that shall not be of that cruel character under which we have groaned. Our marriages shall be our choice, not our necessity; our religion pure and without blood; our children shall no more be immolated upon the altars of a cruel god.”

The women glanced at each other, and at last the Lady Tula asked, “You speak of marriage, you talk of our children; alas! how can these things be, unless we are lost amidst another people, who will enforce their own laws, and compel us to submit?”

They were interrupted by the appearance of a group of the citizens of Cholula, who came to jeer and deride what seemed their hopeless lot; spies also had been around the camp, and Malinka saw that to avoid molestation, if not real danger, they must move onward. They did so by slow marches, indulging in the delicious fruits of the region, and

happy in a high purpose, though as yet its object was not clearly revealed to them. They were full of health, and animated by a beautiful if undefined hope. The wild beast did not molest them, and those of a gentle make allied themselves with them, and added to the magnitude as well as cheerfulness of the pilgrims. Bright birds flitted about them; chattering monkeys came and went, and the lama bent his pretty shoulders to the weight of the children and maidens. Even the snake, if venomous, forgot his malice and followed the peaceful troop, for the snake is attracted by women with child, and if not rudely repulsed, will fawn around her, impelled by a strange natural instinct. As they approached the confines of people through whose territory they must pass, splendid roads bordered with palm trees and the dark-leaved mahogany rendered their journey less toilsome. These nations offered them an asylum, but learning they went forth at the command of the beautiful god Quetzalcoatl, whose worship they in part comprehended, the men came forth and tackled their oxen to gorgeous chariots and helped them onward. Some of their nobler women joined them also. Sometimes the women rested for several weeks on their route, willing to learn of other nations their customs, their laws, and marriage obligations, in the hope they might profit by the experience of different people. Many children also were now added to their number; beautiful children were they all, but it was observable that the mothers who had borne boys looked upon them with sullen, unmaternal feelings. They will become men they said, and, though few in number, will assert their natural disposition to domineer over us. We have escaped one bondage only to be plunged into another.

Malinka mothered a lovely girl, and great was the rejoicing thereat. Her heart grew tender to the little ones who gathered about her as to a mother, and especially the little boys, who felt themselves unwelcome, and suffered from the displeasure of their mothers. They were less bold and less cheerful than the girls, and felt an unnatural isolation and constraint unless sheltered by the tenderness of Malinka.

Three years and more had passed since the exodus of the women from Cholula. They had travelled the great high roads of different nationalities which were paved with broad flat stones and the sides bordered with trees, whose dense foliage had

sheltered them from the heat of the sun and created a highway at once easy to travel and beautiful to the senses. They had now reached the country of the Toltecs, a gentle, civilized people, who, like the Aztecs, worshipped in the higher forms of their worship the Unseen, Eternal God, source of light and being, and of all moral ideas; but unlike the Aztecs, refused to offer human sacrifices to their inferior gods. They had been followed by messengers and spies from different nations throughout their route, but these perceiving them to be orderly, pious, and peaceful, and having no warriors, nor men of any kind, to create suspicion of their object, naturally supposed them to be destined to no remote destruction, and soon left them to their own way; often supplying them with many comforts and accelerating their departure through their territory, with an eye, doubtless, to the stability of their own women, who do not fail to denounce the actions of each other, while at the same time they follow the like doings themselves.

Not so the people of Palenqué, the chief city of the Toltecs, whose spies had warned them of the approach of this army of women for some time past. Being now within a day's march to the city, the principal men and high priests were sent upon an embassy to learn the object of such a strange movement of so many of the sex, usually detained within the precincts of their own dwellings. Seeing these dignitaries approach, Malinka sent to inform them that a deputation would meet them outside the camp, which they were desired not to enter.

It was observable that the little boys eyed these strangers with great interest; indeed, they gathered themselves upon the verge of the encampment, and it was plain to be seen that unwonted thoughts worked in their little brains, for they repulsed the girls that attempted to join them in their scrutiny, and grew more bold in their demeanor; from whence it may be inferred, that place the men in an inferior station, overcome by numbers, strength, or stratagem, they would gradually become the weaker sex, as these boys had become, and obey, where ordinarily they have ruled.

Malinka, clad in her white robes of office, her head bearing the symbol of a dove resting on the crest of a serpent, her arms ornamented with settings of emeralds and opals, and a silver wand with pearls of creamy lustre, symbolizing the purity of womanhood, in her hand; leaning upon

a golden staff, and followed by the Lady Tula and other noble matrons, separated themselves from the camp and proceeded to meet the envoys.

The chief men of Palenqué were amazed at the noble beauty of the women, the richness of their attire, as well as the superior intelligence depicted upon their faces. Awed by the majestic presence of Malinka, they knelt before her as to a divine representative. When she told them of the vision vouchsafed her by the benign Quetzalcoatl, and how he had directed them to the South, with a promise to further instruct them what to do, they saw at once she had been divinely commissioned, and departed with a promise to return the next day with further instructions from the authorities of the city.

Now the people of Palenqué were of an exceedingly polite and cultivated kind: their laws were just, their priests virtuous, and their wise men mingled freely with artisans and laborers, that they might impart to them the higher subjects of thought: the instructors of youth trained them to all the knowledge of the age in which they lived, including a study of the laws they were expected to obey, and those moral ideas which all are bound to respect; but it was noticeable that the women were less intelligent than the men. They had never been exposed to the sufferings of the women of Cholula, who upon slight pretexts were immured in the subterranean passages of the temples, from which they never afterwards emerged; they saw themselves and their children dragged into the temples, there to be sacrificed to the gods, and their sons, if beautiful in person, hidden by the priests to be at length laid upon the sacrificial stone. These things had driven them to despair, while the women of Palenqué, indulged in idleness and luxury, had sunk into imbecility, and were far less virtuous than the men, who greatly outnumbered them.

So it came to pass at the conference on the ensuing day, the rulers of Palenqué urged Malinka to take up her abode with them, offering to give up to her and her people the great palace, and to leave them uninterrupted in their own pursuits and opinions. This was a great concession, but Malinka, fearing a snare, proceeded to explain to them her real intent.

Accordingly, she summoned to the interview the young boys who loitered not far off, open-earred and open-mouthed. "These," said she,

"are of no use to us—they are not happy with us; we will give you these boys for a like number of girls." There were several hundred.

The men were astonished, but agreed there, thinking they had by far the best of the contract or bargain. Accordingly the next day the mothers of these boys departed, leading them by the hand to the great grief of the little girls of a like age. At the same time from the city were led forth to meet their mothers the girls in exchange, and thus was the camp entirely free from the male sex, to the infinite delight of the women.

But for the most stringent restraints of the authorities, the whole male population of Palenqué would have emptied itself upon the camp of the women. Malinka, foreseeing this, no sooner was rid of the boys than she enrolled their mothers into a guard of soldiers with tight tunics, and helmets and spears tipped with polish absiding; rightly conjecturing that these women being naturally fierce in character and restive under restraint, would find their congenial element in any passage of arms. Nor was she mistaken; they at once organized themselves under their elected officers, and mounted guard, well braced in golden armor of delicate links, and weapons in hand. When, therefore, the Elders appeared for the third conference, they were met by this military body, which at once directed all stragglers back to Palenqué, while at the same time others stood guard over the circle of council. It will not seem strange that these grave, austere men, held in awe by all people, were somewhat moved and disturbed by the beauty of these soldiers, so intrepid and authoritative in manner, for men are dazzled by woman's spirit, till it recoils, as it is apt to do upon themselves.

When Malinka had seated herself in this council, the elders explained the object of their coming.

"We perceive," said they, "that you are without men, and consequently will soon be extinct. Now, it is not the object of Quetzalcoatl, of whom we have also learned, to beguile you into the wilderness, there to perish. You are beautiful—more beautiful than any women we have ever beheld. You are wise, you are chaste, your voice is as the cooing of doves and the sighing of the wind amid the branches; why should you perish? We come to offer you a home in Palenqué, and to pick of our bravest and handsomest men."

A soft blush overspread the face of Malinka.

repeated upon the countenances of her ladies at these words, but she rose to

mistake the object of our movement. We seek new alliances of marriage. These proffered us before by people through history we have passed."

"It look too high," interrupted one of the little snappishly.

"To what we propose," replied Malinka. "We establish a new Empire."

Her half rose from his seat, while his jaw quivered. "Without men?" he ejaculated. Malinka blushed as before.

"Men and women cannot live together," she said. "They quarrel, they oppress, they corrupt."

In surprise, the open-mouthed wonder of these ladies, Malinka continued, "We propose, we

shall live together, to frame our own laws, to punish our own evil-doers, fight our own battles, to build our own cities, earn our own bread, and to dwell in our own temples."

When Malinka finished the last sentence, one of the Elders rushed away from the group in a fit of sudden frenzy.

The Elders arose with great dignity, and in a tone of voice, inquired, "Has Quetzalcoatl promised that you shall live a thousand years, and you may achieve all this?"

"We responded Malinka, "we shall die as the rest of our sex have died, never having drunk the divine cup of freedom." She blushed again, and continued, "Our maidens are brave, industrious. We teach them the beauties of song as ye have heard, and are inspired by the harmonies of music. We hold festivals, when the youth of the other sex compete with us in all that is best in the world; in feats of arms, the language and music, the skill of agriculture, and the sciences of architecture. Then shall those youths, worthy of inspiring love, and fit for the duties of marriage, be united. We will not waste our youth, we will not waste the soul, nor live in the dull routine of everyday life. When the days of festival are over, the wife shall perform her duties with new honors, wearing the robes of marriage, and the husband shall protect the other sex, and take up his accusations."

"Oh! ye gods!" cried one of the Elders, lifting his eyes upward in holy consternation. Another asked:

"To whom will the wife belong?"

"To whom will the husband belong?" asked Malinka.

"To his wife, to the State, to God."

"So shall it be with the wife. She shall belong to her husband in all loyalty—to the State whose laws she will obey, having helped to create them, and to God, whom she will worship. Thus does she stand as wife; but this relation is not for every woman. Marriage is not a position that every man and woman is fit to fill; therefore, over and above all else, every man and every woman belongs to himself.

The Elders groaned aloud. They glanced at the sunshine around the sky above, and then at each other as if fully expecting the earth to tremble with quakings. One of them at length asked, "Do you mean that women shall live by themselves, and men by themselves?"

"Assuredly. Every man is to do his own work; every woman to do hers. Love between them is to create the relation of marriage between them, a sacred and inviolable bond, but neither marriage, nor imbecility, nor laziness, nor property, shall bring one sex into bondage to the other. Each shall sustain itself."

"Ye gods!" again ejaculated the Elders, aghast at what they heard. The women soldiers laughed in glee, and rattled their weapons in mock defiance. The Elders asked:

"Where will it all lead? To what purpose should women cease to be helpful to man?"

"It will lead to peace, to justice, to purity. You have oppressed and enslaved us; you deride and condemn us; you say that all we do you can do better. So be it. We may not do well, but we will do that best suited to our conditions. If poor, it will be our own."

"You mean to turn the world upside down. I suppose as you admit marriage for some, there may be children; who is to care for them?"

"The mothers for one year will care for both sexes alike; at the end of that period, the boys will be delivered into the hands of their fathers, to be trained by them in all necessary knowledge, science, art, agriculture, and the true moral and religious principles. We in like manner will rear the girls to like pursuits and duties, and the faith-

fulness with which each party shall perform these duties, will be the test of our civilization."

"Do you mean that men must turn nursery maids to an army of babies?" cried the Elders; and at this the mirth of the women soldiers became nearly ungovernable, but Malinka waved her hand in token of silence, and replied:

"It is the result of marriage, and as thus each sex will bear its natural burden and responsibilities, each provide for its own prosperity and well being, the gods grant that every child may prove a girl!"

There was some tittering, and the council broke up without more ado, the Elders returning disconsolate to Palenqué.

In the meantime, day by day, the women most renowned for wisdom were organizing a body politic; choosing officers, and defining the rights and privileges of the community. There was some little difficulty in arranging the judiciary, as well as some other departments, the women not clearly recognizing the necessity of order and obedience to the divine element of justice. Not so with the soldiery. It would seem that women, like men, have a natural proclivity to battle and war, hence it became apparent that much of the discomfort which had hitherto existed in the domestic relation had its rise in this unacknowledged propensity in the sex; a propensity hitherto allowed no legitimate field for action, had expended itself in perpetual broils, irritations, and domineerings, greatly to the detriment of family peace and comfort. It is true the men had forced the women into the Temples, and by compelling them into the service of religion, had in a measure neutralized their ill-conditioned natures, but some were not to be in any way brought into harmony.

Now, however, these ferocious women being organized into military bands were in their own atmosphere, what might be called their normal condition, and great was their activity, their energy, their watchfulness. Women who had been thin and sour in aspect, all at once plumped up, and grew exceedingly handsome. They were resolute in enforcing discipline, and in practicing the accustomed drill of the soldier. Their bright eyes gleamed under the visor, and their closely-cut black hair imparted a sort of manly indifference to appearances, which is so much the besetting sin of women. Their dress consisted of a fitting armor made of gold, and under this

was a tunic of white cotton edged with golden fringe. Over the armor was a short robe reaching to the knee and confined by a sash of blue, crimson, or gold according to the rank of the wearer. At the morning drill it was a fair sight, these slender, but shapely women in their rapid evolutions. It was found that a vast number of the sex belonged naturally to the military department, and therefore all were more or less trained to its duties, that in case of emergency they might not be without suitable defence. Indeed, it was found by thus enrolling the whole community, as it were, into a band of soldiers, whose exercises required force and severe discipline, not only was safety insured, but harmony also, as all surplus vitality in this way was consumed in a legitimate field. Private feuds disappeared, bickerings were done away with, rivalries ceased, and the women were content.

From the first exodus of the women from Cholula, they had declared the slaves free. No invidious distinction was allowed to exist. It was now formally announced that no slave should be known as such, in the body politic. Perfect equality was declared under the law. The ignorant women, the incapable women, were most especially under its protection. As to labor, each individual was at liberty to fix her status of industry, and avail herself of the aid of her sisters, so far as it could be done without creating a feeling of caste. It should be, not the duty, but the privilege of each to help the other. Work of every kind should be an honor, not a penalty. No woman should pride herself upon the whiteness of her hands, which would be rather a testimony to her laziness and incompetency than an element of beauty; the useless hand going with the imbecile brain. Every woman should be required to contribute her proportion to the common stock of industry and wealth.

Every woman shall be entitled to the use and possession of whatever is produced by her own industry, invention or discovery of any kind; but as the mere accumulation of property, without the design of some external, general good, is a selfish and degrading passion, unworthy of an elevated mind, she shall have the privilege of depositing her surplus earnings with the common stock, to be stored in a house built for the purpose, to be called the Treasury. No one shall draw anything from the Treasury, having once been deposited therein, without the consent of the whole.

woman is supposed to be willing to flaunt herself in foolish finery, thereby bringing upon herself the observation, if not envy, of her less well-to-do sisters. The beauty of person and harmony of life are best promoted by simplicity in dress and moderation in expenditure.

From time to time women shall present to the Community models for public or private dwellings, having studied the principles of architectural art, and these models shall be put into use as the increasing wealth and population of the Community shall require. Most especially shall they study beautiful forms of dwellings for the Marriage Bower.

Twenty persons shall constitute a group, who shall dine, and live, as it were, together. They shall embellish their houses according to their own taste, always cultivating vines and flowers about them. Their tables shall be ornamented with vases of flowers; every dish shall be garnished therewith, and as God has not scorned to give the most beautiful coloring to the humblest vegetable, woman must ever keep this æsthetic element always in view. At the appointed hour a few notes shall be sounded from a bugle, and immediately all the members of the various groups, suitably dressed and adorned with flowers, shall leave their rooms or vocations, and assemble in the dining-hall. Each group shall appoint its members in rotation, to superintend the requirements of the table. Before eating each one shall silently bless God for his goodness.

No woman shall neglect her person. Baths shall be attached to every dwelling. Neatness and taste in dress be absolutely required, as things desirable in themselves, but also as a worship of the great and adorable Spirit who has given us a body uncovered, thereby leaving human beings to the exercise of their reason to learn the fitness of things; and as all His works tend to the beautiful, so should His creatures keep this object always in view. More than this, women have hitherto dressed too much with an eye to the other sex, thereby having fostered a lower motive, such as vanity, rivalry, and sensuality; whereas a woman should study the highest art and fitness for their own sakes; representing the beautiful for its own sake, just as the lovely flowers bloom in desert places, content to belong to the unseen harmonies of a divine nature.

Members of the different groups will interchange

visits with each other, in which the utmost courtesy will be observed. As there will be no men, there will be no pretext for rivalry or jealousy of any kind, and an invariable sweetness, generosity, and friendliness will prevail. The women no longer young, will lay aside the glowing fervor becoming the young, and handsome in the dignity of their white hairs, shall become the guide of those who are passing the joyous but perilous period of youth. Their presence in the various groups shall be esteemed an honor and a privilege. They shall foster the purity of the maidens, instruct the wives, counsel the mothers, and insure the proper training of the children. The mature matron shall be esteemed as the best heritage of the community.

Music and poetry shall be cultivated by those whose mental bias may insure proficiency therein, while those devoid of this aptitude shall not waste themselves in idle endeavor, but devote their time and energies to that in which they are more likely to excel. There shall be once a month a public festival, in which music shall be a part of the entertainment, and the utterance and the recitations of poems which appeal to the nobler elements of the mind, such as courage, self-sacrifice, and devotion to the gods. Dancing also shall form a part of the festival, as being the poetry of motion. But, inasmuch as all these arts, except it may be poetry in a less degree, are sensuous in their nature, and calculated to undermine that constancy and fortitude of soul without which women are no better than sensual, dangerous syrens, these arts shall not become predominant in the community, and those who cultivate them do so at a certain peril. The woman writer of sensual, discordant, or what may be considered as poor verses, shall be excluded from the highest rank of honor till such period as she shall retrieve her poetry, or achieve excellence in some other department of honorable endeavor. The reason for this is, that poetry is the natural expression of women, and they must let the form of poetry alone, or achieve excellence therein.

It is believed that women do lie, and that to a terrible degree; but as this tendency arises from too much contact with the other sex, the evil will disappear when they, the women, learn to stand alone as it were, and judge moral questions from an abstract point of view. Women lie to conceal their doings from their husbands or male friends, whom they fear and strive to overreach. They

falsify to recommend themselves and to disparage others of the sex. They are vain and ostentatious from a like cause. Every woman desires to go ahead of every other woman, and if she cannot do it fairly, she will do it by undermining the other. Now this is not inherent to her, but proceeds from her state of dependence upon men, and her unconscious habit of seeing everything through his eyes, rather than her own; hence opinions and morals have been sexualized, and both men and women have been the worse for it. Candor is a godlike quality, which will be natural to women when all cause for rivalry is removed.

Envy and detraction will also disappear when women are left to themselves. Middle-aged, and even elderly women, are not ashamed to envy the freshness and beauty of the young, because these so largely obtain the favor of men, while the young detract from the merits of the mature in mind and superior in character from a like cause. Slander would be deprived of its sting if there were no men to listen and approve; indeed, without them it would hardly exist. Where women have a life in their own right, neither dictated to nor hindered by the opinions, prejudices, or dominations of the other sex, they will give hospitality to all the charms and virtues of each other. They will not form their estimate of others by hearsay. They will not cavil at differences of opinion, but where differences exist, examine the subject closely in order to reach the highest truth.

All the cities pertaining to enfranchised women shall be surrounded by a high wall, with towers at convenient distances, and sentinels shall guard the same at all hours, that surprise may be avoided, for so many wise and comely women congregated together are likely to tempt uncivilized barbarians to aggression, till the nations learn the wisdom and beauty of our institutions, when they will be adopted by all people. The treasury house shall be fastened with a strong lock; being the property of all, it shall be guarded by, and from all, till such times as the public business shall require it to be opened. No private house, room or casket, shall need the intervention of a lock, for the bare suspicion of dishonesty in one, would be a reproach to all. Where property confers no distinction, it does not tempt the cupidity of any; and moderate industry on the part of each, insures a competence to all.

Each city shall build in the centre of a great

square surrounded by trees, a noble Temple the worship of the Supreme God. No Temple shall be built to inferior gods. The architecture of these temples, shall as much as in her lies, construct them in such a way, that on looking upward the worshipper shall forget that she is in a temple by human hands, but shall seem to be under the shadowing of old woods, whose great branches athwart the light, shall flicker and tremble under the gorgeous rays of the life-giving sun, and be domed with the harmony of the overhanging skies.

There shall be no privileged priesthood and no solemn liturgy shall be observed, and the liturgy shall be ascriptions of praise more than the expression of desire, springing as they will from the contented hearts. Every morning and evening sacred hymns shall be sung, and some of the women chosen shall discourse upon the things and duties of life, and dwell much upon the beautiful and higher existence of which the present state is a promise and prophecy.

Every child shall be carefully educated in the best attainable knowledge, according to its capacity to receive the same. It shall be taught to practice temperance, charity, fortitude and self-denial, distinguishing human qualities. Selfishness and rage are to be checked, and such impulses turned into a better channel. No child shall be given a blow under any pretext whatever. Self-control shall be exacted, discourteous language forbidden. Women shall not only avoid what is offensive in speech and manner, but shall cultivate what is engaging and gentle in womanhood.

At the end of a year at the great festival, every male child shall be given over to the care of the father, with strict injunctions that his name and age shall be recorded, so that no incestuous alliances may ensue, and that he be trained to manly exercises, trained to all manly truths, to sobriety, trained to all the learning of the age in which he lives, trained to self-reliance, fortitude, contempt of danger, contempt for sensual indulgences. Trained also to a worship of God, to a belief in the eternal future, and thus shall the race of men be raised up worthy to be husbands to women who have become isolated, that more perfect unions may take place. Women and men shall be trained each to a higher humanity.

Girls, in like manner, must have their names and those of their parents, recorded in a public

register, which, with other documents, shall be kept in the great treasury house. From their earliest life they shall bathe in cold water. They shall fast at least once in the week, as well to bring eternal realities home to the mind and the worship of God as to ensure abstinence, temperance and self-control. They shall be taught to run, to leap, to be dexterous with the hand and perfect with the eye. Indolence and luxury alike to be avoided.

Women, whose qualities of mind incline them thereto, shall study the laws of health and the conditions of life, not because of disease, but as implying other and progressive states of being of which this life is only rudimentary. All women will be able to help each other in those emergencies incident to humanity, but which in a normal state are unaccompanied with pain. As much of disease, nervousness and ill conditions of every

kind arise from the too continuous contact with the other sex, their sensuality or brutality, unrestrained by more enlightened ideas on the part of women, they in their enfranchised and holier womanhood, will enjoy perpetual health, youth and beauty. A lovely exaltation will pervade their whole being, as though the morning stars sang together. Innumerable harmonies of being will be evolved, graces of manner and beauties of thought hitherto unknown. Disease will disappear, discontent no more prevail, the reign of peace be inaugurated, men and women be like the gods, for eventually the other sex will rejoice in their own enfranchisement, remembering that at first man was placed alone in his beautiful garden, and the bringing a woman there was an after-thought. It did not work well from the first, as Quetzalcoatl had revealed.

THE SPECTRE OF SENECA LAKE.

BY DR. LAMOILLE.

SOME seventy years ago, the section of country surrounding that most beautiful sheet of water, Lake Seneca, in New York State, was just beginning to be settled.

At that time, scarcely half a century had elapsed since General Sullivan made his immortal march through the fair valleys of the Genesee country. Indians, though friendly, were still frequent visitors to their former haunts. Besides, there are well-authenticated statements upon record which lead to the belief that there was a lead mine near Watkins, and a salt spring near Havana; but the red men have kept their secret well, for the whites have never succeeded in finding these treasures. These villages are now universally known as the locations of two of the finest glens in the world; they have their tens of thousands of visitors annually.

Among the first settlers at Catherine's Town, which is still a post-station, were the writer's grandparents. Some boughs of their family tree still remain on the spot of its origin. Many incidents have I heard related at the fireside upon a winter's eve. The following "yarn" is merely a thread of one of these ravelings from the web of life in a by-gone and "heroic" age.

VOL. IX.—13

About sixty years ago, the dwellers upon the shores of the lake and its few mariners had frequent sights of a strange apparition. It seemed to be a tall, slim, dark-skinned man, with head looking down, arms folded tightly over a large cloak, and he appeared to walk upon the water.

The uncanny thing, whatever it was, seemed to be at the mercy of the winds and waves. It would be down by Geneva, at the foot of the lake one evening, and before next morning at Watkins, forty miles away, at the head of the lake. From the fact of its never being found twice in the same place, it was called the "Wandering Jew."

Some of the more poetical, or more ignorant of the whites, started a story that it was the ghost of one Jabez Lyon, a sailor who had been knocked overboard during a midnight tempest the preceding winter. By the way, this lake has some remarkable properties; one is that it never freezes in winter (two seasons ago, however, was the only exception known to that indispensable personage, the "oldest inhabitant"); the other, that whoever is drowned in the middle of the lake never rises to the surface. Thus, though Lyon's body was lost, his friends thought that his spirit had become somehow petrified, and so was still sailing the lake.

The Indians who once in a while visited the lake, declared that it was none but the form of their ancient chieftain, Colfilgo, who was a distant relative of Brandt or Thayendenaga, the generously-cruel Mohawk, execrable in Revolutionary annals. Colfilgo had been mortally wounded in the battle of Newtown, fought between the Indians and Sullivan's troops at a point upon the Chemung River near where the flourishing city of Elmira now stands. Colfilgo, rather than be taken prisoner by the victorious whites, sung his death-song, then threw himself into the lake, and was drowned at a ledge of rocks near Hector Falls.

One summer afternoon four hunters came to a settler's cabin, on the eastern side of the lake. In a little while, two of them went after deer. An hour later the others also started for the hunt. In a narrow inlet near the house, they saw this sort of a spectre floating, buffeted by the waves. The hunters cried:

"Oh! there's the 'Wandering Jew!' Let's put him out of his misery!"

Accordingly, one shot his rifle, and hit the mysterious object. His companion then fired, but his shot was quite unfortunate. Over in the opposite thicket, a man jumped into the air and fell dead. The hunter's stray bullet had killed one of his friends who chanced to be there, watching a deer near by which was coming down to the beach to drink. How true that "in the midst of life, we are in death!"

After this melancholy day the spectre was more than ever shunned. It could not be learned whether anybody had examined it or had even been near enough to tell exactly what it was. In less than two years the harmless spectre had (in one sense of the word) many diabolical intentions forcibly tied to its tail, like a homeless dog is familiar with old tin-pans.

One winter's night, a truly awful tempest raged about that section, and the lake had its full share. Each one of the craft upon it had made good harbor, save the staunch schooner, the Allie, having on board the "noblest Roman of them all," Mr. Lattin, skipper, two other men and a boy. One of the crew was a negro named Stone, but commonly called "Pete Nig."

During one of the flashes of lightning the crew saw the "Wandering Jew" about ten fathoms from their bow, bearing down upon them.

"Pete Nig" was very superstitious, and the spectre scared him so, he lost his presence of mind and a sudden mighty sea swept the decks, and he was washed overboard. Another flash allowed his shipmates to see him meet his enemy; they grappled, then all was dark once more. They were never seen again.

Once upon a time, I was sketching near Starkay. During an interval of rest, while slowly walking along the beach, I saw in the sand and gravel a piece of bone, which my medical knowledge told me was a human "right" *tibia* of the African type. Considerably surprised, I searched and found I had made an important discovery. Wishing to have the skeleton for my own private collection of anatomical curiosities, and being desirous of avoiding all scandal, I covered up my "find" and told nobody about it.

At the noon of night, when unladen ghosts are said to arise, I reached my treasure-trove. It was there; therefore the old saying about the movements of ghosts is quite wrong. Working briskly for about ten minutes, I found a negro's skeleton, tolerably well preserved. It was in close contact with a section of a maple-tree whose roots clasped a large stone.

I had heard about the spectre of the lake, and the drowning of the negro. I supposed that the corpse, clinging to the tree, was washed ashore and buried in the beach by the tempest, where it had lain undisturbed till I found it by chance.

I half dreaded to strike a match, but I did so, and, surely enough, I saw the ancient terror of the lake. The marks of a sharp axe were still visible upon it, showing how somebody had once rudely and fancifully carved it into a sort of a caricature of a man; it was so balanced that it would stay just about so, and seem to walk upon the surface of the rolling waves.

Dear reader, if you should ever visit my office, you will see the old darkey's skeleton behind that black curtain over in the cabinet. I suppose my neighbors will now stop wondering where and how I got the quaint piece of timber and the big stone, which chiefly ornament my back yard.

The Society of Antiquarians is quite welcome to the historical information conveyed in this story, which is founded upon facts.

A COURT DAY IN THE MORLACH COUNTRY.

BY W. W. CRANE.

THE Morlachs, or mountaineers of Dalmatia, are so closely connected in every way with their kindred of Bosnia and Herzegovina that they have lately received an unusual degree of attention from the world at large. Many of them have, in spite of the vigilance of the Austrian officials, taken an active part in the late insurrection, and are reported to have rendered good service in the actions against the Turkish forces. Their limited intercourse with the rest of Europe has prevented a general familiarity with their character and manner of life; but these are, in themselves, remarkable enough to deserve special attention.

The open space before the "Circuit Court" in the little town of Sign, high up in the Dalmatian mountains, presented, on a "court day," a scene of the utmost confusion. Men, women, children, horses, fowls, asses and sheep, were huddled together in a mass before the steps which led to the rooms of the circuit judge. The constable, with his staff, debarred all entrance to this abode of justice; for the *udienza*, or hearing, did not begin until nine o'clock.

At the present day in Dalmatia, the separation between the political and judicial authorities is as complete as elsewhere throughout Austria. But at the time referred to the Prætor was both judge and governor of his district, and Sign was the abode of such an officer. This suited the taste of the Morlachs better than the present arrangement. It corresponded closely to that prevailing in Bosnia to-day; and, bitterly as the Morlach hates the Turks, yet Turkish customs are more congenial to his half-savage nature than those of Western Europe. As the Prætor was thus practically irresponsible, he might, at will, enact either the Turkish pasha or the Slavic patriarch. Consequently he was held in great respect, and his decisions were received with the same submissive obedience which attends those given by the *Mudir* among their Turkish neighbors.

Shortly before this court day three boundary stones in the neighboring village of Wucenowicz had been removed from their proper places. This had caused a violent quarrel between the men who claimed the two fields which these stones

separated; one of them claiming that he had been defrauded of his rights by the removal, and the other denying that any wrong had been committed. There was, in this case, an attendant circumstance which rendered the matter especially difficult to settle. This was the important fact that, in reality, neither of the contestants owned any of the land in dispute. Both fields had shortly before been barren, stony plains, belonging to the State. Each of the present claimants had redeemed a portion of this waste land by hard labor, removing the stones and cultivating the soil. In the course of time their "improvements" met each other, and then they marked the boundary line between their estates with the stones before mentioned. The quarrel which arose when these had been displaced could not be settled by either the priest or the *Harambasha* (local magistrate); and when it had gone so far that there was imminent danger of its being terminated by a pistol shot or a slash with a hanger, nothing was left to do except to refer it to the Prætor. Accordingly the two incensed Morlachs of Wucenowicz were induced to set off at different hours—for fear of a collision in the village—accompanied by their respective wives and children and certain of their domestic animals, to seek justice at the hands of the "*Gospodine* (Lord) *Prætor*;" and these formed part of the motley crowd in front of his dwelling.

On the stroke of nine the constable allowed the people to enter the outer room of the house. But as each man went in he was required to give up his gun, a long, flint-lock musket, his pistols, hanger, and any other weapons he might carry.

While waiting in the outer room the men slowly unwind their turbans, so that they may easily remove their little red caps when in the presence of the Prætor. Then they seat themselves on the circular stone bench which the room contains, and smoke their chibouks; for these indispensable articles are not left behind even on such an occasion as this. Meanwhile the women, who have brought their primitive implements for spinning, occupy themselves with that labor.

Soon the door of the inner room is opened, and

the constable calls out, "Mate Wucenowicz!" Two huge, burly Morlachs rise simultaneously, and answer, "*Ewo!*" (Here).

The constable glances at the piece of paper he holds in his hand, and then calls again, "Mate Wucenowicz, son of Ilia!"

Again answer the two sonorous voices, "*Ewo!*"

Both the respondents are inhabitants of the village of Wucenowicz, both are named Mate, (Matthias), and both their fathers were named Ilia (Elias). It is a peculiar case; but the constable is equal to the emergency. He now cries, "Mate Wucenowicz, son of Ilia, son of Ante!" To this scriptural sounding citation only one of the couple respond, and he is led into the Prætor's room. The latter has on a uniform frock-coat, and wears a black silk cap on his head. Consequently the chances are that he is more the patriarch than the pasha. And his reception of the plaintiff in the case confirms this probability; for he claps him heartily on the shoulder and inquires good-naturedly about his harvest prospects. Mate Wucenowicz, son of Ilia, son of Ante, is much honored by this friendly treatment, and concludes that a Prætor who shows himself to be so very approachable cannot fail to see that he shall receive strict justice. So he sticks the stem of his chibouk between his shirt collar and the nape of his neck, letting the bowl display itself over his half-shaved head like a token of his truthfulness, and begins to set forth his case. The Prætor listens patiently, and agrees to his propositions with gratifying regularity. When he has done speaking the door is again opened, and this time the constable calls, "Mate Wucenowicz, son of Ilia, son of Pave!" (Paul).

The reception of this second Mate is exactly like that accorded to his antagonist; and he too, argues therefrom that the "Gospodine Prætor," who, as in the other case, agrees amicably to everything he says, cannot fail to do him right. So far everything has been peaceful and friendly. But now the first Mate begins answering the second, and immediately both voices are raised to their highest pitch, and the windows rattle amid the stunning din. Any one not acquainted with such scenes—as the Prætor unquestionably is—would think that bloodshed must certainly ensue. And indeed, such a termination to the dispute would not be at all unlikely were it not for the fact that

the constable has been careful to take the weapons of both into his possession at the outer door.

Each disputant declares, with the most terrific curses, that he can solemnly swear to the truth of what he has stated. Each utters such threats against the other as would ordinarily be accompanied by the sound of pistol-shots and the flash of knives.

In the height of the stormy discussion the Prætor interferes.

"To whom did the field belong before either of you cultivated it?" he asks.

Both Mates hang down their heads until the short, stiff pigtailed in which the "back hair" of each is arranged stick outward and upward.

"I think you may as well let the boundary-stones stay where they are," continues the Prætor. "And now, if you don't both go home peacefully and quietly, we'll take measures to find out who really owns the land you are quarreling over."

"*Brate*" (brother), says the grandson of Ante, to the other, after a short pause, "are you willing to make peace? I'll give a lamb, and you'll furnish the wine. Will you do it?"

"*Brate*, you are right," answers the descendant of Pave.

Then they embrace each other, give each other resounding kisses, and are impelled by their joy and hilarity to extend their affectionate demonstrations to the person of the Prætor; but that functionary avoids the impending osculations by retreating behind his table.

"*Falavi, falavi, Gospodine Prætor!*" (Thanks, thanks, Lord Prætor), they both cry; and then, with many awkward bows, they pass into the other room.

Now comes an after-piece. The wives of the two Mates fling themselves ecstatically into the Prætor's presence. Each carries a basket of eggs in her hand, and each drags a bleating sheep after her by means of a cord. These they wish to present to the judge as compensation for his decision, and they have brought them to the court for that purpose. But the Prætor declines the proffered reward, and women, eggs, and sheep are put out of the room together.

So the boundary-stones remain where they are; and on the succeeding day a great feast is given in Wucenowicz by Mate, son of Ilia, son of Ante, and Mate, son of Ilia, son of Pave.

THE PUZZLE OF PHILOSOPHERS.

By W. C. C.

THE cosmogony of the world has puzzled the greatest philosophers. Such was the sagacious remark of Jenkinson in the "Vicar of Wakefield." Had the charlatan lived in the present day, he might have made the same observation. In a hundred years we have hardly got nearer the truth on the subject. The notions about the age of our globe are considerably changed, still nothing is determined with certainty. If any one wishes to see how the battle of the cosmogony stands, and who are the contending parties in the struggle, we recommend the perusal of an article, "Modern Philosophers on the Probable Age of the World," in the *Quarterly Review*. It is thoughtful, lucid, and scientific—not perhaps what every one will agree with, but presenting a fair exposition of the latest phase of the discussion.

The ordinary chronology which assigns some six thousand years to the age of the globe, or, properly speaking, the date of creation, is set aside as untenable, because demonstrably not only at variance with historic and archæological research, but with the substantial discoveries of geology. The leading fact dwelt on is, that in all the grand operations of Nature, God works by a "process of slow development—by means beautifully simple, and involving no violence, and no haste, yet irresistible." On this basis some millions of years must have elapsed since the earth came into being. "Modern English geology holds that all geological changes have been effected by agents now in operation, and that those agents have been working silently at the same rate in all past time; that the great changes of the earth's crust were produced, not by great convulsions and cataclysms of Nature, but by the ordinary agencies of rain, snow, frost, ice, and chemical action." The rising of the ground at one part and the sinking at another is familiarly known, and so are the encroachments and recessions of the sea. Torrents wear away hillsides, and excavate ravines and valleys. All that goes on before our eyes, and no one entertains any doubt about it. The question substantially is, how long have the changes been in operation?

This brings us to the view held on the one hand by geologists, and on the other by professors of

mathematics and physical science. These latter assert that the sun and the earth, in fact the whole solar system, cannot, from their physical condition, have existed for the enormous length of time claimed by the geologists. "The principal grounds," says the reviewer, "upon which scientific opinion has recently declared itself in favor of limited periods for the duration of the solar system are based, first, on the belief that the earth is cooling, if not rapidly, at such a rate as to make it impossible that it should have existed for very many millions of years; secondly, because there is reason to believe that the earth is not now rotating on her axis with the same rapidity as in former ages; . . . thirdly, because the sun is parting with caloric at such a rate as to make it certain that he could not have continued to radiate heat at the same rate for more than a few millions of years; and lastly, because the changes in the earth's crust, stupendous and varied as they are, could have been, and probably were, accomplished in the course of much shorter periods than popular geology has hitherto considered possible."

The inquiry as to the date of creation must, it is said, be distinctly limited to members of the solar system. That system floats in space by itself; has nothing to do with the stars, the nearest of which to us is two hundred millions of millions of miles distant—a distance so great as to be beyond human comprehension; and if we conjecture that there are still stars far beyond out of sight, we are lost in the infinitude of space. To keep to the solar system, which is all we can do, it is a group of bodies whirling in solitude, and sustained and regulated by certain distinct laws of gravity impressed by the Creator, and inherent in matter. But how was the solar system set a-going? How was it produced? Here we are referred to the operations of Sir William Herschel, whose discoveries with his large telescopes have been lately published. Herschel, it has been stated, swept the heavens for nebulae, that is to say, light cloudy matter, which he imagined to be the rudiments of new suns and new worlds. This was in 1779, and his ideas were afterwards elaborated by Laplace. The idea was stupendous. Herschel, assisted by

that wonderful being his sister Caroline, discovered enormous numbers of nebulae "in every part of the heavens, and apparently in every stage of progressive development." He classified these nebulae according to the stage of growth at which they had arrived. Some were very thin and vapory, others were more dense and milky in appearance, and finally they seemed to possess a central nucleus, "nearly approaching the appearance of stars." There, as was believed, was exhibited the growth of solar systems under the creative hand of the Almighty. In time, the matter thickens, and overpowered by the attraction of gravity, the nebular mass rushes to a centre with concentric rings. These rings break off as planets. "As each planet was in turn cast off, the central mass contracted itself within the orbit of that last formed, and formed the sun." Such is the theory of Laplace. Well, but what of the sun's light and heat? On this point the explanation offered by the writer of the article in question is based on a scientific principle not usually thought of. Heat and force are convertible terms. The concussion of two or more hard substances produces heat, and extreme heat produces light. "If the particles of a vast vaporous mass were brought into collision from the effect of their mutual attraction, intense heat would ensue. The amount of caloric generated by the arrest of the converging motion of a nebula like the solar system would be sufficient to fuse the whole into one mass and store up a reserve of solar heat for millions of years." If that conjecture—for it can be nothing more—be correct, the mystery of the sun's light and heat is explained.

Another principle in physics is little thought of. The sun's heat is susceptible of being stored up for the use of man. How that should be is curious. The rays of the sun nourish the growth of trees; forests of trees are overwhelmed by geological changes, and, pressed into a hard mass under newly formed strata of sand, assume in course of ages the form of coal. The coal is dug, and being burnt, gives out the heat which was received from the sun. In sitting round a coal-fire, we are warmed by the sun's heat which was diffused on the surface of our planet millions of years ago. In other words, when we buy coal, we are buying a quantity of stored-up sun's heat. We speak of forests being metamorphosed into coal millions of years since, but the period is vague as well as various. Forests of mature growth have been

submerged. On the upper stratum of land over the spot, fresh forests have flourished and been submerged in turn. The process has been repeated several times, and all we can really say with certainty is that the different layers of coal have been produced by successive submergings over a very long period of time. These facts concerning the origin of coal are amusingly illustrated in the "Life of George Stephenson." On one occasion, when George was at Drayton Manor, the seat of Robert Peel, he said to Dr. Buckland: "Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that railway train?" "Well," said the other, "I suppose it is one of your big engines." "But what drives the engine?" "Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver." "What do you say to the light of the sun?" "How can that be?" asked the doctor. "It is nothing else," said the engineer; "it is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light, absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form—and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes." As is observed by Stephenson's biographer, "the idea was certainly a most striking and original one: like a flash of light, it illuminated in an instant an entire field of science."

Reverting to the difference of opinion between Sir Charles Lyell with other geologists and that of the mathematicians regarding the age of the world, the reviewer, speaking geologically, sums up by saying: "It is eighty millions of years since the lower tertiary formation, one hundred and sixty millions since the formation of the coal-measures, and two hundred and forty millions since the beginning of the Cambrian period! And beyond that inconceivable antiquity lie the whole range of the primary rocks which contain no fossils;" adding, that "Mr. Darwin assigns to the world even a greater age." We confess that all this looks like vague speculation; and who knows but some fresh inquirers a few years hence may upset the notions now so authoritatively advanced. Great periods of time have no doubt to be allowed for, but it would be well to be cautious in fixing these periods with precision.

Any calculations regarding the age of our planet

would require, as is said, to be modified by the fact of a gradual retardation of the earth's diurnal rotation. It is alleged there is a retardation in consequence of the daily tidal waves, so that "the standards by which we measure time are less precise as we recede further into the past. . . . As Professor Tait puts it, the earth has always to revolve within a friction brake. Adams adopted this theory of tidal friction; and in conjunction with Professor Tait and Sir William Thomson, assigned twenty-two seconds per century as the error by which the earth would in the course of a century get behind a perfectly constructed clock (if such a machine were possible)." It would require much more conclusive reasoning than this

to prove that the movements of our planet are getting out of order. Nothing in nature seems so marvelous in creative wisdom as the prodigious accuracy of the earth's diurnal revolution, which year after year may be reckoned on to an instant of time. Leaving the reader, if he pleases, to pursue the subject in the article referred to, we can only say that the theories propounded are eminently suggestive, but nothing more. It is not remarkable that there should be differences of opinion among men of science concerning the dark and stupendous questions of the cosmogony of the world. All we deprecate, in the present state of human knowledge, is rash dogmatizing one way or another.

DEERFIELD—OLD AND NEW.

BY ELMER LYNNDÉ.

WHEN a neophyte in history there were two or three facts that stood out distinctly in my memory and imagination, and I seemed almost to live, myself, in the events recorded on my mind.

One of these events was the slaughter of the poor little Princes in the Tower; their sad, pleading faces being almost sufficient, it would seem, to disarm even Satan himself.

Another event was the murder of Miss Jane McCree by the Indians; and a third, the Indian Massacre at Deerfield.

The Indians were the dread of my childhood, and although I lived in a thriving village not far from a large city, yet I was frequently in terror for fear the savages would rush in and tomahawk all the inhabitants as they had murdered those of Deerfield one hundred and fifty years before.

Old Deerfield! It never seemed to me like a place that I should come in contact with any more than Kenilworth and Holyrood. And yet I did visit Deerfield, and found it a dream of beauty, its broad street showing no marks of the ruthless invaders, its placid Connecticut bearing no stain of blood on its pure waters.

Through the glowing description of a friend we had wandered to a village a few miles from Deerfield, also on the Connecticut, and there we unstrapped our trunks and prepared to linger for a few weeks.

We were situated so conveniently for intercourse with several villages of note in the Connecticut Valley, and we gleaned so much that was delightful and interesting concerning them, that we have been living on the memory ever since.

We had travelled in every direction from our headquarters; had seen the wonderful sandstones from the Connecticut Valley with their mammoth footprints; had interviewed the seat of learning and agriculture, but had left Deerfield to the last.

We had read about it, and dreamed about it, and talked about it, until our good farmer and his wife doubtless wished it at the bottom of the Connecticut River. And the former, with a quid of tobacco of his own raising expanding his cheek unnaturally, tried to dampen our enthusiasm by saying that "Deerfield weren't much of a place nohow."

Then discretion did not have the better part of valor, for we rushed into history like one distracted, and spoke up for Deerfield as if we had lived there all our days—in fact as if we had been the first settlers in its sacred precincts.

The day arrived for us to start. We had arranged everything to our satisfaction with the boyish proprietor of the hotel to whom we applied for that indispensable article in the country, "a team." He included himself in the compact, and agreed to drive us over.

So after dinner he appeared, remarkably spruced

up, and with his company manners on, and we set forth on our little journey.

We met with no adventures on the road. We did our country duty faithfully, bowing to every one we passed, according to custom. It was a lovely hazy August afternoon, just the kind of a day you feel as if you could keep on and on way up to the clouds, if the laws of gravitation did not have to be defied. The golden grain was ripe but had not been gathered, though farmers were busy here and there in the fields, in their shirt-sleeves as usual.

Our first call in Deerfield was made at a house that proved to be a perfect mine of curiosities and information. The president or treasurer of the embryo historical society was the host, and gave us a most cordial invitation to enter. The house was old and the furniture was old, but that in our eyes was its chief attraction. We spent a delightful hour examining the quaint old books, and the various relics of Indian days. Besides the spear and arrow heads, Indian beads and wampum, we were shown the Indian deed which surrendered Deerfield into the hands of the "Tang-hese." Old Mount Tobey, which rose so grandly above the village, was called by its Indian owners "Wee Wah." The deed was signed with the usual amount of ominous looking arrows, turtles, birds, etc., these various hieroglyphics belonging to different chiefs.

From this fascinating mansion we drove to the hotel, also on the main street, in the hall of which, protected from desecration by a glass case, stands the door of the old fort, which was the only building that remained when the rest of the village was laid in ashes. This rough looking door, made of huge planks, bears fearful looking cuts and slashes, marks of the tomahawks, each one of which must have sent a blow to the hearts of the women and children gathered there for safety.

I could picture as I gazed at this old relic, the quiet sleeping village in the early morning, when

the weary sentinels had given way to exhausted nature, little suspecting that the savage foe was so nigh. I could almost see the pale moonlight on the newly fallen snow so deep that it reached the top of the palisades, over which the French and Indians easily marched into the town.

I could almost hear the terrible cries of the bewildered inhabitants, threatened with instant death from the flames or the cruel hatchets of the invaders.

Led on by Hertet de Rouville, his band of two hundred Canadians and one hundred and fifty Indians were ready for any foul work.

About fifty of the villagers were killed and one hundred prisoners were secured, and most of them taken to Canada. Among the prisoners were the Rev. John Williams and wife, with their children. The youngest was an infant a few days old, and this was ruthlessly destroyed before its mother's eyes, and afterward when her small supply of strength gave way they killed her and left her lying on the pure snow, while they continued their journey. Subsequently, the few neighbors who were protected in the fort, came and carried her remains to their last resting-place.

Before setting out for home we wended our way to the old burying-ground where some of the first settlers were laid. It is a forsaken-looking place, a little out of the village, and all overgrown with rank grass. It is also full of pitfalls, and in our haste to reach the graves of the historic John Williams, and his "Consort Eunice," as the stone reads, we came very near being precipitated into more than one of them.

How lonely and uncared for those graves looked! Only the tall grass and a poor ragged looking cedar tree that stood near, afforded either of them any protection from the smiting summer sun or the fierce winter wind. Not even wild flowers grew in this desolate spot, so we broke off a few pieces of cedar and gathered some of the grass to lay on those two mounds as a sort of benediction.

WAITING.

WAITING! For what? Shall I ever know?
Or shall the new years creep drowsily by
And I come; shall I never know why
Life of woe?

Is the whole of my lifetime merely a pause
'Twixt my birth that was, and my death to be?
Must I always follow, and never be free?
Am I only effect? Can I never be cause?

THE FAIR PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION.

By DAVID MURDOCH.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE RESTLESS SPIRIT.

TEUNIS wandered down the hollow for at least forty rods. He sought to cool his brain, which was burning with what he had witnessed, and he wished to collect his thoughts before he ventured into the presence of the man of whom the whole country were in wonder concerning. As he turned his face back toward the cabin door, he was suddenly seized from behind by two men, who proved to be the Indian Kiskataam and his follower, who had been seeking for his chance since he was in his brother Anthony's tent. One of them closed upon his arms, while the other put a hopple round his ankle, thus preventing him from resisting or running. A cloth bound over his mouth prevented his call for help. By signs not to be mistaken he was directed to pass the hermit's door; when Teunis perceived that fear of the inmate held his captors in check. All at once the words of the recluse came into his mind, "In trouble sound this whistle." Suddenly drawing his hand out of the bandage, he seized the pebble, and gave it a shrill call, that made the wilds resound. The Indians, surprised, found the terrible man before their face ere they were aware of it, with old Dora and the dwarf in the rear. Torches of pitch pine showed the state of affairs to the relief of the captive. The captors, finding themselves so unexpectedly caught, fled, leaving their prisoner in the hands of his deliverers. Great was the joy of old Dora over her favorite white boy, and the virtue of the black pebble, and as they entered within the abode of mystery, many a strange motion was made by the black enchantress before the wizard.

Teunis, when he recovered himself, was in the presence of the man whom he had seen before—the man with the long beard, the high cap, the robe of figured blue, the bent body, with a staff in his hand of at least seven feet in length. The captain, with whom the Dominie had been debating, was not there. A superstitious feeling, swelled through the young man's breast like the tide at full moon. His first impulse was to run after the Dominie and the captain, but that was impossible with Dora there at the door, and the

dwarf at her side, while the hermit sat before the ruddy fire, stroking his beard and pointing Teunis to a seat.

"Dora may go on her errand," said the grim man, "and let her be sure that she leaves one of these sets of garments at the bear's cave, and the other at the south side of the big falls."

The old creature came forward at that, and laid down the crystal cup which Teunis had seen in her hand before, on the tripod in the centre of the room; she was careful to have it stand immediately beneath a lamp which hung from the roof, and Teunis just observed for the first time that the lamp was the same in size, in pattern, as well as material, with the mysterious cup.

"Teunis Roe," said the Solitary, soon after the door was shut, "you are in trouble; you are seeking those you cannot find. Your mind is divided, and how can any one obtain what his thoughts are not fixed upon! What seek you here at this hour of the night, when the very ravens, the wild-cats, and the panthers are all in bed, and no one prowling round but the tigers of humanity?"

"If I may venture to speak," said the young man, trembling from head to foot at first, but gradually recovering himself, "the man who asks of me what I am seeking, knows more of my affairs than I do myself; and so I ask at once, where is Elsie Schuyler? Is she in bondage?"

"These are the questions which every one has not the right to put; nor have all the right to intrude upon the privacy of that noble-hearted damsel. I may not answer in words. Look into that cup. Lift it in your hand; it is the cup of the famous Begu of Moorshedabad that he called Alinagore, the gate of God; and his spirit is ever present when the like-minded gaze within its sacred walls."

Teunis, sincerely afraid that he was dealing with the devil, and yet anxious to have an answer to his question, felt a wavering in his mind at first, but his reverence for the necromancer had diminished somewhat since he saw that Dora and he had some participation in the same things. Had he known less of Dora, he would have had

more fear of the recluse, but having been behind the scenes with her in part, he had but a partial hold on his imagination. Still, to make himself safe against all the power of the evil one, he said the Creed secretly to himself, with the grace before meat in mistake for another prayer he was inwardly gathering up. The sides and bottom of the cup were bright and shining, and seemed, or really did, send forth the pictures of living beings, who were seen moving around in the midst of scenes wild and beautiful. The gazer looked till his head swam in confusion, eagerly looking, yet not distinctly comprehending the objects before him. He was about to return the goblet when a side glance at one of the figures discovered to him the well-known outline of Elsie; and then of Angelica's profile, and even Rover came before him at last; with another form he could not distinguish sufficiently plain. The natural scene in which they were grouped was familiar to his eye; but the more doors unlocked in the halls of his memory, the more confused he became. This was all the more tormenting, for it seemed that Elsie looked right into his face, and was holding up her hand in an imploring attitude.

"For the love of God," said Teunis, in a transport of passion, "tell me where that place is, that I may run and help her for whom I would give my life at any moment. I see that she is in danger, and every instant is worth a world to me."

"Shake the gate of God, and it will open if your spirit be in harmony with truth and justice; we know already that love is in the ascendant; but it is the symmetrical soul alone which angels admire, and for whom they will unfold the doors of paradise."

During this brief homily the cup-bearer had shaken it, and was gazing intently down into the bottom where he saw figures of men in crowds, as if fiercely contending. Figures which he could have taken to be those of persons whom he knew and feared; but all was so dark and interesting to him that he durst not define too closely, though he could not help catching glimmering hints. He was satisfied that the mysterious man before him knew more than he did himself; and that the shadows he was showing him were intended to excite in him feelings of curiosity, which maddened him rather than gratified his desire.

"You mock me, whatever you be, wizard, witch, or spook," said Teunis, flinging down the

goblet with a ring that startled himself more than it did the necromancer. "You show me that Elsie Schuyler is in danger, and leave me in the dark. No good man could be so cruel."

"Shake the cup not in wrath, for anger never gained heart, hand or heaven," said the gloomy recluse, half smiling at the violence of the youth.

Teunis looked again, and after patience he saw a gay group surrounding a pair equally gay. All was sunshine. In the distance was a church, where offerings of praise went up from the assembly, and to the right was a ship in full sail with streamers flying in the wind; the grandeur of nature, spread out before the eye, seemed to be hallowed with the incense of heaven. The scene on the opposite side was one of death and of blood. But scarcely had the curious gazer looked understandingly on the pictures than the hunting-watch of the hermit struck ONE, and then, as if by real magic, the divining cup was dark and meaningless.

Teunis started at the sight of vacancy, and shook the goblet furiously in the hope of restoring the vision.

"Only three times, young man, and never after the short hour. The spirit has returned to his place."

"Good sir," said Teunis, now anxious to see more, "let me but finish the vision. I have come for counsel, and must know the place I am standing upon before I can act."

"You must act, young man, without knowing all things. We have but glimpses of realities in this world. Faith must guide us through darkness. You have seen enough to warn you of duty. Heaven leaves us no choice of duties. There is danger near the one you love. Be on the alert, and the time to act is at hand. There is blood on the road to life. To-morrow at noon, by the Dog Pool, and let your new friends be with you, for we shall have a sacrifice there, sending up a fragrance and a smoke that shall be seen from the bay of Manhattan to the shores of Erie."

With these words, the strange man held out a cup of the good Santa Cruz, which Teunis might have shrunk from receiving from the hand of a wizard, had he not lately heard its praises given and its pith proved by the man whose word he had never once questioned; so without a scruple he drank the whole. He left the cabin in much the same kind of feeling which a somnambulist

has when he rises out of bed into dense darkness, and yet knows the way he means to take. He mounted up the hill, thinking of what he had seen and heard, and scarcely knew where he was till he stumbled upon the sentinel, who demanded fiercely, "Who goes there?" He was too young a soldier not to be surprised; so his tongue hung fire, for he had forgotten the countersign, when another voice roared out, "Fire, you careless idiot, at once." This roused the intruder's intellect, who stammered, more dead than alive, "The Sword of Gideon and of Schuneman."

"Ha! ho! that's enough, my dainty callant;" for it was Grant, the Scotchman, that spoke. "You have na learned your carritch o'er weel. But we'll forgive you this time. It would na been gude for you had a ball been put through your wame this cauld night, just because Schuneman's name was na found in the Book o' Judges. But where the deil hae you been a' this time? You've had a lang claver with that warlock in the house. It brings me in min' of Saul consulting with the witch of Endor, before the battle on the mountains of Gilboa. I hope maer luck may come of it. It's no canny, laddie, and I'm sorry that the minister should show you sic an example. But gang awa, and lie down on your bed; you are quite dazed, I see. There is my plaid, take it and row it round you. It is a wee wet, you feel; but that's the way we do in the Highlands—dip it in a spring, wring it out, and it will keep the cauld keen wind frae penetrating your banes. Mair especially as I fin' from your breath that you have got a gude dram. A kind witch or ghaist he maun be; I wish he would come up this way. Now there you may lie like King Charlie himself, when he was chased like a partrick on the mountains."

Teunis was too tired to resist the attention of the kind Gael, and he slept almost before his head fell on his moss pillow, so that before his nurse left him he was heard snoring soundly. Turning away, Grant said to himself, "Ou aye, puir chiel", his head doon, his house is theekit."

Silence reigned over all the hills. Every voice was stilled. Man and beast were alike gone to rest. Already, the early frost had silenced the insect tribes, and the two carcasses slain that morning had attracted the prowling races to the southward of the two camps. A distant growl or yell might be heard as if quarrelling for a dainty bit, or a summons from a new arrival to prepare for a

surrender. Man had lain down to recruit his weary body, and regain more energy of passion, now exhausted by the toil, the suspense, the anxiety, or the frolic of the previous day.

One only acted the part of sentinel-general, and seemed to move like a ghost in unrest, as he went from cliff to cliff; through hollows and brakes, as if these were as familiar to him as his native home. It was the strange and gloomy recluse who had in his time paced the banks of the Thames and the banks of the Seine. He had fought under Clive in Bengal, and had traversed the jungle where the Hoogley rolled on its yellow sands. And now he had become familiar with scenes of a more rugged and impressive character, in harmony with his desperate nature, made more intense from the passion of revenge, which he had nursed in secret discipline, for two whole years. He found relief in these lonely wilds during the midnight hours, till every tree and spring had become an acquaintance, whose company he had courted with ardent affection. One great overwhelming passion glowed within his spirit; and but for the prospect of gaining gratification, his brain must have burned out all his reason, and his heart become crisped like the foliage of the trees, when the heavens are brass and the hills iron.

On this night it was impossible for him to sleep, and could any eye but a spirit's have followed him, he might be seen walking in his close fur helmet, a leathern doublet tight to his body, with breeches and boots of the same material, while in a broad belt round his waist were hiding those weapons which he had ever had with him, though the only visible arm of defence was the long hickory pole, shod with sharp steel at the point, but containing in the head a strong dagger, which started from its place by the touch of a spring at the middle, rendering what seemed but a peaceful hermit's staff, on a sudden a lance fit for the hand of a knight-errant. From his cell to the north of the Dominie's camp, he traversed slowly, till he came in the rear of Brandt's forces, taking a narrow and perfect view of the whole from the South Mountain. Passing down the streams and trails where only the wild beast runs, he came to the main falls, and gave a passing glance at the pool, where were hidden the objects of that search on which were so many minds at that instant intent and dreaming. Before daylight he returned, saying in brief soliloquy, "how easy it would be for me to deliver

those captives by the road I have taken myself, and the words of that honest man still echo in my ear, 'It is dangerous to help Providence.' He would say nothing should take the place of positive duty. Relieve now, and trust the rest. But the punishment must be measured out in the presence of all. The report must be carried back where it will tell. Sir Henry Clinton must be made to see that he has but narrowly escaped the vengeance he has proudly invoked. Yes," said the excited exile, striking his staff on the rock, "it shall be heard of in the army, that the villain has been made to bite the dust. And in London, too, shall it be said that the heir of Brantwood had power left to punish his enemies though they hide themselves in the lair of the panther."

Returning to his cabin, he threw himself on the skins which lay on the settle, that served for seat and for bed. His voice died away in prayer that God might give his hand strength for justice, and bitterly weeping, he cried, "Thou pure Spirit, whose bosom was soiled by the slimy serpent, thou who heard my vow of vengeance, come and behold justice meted out for thy dishonor!"

CHAPTER XXXV. THE LAST INDIAN BATTLE ON THE RIVER HUDSON, 1760.¹

THE fretfulness of Brandt with his braves was becoming every hour more apparent. The hope of succeeding in diverting the colonists from watching the passage between the north and south was almost fled. But the pride of the Mohawk was mortified when he thought of retreating back into the wilds, where he knew that he must be buried in obscurity. Could he only get a foothold on the Great River, making the mountain his base, he might be of some importance in the eye of the great King of England.

Upon this weakness of the Indian, Clifford was directing all his skill, holding out the hope before him of being able, after a few days, to descend and make a lodgment on those very islands which they could distinguish from their camp at the mouth of the Kaatskill Creek. Not that he deemed such an attempt wise, or likely to be successful, but anything which might detain the Mohawk here for a few days longer was deemed by him to be lawful.

¹ Colonel Stone refers to this battle, and quotes from a manuscript history by one Smith of Schoharie.

The little army of red and painted men were preparing for the grand hunt that was to come off that day; and while the braves were so engaged the leaders stood out upon the verge of the cliff, watching the mist as it rolled away at the sight of the sun.

"I have heard," said Clifford, as if incidentally, "of a great battle being fought for the kingship of the Six Nations, on those two islands below these, between your ancestor Hendrick and Etau-o-quam, the Mohican; does the great Mohawk hear me?"

"Thayendanegea was there," replied the chief, proudly, "with King Hendrick, when no bigger than an eagle's height. There this wound was made; the first time blood came at the point of a spear."

At this the chief made his shoulder bare, that the wound might appear. Clifford was gaining his end without an effort, and as if casually, said:

"Some of you old Dutchmen must remember that battle; it is not over twenty years since."

Several spoke here at once, saying that they were present as spectators; but all allowed the Elder Abiel had the most to do with it, being acquainted well with the Mohican chiefs.

"Well," said Clifford, "we have an hour to spare, let us hear the account; I am sure it must please the Mohawk chief, the present king of the Six Nations, to listen to a white man telling of the bravery of Hendrick, who fought for the crown which Brandt now wears so nobly. It would be pity to leave those beautiful islands down there in the hands of the rebels, when another battle would secure them to the rightful owner."

The Elder Abiel, thus pressed into the service, could not escape from the task of narrating what he had seen. The subject was familiar to him; and as his audience were evidently all interested, he began as follows:

THE ELDER ABIEL'S STORY.

"The ground of that war between the Mohawks and the Mohicans, was the crown of the Six Nations. Hendrick had been in England and felt that the title went a great way there. So had Etau-o-quam, but he was of a more exalted mind in religion and was less ambitious of distinction. He was stirred up, however, by his son Newabina and by the people of New England, who wished to cripple the power of Sir William Johnson in the West. Hindering Hendrick they hindered

Johnson; so they secretly set the one chief against the other. There had been much manœuvring all over, of which we heard a little.

"The chief village of the Mohicans was down there. There are remains of it still to be seen, but it was once a thriving place, the centre of a large population. Ettau-o-quam had his wigwam on the Haup-pee-naus, a high bluff at the angle of the creek. He was an old man, very lofty and proud of having seen Queen Anne, who gave him and some other chiefs royal robes. Dominie Schuneman says the whole account is in a book called the Spectator. Colonel Clifford no doubt has read it?"

"Yes," said the soldier, growing sincerely interested, "I remember seeing the Indian Kings at Drury Lane Theatre, just as Addison describes them. Go on."

"The first notice which we had of the coming war was through one Drake, who was on a trading excursion, as he pretended, but who really came hither from Stockbridge with a message from these wise men of the East to the great chief Ettau-o-quam.

"That chief had gone out leaning upon the arm of his son, Newabina; himself a noble specimen of the red man. Dressed in the regalia he had received in London: he felt a presentiment of his end being near and he longed to look once more upon the lofty mountains. Rising to his full height, he held out his hands, as if to embrace the towering height. Knowing every change which High Peak puts on, he perceived that a new aspect was assumed, indicative to him of a change for himself.

"The sun sets amidst the mist," said he. "There is blood mingling with the streams; I hear the music of war, I must fall with my mantle around me. Let me be gathered into Asinath, the tomb of my fathers. But first must I drink of the spring that runs close by their graves. Thereof I drank in youth; to that I ran first, on returning from the house of the great queen. I shall come from the hunting-grounds of the west to drink of that clear fountain."

"It was on returning from this sacred pilgrimage, that the man Drake met him; putting into his hand a small package, which was not opened then, and though the curious trader felt anxious to draw the chief into conversation, he got no reply, which somewhat annoyed the inquisitor. Falling

in, however, with an old acquaintance, who had come hither from Ulster, the travelling merchant found good quarters with Johannes Du Bois, where he was sitting quietly after supper, telling what he knew, that he might get knowledge back with interest; or as he said himself, he put a little water into the pump so that he might pump all he wanted out of the cistern.

"I guess, Mr. Du Bois," said the trader, "you can read Ingen?"

"The Dutchman, who was a man of silence and was at that time enjoying his pipe, merely nodded his head.

"Well," continued Drake, "tell me the meaning of a muskrat darting at an otter?"

"Du Bois here took his pipe from his mouth and sprang to his feet with a leap that startled the peddler up to the same position, where they stood facing each other, before either found a tongue. Du Bois spoke first.

"Where have you seen that sight?"

"I did not say I saw it, I only asked what it meant." For his conscience told him he had been guilty of violating the trust put in his honor.

"You will know what that means before long, if I be a true prophet. The great Mohawk has sent his challenge, or else our chief here has got word of the coming he has been expecting for a month past. The muskrat is the Mohawk's totem, and the other is for the river chief. You can read the rest."

"Or, as a Philadelphia lawyer would say, their sign-manual. But do you suppose that old chief will fight?"

"Do you think he will die," said Du Bois; "He will fight as sure as death; and there, I declare they are singing the war-song now. Nay, see how the fires are burning all over the country."

"Yaw! yaw!" said Gertrude, the wife of Du Bois, "there, the lights are blazing on the Haup-pee-naus." She said this as she lifted her babe in her arms, running in terror to the door, that she might hear as well as see: she called as she looked back:

"They are singing psalms to their God. Their squaws are loudest."

"Rather to the devil," said Drake, whose Puritanic blood rose at the thought of these redskins and their cruelty.

"The house of Du Bois was on the banks of the stream that comes down from these little lakes,

and was situated about half a mile from its mouth. It was a strongly built stone structure, after the Huguenot fashion, one large room with chambers overhead. It could be turned into a fort in time of need; but before Du Bois would determine on his course, he deemed it best to take a quiet survey of the camp. Accordingly he walked out along with Drake, who was no coward, though a peddler. They climbed up a hill, that stood between the house and the Hau-pee-naus, where they saw the beacon burning all along the base of the mountain. Du Bois understood the warning, and made up his mind it would be best to move his family inland, and turned back with that intent.

"'Gitty,' said he, 'is a brave creature, but there is no saying what these bloody beings might do when their wrath is up.'

"'I guess,' said Drake, 'I now understand the meaning of those dark hints that Priest Wheelock threw out about wars and rumors of war, last Sunday.'

"'There was but little sleep for any of us,'" continued the Elder Abiel, "in that region all that night. We on the Vlatts soon heard the yells of the roused warriors, and though the Mohicans were our friends, an Indian in a rage is a very unpleasant companion. I started in the middle of the night, and took my stand on that kekute from which you see the smoke rising now, where I met a number of my acquaintances, and we looked down on the red circle, where the old chief stood in the midst, dressed as I have told you. He was dancing as a young chieftain mingles in the crowd. All night there was a ceaseless stream of their squaws and papooses passing on to Castilberg, where it was supposed the weaker portion of the population would be safe. Still these were not unarmed, nor unprepared, for Etau-o-quam himself was there in command. While on the outside of their village, to the south, a strong party were secreted under the command of the chief Newabina, and a third division was on the little island at the mouth of the creek. It was in a measure to be a pitched battle, and scouts were sent out by both armies as early as twilight, with orders to penetrate as far as possible, and divine their modes of attack and of defence. Those of the Mohican did not require to go far till they met the Mohawk fleet, on its way down, making for the larger island out in the river, where they all disembarked. However, this was for the purpose of deceiving the

enemy on the main land. Hendrick had received accounts from his spies of how the foe was posted, and determined to surprise him in all his three points. In this he showed a lack of that wisdom he had learned when afterward at Saratoga. When Sir William Johnson was bent upon dividing his forces, Hendrick, his Indian ally, took three sticks, giving one after another to the Englishman, bidding him break them; and taking three more, he handed them to him at once, and asked of him to do the same thing. The symbol was understood and the advice taken with success. Hendrick had learned something of the art of war in this little battle, where he nearly lost all by dividing his forces.

"A heavy fog lay upon the river all night, which prevented the attack from taking place as early as was the Mohawk's intention; still he sent out one party from the upper end of Ussaman Island, who were to follow a small stream on the west side of the river that comes down through the rising ground which you see to the north of the Kaatskill Creek, about two miles distant up the river. Scouts had already, through the dark, crawled forward one before the other, at certain distances, so as to be heard by one another through signs preconcerted; so that the whole devoted camp was encircled, and the ground fully understood before morning dawned. Every ear in the beleaguered fort was awake, and scarcely a whisper was heard, for all waited for the onset. It did come upon all three forts at once. Hendrick sailing down the east side of the river early in the fog, led his main body from a few miles below, up through the woods, where they lay coiled like so many serpents on the ground, till they heard the war-cry from Castilberg, when up the great chief Hendrick started, giving the whoop to his braves, then rushed upon the camp of Newabina, which was there to meet the onset with a vigor and a spirit which made the Mohawk fall back crestfallen for a time. But for the renown and power of their leader, all would have been lost. As it was, they had to take to the trees and the gullies, where they crouched, and watched the movements of their enemy, whose spirit being flushed with the success of their defence, were more than ready to expose themselves to the eyes of the marksmen on the other side, and consequently lost several of their best warriors through extra zeal and courage.

"The attack on Castilberg was simultaneous

with that on the Hau-pee-naus village by Hendrick, whose intention was to surround the island, where he supposed the main body of the Mohicans were lodged, and thus cut off their retreat, so that they would be entirely massacred; for little Abraham, Hendrick's brother, was hovering around the island Wantona with a fleet of canoes, ready at a signal from the land to enter upon his part of the battle. We have seen how the attack upon Newabina's force was repulsed, and that upon the castle did not come off any better. The old chief, Etaw-o-quam, took the command, and felt the blood of his youth rise to fury. Like the old war-horse that the good book tells us about, his neck was clothed with thunder. He smelled the battle afar off; and said Ha-ha. Rushing from the gateway of the fortress, he shouted his war-cry, so clear and strong, that his people below who heard it regarded it as the sure omen of victory. His scarlet robe still on him, but bound round his loins with a bear-skin belt, and his crown tied under his chin, he swung his famous tomahawk, till he fixed his aim, then flung it with a force and a skill into the skull of the leader of the assailants, which felled him at once to the ground. Rushing forward on the prostrate foe, he had his hair at once in his hand, and his scalping-knife at its dread work, so that he succeeded in tearing the trophy from the head of his enemy, but was struck down himself by a blow that laid him on the ground, from which he was borne off by his people, and placed within the fort, upon his bed of skins. His example had its effect upon all, friend and foe. The Mohawks were beaten back as far as the mill which stands there to the east of Castilberg, where they took refuge. The force in the castle was not strong enough to storm them, nor was it intended that this party should act except on the defensive. They returned to watch over the old king of the rivers, who had evidently struck his last blow. Body and soul were alike yielding up, and preparing himself for his departure to the hunting-grounds of his fathers, he sent a message to Newabina, commanding his presence when Hendrick was repulsed.

"That brave chief was restraining his own followers, and at the same time watching the movements of the Mohawk. He had most to fear from the pent-up ardor of his braves, who were eager to rush out and become the assailants; but he satisfied them by encouraging individual prow-

ess, while the main body were spectators of the fierce play. If a Mohawk was seen to skip from tree to tree, coming all the time nearer, Newabina would encourage some volunteer to rush over the defence around his camp, and scalp the skulking enemy. An instance of this kind kept the two parties at bay for a time. One of Hendrick's braves was observed by the Mohican chief himself to ride behind a large oak, and from that take aim so truly that his shots told upon several of the best men of the army. The patience of Newabina was exhausted, and without any previous sign he rushed with such unexpected fury upon the hiding Mohawk, that he nearly stumbled over the foe; when with one blow of his battle-axe he prostrated him to the ground. With his fingers twisted in the hair of his enemy, he was preparing to finish his work, when the keen eye of Hendrick saw the advantage, who was soon on his way to take the combat on himself; but being heavy and stiffer than he had been, he measured his distance so that his tomahawk fell short of its mark, and quivered in the oak behind where the Mohican stood with the dripping scalp in his left hand and his knife in the other, ready to plunge it into his great enemy, when he came up. Prudence restrained both of these wily chiefs from single combat. The crisis had not yet come.

"Like all Indian battles where they were so evenly matched, this combat continued for several hours, and but few lives were lost. Defeated in their cunning at surprisal, the Mohawks fell back. So far as the battle had gone, the Mohicans were the victors. Aware of the approach of the Mohawks, they had been ranged in fine order in the form of a half moon, behind an intricate brush fence, which had been in use before this in a former contest, and had then proved its worth. They had improved it, and made it impenetrable to half-naked men. Every attempt at breaking through only hurt the assailants, and just at the time when Hendrick's braves were becoming discouraged, he received word of the failure on Castilberg, which made him decide at once on a retreat; as, in proportion to his loss, would be the gain of his enemy. Trembling every moment lest he should be attacked in his flank by the forces of the hill, he retired by degrees, fighting all the way. His retreat was masterly of its kind, and new to his pursuers, so that they were puzzled; losing ground rather than gaining new laurels, Hendrick

put his men that bore fire-arms into three files, running parallel to each other, when they moved backward, but as the two outside ranks discharged their pieces they ran, leaving the middle rank to defend, as long as possible, when they also fired, running immediately and passing their fellows, who by this time had loaded, and were ready for defending, firing and running, so that by the time they had reached the place where their canoes lay off in the river, the Mohicans had not come up, nor did they see what was going on of the embarkation till the last file were leaping into the water up to their middle, and swimming out to their companions, leaving their pursuers shouting defiance, and yet feeling that it was but a partial victory.

"Little Abraham's attempt upon the island Wantona was not more successful than the other two attacks. Indeed, from the first it was more a feint than intended to be serious; though from

the natural fury of the Indian character, it became soon too bloody to stop at the command of a leader less than Hendrick himself. Having strict orders not to leave their canoes at the risk of losing them—since upon them lay the safety of the whole expedition, in case of a defeat on the main land—this third division did not venture far into the sycamore woods, which served so well as a means of defence to the party lodged within; still, some of the more venturesome rushed over that boundary, and were cut off from the main body, falling into the hands of the Mohicans, who were hidden among the bushes, lying flat upon their faces till they saw their chance. Abraham drew his braves off without attempting a rescue, which he saw was vain, and had the mortification of seeing a few of his best men killed before his eyes with horrible cruelty. Retiring immediately to the Ussaman island, he sent down the canoes to aid his brother in his retreat.

WOODED AND MARRIED.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY,

Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Wee Wife," "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," and "Robert Ord's Atonement."

CHAPTER XXXIV. CRUEL AS THE GRAVE.

BEFORE they parted for the night, Dym timidly sought permission from Mr. Chichester to share her secret with his mother, but she was a little surprised at the hesitation with which he acceded to her request. Her look of astonishment recalled him.

"You have promised to trust me," he said, with a grave smile at her perplexed face. "In fact, you have given me a very full and convincing proof of your faith in me a very few hours ago. Am I asking too much if I beg you to trust me a little longer?"

"Do you wish me not to tell your mother, then? I only thought"—Dym's perfect faith was jarring sadly with her old sturdy honesty. How was she to keep from Mrs. Chichester that she was engaged to her son?

Dym's face was always eloquent, and Mr. Chichester understood her thoroughly.

"You would be a very transparent deceiver, I am afraid. No, my child; I never meant to lay

such a yoke on your conscience. Tell my mother, by all means. I only ask that for a little while she may be the only confidante. Do you understand me?" taking her hand with one of his persuasive looks.

"Of course I shall do as you wish," she replied, coloring high under it. "There is no one else whom I care to tell, unless, perhaps, it were Humphrey," with a quick throb of pain as she thought how Will would have rejoiced in her happiness; and, as though he again understood her, he drew her closer to him.

"I am almost glad that you have nothing to give up for me," he said, tenderly, after a minute's silence. "You have always seemed to belong to us somehow. My cousin is going away to-morrow to stay with some friends in Cumberland. On her return I shall tell her myself; but until things are definitely settled I have no wish that our affairs should furnish food for village gossip. Only," with a droll look, "I think with you that Humphrey has a right to know. I am afraid he wanted

somebody very badly himself once upon a time. Would you rather he should hear it from me, Dym?" And Dym shyly answered, "Yes."

It was well that Dym was too young and inexperienced, as well as too humble-minded, to expect much attention from her *fiancé*, for certainly Mr. Chichester was not a demonstrative lover. Dym's unselfishness and devotion saved her from many a chill feeling of disappointment.

After a little time he resumed his ordinary manner with her, and, except that he sought her society more frequently, and on all occasions paid the utmost deference to her opinion and wishes, there was nothing that could betray to the most watchful eyes that he had exchanged the friend for the lover.

A thorough understanding prevailed between them, but it could hardly be called courtship; he had always been kind and gentle with her, and now he was doubly so. With instinctive delicacy he contrived to infuse a new element of respect into his manner; he was less abrupt and more yielding. Dym was often distressed at the way in which he would set aside his own wishes or plans if he thought he could minister to her pleasure. A shadow of disrespect to Miss Elliott was sure to bring down his severest displeasure on the offender, tacitly rather than by word. He was proving to her that she was the woman whom the master of Ingleside delighted to honor; and yet there was nothing lacking in his devotion.

Dym thought her lover perfect; to her there was simply no flaw in her happiness. He was a little grave and absent in his manner, perhaps, when they were alone together, and yet Dym always felt that her presence soothed and pleased him. It never entered into the simple girl's heart to wonder why he spoke so little of their approaching marriage, but rather shunned the subject, as though it involved some present difficulty and pain. He would talk to her about herself, about Florence's future, and dwell long and gratefully on their mutual affection for the child; or else he would relapse into silence, and only by the rare caressing touch of his hand on her hair would he show that he was conscious that she was still by him; and yet after a brief absence he would welcome her back so gladly that Dym knew that in some way she had become necessary to him.

But he never told her that he loved her, neither did he express a wish that she should call him by

any other than the old name. "Guy,"—she said it sometimes softly to herself, to see how it sounded, but somehow it never came naturally. "Perhaps when we are married he will teach me to say it," she thought. "I suppose he will not then be Mr. Chichester to me."

Dym bungled sadly when she began her story of her engagement to her friend. It was a pity no one was there to see the girl's sparkling blushing face. Before she had half finished she was clasped fondly in Mrs. Chichester's arms.

"I never dared to hope this," she sobbed. "Oh, my dear, you have made me so happy! Guy will never go away again now. I don't know how it is, Dym, but you have always been like my own daughter to me; but I shall love you all the better now." But Mrs. Chichester wisely kept her raptures for Dym: her womanly instinct led her to say very little to her son.

"I am glad of this, Guy," she said, detaining him by the hand when he came up to wish her good-night—"very glad indeed; you could not have done better for yourself and Florence."

"I am sure of it for Florence," he returned, briefly.

"Not for yourself, Guy?" in an anxious tone.

"For myself of course," with a light laugh.

"Do you think I am capable of such a piece of self-sacrifice as that?"

Mrs. Chichester sighed.

"I know what this must be to you. Things are so different, and you have changed with them; but you will not refuse to let me wish you happiness, my son?"

"No, indeed," he replied, speaking as though he were touched, and bending down to kiss her.

"It will not be unalloyed happiness just now, but it will come in time, Guy. It must, it will; she is so young, and loves you so dearly, you will make her what you will."

"She is a noble-hearted little creature, and I shall do my utmost to make her happy," was his reply, in a tone of deep feeling; but as he dropped her hand Mrs. Chichester felt herself a little damped by his lack of enthusiasm.

"He has not forgotten Honor, in spite of his new fancy," she thought; "Guy is so faithful." And she called Dym to her side and tenderly caressed the girl, as though she would make amends for some fancied slight.

Mr. Chichester kept his promise of telling Hum-

phrey Nethecote. Humphrey came up to Ingleside one evening to wish her joy.

"The squire has told me, my dear," he said, taking her two little hands, and looking at her fondly. "Somehow I have suspected this all along, Dym."

"Oh, Humphrey, how could you?"

"It was not possible for him to see much of you and not love you," he returned, in a voice that that was a little husky: "it wouldn't be in man's nature, especially now he is so lonely and sad. Don't you feel that Honor will be glad to know you are taking care of him and the child?"

"Dear Humphrey, how good of you to say that!" she whispered, with the tears in her eyes.

"Well, if he makes you happy, that is all I ask of him: you must not expect too much of him at first; the squire is not the man he was, but he will pick up after a time. I should have guessed by your face something pleasant had happened. Folks will say you are young to be the squire's sweetheart, when they see you beside him."

"He is not so old," she replied, pouting; "Mr. Chichester is not quite forty yet: he told me so."

"Nay, but the trouble has changed him. Well, heaven bless you, my dear; when you are a happy wife you won't forget your old friend Humphrey?" somewhat wistfully.

"Never, Humphrey! What are you thinking about? Are you not our dearest friend—his as well as mine?"

"Nay, nay, not the dearest; but as true a one as you need have." And, moved by the sadness of his expression, Dym, for the second time in her life, lifted up her face and kissed him.

The weeks passed on. April, with its chilly freshness and vaporous sunshine, was over, and the May hawthorn was filling the valley with sweetness.

Dym was getting used to her position now; and the clear young voice could be heard again caroling among the shrubberies in the early morning; her light step had recovered its springy tread; the glow of a new hope shone in the clear dark eyes and lit them with strange brilliancy. Guy would sigh softly to himself as he watched her about the house.

"She is so happy that it would be cruel to shadow her brightness," he thought. "All I marvel is, that she can be so easily satisfied; she must feed on her own loving fancies. Sometimes I am afraid

she will wake up and find I give her very little in return for her devotion; it is not always so with other men; the second love deadens the first to a great measure; they remember, but they are consoled. Will it ever be in her power to console me for Honor?"

And once this thought of his found utterance in words.

"What makes you look so happy, Dym?" he said, when he found her singing to herself as she arranged the flower-vases. Dym blushed very prettily—she always did when he spoke to her—and then she mutely offered him a rose.

"Thank you, but I want the answer too," he said, detaining both the flower and the hand, and looking at her with a sad sort of envy. Dym glanced at him shyly before she bethought herself of her reply.

"How can I help it," she said, at last, "when you are so good to me!"

Guy smiled at that.

"Am I good to you, my child? I am afraid you are not an impartial judge, Dym. What other girl of your age would be content with a sober middle-aged lover? Are you not afraid sometimes people will take you for my daughter?" pulling at his long gray beard with a comical gesture—people said his prematurely gray hair had aged Guy Chichester wonderfully. Dym treated him to one of her bewitching smiles in reply—they dazzled even him sometimes. In spite of what people might say, was he not always grand, lordly, altogether perfect in her eyes?" I believe Dym never could be persuaded that his beauty was not faultless; to her, her lover was a sort of Apollo and Jupiter Ammon in one.

"You are always good to me, except when you make these sort of speeches," she said, half pouting: "you are as bad as Humphrey, who is always making himself a Methuselah. I would not have either of you a bit different. Don't you believe it?" looking up at him wistfully.

"I believe you are under some sort of glamour," he said, half seriously, half laughing. "There, put your hat on, my child; I want you and Florence to ride over to Ripley with me;" for Mr. Chichester had taught Dym to ride, and Humphrey Nethecote had trained a pretty bay mare, and had sent it up to the Ingleside stables for Miss Elliott's special use.

The morning air was delicious, and Mr. Chiches-

ter in an unusually cheerful mood: nevertheless Dym did not entirely enjoy her ride.

"I am afraid you will be sorry to hear Beatrix is coming back to-morrow," Mr. Chichester had observed, as he lifted her into the saddle. Dym stooped over her horse's neck and stroked its mane as she answered him. She was rather silent for the next mile or two, only Guy did not notice it; somehow those few words had damped her enjoyment. Mr. Chichester detained her for a few moments that night when his mother had left the room.

"Dym, I have never given you an engaged ring. I wonder you have not noticed the omission," he began, when they were left alone.

"I thought you disliked the fuss," she returned, timidly; "it was not necessary. Besides, people might be attracted, and we could trust each other without the sign-manual of our agreement."

"Ay," his keen brown face lighting up with one of his droll smiles, "you are a good little thing, and yet I always understood young ladies regarded such things as sacred talismans."

"Of course I should like one," returned Dym, with her usual sweet honesty; "and your mother says"—

"Oh, my mother's taper fingers have been meddling, have they? Well, I have not forgotten you. Look here!" And he slipped a tiny hoop studded with pearls upon her finger. "Diamonds tell tales, and so do emeralds. This is like yourself—simple, and pure, and good—and will keep its own counsel." Dym thanked him silently, but he did not let her go just yet.

"One word more, my child. You have reposed such generous trust in me that I feel I should be undeserving of it if I did not show you more confidence in return. You know this time of year is full of painful memories to me; I shall breathe more freely when a month or two have passed. When the autumn sets in, I propose leaving Ingleside for a few weeks; my mother can then make our engagement public, and as soon as your arrangements are completed you can join me in London, where I propose our marriage being solemnized. You will not mind a quiet wedding away from Ingleside, will you, Dym?" And Dym, trembling and flushing, faltered out a happy "No."

It was the first time that he had ever alluded to their marriage. Alas! she little knew the difficulty

with which he had braced himself to the subject. Delays were useless in their position; it would be better for them both when she was once his wife; he would be very fond of her, and take good care of her, and she would be the sunshine of the house, he thought—only Guy Chichester finished with a sigh.

Dym woke from happy dreams the next morning with a strange oppression at her heart: something had happened, or was going to happen. As her eyes fell upon the hoop of pearls, she suddenly remembered Mrs. Delaire had fixed this evening for her return.

Dym scolded herself for being superstitious. Why did she always augur evil from Beatrix's visits? Her presence had often brought trouble to Dym, but surely now the spell must be broken.

Mr. Chichester had promised that he would announce their engagement to his cousin himself; it would be badly received, she knew. Dym had an instinctive feeling that Beatrix had always watched her with jealous eyes; she would regard her as a designing interloper, probably she would accuse her of intriguing. Would she meet her with cool sarcasm, or pour down the vials of her wrath on Dym's devoted head? Beatrix's envious passions were soon aroused, and on such occasions, as Dym well knew, her words could be dangerous.

Dym's lark-like voice was silent that morning; she was a little anxious and *distract* at luncheon; Mr. Chichester noticed it.

"I am sorry we cannot have another ride together before Beatrix comes," he said, as he joined Dym at the sunny terrace window. "But this stupid business of Latimer's obliges us to go over to York. I am afraid I shall not be back to dinner, mother, so you and Dym must do the best you can without me."

"Must you go?" sighed Dym. She followed him disconsolately out into the hall. When his horse was brought round to the door, as she looked up at him, he saw her eyes had tears in them.

"Why, my child, what ails you?" he asked, in some surprise; for it was new to him to see a shadow on that bright face.

Dym drooped her head. "She did not know."

"I believe Beatrix has become a sort of moral wet blanket to us both," he said, cheerfully. "Never mind, you shall not be troubled with her long. Why, my dear Dym!" as she suddenly

clasped her hands round his arm and laid her face down upon them. Dym's timid reserve had never given way so completely, and Guy's tone was a little anxious.

"You have never been so sorry to part with me before," he said, trying to rally her. "I shall suppose all sorts of things. You must not make me too vain, Dym."

"It is not that," she returned, unsteadily. "I don't know why I want you so; but, oh, if only you need not go this afternoon?"

"You will make me wish it too, dear, if you look so sad about it. But, come, I cannot leave my little sunbeam eclipsing herself under such gloomy fancies; you must not send me off with that sort of face, Dym," as he lightly touched her forehead.

Dym gave him a misty smile at that. She slid a cold, nervous little hand in his as she wished him good-by. As he rode slowly down between the limes, he looked back and waved to her—a little shimmering gray figure, motionless in the sunlight.

Dym was alone in the drawing-room when Mrs. Delaire arrived. Their greeting was a somewhat silent one. The young widow looked fatigued and depressed, and threw herself on the lounge with a wearied air. Her face had its jaded, dissatisfied expression. She was scarcely as beautiful as usual, Dym thought, and her tones had their old sharp ring.

"Miles tells me my cousin has ridden out this afternoon," she said, when Dym had relieved her of her mantle and had brought her a cup of tea.

"Yes; he has been obliged to go to York with Mr. Fortescue. He has business in Harrogate, too; they will hardly be back till ten or eleven, Mr. Chichester fears."

"Mr. Fortescue generally chooses inconvenient times for business," retorted Mrs. Delaire; and there was another embarrassed silence.

Dym tried to talk on different subjects, but evidently Beatrix was not in a sociable mood. She listened with a preoccupied air, answered in monosyllables, and finally rose with a yawn.

"I am dreadfully tired; I think I had better go to Aunt Constance now. By the by, Miss Elliott, Guy said nothing in his letters about your intention of leaving Ingleside."

"I—I have changed my mind."

"You are not going?" with a sudden hard in-

flexion in her voice that set Dym's nerves quivering again.

"Mr. Chichester asked me to stay," she returned, faintly, hanging down her head. What had become of Mrs. Chichester all this time? if only Florence would come into the room! Dym was starting away from the topic again in a sort of frightened way, but Mrs. Delaire sternly recalled her.

"My cousin asked you to stay?" she repeated, and her voice had a certain shrill tone in it. Surely she could not have heard aright. Ask Miss Elliott to stay, after what she had hinted—impossible. Guy could never have been guilty of such imprudence.

"If my cousin chose to be so rash, you need not have taken advantage of his generosity," she continued, coldly. "After what you have owed to me, it would be the grossest impropriety for you to remain under his roof."

"Stop, Mrs. Delaire! you must not speak to me in this way," interrupted Dym, beginning to tremble. Ought she to bear Beatrix's insolence now she belonged to him? She turned the hoop of pearls nervously round her finger as she spoke. The action did not escape Mrs. Delaire's sharp eyes.

"Why may I not speak to you? If you do not know what is fitting in your position, it is my duty to interfere and save you. Aunt Constance must know about this; I must tell her—warn her."

Beatrix was working herself up into a sort of passion now.

Dym humbled herself to make a final appeal.

"Mrs. Chichester knows. Why should you trouble yourself to interfere, Mrs. Delaire? I am doing you no wrong."

"How do I know that?" replied Beatrix. Her eyes flashed; her bosom heaved stormily. "How do I know that you have not thrown yourself on his compassion; that you have not induced him to—Who gave you that?" suddenly stretching out her hand in the attitude of a tragedy queen, and pointing to the poor little hoop of pearls.

"Pearls keep their own counsel," he had said to her; but there was no evading those jealous eyes.

Dym changed color, and then womanly dignity came to her aid: evasion was impossible.

"Mr. Chichester gave me these," she said, looking up with calm eyes into Beatrix's excited

face. "Now you know why you must not say these things to me; because—because I am going to be his wife."

Dym made her little confession very sweetly, but she was alarmed by its effect on Mrs. Delaire. The widow started as though she had received a shock; her pale face grew paler—she gasped for breath.

"To be his wife—Guy's wife! Impossible! I will not believe it," she muttered, sinking on a seat. Then her mood changed.

"So this wise cousin of mine has proposed to you?" she went on, in a mocking, sarcastic voice that made Dym's cheek burn.

She bowed her head in assent.

"It is like him—Quixotic and mad as usual. And you, poor fool! you—you accepted him," in a tone of infinite contempt.

"I accepted him, certainly, and we are engaged," returned Dym, steadily.

Her quiet dignity seemed to provoke Beatrix beyond endurance.

"And this is your love and gratitude to your benefactor! Poor love—pitiable gratitude, I call it, Miss Elliott, to allow him to lower himself to such a sacrifice as that. But he shall not, if I can save him from it," stamping her slender foot, as though the mere thought were insupportable to her. "You have acted so meanly that I shall not try to spare you. Ay, you may love him, Miss Elliott, but you will never be his wife. Girl as you are, you will shrink from the thought when I tell you Guy Chichester is only marrying you out of pity."

Dym's face grew almost convulsed. "How dare you—how dare you say that, Mrs. Delaire?"

"I dare to tell you the truth," replied Beatrix, scornfully. "Do you think he could ever choose such as you after Honor? What! you have lived under his roof all these years, and you have not discovered that Guy's weak generosity is his only fault? He is doing this for his mother's and his child's sake, and because he knows you love him."

"Oh, heavens! she has told him!" cried the miserable girl, clasping her hands before her face.

"Yes, I told him," returned Beatrix, in the same freezing tone. "I would have kept it from him if I could, for I was afraid of this, but he made me angry, and then it all came out. I told him you were leaving Ingleside because you were dying of love for him. Do you wish to hear how he

answered me?" But Dym only wrung her hands and groaned heavily. In her darkest hour had she ever felt despair like this? Oh, God! that she should suffer such bitter shame, and at the hands of this woman!

"He looked at me," went on Beatrix, in the same hard voice, "as though I had dealt him a blow. 'Could you not have saved us both from this, Trichy?—could anything more unfortunate have befallen us all? Poor child! in whichever way I act I must wrong her. I could never love her as I love Honor—never, never!' You should have seen his face as he said it: it was pitiful—painful!"

"In mercy, and as you are a woman, hush!" Beatrix hardly recognized the voice. Her passion was dying out, and a sort of horror at her own work came over her as she looked at Miss Elliott. The girl was lying back in her chair, with her eyes closed and her poor lips quite drawn and blue; it was as though she had heard her own death-warrant.

"Are you faint? Shall I get you something?" Beatrix was a mere girl still; an uncomfortable feeling of remorse began to take possession of her. Dym just stirred, and shook her head. Mrs. Delaire watched her irresolutely.

Dym's dry lips were moving now; she signed to Beatrix to come closer.

"On your honor, is this true? As there is a heaven above us, have you not lied to me in this?" holding up her young hand solemnly with an appeal that was almost awful to Beatrix.

But it was too late to undo the mischief now.

"I have told you the truth," she returned, sullenly; "you must blame yourself, not me, for this miserable business."

"I shall try to forgive you some day, I suppose," faltered the poor child, "but not now—not now: the words would choke me," putting her hand to her head and looking at Beatrix in a bewildered sort of way. "Tell them I am not well—no one must come near me; I have work to do. I must think—think—think," with a ghastly smile that somehow curdled Beatrix's blood. As she walked from the room, Beatrix saw she put out a groping hand suddenly before her to steady herself.

She must think, this was her one idea: tears were useless, she must not grow faint. As she turned the key in the door of the little Gray Room which she still used as a dressing-room, and sank

down on the floor at the foot of her little bed, she told herself that she had work that would take all her strength to do; and a settled prayer resolved itself in her heart that she might have power to accomplish it.

Dym was not sinking under her misery: she was looking it in the face with a calmness that was akin to despair.

The evening sunshine flooded the terraces and gardens, and streamed in at the window till the gray dress was streaked with bars of gold; the stars glimmered; the moon shone cold and clear; the night-breezes stole into the darkened room; and still the crouching figure sat on with its face buried in its hands. Twice only it stirred—once when they brought food to her door, and a feeble impatient voice had bade them set it down and go away, and again when verging towards midnight the clear sharp clang of the gate sounded in the distance, and firm footsteps drew nearer and nearer, pausing for a moment under her window and then passing rapidly round to the front entrance. As they died away, Dym shivered, closed the window, and kindled a light.

She had thought it out, and the time for her work had come.

"As there is a heaven above us, have you not lied to me in this?" she had demanded solemnly of Beatrix; but even as she asked it she knew that the bitter truth had been told her.

He was marrying her out of pity: the man's vast tenderness, his chivalrous nature, had prepared for her this degradation.

"Guy's weak generosity is his only fault: he is doing this for his mother's and his child's sake, and because he knows you love him," Beatrix had said to her, and the ground had not opened and swallowed her in her shame.

No, she had not lied. Little by little the awful truth was stealing upon her. How white and drawn his face had looked in that twilight—that

evening—when he had come to her and pleaded for three days' grace; how grave and passionless had been his voice as he wooed her! with what settled sorrow he had told her that his heart was buried in Honor's grave!

Alas! she had thought that he had wanted her for his comforter—that he had found his hearth lonely, and craved for her woman's smile to brighten it. She would have been content with so little, she thought; she would have been satisfied with the merest crumbs of love. But that he should marry her out of pity! "Thank God, I will save him from that," she said, bitterly, as she trimmed her lamp.

Her slender preparations were soon made, and then she stole into Florence's room.

The child was sleeping peacefully, with one dimpled arm flung over the coverlet. Dym stooped down and kissed it softly: "Good-by, my darling," she whispered, as she turned away.

The first streak of dawn was stealing up the valley, and the pale line of light was widening behind the gray wall of Ingleside, when a little figure, veiled and cloaked, came slowly down the terrace, with the faithful collie following it.

At the lodge-gates they paused.

"You must not come any further with me, Kelpie." And as he licked her hand irresolutely she knelt down on the ground and hugged the dog to her bosom. "Oh, good old Kelpie, dear Kelpie, go back to him; you must not forsake him too." And her tears streamed over the rough coat and shaggy paws of her faithful companion.

Five minutes after that, the heavy gate had clanged between them. Guy heard it, and muttered drowsily to himself as he turned in his sleep.

"Good-by, dear happy Ingleside; good-by forever," she moaned, as she turned away, and the echo of her own heart went on ceaselessly, "Forever."

JOY'S RETURN.

BY GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

ONCE, in the agony of saddest grief,
I cried, "Oh! is it worth the cost to live
When happiness proves as a fugitive
From the poor heart panting for joy's relief;"
And bowed my head, while faster fell my tears,
Unheeding that I had been seen by one
Whose little life in ways ecstatic run;

Who could not know the griefs of older years,
Until I heard the quick, yet gentle sound
Of tiny feet, and felt upon my cheek
The warm and loving kiss of rose-red lips,
And knew, at length, that all my woe was drown'd
Amid the happiness I could not speak—
The heart's dear rapture knowing no eclipse!

SIERRA NEVADA.

TRIANGULATION STATION No. IV., FREEL'S PEAK.

By A TOPOGRAPHER.

BALD and beautiful, yellow in the shining sun, Freel's Peak stood against the southern sky, inviting us with the seeming warmth of its crest, so near to the sun, and repelling with its occasional acre of snow, gleaming in the distance like some pure blossom of alpine edelweiss. It was the outpost and ultimate limit of our season's travel. Could we reach it before the storms should come to chill and blind us? No, for climbing one side of its rocky comb, we met the wind coming up the opposite slope, whistling through the pinnacles and roaring in the caverns of the rock. And the wind soon brought rain.

It was a bad day for topography. To stand on the summit, it was impossible. Lean men that we are, waned thin by hard travel and harder fare, the tempest would surely have swept us out into the air, whose strong currents would have kept us afloat like angels or Ariels, and this, in our summer clothing, would have been uncomfortable.

The telescope of the theodolite rocks and vibrates and will not be quiet a moment. Through it, for accurate observation, the grand old mountains should stand in a dignity as motionless as the pose of a victim of the photographer's rack. Behold them now, however. They stand on their heads and deport themselves in a playful, mercurial, and unseemly manner; the mountains "skip like rams and the little hills like lambs," thus verifying the words of David, who, I doubt not, with all of his knowledge knew a smattering of topography. To add to our discouragement, Du Bois comes and makes adverse report. Thinking to build a monument in which to place our records, he piled up a column of stone, leaning, like a Pisa tower, against the steady push of the wind. But, alas, for his architectural plans, in a momentary lull of the storm it fell to the ground. So great was the gale.

Every profession has its own peculiar luck. It is the topographer's luck which gives him quiet Italian skies when he is down in the lowlands in camp, and beats him with a storm when once he presumes to thrust his head into Nephelococcygia. In view of this it is well if he be an artist or poet, or

something of that æsthetic sort, so that, in default of more scientific occupation, he may turn his telescope into a connoisseur's eye-glass, through which to contemplate the scenic splendor around him.

In order to be contemplative it is first necessary to be comfortable, and so, on the most sheltered side of Freel's Peak, we build a fire to temper the bite of the wind, which comes to us charged with fine splinters of hail. Flat on its rocky cap are the dry skeletons of some kind of evergreen tree, each of which, with a thousand fingers of branch and claws of root, clings as for dear life to its ungenerous ground. Down in the valleys these would have been upright and symmetrical trees, but tenacity and humility are the characteristics of the silva of the mountain top. From these we break fagots to feed a flame which wavers and darts, hither, thither, as the gusts blow, one moment completely deserting the bystander, and, in the next, enveloping him like an Isaac on the sacrificial altar.

Right here it may not be out of place to exclaim against those false ideas of the camp fire which are disseminated by gentlemen who sit by the cosy Latrobe, outfitted with cigar, slippers, and wife, and pen romance. In romance the camp fire is a mellow, moonlight sort of blaze, streaming towards heaven as directly as the flame of an acceptable thank-offering, and shedding a genial warmth and *couleur de rose* over the coterie of which it is the heart. It is supposed to promote the jest, awake the reminiscence, spice the dialogue, and loosen the tongue generally; to thaw out the cold and crabbed nature; to send all mosquitoes, coyotes, owls, and blue devils into that limbus where they belong; and, in fine, to combine the cheerfulness of the back-log with the solid comfort of the warming-pan.

There never was a greater error than this. Stripped of all poetic nonsense the camp fire is but a sneaking, deceitful thing, uncomfortable inasmuch as it vaguely hints of that comfort which civilized people, seated in family circle, enjoy. It is ever ready to play upon you its tricks, not mischievous, but mean.

Stand you before it, it darts out a sly lance of flame and shrivels your coat-tail. Stooping over it, a lambent tongue of fire licks off your whisker which has cost you a summer's assiduous cultivation. Stretch yourself by the side of it and try to read a paper, if it may be safe to predicate a newspaper at a camp fire. The light coquettishly deserts you—you pursue it, elbowing yourself closer to the burning log heap. With an instantaneous flash and wave of flame the blaze is upon you again, incinerating the printed sheet and scorching your eyes. It is a fickle thing, veering with the faintest breath of wind, and, when a dead calm prevails, getting up tiny draughts and currents of its own. It is perversely inconstant in temperature also, seeming incandescent on a mild evening and phosphorescent on the chill, frosty night. All this time it smokes profusely, inordinately, like any cottager's peat-fire. As for the men around it, neither are they types of pastoral purity; they are generally a hard and ill-spoken crowd, who weep, rub their eyes, trade positions, damn the fuliginous gusts, and tell bar-room legends until bed-time, which comes very early. Then precarious is the condition of him who sleeps by the side of the fire, for if he does not gravitate into the hot ashes before morning, the crumbling embers are sure to find him out and line his bed.

So, dodging the smoke and eluding the flames, whose forked tongues crinkle around our boot-legs, we begin the study of that great landscape of which the horizon is border and Freel's Peak is the centre. Misty and blue, we see the buttes of the distant deserts. At their feet, yellowish-white, though stained yet beautiful, are the alkali flats and the sinks of the rivers. Brown as burnt clay, unhandsome, and insignificant, stands a clump of hills some forty miles away; yet this is the dome of the world's treasury and is lined with the Comstock Lode. Better to look upon than the genuine mineral of the hills, however, are the stacks of barley, with their golden gleam, and the many streams of water, glistening like threads of silver, which are in the immediate prospect. Freel's Peak overlooks the Carson Valley, the rich green heart of a desert state, but it is from a vertical distance of more than a mile, and we are so high that the smoke of the steam threshers at work is dissolved and lost long before it reaches us.

It is after harvest time now, and from our

height the plain seems a mosaic of tiny rectangular blocks, white, green and brown, stubble, grass and fallow. Earth's mantle is here a piece of patchwork, and not a robe of emerald plush, as poets would have it. But it is none the less beautiful for its admixture of russet, drab, and straw. There is especially great beauty in a field of barley-stubble which is yet clean and unstained by the alternations of storm and sun. It is the white apron of Ceres, from which she has lately poured her gifts into the barns of the farmer-man.

Over the valley an occasional cloud of the impending storm scuds by, seeming to push its shadow before it, and bringing a transient blot of darkness upon the scene. Through the valley run the several branches of the Carson River, which, issuing from their gates in the foot-hills, seem stricken with a sudden indolence, linger, and are loth to leave these cool boundaries of paludine field. Now I can realize why the fanciful ancients attributed intelligence to the rivers and gave them gods and naiads for people, for surely these streams know of the sink in the desert which awaits them, and this is why they wander in ways so crooked and uncertain, following meanders as reluctant and slow as of culprits going to doom. Try to trace the course of one of these, and see how it doubles and worms about, and is recalcitrant to the steady force of Nature which compels it along. It is a pitiful sight, that of Nature's strongest law, gravitation, coercing one of those fair children of hers, the mountain streams, into the mouth of that monster, the desert. In this she is as cruel as those heathen mothers who cast their babes into the arms of Moloch.

The refrain,

"For men may come and men may go,

But I go on forever,"

is not sung by the brooks of Nevada. Even if they escape their original destiny, the desert, it is only that they may do menial service for practical man, by whom they are entrapped into a sluice, and made to wash the miner's dirt; into a ditch, to water the farmer's field; into a flume, to do burthen work for the lumberman in the floating of his wood; into a race, to turn the sawyer's mill-wheel; or into the aqueduct which feeds a city, where they are used by the Chinaman to wash his clothes, and by the restaurant cook to boil his vegetables. All around the eastern slope

of this eastern summit of the Sierra Nevadas there are icy streams in every gash and furrow, seeping through the rock walls of that great reservoir, Lake Tahoe; and all around the mountains, a continuous cordon of pitfalls, runs a voracious flume, never full, to which these brooks are feeders and from which the water runs through iron pipes across the valley and over the mountains to Virginia City, whose utilitarian people are stripping the sierras of their timber and draining them of their lakes.

Pass the panorama on. Now we scan the northern limb of the horizon. At our feet lies the chromatic surface of Lake Tahoe, over which an illusion of shifting colors is at play. Not any of the silks of the East can show a sheen as exquisite as this, and not any of the palaces there can boast a floor with hues so rich, so intricate, and so involved as those which lie at rest upon its rocky bottom. It is a wonderful lake, this Tahoe, wonderful in its purity, which seems to keep pace with its depth, which reaches far down into that abyssal zone to which the naturalists have assigned the nethermost waters. It is so deep that an adit projected into the mountains from that low plain, the Carson Valley, would tap it and drain it; and yet so exalted is its place above the other lakes of the earth that its surface is at greater altitude than the summit of Mount Washington. A hundred streams flow into Lake Tahoe, and yet its chalice is never full. They come from those perennial drifts which frost its serrated rim, which is worked most royally into needles, knobs, cliffs, crags, and cones, making this a cup fit to be beaker to the greatest of the gods. They go, alas! to their doom, finding it in Pyramid Lake, a hundred miles away, which, with a strong river for an inlet, has no outlet except, perhaps, some hidden *descensus Averno*.

Looking down from this aerie, as in gazing at length upon Church's picture of Niagara Falls, you are soothed into that passive state in which you fancy that you hear the sound of the water; but this is only a trick of the imagination, assisted by memory of what you have heard. Looking more closely, there comes, from all around the edge of the lake, a white glint which is neither from the caps of the waves nor the foam of the low breakers there; it is from the rafts of flotsam timbers which are huddled in the little bays of the coast. Once these were forest trees, but it

was many a year ago, and now the giant trunk is reduced to a slender mast, the fallen limb is no larger than a shepherd's crook, and the broken log is like the hulk of a child's sailboat. So long have they pounded each other that their surfaces are like a padding and a protection of soft splinters, and still the remorseless conflict goes on. Fain would they escape to open sea, where all is roomy and free, but they cannot; they are restrained by a force which is stronger than the firmest boom. To them the waves are not shepherds, but jailors, and seem to take merciless delight in driving them with ceaseless beat, beat, upon the shore; and as convicts, persecuted by their keepers, take unsatisfactory revenge in striking one another, so do these prisoners wear themselves out in internecine war.

O, I have great pity for these fallen forest trees, now reduced to thin skeletons of their former selves. White as the ghosts of drowned men they lie, restless as souls in purgatory fire; and seeing this disordered flotilla, ghastly in the moonlit air, it is hard not to believe that the sea has relented at last, and at last has given up its numerous dead.

This is California. Westward from this meridian line of mountains the green spurs fade away, in gentle declivity, down to the level of the ocean almost. At the horizon or thereabouts they join a band of hazy saffron color, which may be readily mistaken for a streak of sunset sky; it is the Sacramento Valley instead. Above it is another zone, this time blue, whose upper line is notched and scalloped; it is the profile of the coast range of mountains, of which Diablo is king. Thitherward flow the numerous branches of the American River, which, of all the rivers in the world, most deserves the title of Chrysorrhoas, for along the banks of these lie the great gold fields of America, where, in 1849 and after years, men washed, and gambled, and died, and went on into a history which sounds like romance. Somewhere over there lie Placerville and Amador; also Fiddletown, Bottle Hill, Blue Tent, and Pinch-'em-Tight; likewise Camp Far West, Rough and Ready, and You Bet, or at least what remains of these towns of the suggestive title.

As in looking on a battle-field over which the green grass has grown, it is hard to realize what hopes have prevailed and what pulses have throbbed in the cool depths of that great verdant slope; for the fires of a miner's excitement are never dead,

and his blood is never cool, even though he be knee-deep in a ditch of snow-water. A ruined rocker, a segment of sluice, a perverted brook, these are all that remain, and the trees, whose shadow is sympathy, and whose touch is compassion, are year by year stretching their arms farther across the empty clearing, the roofless cabin, and the desolate grave.

Pass the panorama on. Now the telescope, moving in obedience to the continuous wind of the tangent screw, is upon a group of mountains whose lawless upheaval gives promise of another kind of mineral wealth, that which is found in the quartz rock. These, seen from afar by the prospector, would be a charm to his eye and a magnet to his course, and apparently with reason, for one of these is Silver Mountain, another is The Silver King, Silver Lake lies near by, and Silver Creek is a part of the neighboring geography. As for Silver City, if it is not yet built it is already laid out—in the brain of some scheming speculator. Significance in geographical nomenclature is a most excellent thing, and for that reason this chaotic section is called Alpine County, California.

There is nothing stereotyped in the expression of these peaks, and as for the law of the natural slope of earth, they practically disprove it. They tower in crags, project in cornices, and overhang in horns of rock. At a distance such mountains seem awful and impregnable, and to the topographer they are as a prophecy of hard labor over perilous routes, but it is all an illusion of the sight. Those ledges are few up which there is not some kind of a foothold and stairway. Mountains, like great men, are more imposing at a distance. When Major Pike discovered the peak which now bears his name he shrank from it in awe, or else with an affectation of awe and that optimistic estimate which so often characterizes the discoverer, and penned these words in his diary:

"The summit of the Grand Peak, which was entirely bare and covered with snow, now appeared at a distance of fifteen or sixteen miles from us, and as high again as what we had ascended, and would have taken a whole day's march to have arrived at its base, when, I believe, no human being could have ascended its pinical."

To those who have seen that great, round, elephantine lump of earth, Pike's Peak, these raptures about its "pinical" are certainly very entertaining. At this day men live on its summit, holding vigil

in the scientific observatory there, and timid ladies, on picnic bound, ride thither without danger of translation into the skies.

Continuing his chronicle, the explorer wrote:

"The perpendicular height of the mountain from the level of the prairie was 10,581 feet, and admitting that the prairie was 8,000 feet from the level of the sea, it would make the elevation of this peak 18,581 feet."

Alas! how has the mighty fallen in the seventy years since these words were written. Under the test of repeated and accurate measurements Pike's Peak has dwindled to a height of fourteen thousand two hundred and some feet. In the meantime, others, newly discovered, have arisen and overshadowed it, until it is no longer one of that triumvirate of peaks which overlook the mountains of the West. These are Sierra Blanca and Uncompahgre Peak, of Colorado, and Mount Whitney, in California. The altitude of each of these is about 14,400 feet; which is the highest of the three is yet uncertain, but the odds are turning in favor of Sierra Blanca.

It is from this quarter, Alpine County, that the storm, now so imminent, is coming. It is no sudden and unforeseen gust, but has been organizing its forces all day long and practicing them in those evolutions in which the armies of the sky are drilled. Then it stationed them, like battalions at rest, all around the southern horizon, hanging them, cloud by cloud, on the lofty mountains there. It is then, when wrapped in turbans of mist, that the peaks are at their grandest. They seem to be the bases of Babel towers which must go on and on and pierce the highest heavens. When anything is hidden from the human mind, the imagination is quick to pierce it out, finishing it with good or bad material according to its own desires, and hence comes disappointment, very often. Do you remember the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, and the cruel disenchantment which followed his unmasking? Just so with these mountains, upon which the clouds are low; their promising slope at the base hints of an immensity of height, and when the veil is lifted and an insignificant hill is revealed, the enthusiastic observer cannot but feel that he has been imposed upon.

Great curtains of cloud, rolling and unrolling as they go, move in silent majesty along the west. Flecks and scuds of cloud are chasing each other in quick succession over the Carson Valley, afford-

ing, with their shadows, a pleasant chiaro-oscuro checker upon its surface. An arc of rainbow, a mere fragment, apparently but a few feet in length, hangs over a vagrant tuft of cloud, like a bird of brilliant plumage at poise in the air. Half of the world is in the brightest sunlight, half in the blackest shadow, and, we shiver as we note it, the darkness is gaining ground.

On Lake Tahoe the influence of the storm begins to be felt, and the dismal vapors gather, ready to bear their part. They assemble, not in tufts, with feathered edges, but in a bank so dense that it seems to have its distinct topography, like so much of solid land. On the south it is an abrupt bluff, black as a ledge of basalt, to which it is very similar, and even from our standpoint, nearly a mile above it, this unsubstantial cliff seems to be several hundred feet in height. Across it there straggles a streak of white light, like a vein of silver splitting a mass of volcanic rock. To the north and east it is a plateau, sloping slowly down into the water, of which it seems a portion. Indeed, it is hard not to believe that this is an immense, but placid upheaval of water, and that it is the beginning of some great cataclysm, into which it will break and destroy the little settlement on the beach. Or perhaps it is the base of some water spout to be, and that black winged cloud approaching will drop down its tongue, and, having drunk its fill, go its way to break against the mountains in a "cloud-burst." But these apprehensions are dissipated by a little vessel, with white sails and steady motion, which flashes out into the sun, from the depth of the mystery behind, proving that it was only thin mist after all, which, looking a second time, has vanished completely, leaving the lake as level as it was before.

Now the grand onset of the gale, coming as fast as a horse can run, is here. The heavy clouds are breasted and fringed with thin, pointed streamers, relentless as bayonets in a charge. They sting

with their burden of snow, rain and hail. They are followed by breakers of mist, rolling, seething, surging, howling in the caverns of rock, and whistling over the cliff edge. No living thing can stand before a wave like this; it is time to beat precipitate retreat. The mountain-side, between us and camp, is a very steep talus of heavy sand, the sand of disintegrated granite. Down this we plunge, ten feet at a stride, dislodging at every step a petty avalanche of earth, and riding thereon until its motion becomes too provokingly slow.

Everywhere around is the gray obscurity of premature night, and it is with surprise that we see, as we reach the doors of our tents, the sun break through his veil with a flash of light, and throw a parting look upon the earth which he is leaving. It is the lover's last kiss to the sweetheart he is leaving.

And the earth blushed, like a sweetheart, under the sun's last kiss. A pine tree stood before our camp, a short stone's-throw from it. Against this a rainbow grew into shape. Its foot was at the foot of the tree; its arch leaned against the cone of foliage, and that pine, usually of a sombre and uniform green, took on all of the tints of a New England forest in autumn. How beautiful! my comrades said, but I thought of more than its beauty; I thought of the pot of gold which lies hidden at the foot of the rainbow, and for which I had searched so often when a boy. But those, the rainbows of the Eastern lowlands, were dim and always distant, and the chase of them was an unsatisfactory one. While, as for the foot of this mountain iris, I could see it burnish the ground within a few feet of where I stood.

Some day, when my debtors become importunate, I shall return thither and sink a shaft at the fortunate spot revealed to me by the rainbow. I shall know it again, for I have marked with a peculiar blaze the trunk of the tree where it stood, and this is not far from the foot of Freel's Peak, Triangulation Station No. 4.

QUITZOW—THE STORY OF A HERMIT.

By F. B. STANFORD.

"Of course it is true that dead men tell no tales," I said.

He looked at me strangely a few moments, and then asked what I meant by saying that; had I any meaning?

No, I could not say that I had any particular meaning; the loneliness of the place had prompted a disagreeable notion.

I wondered the next day, when I thought considerably about the man, that the old saying should have come to me just at that time. But the fact is, the man produced an unfavorable impression when one first saw him. There was the thick wood behind us, the falls in front; not a sound anywhere, except wind and water—nature humming her various tune. If, however, he had answered my questions when I came toward him, or if he had spoken at all in place of staring listlessly at me, probably I should have thought nothing bad of him.

His appearance was that of a back-woodsman, of ordinary height, with a compact body, a large head and face, the latter very nearly concealed beneath a thick yellow-gray beard. His red flannel shirt was unbuttoned about the neck and chest, which were well tanned. He wore an old beaver hat that had lost its shape long since.

When I spoke to him, he was lying on the ground apparently looking only at the sky and the clouds. I explained that I was one of a company encamped somewhere in the vicinity, exactly in which direction I could not say, as I had been wandering in the woods since morning, and had lost my way. To all this he said nothing. He only arose, stepped back a yard or more, and looked at me fixedly. At first I thought he was deaf.

But he spoke, after a while, slowly and distinctly, at the same time leaning against a tree. He had a shanty just beyond a clump of brush. Had lived there alone a number of years. Was I quite sure I didn't know all about it? Why, of course I was sure I didn't know all about it? So our words ran on until something was said which suggested that in such a place a dead man would not be likely to tell any tales. After I had spoken my

thought, he was nervous, and requested me to wait outside his shanty until he had been within minute.

The hut was simply one large room, with a fireplace dug into the bank of earth at one end, and built up at the sides with stones. There was a rough pine table, two or three stools, a bunk on one side of the room, and an old melodeon, with one of its pedals broken. He had a great many small articles on various shelves here and there which I will not attempt to enumerate. The most of them had been picked up in the woods gathered from the lake. One, though, would give only slight notice to these, or to the old books on the table, for immediately over the hearth, on a curious willow shelf, set a human skull facing the door.

While I stood mutely looking at the thing, he watched me with a sidelong glance. And when I ventured to ask why he kept such a grinning ornament in so conspicuous a place, he poised his chin in his hand, resting the elbow on the other arm across his breast, and looked steadily at me.

Why should he tell me that? Didn't I know quite well enough where it came from?

This unaccountable reply, coupled with the man's mysterious manner, began to produce an uncomfortable feeling. Of course I hadn't the slightest idea whence the skull came, or who the man was. To despatch matters, I said a second time that I was hungry, and would pay him for something to eat.

"Money!" he said, with a forced laugh, and at the same time opening his closet; "I don't want your money, sir. I get on very well without the sort of thing."

While I was helping myself to his cold potatoes and gray squirrel, he replenished the fire, and sat down at one side of the hearth to watch it sputter and sparkle. Daylight was just beginning to fade and the air with the approach of twilight had become chilly. There was a slight wind rustling the leaves and trees.

I asked him if he never felt lonely living so far removed from any one.

"No," he answered, thoughtfully; "or, that

to say, I never have felt lonely on that account until within a few weeks." Then, after a pause, "You are the only man I have seen in a year."

"So long as that?"

He looked at the fire abstractedly, as though he had not heard my expression of surprise. But when I had finished my meal and moved back from the table, he said, still looking at the fire:

"Perhaps if I talked to some one I should work it off. Hark!" looking earnestly at the skull, "You didn't hear anything?—I mean a step?"

"No, nothing only the fire and the trees."

"No, no, of course you didn't. I am growing old—sixty-seven last spring—and my hearing is failing. My name is Quitzow, old Quitzow. I have lived here a long time."

"Pardon me," I said, "for seeming inquisitive, if I ask why you came to live here."

"No offence at all, sir. I think it will do me good to talk. Macgrew always said I was a man too silent to go on well in the world. That was Macgrew," he said quietly, nodding in the direction of the skull.

This information startled me a trifle. But he went on, without taking any notice of me, in his low, subdued voice.

"I was educated with Macgrew in Montreal, and we attended medical lectures a long while; my father and grandfather were both physicians before me, but I have no fault to find. My life has been just what I made it, just what Macgrew and I together made it. I don't take any offence at anything, sir. I know about what I am, and I am satisfied."

After saying so much, he again fell into silence. Though he had encouraged me to ask him whatever I chose to, I now preferred to let him take his own time in telling me what he might be pleased to. The surroundings were favorable to excite my interest in him. The bright firelight playing hide-and-seek with the shadows which had made their appearance as stealthily as the daylight, had withdrawn; the grotesque aspect of the furniture huddled in such a place; the consciousness of the gathering gloom without; and, more than all, that grim, hideous skull, now warm with the glow from the hearth upon it, then dark and saturnine out of the light.

"I suppose you belong to the big world?" he continued. "What's the news from the world, anyhow? There haven't been any more wars or anything of the kind going on?"

I said no; that our part of the world was enjoying peace.

"You see, men came up here into the woods to avoid the draft when the North went to war with the South. I am not likely to forget that, I think. No. Macgrew and I never had any trouble with a living soul—never until those men came here. We came across the line to the Aroostook in '50, and cleared a farm for ourselves. We ought to have staid on it. I always said so, but Macgrew soon tired of farming, and wanted to join a community, the Shakers or Quakers. Finally we came here to Moosehead Lake, and lived in our own way apart from everybody."

He changed his position, placed his elbows on his knees and rested his chin on his clenched hands.

"Well, sir," after a few minutes, "I've lived here ever since."

"And Macgrew—did he stay here also?"

"Macgrew?"—turning his pale face toward me, "they murdered him, the one man of all the world. That was Macgrew," nodding again at the skull.

He arose and went to the door, opened it cautiously, and looked out. Whether or not he again imagined that he heard footsteps, I cannot say. I heard nothing; but the darkness reminded me that it was time I should return to camp.

So I stood up, looked over the books on the table, and tried to talk about them a moment.

"Perhaps"—he said, hesitating, when he had shown me the right path to follow, "Perhaps you can come this way to-morrow evening?"

I said that I would.

"Well, good night," putting out his hand.

"One moment, though, sir," as I was moving away. "You will come alone, I think?"

Yes, I would come alone.

As I went on among the thick trees nearly a half mile, I frequently stopped to listen and look behind, though I don't suppose any footsteps were following me. The next afternoon I failed to keep the same path, and lost considerable time, so that I did not come in sight of the shanty until dark.

The soft glow of the hearth-fire shone out from the window. And he was playing some hymn, I know not what, on the sad old melodeon. By-and-by—for I waited and listened—he joined his voice with the instrument, losing himself, as it seemed, in some half-forgotten melody. When

he was done, one must have known him the better.

He came to the door as if waiting for me, and I approached. His greeting was quite free and easy, and his face was more cheerful than on the previous evening. He had, moreover, removed the skull from its willow shelf to an upper and dark corner of the room.

"I may as well tell you, sir," he began, when I had seated myself at one side of the hearth and opposite him, "that when you first came here yesterday I mistook you for something or somebody else. It is a matter I can't quite make out; and I said to myself that if you would come again, I would try to tell it to you."

I expressed the interest I felt to share his confidence; and after a few minutes, in which he appeared to be searching for a beginning, he continued:

"It must be about two years now, I think; yes, two years, though time goes a great deal faster the older we grow. But I mustn't begin there; I must go further back than two years; about ten years last winter. That was when it happened, though I can't say on what day of the week it was, or what hour of the day or night. Macgrew used frequently to wander off alone, and remain away a day or two. He had a great love for these old woods, and could bring himself nearer to them when alone.

"He cooked the breakfast that morning; and after we had passed an hour or more reading, talking about religion, Fourier's social ideas, and some other matters, Macgrew went out with his rifle. The morning was sharper than usual, and I expected him back at night: but he never came back to me again, sir. God help me! I waited and searched, and looked high and low for him."

His voice sank low, and he stared at the fire some time.

"It was three years afterwards when I found that," glancing over his shoulder at the skull in the dark corner, "and I brought it home. I had always doubted the truth, and was expecting him every day. A drowning man, you know, will grasp at a straw; but when I found that with the great board-nail driven into it, my last hope was gone. I didn't accuse any one; I only knew that somebody had done it, that it was a fact. So I placed it up there on the willow shelf to be near me the long winter evenings. It was seven years

ago; I've had a great many long nights since then."

How the firelight flickered! As he sat there with folded arms, with his gray head dropped forward, the kindly warmth seemed to give his features a softer, finer finish. Possibly the lines of his face were weak somewhere; I don't know. When he waited I waited, putting in no word to disturb the current of his thoughts; for, now and then, I observed his dreamy far-away look at the coals, and imagined that he had forgotten my presence.

"As I began, it was two years ago—one October afternoon. I was out on the grass, looking at the lake and the sky. It had been some time since I had seen any one—the lumbermen go away in the spring—and I was glad to see the man. While we talked about the game and so-forth, it struck me that I had seen him before, possibly with the driving gang. But he had never been in the woods with the men, he said; had worked at rafting at one place and another; was from Bangor just then, and had come up here to hunt. That was all a lie. What brought the man here, God only knows. Yet it may be that the place had a fascination for him. I have read something of the kind.

"We sat on the grass there until nearly dark. He was smoking and talking interestingly enough. After a while we came in here. I know now just how the room looked. I had been moving the things about to clean the floor. The skull was flat on the table, where all the light from the window fell upon it. It was unusual for it to be in just such a place.

"You, sir, looked at it yesterday as he did for a minute or two. But—while standing there and holding fast to the door, his look deepened into something awful. Hush!—didn't you hear that step, now?"

There was not a sound.

"It—the skull, sir—turned over on the table face toward him, and he caught sight of the nail in the temple. Then he cried, '*Macgrew!—Great God!*' and dropped down dead."

"But the skull—are you certain that it turned over?"

"As certain as I live. It terrified that man to death."

It was a riddle; and after we had been silent a long time, it occurred to me that some living thing,

a mouse perhaps, had been inside the skull at the time. He admitted it might have been so, though I could see that he had little faith in such a theory.

We now went out doors. The moon was coming up round and red, tipping the great hemlocks with a silvery sheen. As we walked along my way through masses of wild trees and clambering underwood, I noticed that he was on the look-out for somebody or something.

"Perhaps it is you, sir, that drives it away," he said, at length, looking inquiringly at me. But I have heard it once."

"What is it you have heard once?"

"That is the trouble, to tell what it is. I thought yesterday that you must be it. That was the reason I went into the shanty before allowing you to, and placed the skull so you should see it plainly. For the last time the thing appeared in full shape, it fell at sight of the skull and vanished."

I tried to convince him that the phantom was only an hallucination, nothing but a morbid fancy brought about by living alone and brooding over the tragedy of his friend. That was all very well for me to believe, he said; he knew something about that kind of derangement.

"But, sir," he continued, "there is meaning of some kind in this. I think it is a warning, but I cannot make it quite clear. You see, the first time I saw the thing was a month ago. I was

standing under a big hemlock in the gully just yonder. Suddenly it started up not more than two rods before me, a red-shirted, bearded man, as plain as ever I saw anything in life. It threw up its arms this way over the head, as if something was about to fall. Then it made signs for me to run."

He was loth to believe that this was all some optical delusion. The apparition made its appearance oftener now than a week previous. Sometimes he saw it on the bank of the lake, sometimes it would prove to be following him in the woods; but wherever he encountered it, the spectre never failed to go through the same pantomime with its arms. And the footsteps were always audible.

When we parted at an opening in the woods, it was arranged that I should return to him after a week, the time our party had set to strike camp. He thought that he would try to go away with us; but he was uncertain. It had been so many years that he had lived there, he might leave the remainder of his life behind him. Standing in a patch of moonlight, he watched me as I went away into the shadow and out of sight.

I never again saw him alive. In death he lay with his arms over his head and face, just as he had thrown them up hastily to ward off the great tree which the lightning had hurled upon him. I called to mind then with awe that the spectre had thrown up *its* arms the same way many times.

ERRORS IN SCIENCE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the vast strides that science has made of late years, it is curious to note the errors and misconceptions in the various points of natural history that still linger in many parts of this and other countries. We may run over a few of these popular misconceptions. Not a few even among generally well-informed people still imagine that all *Fungi* are poisonous—including even the mushroom. Many more take it for granted that all serpents sting, and that the forked tongue is the weapon by which the "sting" is given; the fact that it is forked seeming to afford them convincing proof of its deadly character. While there are many among the educated classes who would

probably be puzzled if told that there were other mammals besides four-footed animals and man.

There are still numbers of persons who believe that a horse-hair immersed for a time in water becomes vivified and is transformed into the curious animal known as the hair-eel; and who further imagine that this, acquiring greater thickness, becomes in process of time the common eel. This belief is universal among the uneducated, at least of the rural population, in many parts of the country. Nor is it confined to them. We have heard it stoutly maintained by a very intelligent man, of good education according to the ideas of education which were generally entertained fifty or sixty

years ago; his only argument was one with which, if he had not been profoundly ignorant of natural history, he could not for a moment have deceived himself. He had often seen, in ditches or stagnant pools, a moving hair-like thing, exactly resembling a black or dark-brown hair from a horse's mane, and no doubt it was a living thing, *and an eel!* And the other day we read among the answers to correspondents in a weekly paper, a very good advice to one who had directed attention to this same marvel—to try the experiment for himself with a horse-hair. But for any one who seeks information in the proper quarter, there is no need of such experiment; and the needful information is easily obtained. A few hours spent in the perusal of a book or two of natural history would make any man of common sense ashamed that he had ever for a moment credited such an absurdity. The natural history of the eel is well known; and at no stage of its existence is it in form and appearance like the hair-eel. The natural history of the creature called by this name—the *Gordius* of naturalists—is also known. It is not a fish like the eel; it belongs to a class of parasitic worms very far below fishes in the scale of creation. It has no relation either to the eel or to a horse-hair. Yet the plowman looks upon it with wonder, as he thinks of what he believes to be its origin; and the boys of the village school, when they find it in the gutter by the roadside or millpond, gather round it to gaze, and assure themselves by ocular observation of the truth of what they have heard. Ought they not to hear in the school itself what would disabuse their minds of so gross an error?

The erroneous opinion that all serpents are venomous, is one that most probably originated with those who live in districts frequented only by the adder or viper; but it ought not to be entertained even by the most ignorant of the peasantry where the common snake is abundant, as it is in most parts of England. There every one ought to know that the latter is harmless, and that it is easily distinguished from the viper, which is poisonous. Curiously, too, the blind-worm or slow-worm, which, although not now ranked by

naturalists among true serpents, but among the lizards, agrees with serpents in general appearance, and is in many places regarded with the utmost dread, being popularly believed to be as venomous as the viper itself. This is the case equally where it is common, as it is in many parts of England, and in Scotland where it is rare and found in comparatively few localities. "During the summer of 1876," says the Rev. J. G. Wood, in his "Illustrated Natural History," "I passed some little time in the New Forest, and having gone round to the farms in the neighborhood, begged to have all reptiles brought to me that were discovered during hay-making. In consequence, the supply of vipers and snakes was very large; and on one occasion, a laborer came to my house bare-headed, his red face beaming with delight, and his manner evincing a consciousness of deserving valor. Between his hands he held his felt hat tightly crimped together, and within the hat was discovered, after much careful manœuvring, the head of a blind-worm emerging from one of its folds. As I put out my hand to remove the creature, the man fairly screamed with horror; and even when I took it in my hand, and allowed it to play its tongue over the fingers, he could not believe that it was not poisonous. No argument could persuade that worthy man that the reptile was harmless, and nothing could induce him to lay a finger upon it; the prominent idea in his mind being evidently, not that the blind-worm had no poison, but that I was poison-proof."

Similar to the popular opinion as to the blind-worm, is that concerning the little active slender lizard common in moors, and that concerning the eft or newt, both of which are deemed extremely venomous, dangerous animals, whilst in reality both are quite harmless. We do not know how far the error as to the lizard prevails in England, but it is certainly very generally prevalent in Scotland, almost every rustic dreading what he calls an ask, that is a lizard, nearly as much as an adder. And a similar belief, equally erroneous, prevails in France as to another species of lizard.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Banquet.—Having noticed at different times in the NOTES AND QUERIES department of POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY responses, interesting and valuable to the reading public, I am induced to seek information through the same channel, concerning a subject on which a friend and I have had considerable discussion, and without reaching a satisfactory conclusion to either of us. I have held to the opinion that the word BANQUET signifies, in its true sense, "a light entertainment at the close of a feast," while he maintains that "Banquet implies in its original and present sense, *never a light, but a rich and heavy feast.*" Which of us is right?

CHARLES E. MILLER.

We answer our inquirer as satisfactorily as space permits. Both you and your friend are right in a limited sense. The word *banquet* is derived from the French. In Italian it is *banchetto*, and in Spanish *banquete*. In its original it signifies feast, a small bench, a little seat, a stool with three legs, and implies the idea of a sitting, hence a feast. Some authorities say BANQUET means a *rich* entertainment; others define it as simply a *dessert* or light repast. "There were all the dainties, not only of the season, but of what art could add, venison, plain, solid meat, fowl, baked and boiled meats, *banquet* in exceeding plenty, and exquisitely dressed."—EVELYN. Among the Hebrews it was a festal entertainment of a religious character; thus they accompanied those great solemnities of worship when the people were to appear before the Lord in the place where this sanctuary was. These feasts were usual also at the ordinary sacrifices, and besides, at the making of covenants. The more domestic occasions on which banquets were given, were at the weaning of children, at weddings, on birthdays—especially those of harvest vintage, at funerals, and in the exercise of hospitality on the arrival or departure of friends, or even strangers.

VOL. IX.—15



Banquets were generally held in the evening, and the beginning to feast early in the day is censured.

It is elsewhere recorded that invitations to these banquets were sent by servants, and proper preparations were made by killing oxen, mingling wine, and furnishing the table. The custom in those ancient times was, to extend a second invitation to the guests when everything was ready. Dr. Thomson says, "This practice survives to the present time, not very strictly among the common people, nor in cities where Western manners have greatly modified the Oriental, but in

Thus, we are told that far back in the centuries BANQUETS were pretty much as they are now, except as to the form and style of ceremonies. Then, as now, they were distinguished for their sumptuousness, the daintiness and profusion of the viands, the richness of the wines, often mixed with spices, and the music and dancing. Our illustrations show an Oriental Banquet, and the usual form of dining. One of the distinguishing features of the later day banquets, is the offering and responding to toasts. In the United States they are frequently made the occasion to get before the public views of State or national import. The idea is certainly a happy one, as subjects of general interest are, in a more familiar way than usual, discussed and brought to the consideration of the people.

Reverting to the origin of banquets, we would state that the Eastern nations were much given to hospitality; and hence we read frequently in Scripture of the feasts given to friends. Many of them, indeed, bore a certain religious character; as when the Israelites went up to appear before the Lord, they were to feast in his presence, calling in the widows and fatherless, and other poor, and the Levites, to rejoice along with them. Deut. 12: 17; 14: 22, etc. In these earliest notices, we find males and females mentioned as meeting together at the feasts. In the later times the separation of the sexes appears to have been common, as it is at the present day in Palestine and the surrounding countries; yet, in the Gospels there are traces of the greater freedom which is preserved



AN ORIENTAL BANQUET.

Lebanon it still prevails. If a sheikh . . . invites, he always sends a servant to call you at the proper time. This servant often repeats the very formula mentioned in Luke 14: 17: "Come, for the supper is ready." The fact that this custom is mainly confined to the wealthy and to the nobility is in strict agreement with the parable, where the certain man, who made the great supper and bade many, is supposed to be of this class.

It was the custom in those times that guests were bound to appear in appropriate and becoming dress. Sometimes the master of the house bestowed robes on those he entertained. This was of course not the prevailing custom, but more particularly was confined to monarchs and those of rank. An Oriental monarch now presents a robe of honor to persons admitted to his court. Then guests were received with a kiss; rich perfumes were poured upon their heads, beard, clothes, and sometimes feet, and they were, it would seem, occasionally crowned with flowers. Persons were arranged at tables at which the ancient Hebrews sat, though afterward the custom of reclining was introduced, according to the rank and honor intended to be given.

by pure morality. John 2: 1; 12: 3. From the parable of the marriage feast (Matthew 12), we may conclude that practices prevailed at formal magnificent banquets in our Lord's time, such as are reported by travellers to be still in occasional use. Before the time of our Lord, however, as before mentioned, the Jews had adopted the luxurious practice, which was in use also by the Persians (Esther 7: 8) and the Romans, of *reclining* upon couches, though this is not expressed by our translators. This explains how it should have happened that the women came behind the couch where Christ lay, and anointed his outstretched feet. Luke 7: 37.

It is recorded by Isaiah, 25: 6, in his "feast of fat things, of wine on the lees." Drinking wine is also mentioned in the history of Nabal's and Absalom's sheep-shearing feasts; though it is worthy of being noticed that Nabal, who grew "very drunken," and over whom there came such a fearful change when "the wine had gone out of him," made no mention of wine in his account of his preparations; he merely said, "my bread, and my water, and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers."

We are also told of strangers being invited to an earlier meal, called dinner, though it perhaps more nearly resembled our lunch. Luke 11: 37, 38; 14: 12. The meal in those days was no doubt eaten, as it is at present in the same countries, without the use of any articles like our knives, forks and spoons. The hands were dipped together into the dish. Mark 14: 20. See also Proverbs 19: 24; 16: 15, where "bosom" is a mistranslation; it ought to be "plate" or "dish." Therefore after meals the hands were wiped with a cloth, when water had to be poured over them, II Kings 3: 11; or according to a Greek practice, they were rubbed clean with pieces of bread, which were greedily devoured by the dogs under the table. The whole custom relating to banquets or feasts in many aspects appears to us curious, and in some respects instructive. Judging from an American point of view, we certainly have greatly improved on the model of ancient times.

Something of a Curiosity.—

A contributor to the AMERICAN MONTHLY sends us a bank note for five dollars, signed by Stephen Girard and made payable to Lafayette. The note is very thin and much worn, and no doubt is genuine. It is numbered 1329, and reads as follows:

"I promise to pay La Fayette or Bearer on demand at my Banking House in South Third Street, Five Dollars, Philadelphia, July 7, 1813.

(Signed) STEPHEN GIRARD.

J. ROBERTS, Cashr."

NOTE.—In the date 1813, the 13 is so defaced and obscure that it cannot be stated positively as 1813. QUERY.—What is the present value of the note, and where can it be exchanged? To the Antiquarian societies it would certainly possess a certain historic value. Cannot some of the readers of POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY give the desired information to the Editor?

Strange Facts about Surnames.—We cheerfully give room for the following contribution to the NOTES AND QUERIES of the MONTHLY: Among the many curious changes wrought in the history of the American people, none are more striking than those which relate to the surnames of the different members of certain families. These changes occurred so rapidly during the first century of American history that we are forced to give credence to those of more magnitude reported to have occurred in the surnames in the Old World.

Whenever, we are told, William Penn could translate a German name into a corresponding English one, he did so, in issuing patents for lands in Pennsylvania: thus the respectable Carpenter family in Lancaster are the descendants of a Zimmerman.

Many Swedish and German names have suffered changes: from Soupli has come Supplee; from Up der Graeff, Graeff and Updegrove; from Hendrick's son, we have Henderson. The district of Southwark, in this county, covers ground once owned by a Swede named Swen. His son was called Swen's son, from whom the Swanson family derived their name. The Vastine family came from a Van de Vorstein.

A person whose family name was Sturdevant, Englished into Treadway a few years ago; and a family which during the Revolution spelt their name Boehm, have softened it since into Bumm.



BUTLERS TO THE BANQUET.

Occasionally a French name is translated. One of two brothers, residing close to the Quaker City, is known as Mr. La Rue, the other, as Mr. Street. The corruption extends to New England, and some are changed from the French Acadian, to wit: Bumpus is derived from Bon pos; Peabody, from Picbaudier; Bunker, from Boncaer. In the Western States we have some curious transitions: The family name of Hodge has in some places branched off into Hedger; Zinger, into Zombro; Stevens, into Stevenson. Washburn has likewise been run into Washington. These are but a few of the many of the slaughtered original names. In some instances the changes appear consistent, but in others unaccountable.

W. V.

Curious Phases of Vitality.—An esteemed correspondent furnishes us with the following list of Centenarians, with a note accompanying, from which we extract the very pertinent observations, "that it would be a very valuable contribution to vital statistics, if we had a correct list of all persons who have reached 110 years, with correct notices of their habits of living, their occupations, places of birth, climate, and general conditions affecting life. I know of no such

record, and am inclined to think there is none. For years past I have made a record of all persons of whom I could get authentic account, who have exceeded 110 years, in this country. I append this list, imperfect as it is, in the hope it will be added to until it comprises a record at least approximately correct."

| NAMES. | PLACE OF DEATH. | YEAR. | AGE. |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|-------|------|
| Bacchus, ¹ | Frederick, Virginia, | 1840 | 110 |
| Adam Binkley, | Davidson Co., Tenn., | 1837 | 138 |
| Abin Bayard, | Maury Co., Tenn., | 1833 | 118 |
| John Butler, | Wayne Co., N. Y., | 1836 | 110 |
| James Byles, | Oyster Bay, N. Y., | 1839 | 118 |
| John Cary, ¹ | Washington, D. C., | 1843 | 114 |
| Robert Cowley, ¹ | Richmond, Virginia, | 1820 | 125 |
| Coffee, ¹ | Norfolk, Virginia, | 1837 | 120 |
| Gilbert, ¹ | Staunton, Virginia, | 1844 | 112 |
| Hannah Gough, | New York City, | 1854 | 110 |
| Thomas Hitchcock, | Richland Co., N. C., | 1818 | 125 |
| Henry, ¹ | Woodford Co., Ky., | 1846 | 112 |
| John, ¹ | Washington, D. C., | 1838 | 115 |
| Samuel McGwin, | Andover, N. H., | 1848 | 110 |
| William Murray, | Jonesboro', Tenn., | 1836 | 111 |
| Dinah, ¹ | Virginia, | 1854 | 140 |
| Eliza Payne, | Johnson Co., N. C., | 1833 | 111 |
| Pompey, ¹ | Dover, Delaware, | 1804 | 112 |
| Henry Ryall, | Darien, Georgia, | 1838 | 111 |
| Joseph Shepherd, | Royalton, Ohio, | 1847 | 119 |
| D. Jenkins, ¹ | Lancaster, Pa., | 1841 | 115 |
| James Thomas, | Tatnall Co., Georgia, | 1804 | 134 |
| William Thompson, | Hickory Hill, Md., | 1833 | 112 |
| Laurina Thomas, | Georgia, | 1839 | 137 |
| Mary Beauchamp, | Maryland, | 1802 | 119 |
| Captain John Lovewell, | New Hampshire, | | 120 |
| Michael Dougherty, | Scriven Co., Georgia, | 1808 | 135 |
| Margaret Tallman, | East Saginaw Michigan, | 1874 | 114 |
| Francisco, | Whitehall, New York, | | 140 |
| Henry Rifer, | N. Woodbury, Pa., | 1844 | 110 |
| David Kennison, | Chicago, Illinois, | 1852 | 117 |
| Henry Bush, | Greenesboro', Vermont, | 1845 | 115 |
| Catharine Rush, | Philadelphia, Pa., | 1817 | 111 |
| Abraham Bogard, | Maury Co., Tennessee, | 1833 | 118 |
| Charles Jordon, | Anson Co., N. C., | 1803 | 114 |
| William Fridgen, | Bladen Co., N. C., | 1845 | 123 |
| Thomas Prince, ¹ | New York, | 1840 | 111 |
| J. S. Hutton, | Philadelphia, | 1793 | 110 |
| Jenny Kennison, | Brookfield, N. H., | 1840 | 110 |
| Peggy Van Riper, | Racine, Wisconsin, | 1874 | 120 |
| Anthony Van Pelt, | Greene Co., N. C., | 1830 | 126 |
| Alexander Berkely, | Amelia Co., Virginia, | 1826 | 114 |
| Richard Cottrill, | Columbia, S. C., | 1874 | 119 |
| Samuel Jones, | Rockingham Co., Va., | 1873 | 133 |
| Blackhoof, ¹ | Illinois, | 1831 | 114 |
| Abin Paiba, | South Carolina, | | 142 |
| Mathias Bayley, | South Carolina, | 1789 | 134 |

This table is not only incomplete, but in all human probability defective in some particulars. In but two or three instances does it go back into the last century. If we may take the United States Census as a basis of calculation, we may infer that about 500 people reach an age of 100 and over annually, and die. Thus, in 1860, the census mentions the decease of 466 centenarians: 137 white, 39 free colored, and 290 slaves. The fact will strike the reader forcibly, as exhibited in our table and the census, that the condition of slavery was one very favorable to longevity. The slave had plain, simple, and wholesome fare, was worked moderately, yet regularly, and was free from the excitements, disappointments, and trials that attend the white race in their struggle for riches and fame. But some of the whites who reached the great age shown in our table were subjected to the extreme hardships attending border life. Captain John Lovewell was a famous Indian fighter, and was celebrated in song as the famous Indian sagamore Pangus near Fryeburg, Maine, in 1720. Many others went through all the excitements incident to the encroachment on the confines of savage life.

¹ Slave, or free colored.

As a general thing, extreme old age lapses into senility, the faculties decaying one after another until the long-forgotten-of-death drops quietly into the grave. But in many cases some very remarkable cases of recovered faculties are recorded. Alexander Berkely recovered his sight perfectly at 110, but this lasted only thirty days, leaving him then utterly blind. His wife died soon after (January 9, 1826), at the great age of 111, the pair having lived together in wedlock about ninety years. Mike Dougherty walked two miles the day he died, ate a hearty dinner, smoked his post-prandial pipe and then quietly died at 134. The case of very aged persons recovering their sight is rare, but we may supplement the case of Berkely with that of Richard Jamison, of South Carolina, who died in 1813, aged 103, who had his sight perfectly restored several years before he died. Several instances are mentioned of aged people in England cutting new teeth, but we are aware of no such cases in our list. In two cases mentioned in our table, the aged men in one respect resembled old Parr of England—they might have lived longer had they not met with accidents; we refer to John, the Washington slave, and Thomas Prince, a free colored man of New York, who was as quick-motioned as a man in the prime of life.

It is to be regretted that our records of the last century are so meagre. Our New England ancestors were notably a hardy race, hard-working, temperate, and the fathers of many children. Lewis Barry, of Champlain, New York (*obit* 1813, *etate* 105), was the father of twenty-four children by one wife. Thomas H. Park, of Grafton, Vermont, though only 40 at the time of his death, was the father of twenty-one children. For people to gather their great-grandchildren at Thanksgiving day was no uncommon thing, but such a case as that of Mrs. Anna Slade (about 1813 at Bethlehem, Connecticut) is rare, she having been followed to her grave by grandchildren who were grand-fathers!

One might show some very singular instances in which one age overlapped another in New England, making three individual lives cover the period between the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620 and our own age. Thus, Peregrine White, the first white child born in New England, lived into the last century; Abner Cobb, of Kingston, Massachusetts, who died in 1721 at 107, was for several years the cotemporary of White; so a person born in 1721 and living a century, might have a child living to celebrate our centennial of 1876.

I accept Professor Rask's theory for the reduction of the ages of the Patriarchs, not only because it is well sustained by authority but compatible with reason. On his theory take the first twelve patriarchs, including Methuselah, divide their ages by twelve (the ancient year being a single lunation), and the reduction at once satisfies probability and reason. When, at a later period, a season or six months become a year, the next twelve patriarchs may be subjected to a similar reduction by division of six, and the result will be equally reasonable and satisfactory. It is said Manetho reduced the immense lapse of ages in the Egyptian chronology in this way. Certain it is the Egyptian chronology puzzles with no such improbabilities as are presented in the Pentateuch.

When the reader has made a few reductions as suggested,

he will come to the conclusion, and a very correct one as I think, that people live to a greater age now than at any previous period of the world's history. And why should they not? Look out on American Indians, forever engaged in tribal warfare. Let us suppose that the same condition of affairs existed in the tribal ages of the Bible, and we shall realize that life was very precarious. It is only within two centuries that the preservation of life has become a duty of governments, that sanitary regulations have been enforced. Within this period statistics show that the *average* duration

of life has increased, and the raising of the average argues a raising of the maximum. In this country two causes conspire to make long life. In the first place there is a wide admixture of races, and consequently of fresh blood; and in the second place, the country is extensive enough to offer every nation in Europe a climate congenial with that in which their people were born. These combined with a careful enforcement of sanitary regulations must inevitably produce longevity.

STERN WHEELER.

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

Capital and Labor—Their Rights and Wrongs.—

Amid the tumult, clash of arms, scenes of conflagration, destruction of property, and loss of life brought about as the products of the recent strikes on the great trunk railways, so many conflicting reports and ideas fill the press, and are heard from groups of men gathered here and there, that but little rational satisfaction is gained either by reading or hearing of the great events which so rapidly succeed each other. The spirit of discontent and devastation which seemed to have reached its zenith at Pittsburg, in reality, at this writing, does not appear to have spent its full force. From what looked like a small spark at Martinsburg, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, has loomed up the most gigantic revolts against property and capital which America has ever witnessed. Baltimore startled the country by its reports of conflict between the strikers and the authorities; but it was left for the Iron City to wear habiliments of mourning, and witness the ashes of what but a few hours before represented millions of working capital. In the path of the great highways, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco have suffered as with a besom of fire and death. And now the great valleys of Wyoming and Lehigh are being prostrated by the same spirit. The coal regions, with their mines of wealth, are in the hands of the dissatisfied miners, who hugging the delusion of Communism, believe there should be an equal distribution of the wealth of the country among the masses.

As in Pittsburg, so elsewhere, have the strikers received the sympathy of a very large proportion of the people, irrespective of their occupations, or the rights and wrongs in question. This sympathy took tangible shape in Baltimore, Pittsburg, and Reading, and there the authorities were made, at least for a time, submissive to the strikers and the rabble who supported them. Not only moral aid was given in these places, but material assistance with arms and the implements of warfare. This sympathy, in very many cases of good citizens, was born of only "good-will" towards the workingman, they believing that his rights had been trampled upon, and that the destitution in so many homes was caused by the cruelties and injustice long practiced by the capitalists and monopolists of the country; and that *somehow*, and in *some way*, this strike, with their coöperation, would remove the great evil—low wages—and that "full and plenty" would

come to all. Reason is one thing, and sympathy is another. The former is rarely exercised by an idle, hungry, and excited crowd. In Egyptian darkness, unless checked, they rush on wildly to their own destruction. This encouragement has borne its legitimate fruit, and many of the sympathizers now stand appalled as they witness the wreck of their best interests and the degradation of their chosen city of habitation.

Rebellion against *just* and *constitutional* authority never won a *substantial* victory in the world's history. Two wrongs never created a right, any more than two rights could produce a wrong. These remarks bring us to the vital questions at issue. Both the common and written law as embodied in our statutes and great National Charter, as well as the practice of "equitable dealings" among mankind throughout the world, proclaim and recognize the doctrine of PRIVATE RIGHTS and PUBLIC RIGHTS. One of these Private Rights was evaded and trampled upon when the strikers took possession without permit of what was not their property, but that which was solely the property of the railroad corporation. One of these Public Rights was ignored and trespassed upon when a national highway was put in subjection by the strikers, in defiance of constituted authority—City, State, and National. A second Private Right was violated when the strikers checked the traveller on his peaceful mission, whether of pleasure or business. Says the highwaymen, "thus far and no farther, unless you pay me my price." It is the same doctrine in spirit, no matter how modified by its dress and surroundings. A Public Right was intruded upon when supplies for the public were seized by the revolvers, and the people were made to suffer in consequence.

We are willing to concede the statement that most of these overt acts were committed by those outside of the strikers' organizations; that in the main the men who were incensed at the recent reduction of wages were opposed to violence, so far as acts of arson and plunder were indulged in; but this concession does not remove from the strikers the grave responsibilities attending the revolution. Their acts were the living influences and examples which kindled the baser passions and drew into the rebellion the most vicious elements in society. Their example very naturally aroused the mob spirit, and gave the pretext to fire and plunder. The "out of money" and "out of work" class requires but little

argument to draw it into the flood of destruction. Truth is not strained when we state that "necessity knows no law," and the larger number belonging to this class, augmented the mob element to fearful proportions. "Come and let us reason together," as a command, would have but little effect after the battle was once fairly opened. No time then for calm and considerate discussion of the causes and remedies for the present distressed condition of things.

And what has all this revolt accomplished? Has it enhanced the price of labor, opened more avenues of employment, lessened the cost of living, increased respect for the employé, or in any way mitigated the existing evils? Assuredly not! But on the other hand it has irrevocably added to the burthens of the laborer's life. It has checked public confidence, which was gradually returning to its natural channels; it has alarmed property holders in the security of their property; it has weakened the faith of capitalists in making adventures in various forms of business enterprise; it has interrupted monetary and mercantile exchanges; it has, in a word, seriously impaired the general health of the numerous currents which give vitality to manufactures, trade and commerce.

The *crops* to be gathered from this insurrection are worse than Dead Sea apples. The staple articles of subsistence—flour and beef—have already advanced in price. The flow of capital towards manufacturing and mining interests is impeded, and the amount of money usually distributed to the mechanic and laborer is lessened. Where before the strike many received a half loaf, now only a quarter, or none at all. Earnings in the coal regions of Scranton and Wilkesbarre were but a week ago possible and real; now, flooded mines have, and are still cutting off all hope in those sections. The wholesome circulation of wages before the strike among grocers, butchers, clothiers, shoe dealers and other business men will now be contracted, and *harder times the sure result*. It needs no prophet or seer to tell the result. The natural laws of supply and demand inexorably make their own chiselings on life's checker-board.

Having shown the causes and logical sequence of strikes, we are asked, "Is there no remedy for this struggle between the employer and employé?" We answer, yes! but never by defying authority and acts of coercion.

The interests of capital and labor are mutual; each has its rights, its domain, and its dominion. The laborer is entitled to elect his own occupation, and decide for whom he shall work, the price of his services, and the number of hours that shall constitute a day's labor. The capitalist can lawfully claim as his right the power to elect the number and kind of employes, to designate the time they shall work, and the amount of compensation he can afford to give. No contract is valid as between employer and employed, unless it embodies mutual assent of both parties. In law there are at least five primary elements or conditions, indispensable to every contract. 1. There must be two or more parties to make a contract. 2. There must be a subject matter for a contract. 3. A consideration expressed or implied. 4. A mutual assent of both parties. 5. A time, expressed or implied, when the contract is to commence and when it is to terminate. After an acknowledgment of these conditions, either orally or in writing, conformance thereto

is made imperative by both the Common and the Written law. An application of these conditions to the question at issue in the present strike, will make it perfectly clear to the dulllest mind. If due notice was given by the railroad companies to their employes that on and after a certain date, a reduction of wages would be made, and the employé not consenting thereto, one condition at once is not met, mutual assent, and the employé and employer are no longer bound. This must be understood on the idea that the former contract became extinct by termination of the period for which it was made. To illustrate. If A be engaged by the year at a certain stipulated annual salary, the contract will continue in full force for the year, and he be entitled to that specified rate, whatever it may be, until the close of the year. No reduction can be made without the consent of A prior to the end of that period. If A be discharged, he is entitled to damages for the unexpired term. The same principle applies if A should be employed by the *month*, the *week* or the *day*. The right to discharge as well as the right to employ is guaranteed by all our laws upon the subject. An equal *right to work or not to work* is reserved to the owner of the capital embodied in his services.

The mutual interest existing between capital and labor demand that there should be complete harmony and confidence, for the injury of the one is detrimental to the welfare of the other. The capital held by the mechanic, artisan, and labor population in this country is as real, though composed of talent, education and experience in the various callings, as if it were coined into metal, with this difference, that one is available at all places, and at all times, while the other—labor—is to some extent a creature of circumstances. Labor is ideal, until made real by production. It is ideal, in the sense that it is incorporeal, until made corporeal by its creative power. It is a misnomer to speak of the strike as a war between capital and labor. It would be just as consistent to say between capital and capital. This fact is recognized by the General Government and the several States in their encouragement to emigration—regarding as they do each emigrant or new settler as so much capital added to the State. Political economists name specifically this value from \$1,000 upwards or downwards, according to certain supplies or demands for labor, or the producing power.

Looking at capital and labor from all possible standpoints, war between them is little less than suicide. The well-being of both are promoted by mutual concessions, the injury of both by harboring distrust and jealousy. The golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," if put into practice more frequently would prevent most of the contention among men.

The remedy, if any can be obtained, for the improvement of the condition of the working classes, is only by pacific measures. Laws compelling a greater degree of justice on the part of corporations, monopolies and others of the employing power, faithfully enforced, no doubt would give some relief, but after all no permanent succor will come until private and public confidence is restored. This restoration is our only basis for hope and the future. Supply and demand, production and consumption, will go on as of old, regulating the rates of wages, and the prices of the ornaments and the necessities of life. (Continued in next issue.)

The Russo-Turkish War.—Since we last met the readers of the MONTHLY, nothing of a startling character has transpired abroad. The substance of the reports which reach the United States rather show in the aggregate success to the Turkish arms. The movements of the Russian forces are kept so quiet that we can little more than conjecture their plans and possibilities. Russian official news only comes when the movement is completed. Despatches from the Turkish side, regarding events in Europe, have been either wholly false or so exaggerated as to be practically worthless. Whether there has been any serious fighting south of the Balkans is still uncertain. What is certain is that a force has crossed, which seems to have been thus far able to hold its own against the Turks. The objective point is probably the Shipka Pass, which, if the Russians gain, will give them a safe route over the Balkans as they now have across the Danube. The capture of Nikopolis secures the vital point of safety for Russian communications and places the Danube under their control from Nikopolis to Sistova. They have two bridges at Simnitsa and are about to place another between Turnu Magurelli and Nikopolis. Military critics are much divided as to whether they will attempt to mask the quadrilateral and push a large force into the plain of Adrianople or first sweep the Turks from Bulgaria. The latter theory finds the most supporters, but those who believe in the intervention of England and Austria hold the opinion that political reasons will compel Russia to push on to Adrianople or even Constantinople, despite military risks, in order to compel the Turks to yield quickly. An absence of despatches or any information from Rustchuk for some days would indicate that the fortress is closely invested. The Turkish headquarters is still at Schumla. The Russian Dobrukscha corps is moving steadily in the direction of Silistria and Varna, and thus far without opposition. In Asia Minor the situation remains unchanged. The main forces confront each other east of Kars. Both sides are reported to be hurrying forward reinforcements for a decisive struggle. Dervish Pasha has not been able to effect anything against General Oklobjia's command since the latter yielded its positions before Batoum. General Komaroff holds Ardahan, with four thousand men and ninety guns. He is said to be provisioned for nine months. General Turgukassoff after rescuing the garrison of Bayazid again retired behind the Russian frontier, but seems able to keep the Turkish right wing at bay. The latter finds great difficulty in bringing up provisions and ammunition. Thus the armies of the centre, which comprise the main force of each combatant, cannot expect a diversion from either flank and must depend on the strength of their own battalions in the conflict, which it is believed the Russians will not postpone long. The announcement that the Russians had crossed the Balkans created a panic throughout Roumelia and in Constantinople and led to the resignation of Safvet Pasha, the dismissal of Redif Pasha and Abdul Kerim. Other ministerial changes are said to impend. Whether these changes indicate weakness or a desperate determination on the part of the Porte is not yet apparent. The Russian progress has also created some political excitement in England. Those who advocate intervention in an anti-Russian sense were urgent for an immediate declaration of the ministerial policy. Lord Derby's speech in favor of a

continued neutral course has caused much discontent among this class, but generally is very well received.

There has been no occasion for an official declaration from Austria since the Balkans were crossed, but the best informed writers in Vienna for the foreign press declare there will be no change in Austria's attitude on that account. Intentions to send an army corps to Gallipoli whenever Constantinople is seriously threatened have been sometimes attributed to the British government, both by its supporters and opponents.

The Treasure of Islam.—Mr. Delaplaine, the charge-d'affaires of the United States at Vienna, furnishes to the Department of State the following interesting information concerning a certain remarkable war resource of Turkey, the so-called "Treasure of Islam." The Sheik ul Islam has recently sent a delegation of doctors of the law to the Cherif of Mecca, a direct descendant of the Prophet, for the purpose of demanding funds to be applied to the defence of the Islam faith. It is customary on these solemn occasions for the Cherif to assemble the college of the elders, charged with the guard of the Prophet's tomb, which will decide upon the appropriate sum to be furnished to the Sultan from the Treasure of Islam, in order to aid him in the war against Russia. This treasure is formed from those annual offerings of the pilgrims which are accumulated in the Kasbah of Mecca. These sepulchres, which serve as offertory chests, are placed within the court of the mosque. Each pilgrim daily casts into one of these a coin as offering, which constitutes the alms prescribed by the Koran as one of the essential elements of the merit of the pilgrimage which every Mussulman should make at least once in his lifetime to the tomb of the Prophet. Accordingly every year about one hundred thousand pilgrims come to Mecca who sojourn there a month, consequently a sum of at least 3,000,000 of francs are annually received in these offertory chests. Every pilgrim deposits, in fact, an offering, varying in amount according to his means, but which, on the average, may be estimated as equivalent to five francs at least for every day considering that there are rich Mussulmans whose offerings attain even the amount of 100,000 francs during their pilgrimage. The result is that the Cherif of Mecca receives, on the average, the value of 15,000,000 of francs in annual offerings. One of the offertory chests was opened during the period of the Russo-Turkish war in 1828. Several large sums were withdrawn, but it was afterwards closed. A second chest was opened in 1854, during the Crimean War, but the third has not been opened since 1415, during a period of now 462 years. Inasmuch as the annual concourse of pilgrims has rarely fallen below one hundred thousand, it is conjectured that, with most liberal allowances, the accumulation of money in the last-named offertory chest cannot be less than 250,000,000, and it is fully believed that the total amount of the Treasure of Islam may exceed 600,000,000 francs, and even attain a much higher sum.

The Convention of Cotton Dealers.—Those who are interested in the great staple products of the United States will not pass over lightly the action of influential representatives assembled recently at Liverpool.

Nine American delegates, and representatives from Havre,

Amsterdam, Hamburg, other Continental markets, and influential representatives of the Liverpool trade were present at the sitting of the Cotton Convention in Liverpool. Mr. W. B. Forwood was elected President and Mr. R. Holt Vice-President. The President welcomed the delegates to the most important gathering ever held in convention with the trade. He referred to the altered condition of the cotton industry in consequence of the abolition of slavery and the establishment of cable communication with the United States. Mr. Simpson, of New Orleans, the President of the American delegation, read a paper on "The shipment of cotton from New Orleans," claiming that the utmost care was taken to secure shipment in good condition. Mr. Campbell, of New York, read a paper on "The Cotton Trade of New York," and claimed that his exchange had taken steps in regard to business in "futures," whereby losses to those outside from fluctuations were almost nil. Mr. Proskauer, of Mobile, Mr. Bright, of Galveston, and Mr. Muir of Savannah, read reports as to the conduct of the trade at their respective ports. The following resolutions were then passed:

That in consequence of the serious losses to the merchants of this country by damage to cotton, particularly from Mobile and Galveston, a more efficient inspection before shipment should be provided, and no cotton should be shipped beyond the port of Mobile, or outside the bar at Galveston, except from covered lighters; that when exceptional allowances for damp are being made at the scales, no cotton shall be shipped until authorized by the inspectors; that it is desirable that cotton should be bought and sold in America at net weight.

A resolution that all bales on which an allowance for damp has been made should be specially marked was rejected.

Philologists and their Doings.—To keep our readers fully informed of new ideas which are brought to the front, we record that at the session of the American Philological Association in Baltimore recently, papers were read on "Vocabularies of Children Under Two Years of Age," "Cockneyisms," "Virgil's Use of the Collective Noun," "Different forms of Assimilation," and other subjects. Professor F. A. March, of Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, Chairman of the Committee on Reform in English Spelling, presented a report. The report says: The attempt to prepare an English alphabet according to the principles that an ideal alphabet would seek to adopt for its characteristics forms which would suggest the sounds signified, brings out the following facts: There are eighteen Roman letters which commonly represent in English nearly the same elementary sounds which they represented in Latin. It seems best to follow the Latin, and other languages written in Roman letters, in the use of a single sign for a short vowel and its long form, distinguishing them when great exactness is required by a diacritical mark. The alphabet would then have thirty-two letters. It seems necessary, therefore, that there should be a transition period, and for this the following suggestions are made:

1. Transition characters may be used resembling, if possible, the Latin characters for A (in fate), E (mete), I (fine), U (pure)

2. The diagrams now representing single consonants may be named and otherwise treated as single letters.

3. New letters can be introduced by using them only for the old which they resemble in form.

4. Long words will bear changes best, and vowels are more easily changed than consonants, which project more above and below the line. Dropping silent E is the easiest change.

The committee was continued, with instructions to communicate with associations of this character in England.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Professor B. L. Gildersleeve, Johns Hopkins University; Vice-Presidents, Professor John S. Sewall, Bangor Theological Seminary, and Professor Crawford H. Toy, Greenville, South Carolina; Secretary and Curator, Professor Samuel Hart, Trinity College; Treasurer, Charles J. Buckingham, Poughkeepsie, New York; Executive Committee, Professors F. D. Allen, University of Cincinnati; W. W. Goodwin, Harvard College; F. A. March, Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania; J. H. Trumbull, Hartford, Connecticut, and W. D. Whitney, Yale College. The next annual meeting takes place at Saratoga, New York, July 9, 1878.

Much credit is due to the leading spirits engaged in this reform; it can at best only be expected that the people will be gradually educated up to the necessity of the change, which in itself must be of slow growth.

The Rush Library of Philadelphia.—Among the many attractive buildings in the Quaker City, the new one erected by the executors of the late Dr. James Rush, on the block bounded by Broad, Thirteenth, Christian and Carpenter streets, for the use of the Ridgway branch of the Philadelphia Library, commands considerable public notice. It will be ready to open this month. It is improbable, however, that the question of accepting or declining the gift will be brought before a meeting of the stockholders of the library for a year to come. Although the property is worth about \$800,000, numerous objections are urged against accepting it. The Library Company is awaiting a legal decision as to whether the legacy shall be taxed or not. The taxes on the Rush property would amount to about \$15,000 a year—more than the company would be willing or able to pay. Several of the members offer as another objection that the new building is too far from the business centre of the city. Should the stockholders not accept the Rush Library, which contains a nucleus of about six thousand volumes, it will be conducted by the executors of the Rush estate. Several months must elapse before the tax question can be decided.

Observations for our Government.—Brevet Major-General William B. Hazen, commander of the Sixth Infantry, has been selected for the position of military attaché to the American Legation at Vienna for the purpose of observing the military operations between the Turks and the Russians. General Hazen is now stationed at Fort Buford, Dakota Territory, but will soon come East preparatory to sailing for Europe. General Hazen is thoroughly competent to discharge the responsible duties abroad, and our Government is slow to recognize the great value of war instruction from Turko-Russian sources.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Mental and Physical Vigor in Literature.—The thought presented to our mind at this writing is of a twofold nature. Mental vigor in literature is so intimately associated with physical robustness, that in considering the one we involuntarily are led to look at the other. We do not desire, however, to convey the idea that intellectual power in the field of letters is inevitably a concomitant of physical strength and hardihood. It is our aim rather to show that health in literature flows more naturally from men and women whose whole nature, mental and physical, are blooming, so to speak, with the healthy currents of life. A sound body should certainly give more tone and spirit to the faculties of the mind than one under some of the many diseases to which the human system is subject. The relation between mind and matter is so close and the machinery so delicate, that very slight causes produce at times appalling results. In the natural order of things, we are compelled to admit that health of body in the literary profession is more easily spoken of than realized by its membership. The requirements are of such a character that a sedentary life is, in the main, an indispensable thing. True, walks and drives on land, and rowing and sailing, if you happen to be near water, may infuse more spirit to the blood and set the pulsations going more rapidly, but after all these must perforce come irregularly, and be in a measure forced. Back in the professional grooves—the house and chair—the author goes, as they represent the *home* of his literary labors. Health, though so essential to workers in this vineyard, we are obliged to confess, is most difficult of attainment. An exchange, in speaking on the subject, says:

"If one desires a literary life he desires a good thing, provided he can do its work. He should, however, heed the advice of an English medical writer. 'The first things,' he says, 'to which one entering the profession of literature must make up his mind, are to be respectable and healthy.'

Many men of genius have left behind them but fragments instead of completed work, because they would not live respectable lives. Burns ruined his usefulness by drink and idleness. Cowper, on the other hand, was so afflicted with a natural gloom as to be often tempted to suicide. His life

was, to quote his last words, 'unutterable misery.' Yet his writings exhibit but a faint trace of this melancholy tendency. Daily exercise, temperate meals, and a punctual observance of regular hours of study and rest, preserved his reason, and enabled him to do much good work.

Thompson, the author of 'The Seasons,' says the writer

already quoted, 'faded away from lazy and self-indulgent habits.' Dr. Samuel Johnson was scrofulous, hypochondriacal, corpulent, and averse to bodily exertion. He was passionately fond of eating and drinking, yet he restrained himself, walked a good deal, and worked steadily and patiently. Later in life he abstained entirely from wine, because he thought it injured his health. He rested his mind with sportive conversation, and even when his body broke down, the retention of his mental faculties rewarded him for the care he had taken to preserve his health.

Robert Southey, who made literature a healthy and successful profession, lived a very rational life amid the fresh air and quiet of a country home. He associated with congenial and loving spirits, took regular exercise, maintained a frugal table, worked industriously, and lived temperately and chastely. His mental powers abode with him in old age, and his memory is blessed.

The more delicate the machinery of the body of a literary man, the easier it is disarranged. The more sensitive his mind, the more readily may it be clouded. Therefore, if he would continue useful, he must take care of his body.

Muscular vigor gives boldness to the thoughts, as mental culture gives wisdom, or moral training imparts purity to the expression. A very large preponderance of the great re-

formers of the world possessed robust constitutions, and many of them were giants in muscular power. The power to endure shocks and buffetings, and the courage to face all opposing forces, and the strength to hurl the enemy of right from his usurped throne, are combinations of force which have ever distinguished great reformers. Martin Luther, an engraving of whose statue appears in this connection, could never have brought about the great Reformation had he not possessed such a grand physique—broad shoulders, full chest, and herculean strength marked every limb. It was no easy task to



STATUE OF MARTIN LUTHER, THE REFORMER.

batter down the walls of error and superstition in their own strongholds. This physical manhood became mighty when backed by culture and the kings of moral power. We see the Reformer boldly proclaiming the doctrines of the Reformation to those in power, and wielding an influence morally grand. There are noteworthy exceptions to this, but we believe history will bear us out in the main idea, that physical and mental power should both be imposing if they would achieve signal victories.

Art-Study not the Prime Wisdom.—Mr. Gladstone, in a speech at the School of Art, Greenwich, happily defined

the place of physical science and æsthetic culture in relation to the higher duties of life. "Whatever I may think of the pursuits of industry and science, and of the triumphs and glories of art, I do not mention any one of these things as the great specific for alleviating the sorrows of human life and meeting the evils which deface the world. I believe in their reality, their efficacy, and their value; but I believe they are efficacious and valuable for the purposes for which they were ordained, and not for purposes for which they were not ordained. If I am asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart—what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life with which to sustain him under trials and confront his affliction—I must point to something very different, to something which in a well-known hymn is called 'the old, old story.' It is this 'old, old story,' told in a good book, with the teaching to be found there, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind, a gift carrying with it and imposing upon all alike the most solemn trusts and responsibility, arousing the fullest recollections of the past and the brightest hopes of the future. If we were at this time to consider the main purpose for which we live, that is the topic on which we should have to dilate. But I am free to own that even those who have been most zealous for religion, and perhaps in consequence of their zeal for religion, have sometimes pushed that zeal to such a point that they have lapsed into not only the unnecessary, but I think the disturbing and injurious view of human nature in the dispen-

sation under which we live—that, provided men are well instructed in the principles of the holy faith they profess, nothing else is worth attention in this life. I believe that is not perhaps a fatal, but certainly a serious and dangerous error, because it disassociates religion from the general course of thought and of life, from the necessities of man's condition, and from the opportunities offered to him by the faculties he possesses for self-improvement. The human nature in which we are cast was not endowed and equipped with all its marvelous faculties for nothing. The glory of the Creator in the external and inanimate world is not to be seen in some one object only here and there, but in every object; and the glory of the Creator in man,

who is the crown of His creation, although it may be more clearly shown in certain faculties and capabilities of his nature than in others, yet is to be seen in them all; and it is the due, equable, proportionate, and effective development of that nature in all its capabilities which constitutes the true and full idea of the duty of man in the world in which he is sent to live. I venture upon this observation for myself lest, in speaking of the immense value which is to be attached to the subjects with which we are dealing just now, it should be supposed I was setting them up as having some exclusive claim of allegiance upon you."

Art Talent and its Rewards.—In the August number of the MONTHLY we devoted considerable space to the subject of REPRESENTATION as applied to art and



LUTHER PROCLAIMING THE REFORMATION.

nature, and endeavored to analyze and measure the character and potency of taste and judgment in reference to art creations. The standards of excellence are so diverse that the artist's conceptions are frequently misinterpreted or at least misunderstood. It was our aim to show that the shafts of unfavorable and unjust criticism are too often hurled at the artist's production or the author's work. Locke, very truthfully says, "If ideas and words were distinctly weighed, and duly considered, they would afford us another sort of critique than what we have been hitherto acquainted with." The ability to criticise justly is more rare than is generally conceded. We find few who strictly are connoisseurs of art or literature. Incentives to achieve greater triumph in the higher depart-

ments of culture, however, are not only honor as a meed well earned, but a fair pecuniary reward for the talent and labor bestowed upon any given work. Youthful talent is frequently awakened from habits of supineness and even idolence by words of encouragement, and we would sincerely deprecate any course that would tend to smother the sparks of genius. Many of the aesthetic influences in the world grow out of the productions of youth. Such talent should be fostered. There is force in the remark of Watts: "When an author has many beauties consistent with virtue, piety and truth, let not little critics exalt themselves and shower down their ill nature." Both art and literature require for their healthy growth the services of the professional critic, and, at times, vigorous and severe judgment conduces to improve and elevate them as distinctive objects of human employment.

As a field demanding the best native and cultivated talent, should it not yield to the toiler a harvest in some degree commensurate to the value of the forces employed? This is a question easily answered in the affirmative; but if we ask, Does its yield satisfy or compensate equitably the artist or the author? we are forced to answer in the negative. Quite a large number of worthy workers are not only not able to accumulate money or property as a consideration of faithful industry in their respective occupations, but *unable* to meet the necessary current expenses of living. The annual exhibitions at the Academies of Design in New York, Philadelphia and other cities, tell, we are sorry to say, of unremunerative artist labor. The sales recently at auction, under the most favorable circumstances, of pictures at the New York Academy of Design, speak as inexorable acts. The exhibition was certainly one of the best known in its history. The public interest was fully alive to the great attractions, and patrons, in point of number, were all that could be desired. But of the six hundred and seventy pictures on view, nearly two-thirds of which number were for sale, only a few were purchased—sixty all told, very nearly all of these at a marked discount from the catalogue price. The disappointment to the artists, who depended upon the results of the sale for some remuneration, can be more easily imagined than described. Artists cannot live on fame alone; it may be food to the mind, but little consolation to the body. The need for bread is poorly met with the praises of critics and the admiration of the multitude. There are many causes for this lamentable state of things. One is the general distribution of cheap chromos and inferior paintings among the masses, at mere nominal prices. Imitations of the real are made substitutes, and while they do not fully cater to the tastes, they, for the time being, satiate, and thus detract from the tangible recognition of the artist and his work. The depressed condition of business at large, has aided in securing such results. In this connection, *Leslie's Weekly* says:

"There have been other influences at work which have prevented purchasers from availing themselves of the peculiar advantages offered them at the Academy, and which will check sales by the artists from their studios. These have arisen from the growing tendency of artists to resort to the auction-rooms as a means of disposing of their works. The result of this has been a natural expectation on the part of that portion of the public who are picture-buyers that there would be rare bargains after the close of the exhibition, and

that it was, therefore, poor policy to buy until the highest bidder should have a chance to take the prize. Indeed, so confident were the auctioneers of this arrangement, that one of them actually hired a hall in anticipation of his share of the spoils in the shape of commissions, and picture-buyers were advised by these gentlemen to await the certain result. And, within a few days of the close of the exhibition, a number of the principal artists found it necessary to publish a card disavowing any intention of selling their pictures by auction.

"Now, no more ruinous policy could well be devised for the artists than the system which some have adopted of painting a number of pictures to be sold under the hammer to the highest bidder. The effect is inevitably to beget a feverish and unsatisfactory feeling on the part of the artist who adopts this method of disposing of his works. He is continually looking forward to the chances of the auction, as the stock-speculator looks forward to the results of his ventures. Pictures by other than famous artists are of very uncertain value in an auction-room. They are not like sheetings or sugar, or boots and shoes, that bring within a fraction of their market price. The visitor to the painter's studio, who sees a picture that pleases him, hesitates to buy it at a fair price, if he knows that similar canvases are soon to be sold by order of the artist himself, at perhaps any sacrifice, and the tendency of the whole system is to throw the picture business into the hands of the auctioneers.

"It may be said that there is no other way by which a young and unknown artist can bring his pictures before the public; and that he must realize upon his work, for he must live. But the auction-room is not the place in which to build up a reputation as an artist, and whatever may be done in individual cases, under peculiar circumstances, to keep the wolf from the door, it is the regular dependence upon auction sales as an outlet for the artists' work that is so injurious to their interests. It would be well if some plan could be devised to bring the work of our artists more thoroughly and continuously to the notice of picture-buyers. The Academy Exhibition is of short duration, and it does not seem practicable to make it longer. One of the London water-color societies has adopted the plan of a continuous exhibition of pictures for sale, and it has proved quite successful. In London and Paris, the number of dealers upon whom the artist can depend as customers, even at moderate prices, is large compared with those in our principal cities. Any plan which will bring the buyer in direct contact with the artist is desirable, and the employment of a competent and trustworthy agent, who is familiar with the works of the different artists, is perhaps the best method for all concerned.

"The auction-room, of course, has its legitimate office. When private collections of pictures are obliged to be sold at the best price, they must come under the hammer. Then there are the worthless daubs, such as are hawked about the streets, from door to door, and sold at the best offer made. These naturally find their way to the auction-room, and, under strong gaslight, and with the aid of the glib tongue of the auctioneer who descants upon their merits, are bought by ignorant persons at what seem to them great bargains. But the pictures which are bought under the hammer ought to be confined to those which must be sold at any rate. The true

artist should shrink from adopting so objectionable a method of realizing from his work, and should look upon the auction-room as but one remove from the pawnbroker's. It would be well for art if the public held the same opinion."

The few artists who produce work simply for the love they have for the business, and not as a means of livelihood, can afford to wait till fair consideration is given for their talent and service. The great majority, however, of those who belong to the fraternity, must make their labor the means of subsistence. It is this fact which takes away many of the charms connected with the artist's profession, and in no small degree retards the advance of art.

A Brief History of Montenegro and Bulgaria. By GEORGE M. TOWLE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The Eastern question, in several of its bearings, is very graphically and clearly presented in this little book of some ninety pages of fine-toned paper, bound in tan-colored cloth, with neat imprint of title in black letter. Following the table of contents, we find a clear 12x16 inch MAP of Montenegro and Bulgaria. Until we read this little volume, we had but faint conceptions of the powers of the Montenegro inhabitants. We had admired their hospitality to the stranger, but did not give them credit for such eminent warlike qualities. The whole story is so well told that it seems more like a romance than a history true to life. The author in his introduction says: "The fullness of the admiration which the civilized world lavishes upon a people resolute to maintain and defend their independence, belongs to that little, obscure, out-of-the-way niche of Southeastern Europe which the Venetians set the example of calling 'Montenegro,' and its own inhabitants call 'Tsernagora.'" Within the past two years, we have seen this rugged and dauntless race once more asserting itself against overwhelming odds, holding a nation of fifteen millions at bay below its savage mountains, and, with its little army of twenty thousand, keeping in check the by no means despicable legions of the Osmanlis. Serbia, its bigger neighbor, was quickly and easily subdued, and readily made peace, though Russian volunteers filled their ranks, and Russian officers led the onset. Montenegro held out stalwartly against the Turks; like many a Vladika before him, the young prince Nikita stood with his petty army, at the entrance of his craggy passes, invincible."

The French Humorists, from the Twelfth to the Nineteenth Century. By WALTER BESANT, M.D. Boston: Roberts Brothers, Publishers.

The title of this 12mo, cloth-bound book of 450 pages, too fully explains its character to require an extended notice. It may, however, interest the reading public to learn that the author's style is rather pleasing, while clear and effective. In the opening chapter he says: "The most elementary form of a joke is the discomfiture of an enemy; discomfiture, at first, meaning death. But there are other kinds of rivalries besides those which involve mortal combat. In these, discomfiture means defeat. Advancing farther, we arrive at our modern point of laughing chiefly at those little incidents in social life which mean temporary uneasiness, awkwardness, slight mental trouble. Perhaps as civilization gets on, mankind will learn so much sympathy as not even to laugh

at these. Laughter, however, is in its nature the expression of relief from anxiety, of surprise, or self-congratulation. It is in any form a sort of triumphant crow of victory, and as such will go on, let us hope, forever. Satire, on the other hand, of which humor is a branch, is the weapon of the weak. It is an acknowledgment of helplessness. In times of oppression, it is the boldest and most outspoken; it languishes when law becomes strong and men grow mild; it is lethargic in times of freedom." As we get more into the book, we find our interest increases, and that it is replete with anecdotes and incidents really entertaining. In speaking in one place of Reutebeuf, the Charlatan, the author tells us that "he dressed in the conventional robe which proclaimed his calling in the triple capacity of singer, quack and traveller." At another, we read that Reutebeuf, "in one of those heavy moods which sometimes fall upon all bards, had the bad taste to write about his own wife, even to complain of her age and ugliness." To exhibit this mood, we give the stanzas:

"Home and money I had none;
Yet I married. Was it done
Out of pure good-will—
All to cheer and comfort those
Who hate my luck and love my woes,
And would wish me ill?"

"Such a wife, too, I must choose;
Poor and ragged as her spouse;
Pale and thin of face.
Neither fair nor young was she,
Fifty years her age might be,
Tall and scant of grace."

In his preface to this volume, the author states: "I have selected those whom I consider representative writers, many of them hitherto almost unknown to the English reader, though not to the student of French literature, out of every century from the twelfth downwards." The information that this well-printed volume furnishes enables the reader to see many of the brighter features and better elements in French life.

Relating to Byron.—We give the following, which will no doubt be of interest to those who hold in sacred keeping all that relates to the religious views of Lord Byron. It is taken from the papers left by a lady, Mrs. John Shepherd, at the time of her death, the letter having been addressed to her by the poet, in response to a very pointed epistle written to him. Byron says: "I am obliged to you for your good wishes, and more obliged by the extract from the papers of the beloved object whose qualities you have so well described in a few words. I can assure you, that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance, would never weigh on my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous woman may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view, I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf, for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head. Do me the justice to suppose, that 'video meliora proboque,' however the 'deteriora sequor,' may have been applied to my conduct."

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

Science in its Relation to Nerve Power.—That great system which has its capital and depot of supplies chiefly in the brain, generally known as the NERVE SYSTEM, has received of late years the attention of the greatest minds in the scientific world. The subject has not been confined, as of yore, to men who make chemistry and physics their principal study; it has gone out into broader and more diversified realms of thought. Philosophers, as well as students and teachers of some one or more single science, have dedicated to it their best powers. Theories have been demonstrated by actual experiment and practice, and these have not been confined to one sex and one temperament. The nerves—that wonderful complex human machinery, in life, in sleep, and in death—have enlisted in their behalf the combined wisdom of two continents. Electricity, in its many forms, has been brought to aid in the investigation, and animals as well as men have been the subjects operated upon. The investigation still goes on, and thus far much real substantial progress has been made. It is a subject that concerns all, and hence anything really valuable relating to nerve power will no doubt be appreciated by the general reader. The *Philadelphia Post* says: "Nervousness is one of the prices we have for civilization; the nervous savage is a being unheard of. For this disorder, which is partly of mental and partly of bodily nature, relief is sought in various ways, and among these we may place the employment of narcotics. The temporary relief afforded by these drugs is very apt to lead those who suffer from nervous sensations to put too much trust in and resort too frequently to them. In the long run, they prove most destructive to health. Their use has of late become so frequent as to threaten society with a serious evil. It has been boldly contended that chloral is to be found in the work-boxes and baskets of nearly every lady in the west end of the metropolis, to calm her nerves. No doubt this is an exaggeration, but it is a fact that New York chloral punch had become an institution scarcely a year after the introduction of chloral in medical practice, and now it turns out that Germany—'sober, orderly, paternally-ruled Germany'—has such a thing as morphine disease spreading among its population. The symptoms are not unlike those of opium eating. Experience suggests that persons suffering from the disease should at once be deprived of the drug. Their wilfulness and liability to relapse, however, are so great that it is said that only about twenty-five per cent. have been seen to recover in a large series of cases.

"There is a close connection between a healthy brain and a quiet, unirritated auditory nerve. It is not impossible that the noise in which we live, and which fools delight in as signs of cosmopolitan life, is responsible for much of the paralysis, neuralgia and general nervous irritability, characteristics of modern times. It is no laughable matter, but a serious one, and useless noises ought to be abated as nuisances. Let it be remembered that of all our five senses, two only are intellectual, the instruments of art culture, seeing and hear-

ing. If anything, hearing is the most highly and purely intellectual, for articulate speech, reason and rhythmic poetry and music depend upon this function. The sensitiveness of an organ is in proportion to its delicacy, and exquisite torture can be caused by the ear. The eye we can protect, for we can close it at will, but the ear is an ever open portal, and throws us upon the mercy of mankind.

"It is not without a shade of melancholy that we notice in almost every daily journal the record of a faltering in the ranks of business men. This successful merchant or manufacturer has impaired his health by over-work, which means too much nervous excitement, and he starts for Europe in the hope of building up his health on a broken foundation. Another professional man is aroused from his dream of ambition with the frightful conviction that phthisis has fastened its deadly grasp upon his vitals, and the grim images of weakness and decay henceforward fill his vision. There has been an alarming increase of disease within a few years, having its origin in the causes we have named, and the effect of it should be to produce greater moderation. What if the profits are less? They can be continued longer and life made happier. There is no necessity for this waste of life—it is a sheer delusion, the effect of a foolish ambition. Better accept the heritage of poverty or a moderate success than the infallible necessity of an early disease.

"The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through, is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of brain power, the only actual recuperation of brain force, because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constructed that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain and force it to a greater consumption of its substance until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.

"In what does nerve food consist? In what do we find it? Is it meat? no; white bread? no; potatoes? no. If it is not found in these staples, in what is it to be found? I answer, in the exterior of the great kernel, in the skin of the potato and in milk; partially also in eggs and fish. I answer, the chief food staples, in the dietetic system are almost entirely deficient in brain and nerve building material. In view of these facts, is it a result to be wondered at that the starving nervous tissue in the overworked masses attempts to satisfy an intolerable sense of craving, of physical hunger, by the use of stimulating poisons that temporarily supply the

place of brain and nerve food? I answer, the cause of intemperance is based upon a fundamental error in the present dietetic system. Let it always be borne in mind that stimulating brain poisons—alcohol, opium and tobacco—temporarily supply the place of brain and nerve food. What is the remedy for intemperance? I answer, nerve food—building material to supply the waste of the nervous tissue in the masses. I answer, further, a reform in the present popular system of dietetics by reducing the proportion of fat and muscle forming elements, and increasing the nerve and brain-building material in a proper ratio. Let the supply in each case meet the demand and no more."

Portable Electric Light.—An ingenious little electric-light apparatus (says the *Mining Journal*) has been invented by Mr. Facio, of Paris, and is applicable to watches, walking-sticks, and such like. The watch, for instance, to which it is applied, is united by a chain to a link-bar, which may be placed in a button-hole, another chain communicates with a pile which may be carried in the waistcoat pocket; to the link-bar another chain is attached in communication with a receptacle or box containing wick, and a "Geissler" tube, which will transmit the spark produced by the electricity. Thus the time can be easily seen in the dark. The apparatus is composed of other conducting chains coming from the pile, and of a receiver which may be perfectly independent, the receiver being provided with a wick or bobbin, and the receiver may be made like a locket or other article, if desired; communication between pile and locket or other article may be produced by means of a button or other suitable appliance placed in any convenient position. The chains may be formed or composed of two wires and surrounded by insulating material, which latter may be covered with some precious metal or other material, as fancy or taste may dictate. The lighting material may be carried by the watch itself, or the light-generating apparatus may be provided with a case to hold the watch, or other object to be lighted up, in such manner that the glass which covers the aforesaid case will receive the action of the lighting tube containing the "Geissler" tube, and the case itself will be independent of the object to be lighted.

Felling Trees by Electricity.—A few years ago, a Dr. Robinson, of New York City, took out a patent through the agency of the *Scientific American*, for felling trees by means of a platinum wire, in place of the axe or saw, using an electric battery for the severing power, by keeping the wire at a white heat and drawing it back and forth, and keeping it taut to the tree as it penetrated the trunk. According to the *Lumberman*, an experiment with the same invention has recently been tried in the East Indies, from which our contemporary quotes from a local paper, published in that country. The paper states that the patentees of the process are Mr. H. H. S. Parkinson and Mr. W. H. Martin, both of Bombay; and the experiment was superintended by Dr. Lyons. The plan is simple. Two ends of the copper wires of a galvanic battery are connected with platinum wire, which of course instantly becomes red hot, and while in that state it is gently seasawed across the trunk of the tree to be felled. When arrangements were made for the experiment,

it was never for a moment doubted that the enterprising merchants of Bombay were possessed of all its made thicknesses of platinum wire, but it turned out that the thickness of the thickest that could be got was only that of crochet cotton. It was at once seen that a wire of such thinness would be consumed before the tree was half severed from its trunk. However, the attempt was made. The burning wire performed its task very well so long as it lasted, but, as anticipated, the wire continually broke, and at length there was none left. There can be little doubt that with a stronger battery—the one used was only a twelve-chambered one—and a thicker wire, the experiment would have been entirely successful. As it was, the tree was sawed one-fifth through. It is calculated that, under proper conditions, a tree, which at present takes two hours to fell, will come to the ground by this process in fifteen minutes. It is almost needless to add that there is no waste of wood and no sawdust.

A New Mineral Element.—The scientist Hermann has announced, in the German *Journal of Chemistry*, the discovery of a new metal in material found at Haddam, Ct. It is obtained from tantalite, of which it forms a little over six per cent., the rest being metallic acids of tantalum, niobium, and ilmenium. Hermann calls it neptunium. He has so small a quantity of the material at his disposal, that he has been unable to reduce the oxide to a metallic state. With soda it colors microcosmic salt golden yellow. It is the first element discovered for many years by mineral analysis, although in the past seventeen years, five metals—cesium, rubidium, thallium, indium, and gallium—have been discovered by spectrum analysis. The atomic weight of niobium is 118.2, giving neptunic acid the formula Np_4O_7 .

Wonders of Modern Science.—The perfect accuracy with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take for example the electro-magnetic telegraph, the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to *exactly* locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with those most wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and foretell what the weather will be to-morrow in Florida or New York, as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the place named. And so in all departments of modern science, what is required is the knowledge of certain *signs*. From these the scientists deduce accurate conclusion regardless of distance. A few fossils sent to the expert geologist enable him to accurately determine the rock-formation from which they were taken. He can describe it to you as perfectly as if a cliff of it were lying on his table. So also the chemists can determine the constitution of the sun as accurately as if that luminary were not ninety-five million miles from his laboratory. The sun sends certain *signs* over the "infinite of space," and the chemist classifies them by passing them through the spectroscope.

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

Wayside Thoughts.—How many of the readers of the MONTHLY, in the light of the past, have from the eminence furnished by experience, gazed afar off into the future, with a view of solving some one or more of the problems of human life? Human Destiny, what is it? and how is it reached? is one of those undemonstrated things of the future. Human felicity, what is it, and how best gained? is another mystery not fully solved. Labor and unceasing vigilance are the lowest prices at which man, in this world, can obtain happiness and safety. The primeval curse, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," includes within its scope not only the bodily, but the mental and moral powers of man. And reason and philosophy not less than revelation, clearly demonstrate that all nature, both within us and without, is so formed and constituted as to enforce this destiny.

Not only does this uncultivated earth bring forth thorns and thistles rather than fruit, but its tempting fruits, unless discriminated, may poison us. And the air we breathe, the fire that warms us, and the innumerable other objects which are essential to our existence or enjoyment, must be for the most part laboriously sought, and must all be cautiously distinguished, and appropriated, and used, if we would secure the benefits and escape the mischiefs which in some form, each has the power to occasion.

And if we seek for happiness in the exercise of the mental and moral powers, the same toil and danger await us. The temple of science stands at the summit of an almost inaccessible mountain. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well." Moral rectitude is a critical medium, the two extremes of which are vices. And even the path to heaven, as we are instructed from the sacred desk, is narrow and difficult, with a broad road leading from it to perdition; so that earth and heaven are legibly inscribed by the finger of the Creator with the sublunary doom of man—toil and watchfulness.

And yet, such is the intrinsic constitution of human nature, that this apparently severe destiny is the efficient cause of its highest dignity and happiness. Perils and impediments in our path prompt us to vigilant and energetic action. Our chief happiness consists in successful effort—in acquiring the desirable objects around us, not in their supine enjoyment—in eluding or grappling with and overcoming danger, not in a quiet, lifeless exemption from it.

Dey Vants ebery dings in von Rose.—A German selling flowers found the ladies desired to have in a rose more than commonly is found in these beautiful plants. A little annoyed at their demands, he finally said: "I have so much drouble mit de ladies ven dey come to buy mine roses. Dey vants him doubles, dey vants him fragrand, dey vants him nice colour, dey vant ebery dings in von rose. I hope I am not vat you calls von uncalled man, but I have somedimes to say to dat ladies, 'Madame, I never often see de ladies dat vas beautiful, dat vas rich, dat vas good-temper, dat vas youngs, dat vas clever, dat vas perfection, in one ladies. I see her much not!'"

A Small Flower Garden.—A writer in the *Western Farm Journal* recommends for a small flower garden the following list, as they do not require treatment, are good sturdy varieties, will stand neglect, yet do well: Asters, balsams, dianthus, petunias, phlox, calliopsis, verbenas, sweet peas, mignonette, cinnias, marigolds, and portulacas. The same writer again says: "The plants I have named will afford a profusion of flowers from June to October. Phlox will be the first to blossom, and then petunias will come on, and both of these flowers continue to increase in beauty until hard frosts come. Asters will be in perfection in August and September. Calliopsis begins to blossom in July, and nearly all the others come on early in that month. If old flowers are removed and not allowed to go to seed, you will have a much greater profusion of bloom. If you do not remove faded flowers, but allow them to perfect seed, you will soon see that your plants are losing a large share of their former glory. You can't expect a plant to ripen seed and blossom profusely at the same time."

Double Casement.—When John Kemble lived in Great Russell street, Bloomsbury (the house was taken down when the western wing of the British Museum was built), he had one of his windows made double, so as to keep out the noise. Upon this James Smith wrote:

"Rheumatic pains make Kemble halt,
Nay, fretting in amazement,
To counteract the dire assault,
Erects a double casement.
Ah! who from fell disease can run?
With added ills he's troubled;
For when the glazier's task is done,
He finds his panes are doubled."

Parlor Ornamentation.—What can be more appropriate than the now prevailing fashion of ornamenting the interior of private residences with artificial flowers? Parlors, reception rooms, boudoirs and dining-rooms are made brilliant with bright garlands of flowers. Parian marble and decorated China vases upon the mantel shelves contain bouquets in imitation of the rarest blossoms of the conservatory. On the window niches and the four corners of the room handsome *jardinières* are placed upon rosewood and black walnut stands. These are filled with sawdust and covered with dried moss, and from this "soil" pyramids, crowns, anchors, crosses and wreaths of flowers are built up in the most graceful manner. Proud jessamines, graceful lilies, ethereal blue bells, pert daisies, bright buttercups, royal heliotropes, meek violets and the sweet little arbutus, mingle in lovely confusion with the rose leaves and trailing wild vines, falling gracefully over the *jardinières*, and sweeping the carpet with their emerald leaves. These are expensive luxuries, but nevertheless whatever makes our homes attractive should be adhered to at the sacrifice of extravagant clothing.

A Beautiful Passage.—The following is from the "Reveries of a Bachelor," by Ik Marvel: "A poor man without some sort of religion is at best but a poor reprobate, the football of destiny, with no tie linking him with infinity and the wondrous eternity which is even worse—a flame without heart, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume. A man may, in some sort, tie his hope and honor to this shifting ground, to his business or the world; but a woman without that anchor called faith is a drift and a wreck. A man may have some moral responsibility out of relation to mankind, but a woman in her comparatively isolated sphere, where affection and not purpose is the controlling motive, can find no basis in any other system of right action but that of faith. A man may craze his thoughts to truthfulness in such poor harborage as fame and reputation may stretch before him, but a woman—where can she put her hopes in storms, if not in Heaven, and the sweet truthfulness, that abiding love, that enduring hope, mellowing every page and scene in life, lighting them with radiance when the world's storms break like an army with cannon? Who has enjoyed the love of a Christian mother but will echo the thought with energy and hallow it with tears?"

Mr. Hook and his Friends.—Theodore Hook was delighting a few friends one summer's evening at Fulham by an extempore comic song, when, in the middle of it, the servant entered with. "Please, sir, here's Mr. Winter, the tax-gatherer; he says he has called for taxes." Hook would not be interrupted, but went on at the pianoforte as if nothing had happened, with the following stanza:

"Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes,
I'd advise you to pay him whatever he axes;
Excuses won't do, he stands no sort of flummery,
Though Winter his name is, his process is *summery*."

A Happy Thought.—God knows what keys in the human soul to touch in order to draw out its sweeter and most perfect harmonies. They may be the strains of sadness and sorrow; they may be the loftier notes of joy and gladness. God knows where the melodies of nature are, and what discipline will call them forth. Some with plaintive tongue must walk among the lowly of life's weary way; others in loftier paths, and hymn of nothing but joy as they tread the mountain tops of life, but they all unite without discord or jar as the ascending anthem of loving and believing hearts finds its way into the chorus of the redeemed in heaven.

How to get It.—"Now, John, suppose there's a load of hay on one side of the river and a donkey on the other; how can the donkey get to the hay without getting wet?" "I give it up." "Well, that is just what the other donkey did," said John's friend.

Getting Along.—A farmer the other day wrote to a New York merchant, asking how the farmer's son was getting along and where he slept at night. The merchant replied "He sleeps in the store in the day-time. I don't know where he sleeps at night."

Mr. Ruskin Practices what he Preaches.—He says that his father left him \$600,000, besides a great deal of real estate and many valuable pictures. His mother also left him \$185,000. He gave \$85,000 to his poor relations, sold the pictures, bought Brantwood, assisted a young relation in business at a cost of \$75,000, spent another \$75,000 on harness and stables, and has given \$70,000 to St. George's Company, besides having spent \$350,000 variously. He is at present worth \$270,000, and announces that he intends to give his valuable Marylebone property to St. George's Company, his Herne Hill estate to his cousin, and the \$60,000 which will remain to him he will invest, and live and die upon its interest.

Learned when a Child.—Carlyle says: The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: "What is the great end of man?" "To glorify God and to enjoy Him forever."

What did Simon Say?—A Sunday-school teacher in Albion asked her class the question, "What did Simon say?" "Thumbs up!" lisped one young lady.

Khivan Proverbs.—He who steadies himself between two ships will certainly be drowned.

Shame is worse than death.

He who weeps from his heart will provoke tears even from the blind.

A lean horse and a hero in a strange country each look amiss.

When you go to law against the Emperor, God himself should be the judge.

One Step.—To what length may the widow go when she desires a new parent for her children? She may go one step farther.

Going to Sleep on his Watch.—"Papa," said a little boy to his parent, "are sailors very small men?" "No, my dear; what leads you to suppose that they are so small?" answered the father. "Because I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep on his watch," replied the young idea, smartly.

A boy in Iowa recently found a pocket-book with a large sum of money in it and returned it to the owner, who gave him a five cent piece. The boy looked at the coin an instant and then, handing it reluctantly back, sighed and said, "I am very sorry, but I can't change it."

The Pull-back an Objection.—"I shouldn't like to be an oarsman," said Jones. "Why not?" asked Green. "Because an oarsman has so many pull backs," replied Jones; and then the two youths shook hands, and went out to buy something.

The Best Resorts.—The best summer resort for babies—Rockaway. The best for boys—Long Branch. The most bracing—Milk-punch.

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CIVIC AND SCENIC NEW ENGLAND.

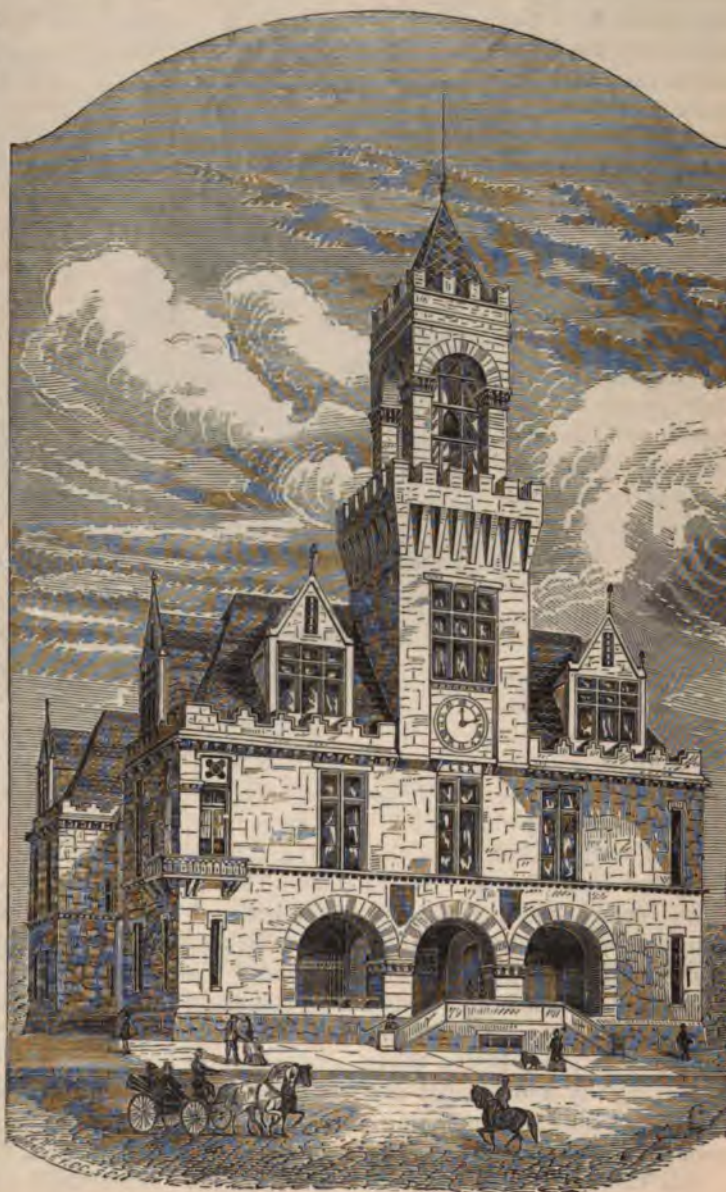
By ORAMEL S. SENTER.

IV. SPRINGFIELD AS IT WAS AND IS.

THE Valley of the Connecticut River is noted not only for its charming scenery, but for the great number of its beautiful towns. These dot and adorn this stream of flowing crystal like pearls threaded with a cord of silver. And then, there are hundreds of villages and hamlets that are gems of their kind; and most attractive and pleasing of all are the numberless finely cultivated farms, in the centre of which, or at some feasible, and it may be sightly point, stands the stately mansion adorned with grand old shade trees of elm, sycamore and maple; or instead of this noble relic of other days, may be seen the cozy cottage, exquisitely neat in style, ornamented with shrubbery and flowers without, and fitted up by the hand of cultured taste within, till it is a paragon of comfort and refined enjoyment. From Saybrook to Connecticut Lake, there is not a mile, except perhaps at one point, that does not abound in fertile farms and pleasant sites for dwellings; and every turn in the fair river presents some landscape of mild and charming loveliness, or some grand scene of picturesque and sublime beauty.

The people of this favored spot are moral, temperate, industrious and frugal; and, as might be expected, poverty and crime are alike almost unknown among them. Intelligent, stable, and characterized by a manly independence, they

VOL. IX.—16



THE NEW COURT-HOUSE.

move on in the quiet, even tenor of their ways, seeking chiefly their own happiness and that of their families; but when called to act for the community or the public, they do its business as faithfully as they would their own. Not ignorant of public affairs, nor unmindful of their country's welfare, they yet give little heed to administrations and policies, except in their bearing upon the general good; for whoever is President and whatever party triumphs, makes but slight difference to them personally, for the heavens will still be propitious, and at the right time open their windows and let gently down the copious shower, and distill upon their crops day by day the gentle and fertilizing dew; and the earth, which is their grand bank of deposit and discount, that never breaks unless rent by an earthquake—least likely of all places here—in due time is sure to yield an abundant increase. Year by year the grass springs upon their hillsides, the rich luxuriant grain waves in the valleys, and in the fullness of the season the golden harvest is gathered home. Field and fold yield generously, fruits of various kinds bless the sight, and when the grand festal day of New England (Thanksgiving) comes, both the villager and the husbandman, the mechanic and the tiller of the soil, may sit down to tables groaning with the good things of earth, and each head of his happy household may say, with reverent voice and grateful heart: "We thank Thee, Divine Giver, that whatever others in Thy providential dealings may lack, Thou hast withheld from us, and from this favored land, no good thing!"

This Valley is not only productive and beautiful, but is blessed with an abundance—almost profu-

sion—of schools, churches, libraries and other institutions calculated to refine and elevate the people. In one of its most attractive portions, lying under the shadow of Mount Holyoke, within a territory of some ten miles in extent, there are two Colleges of the highest order—Amherst and Smith's at Northampton—one for young men, the other for young women; one of the three Insane

Asylums of Massachusetts, a school for deaf mutes, on an improved system, with the finest buildings and best facilities, both of the latter being at Northampton; Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, founded by Mary Lyon, and one of the oldest and most favorably known in the country, and something like a dozen first-class academies, including the fine classic school, "Williston Academy," at East Hampton, founded by the millionaire whose name it worthily bears. In what other part of the country, among the rural districts, shall we find the equal of this? And yet in the



THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Connecticut Valley, scores of places can be found almost as highly favored, and hundreds more, where, if they have not so many literary institutions, they have an abundance of the good things of life with every needed privilege. This, then, if not the ideal land of which philosophers have dreamed and poets sung, realized, where peace and plenty reign and the primal virtues, temperance, industry, integrity and justice, pure and impartial, flourish—it is the nearest approach to it that we have ever known.

But, dropping all figure of speech or flights of imagination, there is no doubt that, staid and undemonstrative as the people of this fair and favored spot are, the influence of their intelligence and

moral worth is felt throughout the land, and from this peaceful Valley healthful streams flow forth to bless and beautify the whole earth.

Among the many delightful towns of this fairest portion of New England, if not of the Union, we might name Middletown, Wethersfield and Hartford, in Connecticut; Springfield, Northampton, Greenfield and Deerfield, in Massachusetts; Brattleboro, Windsor and Newbury, in Vt.; and St. Johnsbury, Vermont, which is on a principal affluent of the Connecticut River and on the western slope of the same Valley, might properly be included.

But the most attractive of them all, and one of the most beautiful places in the country, is Springfield, Massachusetts. We know not which most to admire, its almost unequalled location, its broad and well-shaded streets, its fine public and private edifices, the variety and value of its industrial and trading enterprises, or

SPRINGFIELD, FROM LONG HILL, LOOKING NORTH.



that happy combination of all that is desirable in its social and business interests. It has long been the shire town of Hampden County, which was formerly under the name of Hampshire, having been divided into three counties, Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin. It is one of the oldest towns in the State, having been settled in 1635, the first in Western Massachusetts, and the first in the Valley north of Windsor, Connecticut. In the early Indian wars it was once or twice sacked and burned. In fact this whole Valley, now so peaceful and prosperous, with none to disturb its inhabitants or make them

very emblem of peace, plenty and undisturbed repose. If such is the effect of recalling the impression which the narrative of these things made on the mind in early life, what must have been the reality to those who witnessed and especially those who endured them? And what must have been the untold suffering of those who lived in constant fear of sudden massacre, and worse still, of captivity, torture, and finally the most cruel death; thus dying daily, as it were, in imagination and the fear and dread of impending danger? As we gaze at those fertile and charming fields waving with luxuriant grain and laden with the

fruitage of the seasons; as we behold the flocks grazing undisturbed upon the hillsides and the peaceful farmhouse close by, affording shelter and security to its inmates, where the smoke once ascended over the remains of its slaughtered occupants; and as we pass by those mighty waterfalls which man has harnessed to his machinery, and listen to the click of the shuttles or the hum of countless spindles; and behold in these emblems



HAYNES HOTEL.

afraid, was the scene of many a shocking massacre by the bloodthirsty savages and their almost equally savage allies, the French of Canada. Religious bigotry and hatred did not lessen the fiery zeal and cruelty of these early allies of the Indian tribes of the North—the Algonquin and St. Francis nations. Deerfield, Hadley, Northfield and many other towns were partially or wholly destroyed, and some of them were repeatedly made desolate by the ruthless foe.

We seldom pass the stream and the ledge where Captain Lothrop and the eighty young men, the flower of Essex County, were slaughtered, without thinking of their hapless and untimely fate; and we never hear the names of these places that were the scenes of the numerous Indian atrocities, without a thrill of horror at the thought of the cruelties that were once perpetrated here, staining with the blood of men and of innocent women and children these fair fields that are now the

and instruments of peaceful industry, thrift, prosperity and happiness—the change seems hardly less than miraculous. It is only by considering these things that we can realize what the plenty, the comforts, the peaceful, happy homes we possess, and the glorious institutions we inherit, cost our forefathers of Colonial and Revolutionary times.

One of the strange evolutions of time and the revelations of historic eras, a thing that speaks not so much of poetic justice as of the wonderful changes that take place—is the fact that throughout New England, the descendants of those marauders, the French of Canada, who joined the Indians in excursions to rob, burn and destroy the English settlements, are now domiciled undisturbed in many of the very towns that their forefathers helped lay waste. Such are the overturnings of time and the lessons of history! These Canadian French flocked into New England

during the late war, at the period of high prices and scarcity of labor, and having gained a firm foothold, will not soon be dislodged.

At a very early date, almost cotemporary with the Revolution, Springfield was made the location of a United States armory, and down to our own day it has been the principal place for the manufacture of arms by the Government. This brought money into the place and gave it a sort of national

neighbors, and its inhabitants were a stable, intelligent and eminently self-satisfied people. They thought Springfield as near perfection as it could well be. Why should they not? Was not its location one of the finest in the land? Had it not the county business, and numerous learned and eminent professional men among its citizens? Had it not trade and more or less of commerce? Was it not the largest and most important town



FREE CITY LIBRARY.

fame and prestige. It was also surrounded by a fine farming country, which naturally poured its riches into the lap of Springfield. She had artisans and merchants and professional men, and her local trade and influence were considerable. Lumber and the lumber trade came to her from up the river, and groceries and mercantile traffic from below; for boats were accustomed to worry through to this place, though navigation was never good above Hartford.

With these moderate advantages, and some others that might be named, it was a slow, but solid, and for that day, a prosperous Connecticut river town. Relatively it stood high among its

in the great Valley north of Hartford? But the pride of Springfield was its aristocracy—its noted men and ancient families, and fine gentlemen, all of the olden time. There were the Pynchons, the Dwights, the Edwardes, the Chapins, the Blissess, the Burts, the Warriners, and others that might be named, and some of them were even millionaires. Had not Springfield reason to be proud and self-satisfied? She was. Her people were wealthy, aristocratic and contented. Nor indeed did they care for rapid growth or more business. Why should they wish to cumber and deface their beautiful town with manufactories and fill their streets with greasy operatives and

dirty mechanics? No, not at all. It would degrade the place and destroy forever its select society.

But Springfield "saw another sight," and witnessed the dawn of a new era, when railroads made their advent. When the Boston and Albany Railroad was built through here, in 1838, she had business forced upon her, as some men have greatness thrust upon them, willing or unwilling. From that time we date her growth in population and wealth, and with it the decline of her local aristocracy—honorable and admirable of its kind—and that staidness, in which she was a representative town of the Valley, took its departure never to return.

Even after the advent of railroads, for some years her growth was not equal to that of many of the neighboring and interior towns, like New Haven, Hartford, Worcester, etc., for her rich men still invested their capital abroad, and the people waited for others to come and build railroads and manufactories for them.

Now, all this is to a great extent changed, and Springfield is noted for the amount and variety of its manufactures, its extensive trade, its fine public and private edifices, and for the enterprise and wealth of its business men. One of its citizens, worth ten or fifteen millions, and a prominent public man, commenced life a stage-driver; though we are sorry that he did not have it so stated in the Congressional Directory, or that the writer of the biographical sketch should have the bad taste to conceal this fact, so creditable to the gentleman referred to, and so aptly and beautifully illustrating the happy working of our free institutions.

Few places excel this in the number and value of its manufactures. We give a list of these, the most full and accurate that could be obtained, though we are aware that it is far from being complete. Among others are the following: One of railroad cars; two for sporting arms; one for revolvers; one for steam engines, boilers, etc.; two for gold chains; one of gold leaf; one of gold rings; three of cutlery; two of card-boards and glazed paper; one of blankets; one of cartridges; two of desks and counters; three of elevators; one of corrugated iron; one of filters; several of furniture; three of hand stamps; four of hardware; one of gas generating machines; one of gilt moulding; several of harness, saddlery and trunks; one of levels; two of mattresses; one of sewing-

machine needles; one of paint; three of paper boxes; one of collar paper; three of paper collars; two of rubber goods; one of sieves; two of show-cases; one of skates; two of slippers; one of spectacles and thimbles; two of steam pumps; one of matches; one of woven goods; five of bricks; one of boots and shoes; two cotton mills; two brass foundries; one of fancy stationery and writing paper; five book publishing establishments; one of games, and games and toys for children; one of rules, dividers, etc. There are a number of heavy paper manufacturers living and storing their goods here, whose manufactories are at Agawam, Chester and other places outside of Springfield. We have given this list of its manufactures because their number is so great and they embrace such an interesting variety, and no general description would convey the idea with the force of a specific statement. It will thus be seen, that, imperfect as the catalogue is, it numbers nearly fifty kinds of goods and products, some of which are of rare and novel kinds. Over five thousand men are employed in the different manufactories, giving this city substantial prosperity, even in these exceptionally hard times, that is in marked contrast with most other places. Among the most extensive of these, is the establishment of Wesson & Co., manufacturers of pistols, employing from six hundred to one thousand hands; and that of Wasson & Co., car manufacturers, who have a still larger number of workmen, and whose fame in this line is of world-wide notoriety.

Go where we will, we see their make of cars; and a Springfield man may travel around the globe, so to speak, and still ride very possibly in cars that were made in his own city, with a proud consciousness that increases his self-respect and gives him a higher regard for the place of his residence.

We should like to speak particularly of the more interesting or curious manufactures of this place, but can mention only one; we refer to that, or rather *those* of Milton Bradly & Company, in whose inventions and productions we became much interested on our recent trip to Springfield. In visiting our summer resorts and observing the different games, and especially when inspecting some of the many ingenious and even intellectual amusements for children in our shops, we have often wondered who could get up all these, and provide so abun-

dantly for the entertainment and instruction of "the little folks." To Mr. Bradly they and their fortunate fathers and mothers are largely indebted for the invention and improvement of their games. Mr. Bradly uses the most improved machinery, and employs at times as many as a hundred hands in this interesting and important business; for, as some one has well observed, "Give me the writing of a nation's songs and I will control her politics;" so most emphatically may it be said, "Give one the making of the children's games and the control of their amusements, and he will determine

mention that Mr. Bradly has taken the lead in introducing and improving the methods of "Kindergarten," having gotten up and published several editions of a standard work upon this subject, and manufactured the apparatus and materials which this system or mode of instruction calls for.

We remember well when it was maintained that Springfield could not successfully rival other large and wealthy towns, already controlling the patronage of the country, in the very lines of goods which she now either leads in, or bravely comes up for her full share of patronage. All this shows



HAMPDEN HOUSE.

the character of the rising generation." To a great extent at least this is true, and a most interesting and responsible work it is! But Mr. Bradly, of a courteous and genial spirit and inventive turn of mind, and an enthusiast in his calling, is just the man for the business, and the articles which he gets up supply the land with the best class of games and ingenious devices to amuse and instruct and make happy "the dear children." A draftsman and engraver, etc., by profession, Mr. Bradly is the "factotum" man, and life and soul of his establishment. Practical as well as inventive, he has been as successful in securing the prosperity of his own business as in exciting the interest and promoting the happiness of thousands and tens of thousands of his little protégés. We ought to

that the trite old proverb, "A faint heart never wins a fair lady" might be slightly modified, to read with equal force, "A faithless man never wins a fortune, unless he steals it; and the man who lacks enterprise will fail to gain the best prizes in the business world."

Among the various arts and trades, such as engraving, electrotyping, lithographing, dentistry, and many others that might be named, her artisans claim to do as good work as can be obtained in the country, and the engravings of this article are not bad evidence of this in their line.

We wish we had the data at hand to give the amount in dollars of the yearly products of her various and prolific industries. They would, unquestionably, count up many millions.

Among the various manufactures of Springfield, it may interest the reader to know that the postal cards, now so popular and extensively used, are manufactured here—or were, and we suppose are still—by Messrs. Morgan & Co.; while the Government bank-note paper is made at Glen Mills, in Delaware County, Pennsylvania.

In one respect this city ranks low, and yet high. Her public debt, all told, amounts to only about one million of dollars, a mere trifle in a city of her wealth and resources. Happy would it be for other cities had they acted upon as honorable principles and wise forethought!

Perhaps we ought not to have mentioned this interesting and very uncommon fact, lest there should be an immense hegira of the victims of reckless waste, misrule, and robbery from other cities to this financial Mecca.

As a still further evidence of the wealth and prosperity of the place and the saving habits of the people, we will cite one item. In the different "Savings" institutions the amount several years ago was eight million five hundred thousand dollars, now probably fully nine million dollars, while the other banks have about three millions of capital.

The valuation—which in New England is put at about two-thirds the worth of the property—is given at thirty-eight million three hundred and thirty-six thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight dollars.

Springfield has been somewhat noted as the home of prominent public and literary men. Of the latter, none is probably so well known and widely esteemed as Dr. J. G. Holland, author of "Timothy Titcomb," "Gold Foil," "Bitter-Sweet," and various other works, and who at the present time is the popular editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, and also *St. Nicholas*, a magazine for the "Little Folks."

In the newspaper line, Springfield is favorably known. The *Springfield Republican* has attained a wide circulation, and a national reputation unusual for a journal outside of the large cities. Its popularity and success have been due in large measure to the pen of Dr. Holland, who was for many years connected with its editorial staff, although Mr. Samuel W. Bowles, the senior editor and proprietor, wields a terse and vigorous pen. He has also figured to some extent as an author.

By the way, we are often reminded of the fact

that many persons are in doubt when they see J. G. Holland's name with a "Dr." appended to it, whether it means "M.D." or "D.D." Well, we can assure them that Dr. Holland was in early life a real doctor of medicine, not one who hurls at people divine anathemas. For a short time he dealt out real pills, bitter of course, but probably sugar-coated; or, though bitter to the taste, sweet in their healing effects, either of which facts might have suggested the title to his work christened with the paradoxical name of "Bittersweet." It is said the Doctor did not like the business of dispensing medicine, so he took to dealing out doses of literature to the people, which they received gladly and swallowed with nods of approval. In return, they have given him fortune and fame.

Professor Parsons, late of Cambridge Law School, once wittily remarked, respecting William Cullen Bryant, who left the law in disgust to become an editor, that "The profession lost a very *poor* lawyer, and the public gained a very *good* editor and poet." This applies to Dr. Holland only in part; for it is said by persons from the field of his short professional experience, that he would have made a skillful physician had he continued in the practice. But this honorable and useful profession did not accord with his tastes, nor with the aspirations of that genius which has placed him in the front rank of the popular writers of America.

We have referred to the *Springfield Republican* and its remarkable success in the journalistic field. First it was a weekly and then a daily paper, or rather both weekly and daily, and succeeded in each stage of its growth; though as a daily its early progress was slow, and its success for some time was looked upon by the public as doubtful. When established on a firm basis, people believed that it could succeed, because it had succeeded; but it was thought that another daily could not possibly exist and prosper in Springfield. Several attempts were made to establish one, but were only partially successful, till the *Daily Union* was started. Mr. Bowles of the *Republican* had become too much of a "reformer" to suit the conservative men of the great Republican party, when the patronage of such, and that of many others, was transferred to the "new paper," which issued a weekly as well as a daily edition, and gradually attained a firm foothold and

a vigorous growth. It was started in 1864, but did not come under the able management of the present publisher, Mr. Clark W. Bryan, till 1872.

than that several churches can be sustained. Especially they do not doubt the permanent prosperity of the *Daily Union*. Messrs. Bryan &



INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS.

Mr. Bryan is a graduate from the business department of *The Republican*, and we presume that that institution lost one of the "main spokes of the wheel" when he stepped over to the other office. The *Union* is a large, well edited and prosperous paper, and no one doubts now that two dailies can succeed in Springfield, any more

Co. also carry on a somewhat extensive business in book-binding and publishing.

One specimen of their work we noticed in a very full and finely gotten up directory of Springfield, which we thought alike creditable to the city that will sustain so large and expensive a work of this kind, and to the firm who got it up. Their place

of business, which is a large brick structure, looking very much as represented in the engraving, is ever the scene of great activity, mental and physical, of brain work and hand-craft, and is the very type of solid prosperity and well-earned success.

Springfield has several book publishing firms of extensive business and national reputation. Among these, none is more widely or favorably known than that of the brothers G. & C. Merriam. They are known not only to men of bookcraft, in the making and selling, but every scholar and almost every child throughout the land is as familiar with the name of the publishers of Webster's Dictionaries as with household words. Those acquainted with the business locations of Springfield, will recall their old place of business at the corner of State and Main streets, now bearing other names on the sign and reading strangely to those who were conversant with this city twenty years ago. There are many pleasant memories connected with this corner bookstore, and one very singular incident, which occurred at the period referred to. We think it worth relating, as illustrating animal psychology if nothing more.

A horse became frightened near "Armory Hill," and ran furiously down State street, clearing himself from the carriage, and making in his course a wide path among the frightened occupants of the street. The animal was in such a complete frenzy of fear as to be apparently blind to every object and obstacle, and on reaching Main street, instead of turning up or down this broad thoroughfare, it struck madly across the way, at a slight angle, dashed into the bookstore of the Merriams, through the show-case window, and passing out the back side, struck against the rear of another building, with solid brick walls, and fell down dead. As the horse came pell-mell through the store, crashing glass and scattering books, the sight was so strange and unaccountable that the frightened clerks and customers disappeared up stairs or wherever they could betake themselves, as suddenly as if a meteor or an exploded steam-engine had shot through the establishment. No wonder they rushed from the counters and ceased for the moment to dispense books and stationery, for this unexpected visitor had opened to their wondering eyes the most *striking passage* which they had ever seen among the literature of the day. But the most remarkable fact remains to be told. The

concussion of the horse against the wall was such as not only to crush his breast, but the force of the blow was so great as to break in two a solid sandstone window sill. This fact suggests that possibly the horse, in running down a steep hill (as State street then was) almost with the speed of the wind, had got under such momentum that he could not turn on reaching Main street, but only veer, as he did, at a partial angle. And yet it is reasonable to suppose that he would have made a more successful attempt had he not been blind with fright. We will offset this incident with Murray's story of "A Mad Horse," though this is true, while the apochryphal historian of the Adirondacks now acknowledges that his famous narrative was a fiction.

One of the old landmarks noticeable and pleasant to former residents or visitors at Springfield, is the First Congregational Church. It is a plain wood structure, but has a fine location on Hampden Square, around which cluster the City Hall, Court-house, and other prominent public buildings. Yet we presume that in a few years it will have to yield to the ravages of time or the behests of fashionable religion, and give place to some more costly and imposing structure. Its former pastor, Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D., who preached here his fiftieth anniversary sermon, and some time thereafter, was a man of tall, large figure, and strong mind, blunt, sincere, and somewhat eccentric. At one time he had acquired a great penchant for attending auctions—not to buy goods, but to watch the proceedings. Perhaps he thought it a good school in which to study character and draw therefrom material for his sermons; or, as a favorable place to unbend and relieve his mind after the strain and tension of preaching and pastoral labors; but most likely, it was one of those foibles, if not decided faults, to which clergymen as well as others are liable. This practice became the subject of remark, and an offence to some of the weaker or stronger brethren, and their pastor was told of his failing. He promised to reform in the matter complained of, kept his word faithfully, and henceforth the tall form of the venerable preacher was no more seen to cast a shadow across the threshold of the auction room. At another time he was reminded that his sermons were too long for modern tastes, and especially to hold the young and draw strangers. He thanked the brother kindly for the suggestion, and hence-

forth his discourses were remarkably short for a man of his years.

Another incident illustrates both his eccentricity and his bluntness. A gentleman came to church



HIGH SCHOOL.

one Sabbath, tormented with a pair of squeaking boots, which, by the way, we think, rather worse than a crying baby. The unfortunate victim of this trap set for his unwary feet by some wicked son of Crispin, had his pew in the gallery, and at the farther end; or for some reason had started to take his seat there. To add to his embarrassment, the services had commenced, and the venerable preacher was reading the first hymn. As the man moved slowly and painfully along the aisle, the sweat, we presume, oozing through every pore, and agony wringing his soul, while the tell-tale boots announced every step of his progress with the soul-torturing and ominous "squeak!" "squeak!" when he had got about half way to his destination, the blunt and sorely tried preacher could stand it no longer, but stopping short in the midst of his hymn, and pointing his finger to the man, he called out, in a loud and authoritative tone of voice (all who ever heard the doctor will remember how strong the heavy bass tones of that voice were), "Sit down, sir! Sit down!" The unfortunate man settled down into the seat nearest at hand, looking as though he would sink through the floor, or wished heartily that it might open and swallow him up. We presume he did not go straightway out and drown himself, or burn the offending boots, but we have no doubt he was led to meditate upon the bluntness of the parson and the trials that sometimes attend church-going.

As we have already more than intimated,

Springfield has many elegant private residences and an unusual number of public edifices of more than ordinary architectural merits. Among the latter we might name the City Hall, of brick; the Court-house, of granite; the public or free Library, and the High School buildings, both of brick, beautifully ornamented with light sandstone; and several of the churches of sandstone (called here "free stone"), or of this material combined with brick—that are of large dimensions, fine proportions and a high order of architectural structure and finish. Notably among these is the church of Rev. Mr. Buckingham's people (Congregational) on Maple street; the Second Baptist and the Unitarian, on State street; the Episcopal on Chestnut street, and several others of much merit in architectural design and material, which we cannot now recall by street and name. The first and last have admirable locations, having elevated sites on two of the finest streets of the city. Outside of the churches, the Court-house and High School buildings have the most architectural merit; although the Third National Bank,



MASONIC HALL.

especially its front, situated on Main street, and of iron, is considered by the citizens of Springfield as the most imposing specimen of architecture in the place. It very strikingly resembles the Stewart

Home for sewing girls, at Thirty-fourth street and Fourth avenue, New York City. The picture of the High School building does not do it justice. Pictures generally either flatter or depreciate the objects they are supposed to represent.

We have alluded to the exceptionally fine situation of Springfield. A word of explanation respecting the special topography of its site, may serve to make its attractions in this respect more apparent. The Connecticut River spreads out to a great width opposite to the city and below it, having narrowed above, at Hadly Falls, and again contracting its limits at Windsor Locks below. Along by the city, its direction is southeast, but near the south end, it sweeps gradually and gracefully—grandly we may say—towards the west, making the great curve which is seen to good advantage in the picture giving a birds-eye view of Springfield. The apex of the curve to this magnificent sweep of water is on the east or left side and towards the city. On both sides, the river is bordered by fine meadows and table lands, rising on the side of the city by steps or terraces to a crowning summit of table land, on the most beautiful and commanding point of which the United States Armory is situated. This affords the finest sites for the streets and houses, which, being made to conform with the natural shape of the ground, rise one above another in an attractive and sightly order, giving the fortunate dwellers here delightful views of their city and the surrounding country. The prospect from the Armory, or rather Arsenal building, is one of surpassing loveliness. Not many of our older towns are built upon plans thus wisely formed from hints given by Nature.

Springfield is most favorably located for communication by railways with all parts of the country, not so much from their number, as from their peculiar and favorable location; or rather, its position in reference to these. It is midway between Boston and Albany; nearly midway, on the best route, to the White Mountains, Canada East, etc.; and the favorite route to Boston and other portions of New England, both summer and winter, especially the latter, is by way of "The Valley City." But the company that gave Springfield the first start, and imparted to her the new life, and most of all helped to make her what she is to-day, was the Boston and Albany Railroad, for many years called the Western Railroad, so

named from the grand object which it had in view, namely, opening up communication between Massachusetts and the Great West.

In our references to the Springfield of the past, we briefly alluded to its local trade, which was considerable even in those early days. This has in fact been a leading feature of its business in every period of its history.

But while the retail trade of her merchants has been large, it was not until recently that they had, or really expected much *wholesale* business. But by judicious and persevering efforts, her more enterprising dealers have within the last few years built up a large trade with Western Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Southern Vermont, in the wholesale line, thus wisely emulating the enterprise of the manufacturers, and spurring them on to new efforts in their lines, if they would not have their laurels eclipsed in the race for success. In thus competing successfully with the traders of New York and Boston, they deserve great credit, as well as the profits which we trust they have reaped. Once, such an effort would have been thought preposterous, and to broach the idea would have brought ridicule upon its authors. But why should they not succeed in this bold style of enterprise in thus presuming to compete with the large cities, as well as the newspapers and manufacturers of their city?

In the matter of hotels, this place has a reputation of many years standing—long antecedent, in fact, to the advent of railroads. The United States Hotel, afterwards rebuilt and called Warriner's Union House, was known throughout the continent, being noted for its home comforts and fine cookery, especially the latter, in the good old days when it was done by the first-class American housewives, instead of being entrusted to "Biddy," or anything but a good cook. Mrs. Warriner was the queen of the household, who presided in the realm of the kitchen, as well as in the parlor, and, like thousands of her countrywomen of that day, was more proud of her rule and triumphs here, than ever Victoria was of the throne and sceptre of Great Britain.

Afterwards, the Massasoit House was established and became a worthy competitor for the public favor, and finally eclipsed the other house, after the reign of Mrs. Warriner had waned through age, and finally ceased. At this transition period of the houses, when one was waxing, and just before

the other was beginning to wane, an amusing incident occurred, illustrative of both hotel life and human nature. A Southern gentleman, who had tried Mrs. Warriner's home comforts and was greatly delighted with them—especially the table fare—recommended one of his friends about to come North, by all means to stop at the United States, as the hotel was then called. On arriving in Springfield, he requested the coachman to take him to the United States Hotel. He accordingly took him there. When the door of the coach was opened for him to alight, the gentleman remained in his seat. After waiting awhile, the driver, surprised at his conduct, said, "Mister! are you not a going to get out?" "I thought I directed you to take me to the United States Hotel," said the gentleman, equally surprised and impatient with the driver. "So you did, and so I have done, sir—will you be good enough to step out?" The astonished passenger put his head out of the coach, surveyed the premises—then a plain wood structure—and, with a mingled look of disappointment and contempt, addressing the coachman, said, "If *this* is the United States, drive me to the Massasoit." This occurrence was a standing joke in Springfield for years. We remark, however, that the gentleman should have shown more good sense and regard for the opinion and recommendation of his friend. Had he tried Mrs. Warriner's fair linen and fine cookery, the house would have looked all right. But so the world judges from first impressions and outside appearances!

The Massasoit has still a high reputation, after trying the public favor for over thirty years.

Often have we heard gentlemen remark, in different parts of the country, that this house has no superior in the United States. Its rival at the present time, and one of the two best houses in Springfield, is the Haynes Hotel, situated on Main street,



TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

near State. It is the largest hotel in the city and has a good reputation, though we cannot speak of its fare from personal experience, nor that of the Massasoit, within the last few years.

In the olden time, each prominent citizen thought to know every business man in the place, and almost every person. Judge Morris, the elder,

once remarked that "the time had been not long before, when he knew every man in Springfield." He said this to give force to the proverb which he repeated, and which once prevailed all through the Connecticut Valley, "You know we must summer and winter a man before we can have confidence in him."

though character had gone out of the world, or dropped out of our estimate of men and things. It has, so to speak, been demonetized; or, so badly alloyed as to become uncurrent. In this item we suspect our fathers had the advantage of us; and doubtless some of the business men of Springfield as it is, who have suffered from the specula-

tion, insolvency, and fraudulent tricks of their debtors, would not object to a return of the sound character and business faith that prevailed in good old days of Springfield as it was, when every man knew whom he could trust.

In territorial limits Springfield was many times larger than at present, being some twelve miles square, and containing, if we mistake not, what is now embraced in the townships of Agawam, West Springfield, Holyoke, Chicopee, and Long Meadow, in addition to its present territory. Chicopee was the last to be set off. The population of its former limits is at this time not less than sixty thousand.

The old township was first called Agawam, but at an early date was changed to that which it now bears. Whether the name of Spring-



"DAILY UNION" BUILDING.

It was substantially the idea expressed by Chatham on a memorable occasion, when he said: "Pardon me, gentlemen, confidence is a plant of slow growth." But with our New England ancestors—particularly the staid people of this valley—their confidence once gained was not easily forfeited; and *character* went for much in all transactions. It was a man's accumulated fortune, his life-estate, so to speak. Now it would seem as

field was derived from the town by that name in England, or from the abundance of springs that were found within its limits, is not quite clear. We believe, however, that the weight of opinion favors the latter supposition. It certainly does no violence to facts to suppose this, for there was a great number of springs on the site of the present city, sufficient to form brooks of considerable size, and to be quite an obstacle to building along some of

the streets, particularly under the first and last terraces as you ascend the hill. These facts would give the name a natural and reasonable origin. Many would doubtless prefer the old name of "Agawam," as more classical if not more euphonious, since it comes, not from the language of our civilized ancestors, but from the nomenclature of a race of savages whom we honor by driving off or slaying and retaining their names—which is like killing the bird and keeping his nest or stuffed skin. We think that the passion for Indian names, is taste with a vengeance—certainly with *savageness*.

The climate of this region is remarkably mild and equable for New England, with pure air in summer and but few harsh winds in winter. Oft and again snow is seen upon the distant hills, while it is sunny and snowless in the basin in which Springfield is located. This basin or valley is some twenty-five miles in width by fifty in length, with only one slight break at Mount Holyoke, and far enough from the ocean to escape its harsh winds; and is so sheltered by the surrounding hills and mountains as to escape in a measure, the strong, cold winds of the land. The difference is so marked and so much in its favor, that persons come from the sea coast to enjoy its more favorable climate.

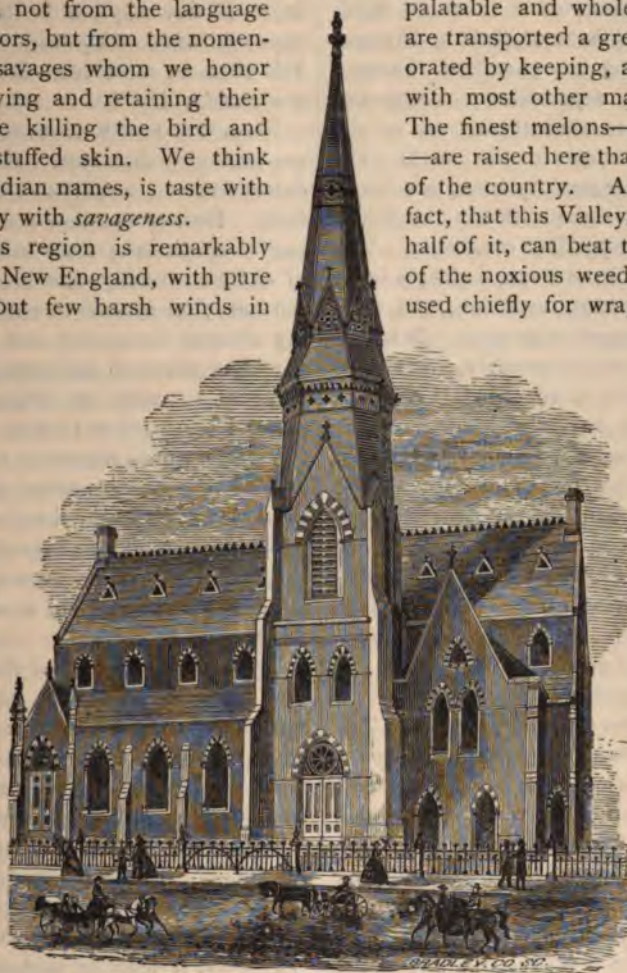
Springfield has one of the best markets in the country, and why should it not, surrounded as it is by the finest farming region in the East? In fact her truck patch is the whole Connecticut Valley; and she is planted right in the midst of a continuous farm, four hundred miles in length, by from five to fifteen in width, highly cultivated and rich as a garden. Much of her choicest beef

and mutton is supplied from her Valley and the hillside farms that border upon it; and most of the vegetables, except the very earliest, which are brought from the South, come from the immediate vicinity and of course are much more fresh, palatable and wholesome, than those that are transported a great distance and deteriorated by keeping, as is necessarily the case with most other markets of the country. The finest melons—crisp, sweet and juicy—are raised here that are grown in any part of the country. And it is a well-known fact, that this Valley, especially in the lower half of it, can beat the world in the quality of the noxious weed that it raises. It is used chiefly for wrappers and is noted for

the fineness and toughness of its fibre. Before the quality of this tobacco was known and approved by the public, it was sold in New York under the name of "Finest Havana Leaf." As we passed through the Valley, up and back, the other day, we saw hundreds and thousands of acres of this plant, rank and luxuriant in the highest degree, and beautiful too, were it not for the waste and nuisance that is in it. It has a tropical rankness and beauty, especially

when seen in large fields. But then, we could not help thinking—and we may as well give the reader the benefits of our moralizing—of the millions of money that it annually wastes, and the thousands of acres of the choicest lands that it occupies and draws the life and marrow from, that had better be devoted to raising bread for starving children—and all for what? Why to furnish a useless, injurious and very *costly* weed.

Among the features of interest in Springfield, the United States Armory has ever occupied a



STATE STREET BAPTIST CHURCH

leading place. Its location on the crowning summit of a beautiful plateau several hundred feet above the Connecticut River, leaves nothing to be desired in this respect; its facilities for manufacturing arms are ample, and its machinery of the most approved kinds, most of it invented here, and much of it having been copied in Europe. The rules and discipline are excellent, whether under civil or military supervision; the quality of the work is equal to that turned out at the manufactory of any nation in the world; the grounds, containing over seventy acres, are beautifully ornamented, and these with all the buildings are kept in the best possible condition. The turning of the gun-stocks is an exceedingly ingenious process, an American invention, and once regarded with a great degree of interest. It is said that when Kossuth was in this country, and visited the armory at Springfield, he regarded this device with more interest than any other among all the processes. No doubt the great Hungarian thought that the products of this machine, with all the other means at the command of the Americans, if they could once be placed at his disposal, would enable him to achieve—what he so much desired—the independence of his country. The same process has been applied to the turning of wagon-spokes and various other articles of daily use.

There is one rule which we presume is still in force at the Armory, that we will mention. The United States Government very properly desires great perfection in the arms, both in the materials, the body of the work and the finish; to secure this requires the strictest caution on the part of the inspectors, and skill, care and responsibility on the part of the workmen. Hence, when a defect, or the slightest flaw is detected, at whatever stage of the processes, the loss is made to fall upon the one who should have first discovered it, though it lead back to the man who forged the barrel or other part; and the careless or unfortunate workman must not only lose his own labor, but the price of all that has been added to it by the work of others.

Of the arms thus carefully made, and embodying the latest improvements, two hundred and seventy-five thousand are kept constantly stored by the Government for emergencies. They are most artistically erected in cases or bodies in upright position, pointing with almost mathematical exactness to the zenith and nadir, or centre of the

earth. Thus standing, and glittering in the light like pointed tubes, the sight struck the poet Longfellow, as resembling a huge organ. Yes! they are a vast organ of life or death, according as they are used and accomplish results; but we hope the day may not be distant in the good time coming, when they will no longer be needed. Till then we must trust in the Lord, and "keep our powder dry."

From one-fourth to one-half million of dollars are annually disbursed here through the United States Armory, largely to the advantage of Springfield. During the late war it amounted to over twelve millions of arms in all, and many millions of dollars annually, the benefits of which are still felt here; for instead of encouraging the enterprising citizens in apathy and idleness, it served to stimulate them to undertake new and important enterprises, many of which are in active and successful operation to-day. The population rapidly run up from fifteen to twenty-seven thousand, and by the State census of 1875 was found to have reached over thirty-one thousand; since which time, under the great stress of business, it has just about held its own, and but for its wise and fortunate variety of arts and industries could not have done this.

The most important of the Arsenal buildings is the Armory, so called, in which the arms are stored, in the neat and tasty manner which we have described. On the top of this building there is a broad tower of semi-feudal style. The location of this building is very fine, and the scene from it is one of great extent and unsurpassed loveliness. It affords a magnificent birds-eye view of Springfield and the surrounding country, and none who visit the Valley should miss seeing it.

Finally, it may be said of Springfield, in view of its fine location, its facilities for business, its numerous and valuable industries, its excellent intellectual, social, and religious privileges, that few places offer greater inducements to the business man, or more attractions as a place of residence. A more busy or delightful place is not to be found in the length and breadth of the Connecticut Valley, the region of beautiful towns, cosy, charming homes, and fine, picturesque views; and taking into account its location and make-up, it would be no easy task to find its superior in any part of the country.

THE ANCIENT SLEEPY HOLLOW CHURCH IN TARRYTOWN, ON THE HUDSON, NEW YORK.

BY REV. WILLIAM HALL.

THIS antique-looking edifice, very accurate pictures of which as it now stands are given in connection with this article, is the oldest house of worship in the State of New York yet spared by time and change. It has from the first belonged to and been used by a congregation of the Protestant Reformed Dutch Church. Over the doorway is inserted a tablet telling its origin, and bearing the inscription: "Erected and built by Frederic Philipse and Catherine Van Cortlant his wife, in 1699."

In honor of these distinguished persons and their family, on whose Manor estate it was built, this sacred structure was called the Philipsburg Church, and the religious society worshipping in it was incorporated or registered under the same title.

To an Historical Discourse, preached in 1866 by the Rev. Abel T. Stewart, a former pastor in Tarrytown, with a copy of which we have recently been favored by a respected lady having a tender regard for this venerable landmark, we are indebted both for the picture and the chief facts here presented.

With regard to its exact age and other particulars, Mr. Stewart has given the following interesting account as the result of his opportunity of inquiry among older parishioners: There is a tradition concerning the erection of this house which may show that it was begun as early at least as 1694, when the church was organized. As related by one of the most excellent of our now departed members, it is that Mr. Philipse, aided especially by his wife Catherine, began to build the church edifice two or three years before he finished it; that he laid the foundation, and then began to repair the dam at the mill; that when the dam was built a freshet came one night and washed it away; that he then erected a new and better dam, and the waters washed it all away again; that while he and his family were in great distress about their loss, his old slave Harry had a dream, and for several nights the dream was repeated, to the following purpose: That God was displeased because Master Philipse had stopped building the church to build his dam, and that it

would never stand until the church was built; that he must go on and build the church and then the dam, and it would stand. Harry told this dream to his master and mistress, and they were both so much impressed by it that they built the church and then the dam; and it stood.

The edifice, however small and unpretending in architecture, was built with great care and exceeded in some of its materials the ability of the country at the time of its erection. The small yellow brick, a few of which are still retained in the sides of the present entrance, were brought from Holland, and gracefully set above the original door in the south side and around the windows. The windows, that were originally Gothic, have been enlarged and made square. The panes of glass that were of very small size, have been changed for larger ones; and the heavy crowbars of iron that precluded entrance, even when the sashes were raised, have been removed. The door has been transferred to the west end, facing the street. The pulpit was in form a regular octagon, and the sounding-board a regular hexagon. Both were small, for the most part of mahogany, and brought also from the Fatherland. They have been taken away and scattered, so that scarcely a vestige of them can be found. The ancient gallery on the north side, where the choir once stood, is taken down, and that on the west side is widened and extended from side to side. Originally the seats were benches, with the exception of a long and elevated one on each side of the pulpit, covered with a rich curtain for the special use of the Philipse family. It is said that Lord Philipse occupied the one and his wife Catharine the other.

At the close of the Revolution the minds of the people had undergone a great change, and in repairing the edifice they rudely tore down the rich awning, pulled out the iron supporters from the wall, and made the thrones, as they were called, convenient pews for the wealthy elders and deacons. They also changed the naked benches into pews for the congregation, and said they would have no lords and kings, but that all

the worshippers should be on a level. The character VF cut upon the vane mounted on the east end of the building, are the initials of the founder, Vredryck Flypse. The bell that still rings out so shrill, was cast according to order in Holland, in 1685, and bears besides its date, the inscription, "*Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?*" It is with-

Flypse, and the other of Catharina Van Courtlant. The bowl is eight inches and a half in diameter, and is also inscribed with the name of Fredryck Flypse. This bowl, with one of the beakers, the table and a damask cloth of specified dimensions, were given by will of Mrs. Philipse, in 1730, to her son-in-law, "in trust to and for the congregation of the Dutch church erected at Philipsburg, by her husband, deceased, according to the Synod of Dort."

In the ancient record-book of the church, written in Dutch, this eminent lady is spoken of as "the Right Hon. pious, very wise and provident Lady Catharine Philips, widow of Lord Frederic Philips, who did here very praiseworthy advance the cause of religion." In manifold labors for good, among others, relieving her husband from the care of building the church edifice, and procuring ministers from a distance at her own expense, Mrs. Philipse is well reported of as having been "no ordinary disciple of Christ, who, when she had filled up her day in usefulness and ripened for heaven, fell asleep in Jesus, and was buried in a vault under the floor of the edifice she had so nobly erected," the whole weight of which now resting, as far as possible, on the entrance to her tomb.

Of the nine ministers of this church who since its erection have stately officiated within its walls the first was the Rev. Guillaume

Bartholf, viz., from 1697 to about the year 1716, who gathered many souls into the kingdom.

The next whose name appears on record was the Rev. Johannes Ritzema. He was educated in Holland, and was one of the pastors of the Reformed Dutch Church in the city of New York, from 1744 to 1784, when he was declared Emeritus. His name appears frequently on the minutes of the Coetus, the Conferentiæ, the Convention and the General Synod; and, says Mr. Stewart, he seems to have been honored more any than of his contemporaries in the church with offices of position and trust. This learned and excellent man



FRONT VIEW OF SLEEPY HOLLOW CHURCH, TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.

out doubt the oldest now known, cast for the use of a Protestant church, in America.

Mr. Stewart also tells us that the communion table and service were ordered at the same time. The table when drawn out for the guests, who in successive groups sat around it, filled all the open space in front of the pulpit. It is of massive oak, inlaid with ebony. The service, consisting of one plate, two beakers and baptismal bowl, are of silver, and of the finest make and character. The plate is unusually large and heavy. The beakers, or cups, are about seven inches high and richly engraved. The one bears the name of Fredryck

labored also much in the contiguous churches of Harlem, the Manor of Fordham, and the Manor of Cortlant, more or less, as in that of Philipsburg, until the commencement of the Revolutionary war. Mr. Ritzema, the only clergyman of the name ever known in America, died and was buried in Kinderhook, New York, in 1788, at the advanced age of seventy-eight.

He left many to inherit his blood, who now represent him in various lines of family descent, but we are sure none more worthily than the Rev. Robert Russell Booth, D.D., the well-known and greatly esteemed pastor of the University Place Presbyterian church, in the city of New York. He preaches in English in the same old city where good Dominie Ritzema, his ancestor, preached in Dutch, and his earnest and eloquent voice has also been occasionally heard in the ancient Philipsburg church, where that faithful "*Verbi divini minister*" officiated in its primitive days.

The various and beautiful associations of this hallowed and time-honored edifice with both the romance and the history of the past, combine with the memories of the sleepers thereabout, justly to commend it to a continued conserving care for the future. Its site is on the northern edge of the "Hollow," rendered so famous by one of the bewitching stories of that American classic, "*The Sketch-Book*."

In the same vicinity is also the scene of the capture of Major André, and close at hand, the loved home of our world-famed Washington Irving, his "*Sunny Side*," *alias* "*Wolfert's Roost*," where the wholesome sunshine of his genius so long shone forth, and which was originally owned and occupied by Wolfert Ecker, one of the original elders of the Sleepy Hollow Church. But its local characteristics let now that charmed pen describe:

"The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth like Christian purity, beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it

to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there, indeed, the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide, woody dell, along which raves a large brook¹ among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly a wooden bridge, the road that led to it and the bridge itself being thickly shaded by overhanging



REAR VIEW OF SLEEPY HOLLOW CHURCH, TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.

trees which cast a gloom about it even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night."

The illustrious name of Irving will ever be entwined with the record of the ancient house of God here depicted. And let the following exquisite verses complete the pleasing association on the historic page:

"Pocantico still rolls his stream
Beneath the bridge of Irving's dream,
As when he heard the tramp and scream
Of Ichabod, that fearful night
When Brown Bones gave him such a fright."
"The rivals sleep, and with them he whose wand,
Hath made their names so famous in the land;
By the old church they sleep,
Beyond death's stream,
No more to laugh and weep,
No more to dream.
With thousands in God's Acre they repose,
Where the hushed wind in gentlest whisper blows."

¹ Called now Mill River, or Pocantico by the Indians.

THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE ELIOT—THEIR MERIT AND INFLUENCE.

By J. R. HASKINS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

WHENEVER a work from the pen of George Eliot is announced, an epoch in the domain of literature is attained; and when we consider that this rare distinction has been earned and reaped by a woman, the *Io triumphe!* that rings from the ranks of the strong-minded faction need not surprise us. Indisputably, she has legitimately won her laurels; and if in choosing her *nom de plume* she designed it as a gauntlet of defiance, she certainly has not failed in her claim of conquest; for Mrs. Lewes ranks to-day above every one of her male competitors, in the same line of literature, on either side of the Atlantic, evincing greater depth, wider erudition, and keener analysis; soaring even at times to heights where only superior intellects can follow. Indeed, those who seek the usual sensational interest of a kaleidoscopic story alone, will have but little appreciation for her more elevated and suggestive works. Lacking the freshness and delicacy of the touch that characterizes her sister-peer, George Sand, who lingers ever more in the valley among the birds and flowers, her more sombre rival climbs the mountain summit, grasping all its tone and grandeur, never fearing to stand even upon the crater's edge.

From her first powerful work, "Adam Bede," to "Middlemarch," she has steadily acquired force as well as popularity; but her supreme power bloomed in "Romola," and shone even more brilliantly in her one dramatic poem, the "Spanish Gypsy;" and we think she was fully justified in her disappointment, that this child of her deepest love and most earnest travail has never attained the position or reaped the reward it merited.

The productions of this author have revived in our day the vivid interest and warm reception that were bestowed upon the novels of Fielding, Richardson and Smollett in the last century. It will, however, be but an equivocal compliment to the former to make any comparison as to style or choice of subjects; just as it will be difficult to find any readers now raving frantically over the woes of Clarissa, bewailing the long-tried virtue of Pamela, or embracing in the disgusting vul-

garity of Humphrey Clinker the pure and sparkling humor of Thackeray, Dickens or Lever.

It is not so much the mere surface foam of George Eliot's writings that possess such a magnetic attraction; beyond this, there lies the latent power, the anatomical skill, that bares the heart and forces to the surface the secrets that are destined to bless or curse a life. Like Goethe, or our own Hawthorne, she has undoubtedly learned to "live in other lives," and thus solved the mystery that controls their hidden springs. Her characters are moulded as plastic matter in the hands of the artist, and they are shaped into beauty and warmed into realism with the art of an accomplished sculptor. She throws the whole weight of responsibility, not upon circumstances, or the accidents of position; but by a waive of her magic wand, she evokes the passions, the caprices, the latent treachery, or the smouldering malice; and in antithesis to these passions, arise the heroic struggle for conquest, the patient endurance, unswerving vigilance, and fidelity at the post of duty; and as each moves to the accomplishment of fate's decrees, they invoke in the contest, either the flaming sword of Michael, or the green laurels that crown the barbed point of Ithuriel's spear.

Although in point of style she is not so musical as Ruskin, or as luminous as Macaulay, yet it is rich and picturesque, though verging at times, like Johnson, upon the ponderous and verbose. Carlyle's warning to *effete* litterateurs can call no blush of presumption to the cheek of George Eliot: "To speak or to write, Nature did not peremptorily order thee. Believe it not; be slow to believe it." Her harvest points to the genuine source of its richness. True, the tree has been planted and flourishes, but the fruit is not all yet garnered; to some it may bring nourishment and refreshment, but to others, who can say that it may not, for all its tempting bloom, "set the children's teeth on edge?"

In her most recent production, "Daniel Deronda," there is marked evidence of the deep study and protracted toil that it is said she bestows upon her work; laboring on an average six hours a day,

yet rarely accomplishing more than from three to four hundred words. This is a corroboration of Henri Taine's theory, who, in his "Art Life in Greece," says that even after *fifteen years* of hard study, only the novice is created, and constant diligence, united with experience, must follow before any successful results can be realized. As a panacea, however, to this discouraging *dictum*, Pliny (according to Boyle) deprecates the misery that some authors inflict upon themselves by constant trimming and pruning; "Instead of perfecting the word thereby, giving it more nerve and strength, they only weaken and dispirit it." This is a digression which, however, we trust will be excused, as proffered consolation to those novices, who write *ad libitum*, and who dread the fetters that constant revision entails.

Recalling the various emanations from the brain of George Eliot, we claim for "Romola" the birthright, as being indisputably the voice of genius. It is rich in dramatic effect, and vibrates with the warm pulses of that higher life of which in part it is the exponent. The eyes of the interior spirit opened and expanded under a ray of heavenly light, and in realizing the book, we wonder how she could so readily and deftly have leveled her mind to the cold materialities and realism of her subsequent productions. The time and scene chosen were auspicious. Florence the beautiful—the synonym, the queen-regnant throughout the world, of all that was great in name and noble in deeds; struggling in the grip of the traitor, or the avarice of the *condottieri*, under the white heat of political factions—anon the ball of confusion, or the servant of order and fervent patriotism; glorified by her saints, dismembered by her sinners; battling with ignorance, bigotry and oppression, with weapons tempered by Religion, gilded by Art, and strengthened by Philosophy. Truly, the author has grasped the classic spirit of the age. The fillet of Pagan Greece and the cross of the Latin race blend in the shifting colors of her web, and she has woven them deftly into a panorama that is gorgeous in tone and effect. The characters, too, are endowed with a personality as vivid and enduring as their own plastic art, and are developed from their most simple and natural phases, through their widest intellectual scope and sharpest psychological struggles. The heroine at first disappoints us, as she stands so picturesque amid the antiquities of her

blind old father. A maiden in that era void of religious training, or of faith in the supernatural, is rather an anomaly; for the gayest, and even the most depraved, in that day, held to some part of Christian belief as an amulet for some exigent moment of life. But this lovely type ("Romola") of a heathen vestal, eventually looms into a glorious womanhood under the pressure of the heart's despair, and finds at last its true harmony, its supernal strength, alone under the triple crown of faith, love and duty.

The leading inspiration of this book was undoubtedly the grand character of the celebrated Dominican Monk, Savonarola, and we must confess that she limns him in every striking point, with the finish of an artist and the truth of a conscientious historian. His works, his heaven-inspired zeal, his self-abnegation, his great tender-heartedness, his abhorrence of shams and subterfuge, his purity of life and disinterested patriotism, are all vividly portrayed. In those apocalyptic visions which illumined his own soul, and as he believed directed his course, we see a repetition of those supernatural endowments that had anteriorly been vouchsafed alike to the heathen oracle, the Cumæn Sibyl, and the Pagan poet. Why then should they not be accepted as flame from the mount when enunciated by the lips of one so pure of life, and so exalted in motive? "But the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it." His angelic reverence, which glowed like an unquenchable flame with the love of God and his creatures, symbolized, as it were, that cruel material fire, which was ultimately kindled by a blind fatuity, as the sole earthly reward of all his labor and sacrifices in behalf of the temporal as well as the spiritual needs of his countrymen. But the justice of time rarely fails, and thus the reversal of ages now crowns him with the aureole of the martyr, and stamps his name among the most memorably renowned in that glorious epoch of Florentine history. George Eliot has grasped with a firm hand the general traits and genius of this exceptional man. The nimbus of his sorrow and suffering, of his glory, seem to have o'ershadowed her, and his grandeur in the supreme moments of his career, has tinted her picture with colors as glowing as were his virtues and endurance. Yet the sublime faith, the supernal love that lay at the root of this heroic life, fail in their truest lesson

to reach her soul. "Power rose against him, not because of his sins, but because of his greatness—not because he sought to deceive the world, but because he sought to make it noble. And through that greatness of his, he endured a double agony; not only the reviling and the torture, and the death-throe, but the agony of sinking from glorious achievement, where he could only say: 'I count as nothing; darkness encompasses me; yet the light I saw was the true light.'" ("Romola," page 247.)

Presuming that her most recent work, "Daniel Deronda," is familiar to our readers, we intend only to analyze in part the main characters, as a demonstration of the philosophy of a book that may be ever potent in its influence. There is apparent a strong evidence of sympathy between the philosophical principles of George Eliot and the cultus of Herbert Spencer, Huxley and Tyndal. To the influence of these modern pessimists must be largely attributed the pantheistic spirit that pervades, more or less, the majority of her works. The dangerous tendencies of these philosophers have already produced bitter fruit. The subordination of the supernatural and spiritual elements to the material, excludes the highest incentive, even as it embraces the lowest results. Such writers ignore the natural depravity that is ever restless and seething under the pressure of fixed and indestructible laws. Even by their own creed they demonstrate the truth, often asserted and widely proved, that "in the depth of human nature there lies an imperishable instinct of Paganism, which reveals itself in every age, and is not extinct in our own, which ever willingly returns to Pagan philosophy, to Pagan law, to Pagan art, because it finds therein its dreams realized and its instincts satisfied."¹

The character of the heroine in "Daniel Deronda" has elicited too wide an interest and speculation to be passed over in silence. Indeed, in Gwendolin centre the main incidents of the story, even as she serves as the *plastique* upon whom the author bestows, like Pygmalion, a beauty and charm that under her chisel "lives and moves." Trained as she had been in a godless school, worldly and egotistic in its fullest and most direful sense, it is not surprising that, imitat-

ing the old Roman emperors, she should deem herself a fitting recipient of god-like honor.

Bright and soothing as were those vicarious flashes of tenderness that beamed for her mother alone, yet they fail to redeem her clouded perceptions and that innate void of womanly sensibility that was manifested in every other relation. Her high spirit, her statuesque beauty, we must admire; but, like all sirens, she lacks the qualities that distinguish the pure in heart; although as she reaps the penalty of her perverted principles and violated conscience; as the Furies, in lieu of the Graces, greet her upon the threshold of her bridal home, we are moved to pity, and can freely give her our most sympathetic commiseration. Marriage, unsanctified by love, has no terrors for her. Throughout the interior strife that precedes her decision of this vital point, weight is given to every minor consideration, save the solemn and elevated sentiments that give unction and sanctity to the bond. Love as an element to life's perfect fulfillment, she unnaturally ignores.

When brought into direct contact with such a man as Henleigh Grandcourt, we can partially understand the fascination that one so cold and self-sustained might exercise over a temperament like Gwendolin's. Such men possess a magnetic power, and distil a glamor, which suggests the idea of latent force and possible heroic achievements. Women are apt to be dazzled and won more frequently by quiet and undemonstrative men than by the more ardent and importunate. There is a certain blinding iridescence about such love-making that wins and binds, as did the guile of the serpent in Eden; ay, and like that, too, when the spell is broken, often proves the charmer hideous and the fruit deadly.

As a type, no doubt, Grandcourt may be matched among Englishmen; but according to general experience, his character is both unnatural and incongruous. That a man in the prime of thirty-seven years could be so neutral in principle, so void of all vital energy, so passionless, yet so persistent and obstinate, save when under the incentive of opposition, does not tally with the promise and deeds of his earlier years. No withering blight had fallen to divert or crush the hopes and aims of his youth. Once having loved—true it was not the hallowed affection that can give generously and endure bravely through all time and change—still without some fearful shock

¹ History of Civilization in the Fifth Century. A. F. Ozanam. Volume I

to uproot the whole tenor of an emotional life, a man could never become so imperturbably cold, so utterly beyond the reach of all emotion, so barren of joy, so dumb under pressure of natural feeling, in a word, so reduced to the mere remnant of a human being, a wound-up automaton, that petrifies you with its glassy eye, until one is fairly driven into madness.

Neither do these transitions comport with the gentle courtesy, the delicate consideration, or the refined tenderness of his courtship; all of which is metamorphosed before the bridal flowers are withered, into the manner of a bristling hedgehog and the tyranny of a Blue Beard. Men may be vulgar tyrants, may grow utterly callous and dead to all refinement of sentiment, and utterly *blasé* as to all enjoyment; but these changes approach insidiously, and not without the pleas of some extenuating circumstance. This course of the husband naturally served to develop the germ of that Median spirit, which was gestating in the rebellious, dominant temperament of Gwendolin, yet ever kept in abeyance by the dynamic force of her tyrant.

But exceptional if not unnatural as these two characters appear, we cannot be blind to the intricate psychological analysis, the dramatic power, and the complex motives and plot that are so artistically woven into their lives, without admitting the genius of such a creation.

Adam Bede, Felix Holt, and the other heroes of George Eliot, are all hewn from the same block of granite. Daniel Deronda also belongs to this invulnerable brotherhood, only that upon him she has bestowed finer finish, higher polish, and her most artistic idealizations. For him the rough lines, the jagged edges are all toned down to perfect symmetry. He is endowed with the elegance and accomplishments of a Crichton, the bravery and self-sacrifice of Sydney, and the purity and chivalrous spirit of the knightly Gallahad. He carries a charm wherever he goes, and bestows gifts and blessings like "Merlin, the wizard." Devoid of the pride and arrogance that might naturally have resulted from his education and social surroundings, his heart is ever open to the needs of others, and he descends as gracefully to the plane of the Jewish shopkeeper as to the rôle of knight-errant. The mystical affinity that drew him to Mordecai was naturally born of the poetical and introverted phase of his organization. Few,

thus constituted and endowed, could have resisted the spiritual discernments, the solemn eloquence and fervid rhapsodies of this modern Jeremiah, who is ever lamenting in kindred eloquence and the pathos of a dying Seer the woes of his people, and the pending doom of a degenerate race. He is certainly a grand character; a Moses *redivivus*, gazing with tear-dimmed eyes and an ever aching heart from the mount of vision, upon that far distant land of his love, whose beauties and time-hallowed holiness can never bring a benison to him. Touched with the richness of this spiritual life, his sister Mirah says to him: "You are a spring in the drought, and I am an acorn cup; the waters of heaven fill me, but the least little shake leaves me empty." And he, in striving to direct her life and console her sorrows, says, "whether happiness may come or not, one should try to prepare oneself to do without it." Every one must feel the truth and beauty of these two quotations.

If the author of this work is under the influence of any defined religious sentiments, they certainly must be closely allied to Judaism. Yet we have never heard that she was of the house of Israel by birth, although judging from her admiration of that people and their tenets, as evinced in this book, one might suppose this to be the case. The Disraelis, *père et fils*, have never lauded more eloquently the virtues or deprecated more sorrowfully the degeneration of this once God-chosen people. Whether she belongs to it or not, the Semitic race is evidently the one of her closest predilection—otherwise, whence the *animus* of that glowing tribute bestowed upon the subject?¹

These views seem corroborated by the facile manner in which she carries Deronda with a bound over all holy associations, to kneel at the tabernacle of his forefathers—even settling his predilections in that groove long before he had any positive assurance that his lineage sprang from the house of Israel. That a man who had been educated solely under Christian auspices, his mind imbued with the glorious results and promises of the new gospel—who believed the life and doctrine of the God-man, and through him the complete fulfillment and realization of the prophetic voices of the old law—that such a scholar could hear without emotion, and receive without any

¹ Since writing this we have heard that her husband, Mr. Lewes, is an Israelite.

shock of horror, the assurance that he was an alien to this house, wherein were garnered his most cherished affections—that he was pre-ordained to defile the sanctuary of his life, the tabernacle of his immortal hopes, profane and apostatize the adorable and all-saving name of Jesus-Saviour! such a suggestion could surely never find entrance into the most vivid imagination of a self-poised, thoroughly grounded Christian, save as an anomaly to be held up to public condemnation. But such is not the inference. Deronda in weighing the chance truth of Mordecai's intuitions, accepts passively, without any shock to old associations, the future consequences of his birthright in both its social and religious aspects, never realizing that duty to one need not necessarily involve sacrifice to the other. Love of race, we know, is inherent, yet a true Christian would have felt that he could serve his people far more efficaciously, like Saul of Tarsus, by striving to reclaim them from the errors that had wrought their ruin, rather than by fostering an antagonism to the all-saving truth of the new dispensation.

Any consideration of the character of Daniel Deronda would be imperfect, without embracing, as a pendant, his peculiar relation to Gwendolen.

Forced and anomalous as in the beginning seems the subtle influence of a strange man, in awakening and directing the dormant conscience of so imperious a girl, yet so dexterously are the complex circumstances woven in this web of entanglement for both lives, that the probable yields to the possible, and only the sympathy of the audience for this helpless, lonely woman remains. "In the wonderful mixtures of our nature, there is a feeling distinct from that exclusive passionate love of which some men and some women are capable; which yet is not the same with friendship, nor with a merely benevolent regard, whether admiring or compassionate." (Daniel Deronda). All men are moved in their noblest instincts by the trust and reliance of one who is weak or suffering. Hence, when Deronda found himself in the position of sole confidant, and possible saviour of her life in its tempest of

remorse and fear, his chivalrous heart led him to the rescue. Love in its sensuous essence had not taken form, but in its highest human aspect it was moulding her thoughts and actions. To many, especially those cold self-sustained natures that never need support, this position of enforced confidant, into which Gwendolen drew Deronda, will seem as it is unwomanly and indelicate. But when all the circumstances of her position and natural reticence are weighed, we find as the plot develops, these qualities forced from her usual calm, self-sustained basis, by the tension of pain and conflict that environed her. In Deronda she was sure of a sincere candor, a deep wisdom, and high moral rectitude that placed him above all others. He was an ideal oracle, a sort of tutelary divinity, whose voice could never be dumb to her pain.

Gwendolin undoubtedly had invoked the terrible retribution that culminated in the death of her husband, for like an augury of evil the crime of *Clytemnestra* had entered her heart and held it with an iron vice until the moment for repentance, or rather atonement, had passed.

Absorbed as were all Deronda's feelings in the new life that had been awakened by the recent revelations of his mother, he could not be dumb or passive to the cry of anguish that went out to him alone, "My desolation does begin to make a better life," neither could he refuse, even to the concealment of his own sensations of horror, to soothe and sustain this desolate, conscience-stricken woman. Gwendolen's deep remorse, and her desperate struggles for the attainment of a higher and better life, after the death of Grandcourt, are somewhat analogous to the aspirations of Dorothea Brookes, the heroine of *Middlemarch*. In the latter, however, there really existed a stratum of the spiritual element, which, in the strife the stoic philosophers of old was ever seeking, like the dove from the ark, a safe resting-place. But in Gwendolen only the Pagan phase of conscience is apparent—hence both failed for want of a guide to truth, and the search terminates only in abstractions that may bring a lull, a quasi sense of peace, but never a perfect fruition.

THE AMAZONS OF MEXICO.

(FROM THE PEN OF A TOLTEC HISTORIAN.)

TRANSLATED BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

CHAPTER III.

THERE shall be lovely houses built for those who desire the marriage state. They shall be the color of a rose. Every woman shall feel it her privilege to help adorn these houses, her privilege to render the wife joyous in her wifehood and motherdom. Songs at the bridal thanksgiving, at the birth of a child, and helpfulness in every way shall combine to render the marriage state one of honor as well as happiness. The pretty lullaby of the contented mother will be listened to with delight, and the honors of the marriage state contribute to the prosperity and general well-being of the community. There will be no sound of discord issuing from the marriage bower, no brawls, no discontent, no distress; but on the contrary a perpetual peace and joy. There will be no wailing of neglected and suffering children, but nothing save the careless, loving tones, and happy laugh of infancy.

Once in the year a great festival shall be held outside the walls of the city, which shall last for one month. This shall not only be a festival, but a fair also, at which the community shall exhibit for sale or exchange all surplus commodities raised by the taste or industry of the women. At these festivals the people of the surrounding nations shall be expected to appear, with the flower of their youth no less than with the wisdom of the Elders. These shall compete with the maidens and matrons in music, poetry, and in all those exercises pertaining to health and skill, such as running races, dancing, leaping, etc. Prizes shall be awarded for superior excellence in the finer arts, and elegance, combined with dexterity in exercises of various kinds. Suitable officers shall preserve order and decorum. The women shall be at liberty to avail themselves of improvements of various kinds brought by the other sex to these festivals, by means of purchase or exchange.

At these festivals the most beautiful of both sexes and the most accomplished of each will be brought together. Lovers of either sex are permitted to make known their preferences to the

Elders. This preference will naturally be for the best of either sex, and no opposition can exist. Before the close of the festivals these lovers shall signify their wishes, their names shall be registered, and this shall be considered the betrothal. At the next ensuing annual festival these lovers shall be married, if still of the same mind, and for one month occupy together the marriage bower, at the end of which period the young husbands shall all depart and see their wives no more till the next annual festival. In the intermediate time they will not be permitted to dower about the walls of the city, nor expend their time with songs and lutes in honor of their lovers, but shall all the year do manly service in the community to which they belong; such as training their boys, studying the motions of the heavenly bodies, building roads, and cultivating the earth. Should they be irresistibly led to lay a bouquet at the feet of their ladies, the sentinel on guard may receive such offering on the point of her spear, and have it conveyed as desired; but these demonstrations shall not be encouraged in either sex, as tending to dreaminess and discontent.

It may not unlikely occur that the same youth or maiden will be the choice of more than one; in such case the claims of all shall be withdrawn, and the parties may take their chance by drawing. Those who are willing to risk themselves in this way may do so, or they may compete in music, poetry, or even a dance or foot-race. Men if they choose may do battle with each other outside the walls for the love of a beautiful girl, but this will be rather tolerated than approved by the women. A woman soldier may also be permitted to fight for her husband, and shall be escorted outside the walls, where she may do battle with her maiden rival or even with the other sex, whom if she disarm she is supposed to have won. (These concessions were made at the earnest entreaty of the soldiers.)

[In this connection are various comments by a modern hand, in which the women are handled

without gloves. Amongst other things it is said a man is a fool to marry a woman who fights before marriage, she being sure to do enough of it after, etc.]

Lovers having been a year betrothed, and at the expiration of that term being still desirous to adhere to the same, may at the yearly festival signify their wishes, and join the honored and exalted band of those who enter the marriage covenant. On the day appointed they shall be escorted to the great Temple in the midst of the City by a band of younger maidens and younger men from the district from whence the bridegrooms have come. In no case shall the attendant youth outnumber the candidates for marriage. Each couple shall be united by a wreath of flowers, which shall pass over the shoulders of each, symbolizing union and the lightness of the yoke imposed. Arriving at the temple they shall place their hands upon the altar, and the Priestess shall call upon the Supreme God to bless them, and render their union fruitful and joyous. Then each bridegroom shall loose a dove which he had concealed under his robe, from his breast, and the bride shall lay a white lily upon the altar. After this ceremony the married pair shall be privileged to dwell in the houses called the Marriage Bowers together for one month, after which the husband shall go back to his own city till the next yearly festival, when he will return. During his absence the wife shall not merge herself in one of the groups, but shall be honored as belonging to the holy marriage bond, and dwell in her own bower. She may choose her friend and companion to dwell with her, and the one so selected will esteem it an honor.

Boy babies are expected to grow into men; therefore, mothers shall not be permitted to dawdle and fondle children overmuch. Their naturally engaging and pretty ways shall not be too much the subject of comment or caresses, as tending to imbecility of mind and sensuality of character, which result in national weakness or corruption; on the contrary, from the first children shall be laid upon their backs, and allowed to kick and struggle to help themselves. Outcries of rage shall be disregarded, but every natural want religiously attended to. The use of the limbs, the right carriage of the body, and the rudiments of self-control will thus have been early established. As the yearly festivals come around, the boys,

something more than a year old, will be given to the care of the fathers, who, by their annual visit to their wives will have learned to feel redoubled tenderness for the mother, and will receive with joy and gratitude the beautiful offspring of their mutual loves. The child, not having been treated with foolish indulgence, will not cling to the mother, but with a manly instinct hold out his strong young arms for the companionship of the father, who leads him forth with a look of triumph. Thus will men find their own communities enhanced in health and manliness by these tender but self-reliant wives.

As the married pair are united by their own desire, uninfluenced by any extraneous motive, such as wealth, position, or helpfulness of any kind, as neither party by marriage obtains any possession of the other by which his or her personal freedom is curtailed, there will be no divorce. Should either party die, the survivor shall be allowed to marry again, though the state of widowhood will be considered the more honorable. Should the wife at any time prefer a state of life independent of the marriage relation, it shall be her right to do so, in which case she shall send to her husband the flower, which contains a dove at its heart, which symbolizes holiness, and he shall no more molest her, and she shall go forth from the marriage bower and join herself to one of the groups, taking her daughters with her. Should a husband absent himself from his wife in a manner indicating that he desires not to return, such wife so deserted shall not marry again, but shall go forth with her daughters from her bower, and devote herself to such pursuits as shall best promote her own happiness and the good of the community. Such recreant husband shall not be allowed to appear again at the annual festival, nor shall he be in any way molested. He will have proved himself unfit for the sacred enjoyments of marriage, and shall be suffered to depart in peace.

While the wise matrons were resting their forces, preparatory to their journeyings to the South, and were forming suitable regulations to insure the well-being of the community, they were aware that a constant inspection of them was kept up by the people of Palenqué. Sometimes a group of merchants appeared for the purchase of the exquisite cloth made from the cotton tree, in the manufacture of which the women greatly excelled. Others purchased fringes of gold and

robes colored from rare shades of the indigo plant and the small insect cochineal. Magnificent garments constructed from feathers of rare birds they were expert in making. Rich confections of the palm and cocoa, tortillas from the corn plant, sago and guava—jellies from various fruits also. They were skillful in preparing tablets of cotton cloth, rendered impervious to water by the aid of the gum of a tree, upon which records were written. Beautiful vases of terra cotta, minute trinkets from vegetable ivory, flowers of feathers and wax, adorned their tents and decorated their persons. Gold was wrought into exquisite workmanship—chains and rings in which were set emeralds and opals and pearls. All these evidences of taste and skill found a ready sale to the people of Palenqué. Groups of young men made their appearance, and danced their national dances in the hope of inducing the young maidens to come forth and join them. Then followed stately soldiers, exhibiting their feats of arms, at which the women soldiers, as by one impulse, detached a company to compete with them, and the women were found fully equal in courage, dexterity and rapidity of motion. At this the men applauded with enthusiasm. Wise men came to argue upon great subjects of polity, morals and religion. The views of Malinka and her people were so unlike all their own preconceived opinions, that a desperation seized them, and they retired, some with derision, some with disgust, and others impressed with profound doubt. Women sometimes came to see and hear, but a settled sneer gathered upon their faces, and they declared the whole camp ought to be destroyed, the women slaughtered, and their bones left to whiten the plain. This enraged the men of Penqué, who were secretly inflamed with a great admiration of the beauty and wisdom of this wonderful multitude, who contrasted so strongly with the idle, luxurious women of Palenqué. Meetings were held in which their opinions were discussed. Men were seen separating their boys from their girls, and training the former with great care, and superintending their education as they had never done before. Some might be seen putting them to bed, others bathing and dressing them, while at the same time they instilled moral ideas into their minds. Men began to direct their households as they had never done before, at which the women jeered, but were well pleased to get rid of care and labor. The men were bent upon

seeing how the thing would work. More than one impassioned speaker declared he "believed in the whole movement, and it would be a mercy if they also could get rid of the women, who were a plague and a torment; bent upon having their own will, and when this was denied them, ready to upset everything before them. He believed it would be better to have all their wives and sweethearts shut up in cities by themselves, where they would torment the men but for a brief space once in a year. If they can take care of themselves, let them do it. If they like this way of living, let them live it. We have spooned too much, and they despise us. They'll quarrel and break up in good time; or if they keep on, as the Elders believe, so much the better. I, for one, wish the women of Palenqué would follow suit."

It was noticeable that the speakers in this way had wives of the irrepressible, soldier-kind.

From all that Malinka and the people could learn, there was great ferment in the City of Palenqué. The men, seeing a style of women preëminent in beauty, grace and accomplishment, disdaining bondage, devoted to high art as well as all industries, self-reliant, needing no support, bearing all their own burdens, thinking and acting for themselves, religious, orderly, tender and devoted, were half beside themselves at the view. This raised contention with their own women; and never was the city so discontented. Sometimes these latter, but for the men, would have sallied forth and with force of arms have driven the whole army of women into the wilderness, so true it is that women are the worst enemies of each other, and the two sexes depending upon each other will be in a state of perpetual altercation; hence, Quetzalcoatl had directed that each should bear its own burdens, or else one will shirk the weight upon the other. They are only helpful in quarreling, and peace will come upon earth when they cease to lean upon each other. Let no woman live under the roof of the man who calls her wife, said Quetzalcoatl, lest she domineer over him and clamor for his goods, and be jealous of his person; and in like manner let not the husband remain long in the house of his wife, lest he in like manner destroy her goods and become weak and unmanly. Let them live as they live in the courts above.

The Elders of Palenqué seeing the tumult but on the increase day by day, at length called a solemn

council to determine what to do. They had hardly seated themselves when all the women of Palenqué as if by one impulse thronged around the council board, demanding that the men of the city should issue forth and rout this army of women with all their new-fangled notions, and declaring with one voice that they believed them no better than they should be. Here was a dilemma. It was never known what would have been the result of the solemn council then and there convened, for the women broke it up and compelled them to do something more than talk. They must quell an insurrection at home, and repel an invasion from abroad. No time was to be lost.

The Elders were aghast at this tumultuous assemblage, but one of them started up and seizing his wife in his arms rushed down the stairs leading to the subterraneous passages of the great palace. He was instantly followed by others, who grasping each his wife followed in the same direction, so that few except young girls were left above the ground. This done, the men returned and seated themselves at the board to continue the council; but so great was the crowd of young men clamorous to do something, but not knowing what to do, that the Elders found themselves in a fearful predicament. There were the migrating women, saucy, handsome, intelligent; there were the domineering, foolish women, screaming and fighting in the vaults below. [A modern hand has here given his testimony in the hope that every one of them split her throat and died on the spot. The translator has many doubts whether many of them ever came up again to the light, being wholly in the power of men unaccustomed in that age to think a woman had any rights a man was bound to respect, though now in our age the tables are turned, and all agree that a man has no rights a woman is bound to respect. I do not find any further mention of these women.]

The Elders grew determined in look as they took into their minds the whole merits of the case. They saw that once having deliberated upon the claims of these women to their independency that they had in fact indorsed them. They should have driven them from the vicinity of Palenqué, unless disposed to accede to their requirements, for it needed little penetration to foresee what might be the result with other women of less intelligence and hotter tempers. Such would either rush in the same direction, expend themselves in

malicious hostility to the women, or make court to men by denouncing them, the women, as loose and indisposed to the natural affections pertaining to humanity. The Elders saw that they had now no resource but yield. They had unwittingly lost the field.

Then these grave, thoughtful men went forth, followed by a multitude wishing to see what would be done, and took their way to the camp of the women. Malinka, the Lady Tula and other leading matrons, escorted by a band of soldiers, went forth to meet, and demanded why such a vast concourse approached. Now it is the nature of men to yield all or nothing, while women ask little at first but keep on gradually increasing their demands, till they get not only all they at first sought, but a great deal more, even to the entire overthrow of those that contend against them, and the lifting of themselves above the ruins. Thus the Elders and chief men of Palenqué having listened to the conditions of polity by which the women bound themselves, argued point after point with great moderation as well as ability. One of the men made remark:

"I fear it will not be well with the boys. I fear we shall lose a great many fine children for lack of skill to manage them."

"This need not be," responded Malinka. "You will have so much less to do than in the old state of things, that you cannot fail to learn the wise care of your own sex in infancy; and these, unexposed to what you call the weak fondness of the mother, will reward your care by greater improvement, and the growth of a nobler manhood. You will inculcate the beauty and reasonableness of manly chastity, and fidelity, and honor in the relations of the sexes, a kind of morality which you have been slow to learn."

The Elders groaned in spirit. "Poor little babies! I fear it will go hard with them, for men are but rude nurses;" at which the soldiers tittered audibly.

"Remember," answered Malinka, "you will only have to adapt your laws to your own well-being, leaving us to rule ourselves by laws of our own making; you will earn property for yourselves alone, and make wars as you like, and fight all your battles in your own way. It may be, without us to arm you and incite you, the world will learn peace, through a lack of the fighting element intensified by the action of both sexes upon each other."

"Let us fight it out now, and subdue these women, so dangerous to the world," cried a martial youth, provoked at the jaunty manner of the women soldiery. At this the latter sprang forward with their battle-axes and spears in a most electrifying manner.

"Nay," groaned the Elders. "There is that in human movements that compels them onward. Men of Palenqué, ye have had a taste of new thought; the sight of a new order of women. Should we destroy them, which would be only by great shedding of blood, ye would be less content than even now. Ye would look back with regret, and a vain questioning as to what might have been. Should any be spared, no compulsion would bring them back to servility. We must do as best we can."

Every ear was intent to listen, every neck was stretched to its utmost that the owner might see as well as hear. The speaker continued:

"I offer to the women of Cholula the great Palace of Palenqué, in which they may live by themselves and carry out their own polity of government."

There was great shouting by the young men of Palenqué at this offer. It was evident also that it was not displeasing to the maidens from Cholula, who, while bent upon preserving their freedom, did not wish to be too far isolated from the other sex. They saw that the new system not only preserved the former, but would render every married man a perpetual lover. But Malinka was disinclined thereto. She doubted if the new could well be grafted upon the old manners of a people, with a mass of women to annoy and vex them, who might corrupt the husbands, and in a thousand ways undermine them and work injury to the enfranchised women. At length she dissolved the assembly, referring a decision to the following day.

Long and seriously did the women deliberate upon the proposal of the Palenquéans. The young moon walked onward in her starry pathway, and the solemn Cross looked from its space in the heavens a perpetual symbol of the sharp divergencies of our mortal life. At length all but the sentinels on duty were buried in sleep. The weary eyes of Malinka at length closed, and Quetzlcoatl appeared radiant in smiles, but bearing the form of the beautiful husband whom the Priests of Cholula had laid on the stone of sacrifice.

"Remain in Palenqué," he said. "They are

a gentle and teachable people. Remain, and teach them a knowledge of the Supreme God; teach them to cultivate the earth, teach them the worship which is found in a pure life, teach them the arts of peace, that wars may be no more."

In the morning the face of Malinka was of a celestial brightness. The words of Quetzlcoatl were like balsam to a wound. The presence of the Beloved was around her, and a cold destiny no longer shut her out from a grateful sympathy. Calling her people together, she went forth to meet the men of Palenqué, who were dazzled by the beauty of her countenance and the majesty of her aspect. Standing in her trailing white robes, with the symbol of the serpent upon whose crest was the figure of a dove encircling her head, and her long hair floating over her shoulders, she looked no other than the bride of the beautiful Quetzlcoatl. She spoke:

"Men of Palenqué, we accept your generous gift of the great Palace of your city; but further, that no strife arise between us, let there be a high wall and towers to divide the city into equal parts; and we will separate from you except at the yearly festival, when the youth of both sexes shall be married and betrothed."

It was wonderful the alacrity with which that dividing-wall was built up; the burning sun and the midnight stars bore witness to the zeal that inspired the workers. At length half of the city was evacuated, and amid the clashing of music, and the waving of banners, and the shouts of innumerable happy voices, the women marched in and occupied. Malinka stood upon the wall above the great entrance gate and saw the beautiful company file by, while the men almost buried the walls in the flowers they scattered in their pathway.

When all had entered she revealed to them the words of Quetzlcoatl. The people listened in profound silence while she repeated the will of the beneficent god, that they should till the earth, plant trees, and cultivate the arts of peace, for the good god was angry with his children for killing each other like unconsidered beasts of the field. Long and earnestly she spoke, while more dazlingly beautiful grew her calm, lovely face. The sun had gone to rest, and the moon and stars shone upon her head, as all the people bowed their faces, overcome with awe, and promising obedience. When they again looked up Malinka was no more to be seen. Ages passed away, and the beautiful Priestess was no more seen upon the earth.

BIRD-LIFE.

By S. D. SNEVETS.

ANY ONE who will watch carefully may soon perceive that not only pigeons in the court-yard, sparrows on the roof, crows and magpies in the wood, and many other birds, always live together in inseparable pairs; but also that swallows and various other small birds, when, in the autumn,



THE PIGEON OF PALESTINE.

they fly about in great swarms previous to migrating, always keep together affectionately in pairs. Starlings, crows, and various others, collect together in the evenings in large numbers on bushes, high trees, and church roofs for a night's rest; but in the morning the company resolves itself into pairs, and during the entire time of flight these pairs remain together. Several species are the exceptions to this rule, inasmuch as the two sexes form into separate companies to prosecute their migratory flight; this is the case with most of our summer warblers. The male start, and also probably return, some days earlier than the females; but whenever the two sexes have returned, they mate, and the pairs then formed are supposed to be of the same individuals as in previous years.

The fidelity and affectionate intimacy of married bird-life appears most conspicuously in pairs of the Grosbeak family and in small parrots. Here is perfect harmony of will and deed. The two sweethearts appear unwilling to leave one another's

company for a moment all their life; they do everything together—eating and drinking, bathing and dressing of feathers, sleeping and waking. Various degrees of affection and harmony are discernible on close observation. Among the small grosbeaks, pairs of which sit together, the intimate relation is never disturbed; even over the feeding-cup there is no quarreling. They stand highest in this respect among birds. Love-tokens are exchanged by pressing of beaks together—a veritable kissing, accompanied with loving gestures. They are also more sociable, and even at nesting-time more peaceable than other birds. In the case of other grosbeaks, when the male bird sits by the female in the nest, there are various demonstrations of affection, but also slight occasional disputes, especially about feeding-time. Next in order come the small parrots, which also appear



THE PIGEON OF SYRIA.

almost inseparable. The male bird feeds his companion with seeds from the crop. This goes on quite regularly during the hatching, and until the young are somewhat grown. During all this time the hen-bird, which broods alone, never leaves the nest but for a few minutes, and the cock shows



THE DOVE.

such affectionate care, that the whole day he seems to do nothing but take food and give it again. Yet even this loving union is marred from time to time, even during the hatching-time, with quarrels that even come to blows. Again, the male bird of a pair of chaffinches only occasionally sits on the eggs or young, but he watches the nest very carefully, singing to his mate the while, accompanies the hen in flight, and helps her in feeding the young.

The marriage unions of parrots present great differences. The long-tailed Australian parrots, beautiful in plumage, but mentally inferior, are not nearly so affectionate towards each other as the little short-tailed species. M. Russ, a careful observer, tells us that the male bird of the Australian Nymph Cockatoo generally remains by night with the female, and during the day sits much more than she does. Such parental care is rare. Many parrots, especially large species, are by no means peaceable in their sexual relations, and appear somewhat affectionate only at the time of nidification. Large parrots are commonly very excited at brooding-time, and ferocious towards other animals, and even men. All parrots show affection by giving food out of the crop.

A quite peculiar wedlock is observable in some of the finches and other birds. "In my aviary," says M. Russ, "I had a pair of saffron finches, at

whose behavior I was for some time quite astonished. The cock and the hen hunted and persecuted each other savagely for days and weeks together; it was not, as in the case of some other birds, mere sport and teasing, but a bitter strife; the end of which was that the male bird, which appeared to have the worst of it, made his escape altogether, and never returned. Yet these two birds nestled, and actually reared four young, though I could not perceive whether their hatred was laid aside, or at least abated, during the hatching." Similar phenomena, though not so pronounced, occur amongst finches, parrots, birds of prey, etc.

We have already said that the grosbeaks express affection for one another. The male frequently also performs a dance before the object of his regard; he hops about in a droll courtesying manner, with outspread tail and nodding head, warbling at the same time a melodious ditty. The larger grosbeaks give forth peculiar sounds accompanied with a hopping movement. These love-dances are frequently to be noticed in bird-life; among the best known and most skillful in this respect are those of the black-cock, the love-making of which is exceedingly interesting to watch.

The strong pugnacity developed among birds at



THE CUCKOO.



THE HAWK.

time of hatching is remarkable. Even the little gentle grosbeak will endeavor, by violent pecking, to drive away males of the same or closely related species from the neighborhood of his loved one. The larger finches are often roused by the same zeal to a blind fury, which, in the case of the chaffinch, is frequently taken advantage of by the bird-catchers. The fights observed in nature between birds have most generally for their cause the emotions of love.

We come to another expression of affection in bird-life—namely, song. It is to a great extent of a purely emulative character, and not seldom is the contention so strong and persistent, that one of the two rivals, through over-exertion falls lifeless to the ground. One may observe such rivalry in spring, in the woods and fields, between two neighbouring male finches, nightingales, and various other birds. And in the aviary it is to be observed not only among the excellent singers, such as the gray finches and red cardinals, but also in the comparatively silent grosbeaks.

But the singing of birds has of course also another aspect—it is the most potent means of wooing. And this is true not only as regards the sweet plaint of the nightingale, the melodious warbling of the finch, but also of the hoarse croaking of the crows, the ear-splitting screech of the jay, the murmur of the pigeons, and the like—doubtless the most bewitching tones they are able

to produce. "Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings;" so says Shakspeare. And for what does the lark ascend and trill his cheerful lay in mid-air but to sing in a spirit of kindness to his mate nestling on the ground within hearing of his notes; or as a versifier has pictured this delicate attention:

The lark on high now mounts the sky,
All hear his pipe a-ringing;
His mate on nest whom he loves best,
Sits listening to his singing.

It can hardly be doubted that the response awakened in the heart of female birds in these circumstances is quite as genuinely tender as the notes addressed to them. The very birds of the air might teach a lesson to man—to the wretches who, in the bosom of civilization, kick wives to death, and leave their children to die under the accumulated miseries of want and desolation!

The cuckoo shown in our illustrations is frequently spoken of by ornithologists as a bird of peculiar habits. We read also in Lev. 11: 16 of Kuk-koo; and again, Deut. 14: 15, it is recorded as one of the birds of which the flesh was unclean. We do not think it at all probable that the same kind of bird is mentioned in the sacred writings that we exhibit. It was more likely some of the



THE BEE-EATER OF PALESTINE.

lesser kind of sea-fowl. Duns imagines that the bird in question might be the flamingo, which



THE RAVEN.

frequents the shores of the Red and Dead Seas. But a few years since the cuckoo was quite common in the rural districts, especially in Ohio and several of the Western States.

The dove belongs to the natural family of birds called *Columbidae*, comprising pigeons, doves and turtles. - There is a peculiar sacredness connected with the habits and history of this species of feathered life. We find the dove mentioned in Gen. 8: 6-12 as Noah's chosen instrument for making known to him the state of the mighty waters of the flood. There are many allusions to it regarding its beauty of plumage. It symbolized innocence, meekness, purity and splendor of righteousness. In the East, doves are frequently domesticated. Morier speaks of the pigeon-houses as "large round towers, rather broader at the bottom than the top, crowned by conical spiracles through which the pigeons descend. Their interior resembles a honeycomb pierced with a thousand holes, each of which forms a snug retreat for a nest." Turtle-doves are invariably smaller than pigeons; they have generally a patch of colored feathers on the neck. A kind of black pigeon and also the turtle-dove were, alone of birds, offered in sacrifice; full-grown tur-

tle-doves in pairs, but only the young of pigeons (Lev. 1: 14). These offerings were generally of the poorer classes, hence made by the Virgin (Luke 2: 24). It is related that the Assyrians and Babylonians bore a dove on their standards in memorial of Semiramis, nourished by doves when exposed after her birth. There is such a quiet modesty exhibited in the habits of this bird, and which corresponds so well with its plumage, that it would almost seem to have been placed upon the earth to teach to man lessons of simplicity in attire, and meekness of disposition.

A bird of remarkable beauty is shown in connection with this article, known as the Bee-Eater of Palestine. Its feathers are of variegated colors and of a fine quality, its beak long, sharp and dark, the under portion of its neck white, with a black ribbon of plumage around

it. This bird lives principally upon insects, and the bee, especially, is its favorite game.

The hawk shown in our engraving is only one of a great variety. In the United States this bird is well known, particularly by children who reside in rural districts. The mother-hen and her children of the barnyard dread this thief of the air, and on its approach they startle all around them by their cry of alarm. The original word (hawk)



THE SPARROW.

implies swift motion, which is practically shown in the manner with which they swoop down and



THE HOPOE.

carry off the little ones. The hawk, though not migratory in this country, is so in parts of Asia and Southern Europe. It is referred to in Job 39: 26. Dr. Thomson mentions a striking illustration of the passage: "I have often seen them *returning* South during the latter part of September, but never saw them migrating Northward. I can only account for this by supposing that in going they straggle along in single pairs, and at no particular time, or else by some distant interior route, but that when their young are grown they come back Southward in flocks; but even then they do not fly in groups, as do cranes, geese and storks, but



THE SPARROW OF EGYPT.

keep passing for days in straggling lines, like scattered ranks of a routed army. Here and there, as far as the eye can reach, they come flying every one apart, but all *going steadily to the South.*"

More than ordinary interest clusters around the history of that most voracious of birds, the raven, as it is frequently referred to as illustrating God's kind providence. See Job 38: 41; Ps. 147: 9. The raven is first mentioned in Scripture as Noah's choice of birds to send out from the ark, and to which it did not return (Gen. 8: 7). Under the Mosaic law, the raven was considered unclean. We have no positive proof, however, that the raven of Palestine is identical with our common



THE AMERICAN SWALLOW.

species; and the expression of the Mosaic prohibition, "every raven after his kind," would seem to signify that a class more than an individual species was meant. Raven, we are also told, supplied with food the prophet Elijah when he journeyed by the brook Cherith (I Kings 17: 4-6). This statement has been questioned and a number of hypotheses have been devised to weaken its force; but as Keil correctly observes, "whoever acknowledges the loving God will confide in his omnipotence that he can cause his servants to be nourished even by ravens."

The sparrow is one of the most favored of birds, inasmuch as it is a frequent visitor, and indeed it might well be said, makes its home along with the busy, bustling life of ours. Indeed, it would appear that the common sparrow is one of the necessary adjuncts of civilization, as it may be found near almost every town, and even in the

populous cities. There are more varieties and kindred species of this bird. In the Holy Land,



THE JAPANESE CHATTERER.

it is said, more than one hundred varieties are to be found. The sparrow mentioned in Ps. 102: 7, is described as a solitary bird, and is thought to be a species of the thrush. An eminent writer says: "They are a tame, troublesome and impertinent generation, and nestle just where you don't want them. They are extremely pertinacious in asserting their right of possession, and have not the least reverence for any place or thing. David alludes to these characteristics of the sparrow, where he complains that they had appropriated even the altars of God for their nests. Concerning himself, he says: 'I watch, and am as a sparrow upon the house-top.' When one of them has lost its mate, a matter of every-day occurrence, he will sit on the house-top alone and lament by the hour his sad bereavement. These birds are snared and caught in great numbers; but, as they are small and not much relished for food, five sparrows may still be sold for two farthings." Yet, notwithstanding the multitudes, the American people love the sparrow and toss to it, with pleasure, crumbs from the table, hoping thus to secure its return.

The reader is too familiar with the swallow to require any extended remarks. With our illustration, it will suffice us to say that this bird belongs to the *Hirundinidae*, an insectivorous family, in which the powers of flight are highly developed, while the feet are poorly adapted for progress on terra-firma. This bird is of a migratory disposition, especially in sections of the country or in latitudes where the supply of insect-food, taken on the wing, fails in the autumn.

The Japanese Chatterer belongs to what is known in this country as the jay-bird family. It is peculiarly distinguished for its vivacity. There is in the carriage of the bird a certain sort of animation which tells of gayety and pride not unlike human love of display. Its name reveals its nativity (Japan) and also its colloquial powers.

The Java Mino in appearance strongly resembles the raven, differing mainly in the crown on its head and the length of its beak. In habits it is rather staid, and not unlike the inhabitants of the island which gives it its name.

The limit of this article will not permit us to speak at greater length. It would be both pleasing and profitable to enter more fully into the life of the feathered family. With this, our short excursion among the children of the air, we have been delighted, and foster the hope that at some



THE JAVA MINO.

other time we may be able to make a longer and more instructive visit to the home of the warblers.

THE MORRISTOWN GHOST.¹

By J. M. BEACH.

NESTLED among the hills of New Jersey is a place rendered historic in the annals of the Revolution. It was twice selected as the winter quarters of the American army. After the victories of Trenton and Princeton, Washington took a circuitous route through Middlesex and Somerset Counties, and rested his army at Morristown for the winter. The location was happily chosen. Only thirty miles distant from New York, he was enabled to observe the movements of the British troops in that city. His communication with Congress was unbroken, his means of retreat in an emergency secure; and a productive surrounding agricultural region furnished abundant supplies for his wearied troops. With these facilities he was enabled to do more than act on the defensive, and took possession of the Raritan River and coast of Staten Island. Here he held correspondence with many distinguished leaders of the Revolutionary cause and with Congress, and issued many important General Orders. In his second winter at Morristown, Washington was joined by his wife, who found leisure from this point to maintain friendly correspondence with patriotic citizens in Philadelphia and elsewhere. Many historic buildings still remain in good preservation in this vicinity, an account of which, with engravings thereof, will be found in the MONTHLY for September, 1875. Among them are the residence of William Alexander ("Lord Stirling"), the Ford Mansion, the Faesch Mansion, and others.

It is not our purpose now to do more than allude to the Revolutionary incidents of this beautiful locality. As our title indicates, we propose to give briefly a history of a popular delusion which spread through this region, and involved in financial ruin many of its residents. A narrative of the affair was published in 1826, by "David Young, Philom," well known to Jersey men as the

celebrated almanac maker of Hanover. We prefer, however, to go to the original source for information, and for the main facts here given we are indebted to the publication mentioned above. A fac-simile of this pamphlet has recently been issued by the Messrs. Vogt of Morristown. The author wrote anonymously, and the edition was bought up and suppressed soon after its appearance.

The chief actor in this *spiritual* delusion was Ransford Rogers of Connecticut. He possessed little education, although a school-teacher by profession; but combined tact and affability to such an extent as to convey the idea of great abilities. Having made the acquaintance of two gentlemen of Morristown, he removed to that place, where he took charge of a common English school. An opinion prevailed that a large amount of gold and silver was deposited in the earth at Schooley's Mountain,² and that it was guarded by hobgoblins and apparitions. Rogers professed his ability to dispel these custodians of the supposed treasure, pretending to great knowledge in chemistry and the means necessary to secure the coveted prize. He secured an assistant, and in September, 1788, commenced his incantations and perfected his plans for extracting treasure, not from Schooley's Mountain, but from the pockets of his credulous patrons. He assured them that an immense amount of money was deposited in the Mountain; that several persons had been murdered and buried with it, in order to prevent its recovery, and that these spirits must be raised and conversed with as a preliminary step to its reclamation. Rogers professed to hold intercourse with these spirits. In order to impress his dupes with a conviction of his miraculous power, at the evening meetings for consultation several substances were thrown into the air, breaking in such manner as to convey the idea of supernatural power.

At one of these meetings a spirit appeared, and harangued them. They were directed to meet on

¹ An Account of the Beginning, Transactions and Discovery of Ransford Rogers, who deceived many by pretended Hobgoblins and Apparitions, and thereby extorted Money from their pockets. In the County of Morris and State of New Jersey, in the Year 1788. Printed for every Purchaser—1792.

² A celebrated watering-place, about twelve miles from Morristown. The mountain rises eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea. A spring at its top is impregnated with oxide of iron, lime, soda and magnesia.

a certain night in a secluded field; "they must form certain angles and circles, and they must proceed in drawing their circles as Rogers directed, and then be careful to keep within the circles, or they would provoke the spirits to that degree they would finally extirpate them from the place!"

Now commenced a series of mummeries so absurd as to excite our wonder that sane men could be deceived thereby. We will let our author describe them:

"The night appointed for them to convene having arrived, they all with joy, fear and trembling, convened at the appointed house, about half a mile from the field. This field was environed on the north and west by a thick wood. The circles and angles being drawn the preceding day, they all proceeded from the house about ten o'clock in the evening, with peculiar silence and decorum, and entered the circles with the greatest solemnity, and being fully sensible they were surrounded by apparitions and hobgoblins.

"Upon one part of the circle were erected four posts, in order to spread a cloth and form a tent, where Rogers could preside, as governor of the ghastly procession. The number that entered these circles was about forty. This number was walking alternately during the whole procession. It is not to be wondered at, if the people were timorous in this place; for the candles illumining one part of the circle, caused a ghastly, melancholy, direful gloom, towards the woods, for it was a dark night. Every person must suppose that this was a suitable place for the pretended ghosts to make their appearance and establish their faith in hobgoblins, apparitions, witchcraft and the devil.

"After they had been rotating within the circle for a considerable time with great decorum, they were instantaneously shocked with the most impetuous explosion from the earth at a small distance from them. This substance was previously compounded and secreted in that place a few hours before. The flames rising at a considerable height, illuminated the circumambient atmosphere, and presented many dreadful objects, from the supposed haunted grove, which was instantaneously involved in obscurity.

"Immediately after the pretended ghosts made their appearance, with a hideous groan. They remained together, but conversed with Rogers, in the hearing of the company—this was in November, 1788. The spirits informed them that

they had possessions of vast treasure, and could not give them up unless they proceed regularly, and without variance; and as fortune had discriminated them to receive the treasure, they must deliver to the spirits, every man, twelve pounds, for the money could not be given up by the spirits until that sum was given them. They must also acknowledge Rogers as their conductor, and adhere to his precepts; and as they knew all things, they would detect the man that attempted to defraud his neighbor. These pretended ghosts had a machine over their mouths, that caused such a variation in their voices that they were not discovered by any of the company during the procession, which lasted until about three o'clock in the morning.

"Now the whole company confide in Rogers and look to him for protection to defend them from the raging spirits; and after several ceremonies Rogers dispelled the apparitions, and they all returned from the field wondering at the miraculous things that happened, being fully persuaded of the existence of hobgoblins and apparitions. By this time they could revere Rogers, and thought him something more than man."

The result of these frequent interviews was the delivery to Rogers of a large sum of money to enable him to allay the "spirits" and recover the buried treasure. A sort of emulation arose as to who should most promptly obey the demand for material aid, and a large amount of gold and silver was cheerfully contributed.

In March, 1789, the contributors became clamorous for a speedy raid upon the auriferous Mountain, but were advised by the spirits to place implicit confidence in their chief, and obey him in all things. Confidence in Rogers was unshaken, and he might have framed satisfactory excuses for indefinite delay in the matter had he been content with the large sum already received by him. In the succeeding fall, however, he was joined by two young men of his acquaintance in a scheme to effect another organization at some distance from Morristown. Restricting his operations to a smaller number of persons, he succeeded in extracting large sums of money from his new sphere of operations. His mode of procedure was nearly the same as in the preceding case, with the addition of a large amount of religious cant:

"After they had all convened, the first manœuvre was, both the deceiver and the deceived

unite in prayer upon their bended knees; then parading according to their age proceed rotating the room, as many times as there were persons in number; then parading round a table, each one drawing a sheet of paper from a quire and Rogers folding them, delivered to each man one; then they proceeding in order, a small distance from the house, and drawing a circle about twelve feet in diameter, they all stepped within it, unfolding their papers, extending them with one arm, fell with their faces to the earth, continuing in prayer with their eyes closed, that the spirit might enter within the circle, and write their directions upon the papers; then Rogers giving the word 'Amen!' prayer ended, each one folded his paper, rose, and marched into the house; then unfolding their papers, the writing appeared upon one of them, to the great astonishment of most of the company. The contents of the writing was, 'O faithful man! What more need I exhibit unto you! I am the spirit of a just man, sent from Heaven to declare these things unto you; and I can have no rest until I have delivered great possessions into your hands; but look to God; there is greater treasures in Heaven for you! O faithless men! Press forward in faith, and the prize is yours!'

"Previous to this Rogers pulverized some bones and had given it to the commander, declaring that it was the dust of their bodies, and each man must have some of the powder in a paper sealed, as a token of the spirits' approbation, and that he was one of the company. This powder was to be kept secret, and no one touch it upon his peril. . . . One of the aged members that had one of these papers, supposed to contain some of the dust of the body of the spirit, as I before mentioned, was to be kept secret and no one to touch it. This man leaving it accidentally in his pocket in the house, his wife happened to find it, broke it open and perceiving the contents, feared to touch it supposing it to be withcraft: She went immediately to the priest for advice—he, not knowing its composition was unwilling to touch it for fear it might have some operation upon him.

"When her husband discovered what she had done, he was much terrified, declaring she had ruined him forever, in breaking open that paper. This made her more solicitous to know the contents; and she declaring not to divulge anything, he told her the whole proceedings; she insisted on it they were serving the devil, and thought it her duty to put an end to such proceedings."

Thus the whole scheme was exploded; Rogers was arrested and imprisoned. Subsequently he was released on bail and fled from the vicinity.¹

It seems marvelous that intelligent and practical men should be imposed upon by such a shallow device. The amount bagged by Rogers was large, and was drawn from a well-to-do class. Gold and silver was the only currency recognized by the "spirits," and to obtain this many sacrifices were made. Tradition tells us that many farmers sold their live stock in order to obtain the requisite funds. Our author attempts to account for the growth of this delusion by attributing a wide-spread belief in witches to the people of Morris County. He says:

"I was once in Morristown, and happened to be in conversation with some gentlemen, who had, as it were, the faith of assurance in witchcraft. They informed me that there were several young women who were bewitched; and they had been harassed so much by witches for a long time, and all their experiments proved abortive, and the young women were so much debilitated they were fearful they would never recover their health. They related several occurrences, that I think too simple to mention; but one instance was, 'That an old lady was churning, and being much fatigued and unable to obtain butter, she at last concluded that the witches were in the churn, and immediately had recourse to experiments, which were that of heating several horse-shoes, and putting them into the churn alternately—she burnt the devil out and immediately obtained butter.'

"I perceived that the generality were apprehensive of witches raiding them, and the greatest evidence of a witch was, if a woman had any deformity, or had lived to that age to cause wrinkles in her face, she had the appellation of a witch. There was another occurrence that happened on Sunday. They informed me a man was driving his sheep from his grain, and by an accident as they were jumping over a fence, one of the sheep broke his leg. The man for some time before supposed that the same sheep was bewitched.

¹ Rogers must have carried off his ill-gotten gains, for the following were all the assets that could be found after his escape: 1 calf, value 12s.; 1 cow, value £3 13s. 3d.; 1 small chest; 1 pair of silver shoe buckles; 1 silver watch; 1 pair of silver rims of buckles; 6 silver teaspoons; 1 silver buckle; 1 pair of sleeve buttons; 1 silver tea tongs; 1 shirt; 1 pair of nankeen breeches; 1 vest; 1 pair thread stockings; 2 slips; 2 pillow cases; and 23s. 6d. in cash.

About the same time, an aged old lady returning from church, her horse unfortunately stumbled and fell to the ground and broke her leg. This was received as an indication that she was a witch: And in fact, if a horse had the colic, or any beast was in agony of pain and behaved uncommon, the general opinion was, that the creature was bewitched."

We must not, however, judge too harshly those who, in that day, believed in witchcraft. The country had scarcely recovered from the effects of the Salem delusion, and a fallacy which had led astray the learned and pious Cotton Mather might easily have found lodgment in less cultivated minds. Even in this day a belief in the supernatural pervades the community, and the delusions of the last century have been supplemented by equally absurd beliefs in this.

The writer has had much acquaintance with the people referred to, and is inclined to reject the theory here advanced. A more plausible hypoth-

esis may be deduced from the statement that at the field meetings "a sufficient quantity of liquor was prepared, which the spirits had ordered to be used very freely; then each one taking a hearty dram, they all united in fervent prayer, after which the meeting was concluded." Those familiar with the effects of New Jersey whisky will readily believe that it contributed in no small degree to the raising up of "spirits."

The little hamlet where Washington quartered his troops has grown into a city. The fields over which the soldiers walked barefooted, and in which Rogers practiced his incantations, are covered with commodious mansions, and the "Morristown Ghost," by the magical power of the locomotive, is succeeded by the Bulls and Bears of Wall street. No treasure has been taken from Schooley's Mountain except the treasure of health gathered by the thousands who have frequented the charming spot and inhaled its life-giving breezes.

SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

By ROBERT SEARS.

IT is most unfortunate that science and religion should ever have been made to assume a hostile front. This has been productive of incalculable mischief, which has operated in two different directions. In the first place, it has too frequently led the friends and advocates of religion to display an unwarrantable jealousy of the progress of science, and to frown upon those who were engaged in the ardent prosecution of it. It would appear as if the imagination had been indulged, that every new conquest achieved by science involved the loss of a domain to religion—that every new pillar erected in the temple of science had been stolen from the temple of religion. This sort of groundless alarm might have suited the time when ignorance was esteemed the mother of devotion; and when undoubtedly it was the interest of the priesthood of a corrupt superstition that men should know as little and think as little as possible. But surely all such jealousy is unworthy of those who have an equally well-grounded

conviction that the works of nature and the volume of revelation proceeded from the same source. If this be the case, then, while science and religion may each have their appropriate domain within which their *dicta* are absolute, it can never happen that these will be contradictory. God has not written one language in the Bible, and a contradictory language on the face of creation. Revelation and science may not always speak the same truths, but they will never speak opposite truths. The danger lies in a kind of twilight understanding of either. It is not only possible, but likely, that an imperfect knowledge of the Scriptures, on the one hand, and an imperfect knowledge of science on the other, may land us in irreconcilable difficulties, which can only be cleared away by a more complete understanding of both. But this, so far from leading us to be jealous of the advances of science, should lead us to encourage and stimulate them to the utmost. While it is not only justifiable, but right, that we should regard with

suspicion any conclusion of science which seems subversive of the truths of the Bible, it would be at once irrational and sinful to attempt to stop its progress. Perhaps the conclusion may be a wrong one, deduced from a superficial acquaintance with science, which, if farther prosecuted, would lead to its abandonment. Perhaps the contrariety between science and revelation is only apparent, and results from our hasty and erroneous interpretation of the Bible. Take, for example, the well-known case of Galileo. He became convinced as he prosecuted the study of astronomy, that it was not the sun which revolved round the earth, as was universally believed at that time, but that the earth revolved round the sun. Alarm was taken at this conclusion, as if it expressly contradicted the language of the Bible, which speaks of the sun as rising and going down, and Galileo was subjected to persecution as an infidel. What then was the result? The science of Galileo has been established beyond the power of contradiction; but the Bible has not therefore been found to speak the language of falsehood. His discovery has only led to a sounder interpretation of those texts which the science of astronomy was thought to contradict. And this must be the issue of all seeming contradictions between revelation and science. It may happen that science now, as in the days of Galileo, may subvert some of our views of Scripture language; but, if so, we ought

rather to rejoice that science has aided us to a sounder and more correct interpretation of the Bible than we had hitherto attained. Here, then, are two errors to be guarded against, which we shall take time merely to notice. The first is the tendency to bend the facts of science to meet our views of revelation. No attempt could be more mischievous than this. When we are engaged in examining the properties and relations of matter, let us receive the facts it gives us without equivocation and without reserve—let us listen to the voice we evoke, as if there was not another in the universe. When we set ourselves to study nature, let us become the faithful and humble interpreters of nature. The second error is, the tendency hastily to adapt the language of Scripture to the inferences of science. This tendency is no less mischievous than the other, and has led in some instances to an utter subversion of all religious truth. When we are engaged in the study of the Bible, let us deal by it as we would by science itself. Let us hear what it says without reserve, and listen to its voice as the voice of God. Our part is to act as its faithful and humble interpreters, and to subject it only to such questionary processes as we would adopt with any other record, the real meaning of which we were anxious to ascertain. By acting thus honestly both with science and religion, it will be found that they speak a language always harmonious, because always true.

A CLASSIC MYSTERY.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

IN Greece, where foam-born Venus dwelt,
Three Sisters held their fabled sway,
At whose fair shrine brave heroes knelt—
At least so Grecian legends say.

These maids were not like modern belles,
Such as you see in fashion's halls,
Sometimes the toast of modern swells,
Sometimes adorning parlor walls.

They were the Graces—women fair,
Much raved about, but never seen;
Ideal conceptions—things of air,
Like Venus, their immortal queen.

It was a wondrous stroke of wit,
Or rather inspiration, say—

At least it was a brilliant hit—
To choose the Graces just that way.

To woman rather than to man,
The gods all heavenly graces lent;
So only woman ever can
All graces fitly represent.

O, ancient Greeks, in realms above,
Or with infernal gods below,
Get leave of absence from great Jove,
And one deep secret let me know.

You made the Graces women fair;
No doubt it was the thing to do;
Why, under heaven, I pray declare,
Make raging Furies women too?

THE FAIR PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY DAVID MURDOCH.

CHAPTER XXXVI. THE ELDER ABIEL'S STORY
CONTINUED.

"Newabina, considering the battle over, ran immediately to Castilberg, where the old king, Etai-o-quam, was lying ready for his son, and looking forward to the hunting-grounds of his fathers. He found him content. The fierce Mohawk, his only rival, had been beaten back; and now, contrary to his expressed wish of the previous day, he commanded that his regalia, regarded by him with so much pride, should be taken off from him, and his son put into the kingship, while his eyes were yet clear to behold him. Over forty years had he worn it. From the time he had received it in London from the Great Queen over the big waters, he had worn it on all festive occasions, whether in war or in peace. He made Newabina kneel at his couch; putting his withered hand across his brow thrice, he took the feathery crown and put it on the head of the elected king, giving him at the same time the silver-mounted tomahawk: the symbols of power to rule, and of power to execute. Bidding him walk three times before him through the tent, he called him once more near, when he muttered something like an invocation; then, laying himself back, he never spoke more. On the same evening, just as the sun was bidding the world adieu, the mountains and the sky resplendent with the radiance of his beams, they laid the old chief in his last bed at the foot of that hill. Any one will tell you, should you venture there, where the Indians' graves are made. From that Castilberg his grave is seen with this mountain stream placidly winding round it: the Hau-pee-naus lies to the south a little way; while the great river over which he reigned so long, still winds on with majestic flow. I have stood on that rising ground at sunset, looking to the mountains above, on which there lay palaces, castles, islands, and smooth blue lakes, of spiritual beauty; and have at times envied the men who imagined those glories to be the grounds and the streams to which Etai-o-quam had gone, the last king of the rivers.

"Newabina, dressed in the royal attire of his sire, came down among his people, who received

him with shouts, for they deemed that his crown was fairly won; but the chief, the moment he stood on the Hau-pee-naus and looked out upon the water, perceived that his new honor was not to be retained without a struggle. The crafty Mohawk had a plan from the first, which he intended to put in force, but which he kept to himself. In the meantime he was seen strengthening his camp on one of those small fields where the Mohicans had from time immemorial raised the fragrant tobacco weed. He affected no secrecy of his intention to remain and watch his chance for another onslaught; and though he saw his enemy on the east shore and on the west side reconnoitering his camp, he made no attempt at driving them away. As night came on, the death song for the fallen braves rang out over the waters, and was echoed from the shores, sometimes in low, plaintive tones, and at intervals with wild shrieks, which made the blood curdle in the veins of those of us who were listening upon Overpaugh's kekute; that, you see, as I said already, smoking there at this moment.

"But from that we went down to the high land that overlooks the river, where a band of us stood at night. The two islands seemed in the dark like two terrible creatures glaring upon each other with their thousand eyes; as if looking into the hearts they wished to penetrate. Yells of defiance went forth amidst the songs of lamentation, while from Castilberg was heard a more mournful sound, as the women shrieked over the grave of the departed sachem. We were becoming every hour more numerous, and had formed ourselves into a band of defence in case of any murderous attack from the Mohawks, should they prove victorious. Their blood up, any scalp would become valuable. We chose Du Bois as our captain, and were drilling under his command, while we were marking the movements of both parties below on the two islands.

"All night the spies of both sides were busy around. Fearlessly did they venture within the rival camps; crawling like snakes along the ground, after rising on the banks as otters lift their backs, letting the water drip from their sides; when, after having obtained all they wanted, creeping back,

they would dash into the stream with as loud a plunge as they could make, giving a laugh of triumph as they swam into the current; or of contempt at the negligence of their foes. One of these daring devils was caught on the shallows, and though he fought like a panther, now holding on as with a grip of steel, and then slipping out of their hands as an eel escapes, he was finally conquered, and condemned upon the spot to a cruel death. By some mutual sign of their own, the Mohawks were made aware of the fate of their brave spy; for, standing abreast on the banks of their own island, they saw the fire kindling that was intended for his torture. It was on a little knoll upon the verge of the creek, which could be seen from all the camps: from Castilberg, Happee-naus, Wantona, Ussaman, and our hill we saw the tragedy, and heard the shouts of cruel victory that rang around us from the Mohicans; while the companions of the wretched victim sang his death song aloud and clear, so that his spirit entered the halls of his fathers by the music that he had loved best all his life.

"This last occurrence inspirited the followers of Newabina so highly, that he resolved to attack the Mohawks instead of waiting for Hendrick on the next day. He kept his counsel to himself till the last moment, confiding only in his pale-faced friend Du Bois, who endeavored to dissuade him from it by every argument he could bring.

"The attack was what Hendrick anticipated. He kept his fires burning, tied his blankets to the trees, spreading them so as to surround his camp, and making the whole outside to have the appearance of a secure and comfortable sleeping ground. He seemed careless; letting the spies of his enemy come as near as they pleased, so that they might bear away reports of the state of things as they appeared from the outside. Newabina made a voyage himself to the islands, so as to make all sure, and came back satisfied that the Mohawks had gone to sleep.

"We all stood upon the hill, ignorant of what was to happen next; only that we were warned by Du Bois against disbanding for the night. We were all hunters, and ready to fight for our hearthstones, with as good heart as we ever hunted a hungry wolf. Quietly we sat on the hills saying little; the peddler in our midst talking as if he did all the work. He dilated on the causes and the consequence of this battle, with the same assurance as he would have discussed a yard of serge.

"These Mohawks are a wicked set, and will just do whatever Colonel Johnson tells them to. If he has bid them kill off the white folks here, be sure of their doing it."

"Why should Colonel Jansen do dat ting?" said one old farmer, of more benevolence than knowledge of the world.

"Just that he may rule the colonies," was the peddler's answer; "and Parson Wheelock says that all men should make laws for themselves. That kings were made for the people, and not the people for the kings. That's no treason. Johnson is the critter of King George, and Hendrick is the critter of Johnson."

"Ende vay is de Mohican de creature of?" said the old Boerman.

"Why," said the peddler, "everybody in Connecticut knows that the old Sachem was on the side of the people, and we expect that the young capt'n will cast his braves into the scales against the crew that want to rule the colonies. What do you say to that, Mister Du Bois?"

"The person addressed had disappeared from our company, and was in close counsel with Newabina. 'Hendrick has one eye open. He sees the otter in the rivers. The muskrat will dart upon him in the dark,' was the warning of the Dutchman.

"The Elk is afraid of the water after the sun is down," said the Indian to his careful counsellor, with some bitterness in his speech, and as if reproachfully.

"Du Bois felt hurt, and replied, 'I have no fear of doing what I promised; but the pale-face has his eyes without blood, and can see clear. Can the brave chief see now?' and with that he threw a bandana silk handkerchief over the red man's face. Taking it off, he said, 'we will meet on the island, as I said.'

"This referred to a diversion which some of the boldest of us intended to make in behalf of their neighbors, the Mohicans, at the upper end of the island, when the fight would be at the hottest, just sufficient to alarm the Mohawks, and give their enemies a better chance. 'I have seen,' said our captain to us, 'that a sudden start was better than a deliberate volley.'

"Hendrick did sleep with one eye open, for he knew all that was going on. His spies were intelligent and penetrated the design of their enemy in time to warn him of their approach. Crawling out of his camp, he and his braves lay among the

bushes outside, scarcely breathing, with their weapons ready. Newabina came on, quietly at every step, till within a few yards of the place, when they rushed, yelling their war whoop, striking through the screen upon the ground where they supposed the Mohawks lay. Not a sound met their ear, but a silence which stunned them more than if a thousand voices had responded, since they expected such a meeting. As with one consent they ceased themselves, looking round for an enemy, when all at once the hidden foes started up, firing and hurling their weapons so truly from the dark where they stood, upon those within the fence, whose faces were plainly seen in the light that blazed; so that every shot and stroke told fearfully, bringing down a Mohican.

"Hendrick saw that now was his time, and springing from his hiding-place, he hurled his heavy weapon of war in the direction of his foe, so that it sank into his left shoulder. A moment more and the Mohican confronted him. The tomahawk of Newabina whizzed through the air, but it was a random blow, and missed its aim. His eyes were filled with the light of the fire, and could not discern objects in the dark around them. It was the same with the whole of that devoted band. They were shot down like deer, that come to the waters in the night. When they came out they could not see where to run.

"The two chiefs stood facing each other. The Mohawk had a sound body but it was old and stiff. The Mohican had the advantage in years, but now he was disabled, so that they might be called equal. They measured each other with the look of fierce revenge. Knife in hand, they were about rushing at one another, when the party under Du Bois landed, causing great alarm to the Mohawks, who were wholly in the dark concerning the new enemies, their numbers, or their plans; only they felt certain it could be no friends of theirs. We had no other wish but to prevent further effusion of blood, and had loaded with blank cartridge; but our volley told sufficiently to produce the greatest confusion. The preserving of their boats was their first care; and these little Abraham immediately put out into the river, where he waited for the fugitives, who, leaping in their terror into the water, swam toward the fleet, upsetting some of the canoes in their haste. By this time the Mohicans were recovering from their fright having discovered their new

strength, and were returning in great force and spirit, when there was no foe to encounter. One after another of the Mohawks had retreated through the bushes, and all being aware of the place where their fleet was moored, had run in that direction. Some of them, however, missed their way, swimming to the different shores, and either made their escape by running homeward or hid in the brakes, till they found a chance. One poor wretch was taken a few miles on his way and brought back to suffer all the cruelty which a red man can inflict so skillfully. Though I saw it, I have no wish to describe it. An Indian is a fiend when he becomes an enemy.

"Hendrick, taken equally with surprise, hesitated to venture upon Newabina sufficiently long to allow his foe to spring forward on him, but he met his match in that large and strong warrior. They clasped one another so firmly that their weapons were harmless. Rolling over one another it was difficult to guess which would have proved victorious. One that knew them both would have decided for the Mohican, but since his wound he had lost blood, and was becoming all the time weaker. One turn more in this state and his right arm fell helpless by his side. His time had seemingly come, for his enemy was above him. The knife was at his neck, when Du Bois sprang forward and arrested the hand. Hendrick rose to his feet as if to meet a new foe, when Drake, with a comical air, called out, 'I arrest you in the name of King George for disturbing the peace of this Province.' The Mohawk scowled one of his black frowns; and seeing Newabina helpless, he turned and took to the canoe that waited for him, and left the field, in which he had gained few laurels, though he had succeeded in rendering his way to the kingship certain to himself and to his successors.

"The young king of the rivers was buried in the same robe in which his father had arrayed him. They took nothing off from him. He reigned but a single day; and that was the last of that noble race who wore a crown."

The Elder Abiel having finished his narrative, turned to see the preparations for the hunting of the fugitives, and perceived that all was ready. A small party were to remain keeping sentry over the prisoners already collected, himself with the rest. He sighed as he gazed back upon the plain below.

Brandt, well pleased with the history given of his ancestor, smiled as he said:

"Big Boerman's tongue straight as a hawk's bill; goes to many sides, but picks the real bird from the branch it was pointed to at the first."

Clifford saw that the Mohawk aimed at the islands and would continue in sight of them while he had hope of gaining a footing there. He felt satisfied with his little plot of having the history of Hendrick told over by a white man. The pride of Brandt was excited, and so was that of all the Mohawks present. At any moment they would have descended at once, sparing none in their effort at maintaining the name and the fame of their nation. Their chief brought the whole band around him, making one of those nervous speeches to them, pointing down to the river, which at the close was followed by a war song and a dance that made the blood of even the tamest white man there tingle with emotion. A word of Brandt's, and death to all.

The band of men formed round into a solid circle, having the chief in the centre, then untwined itself by two threads that went off at almost opposite points, turning gradually westward.

CHAPTER XXXVII. A HUMAN WHIRLPOOL.

TEUNIS rose that morning, and without bidding any one good-by, went directly in search of Clarence Clinton, whom he left to sleep in the bear's den. Surprised and alarmed at finding the cave empty, he made the best of his way to the point of meeting with the other two young men at the Kaaterskill Falls. His knowledge of the route soon brought him to the place of rendezvous, but he saw nothing of them. When he arrived at the falls where he had left Bertram and Gabriel, he had lost all hope of finding Clarence. Bertram was clear for going at once and claiming the protection of Brandt, and to this Teunis was acceding, when Gabriel, more cool by nature, and less interested in feeling, threw in objections which caused the other two to hesitate. As captain, elected by themselves, he had the right to command, and he was worthy of the place.

"You cannot," he said, "think calmly on this subject. Were Peggy Troumpier where any of your joes is, my mind would not be in a fit state for planning, whatever it might be for fighting in the right time."

Bertram as well as Gabriel, had been putting on their Indian garments, found by them when they wakened that morning. Some friend was watching over them in the dark, and this gave them all three fresh courage. Beside the tree where these were laid, lay a paper containing something which Bertram soon discovered to be in Latin, but which he would have preferred much more more if it had been in common English.

"This fairy, or brownie, as the Scotch would call their good friends, surely thought we must have dictionaries on trees when he left this for us. Here it is: '*Media autem die clamor factus est: Ecce sponsus venit: excite in occursem ejus.*' "And at midday there was a cry made 'behold the bridegroom cometh: go ye forth to meet him.'"

"Is that a correct translation, you Bible-reading men?" said Gabriel.

"All but one word, I should think," said Teunis, who perceived the meaning of all this; guessing from what he saw through the night where these things came from. "You have put the word *mid-day* in for *midnight*."

"Let me see," said the lieutenant: "it is mid-day here underlined, and is intended to be so. Let us note this. Let noon be our countersign and look out for the midday."

After hearing a full report from Teunis, they made up their minds to remain at the place where they were, as the most likely to serve their purpose. If the marauders succeeded in recapturing Margaret, they would bring their victim here, as the first place of gathering; so the three took positions where they would see, and be themselves hidden. The solitude, to minds like theirs under the most painful suspense, was as much as they could bear. The ever-running water below, and the constant fall from above, affecting the two senses, hearing and sight, with the same monotonous din; and the same succession of airy spirits coming constantly through the narrow passage, and then leaping over into the cloud formed by their predecessors, produced a strange loneliness in their watching. And yet as no man feels himself alone if a child be playing around him, so these men when they saw that playful stream tripping down to the brink, and then stepping off with ease, felt that they had communion with the spirit of the region. Thrown back into the recesses of their own nature, they fell into that dreamy reverie

which the soul of the thoughtful loves to cherish at times, and with profit.

"This is more than I bargained for," was the expression of Bertram, "when I left the good ship Vulture. I expected to see a wild country along the shores of the river, but not to see nature in her wildest dress. I wonder if that Elsie, whom you describe as possessed of such good sense, Mr. Teunis, would have romance enough in her soul to take Miss Clinton to see this precious gem of these mountains."

"Miss Clinton," said Gabriel, "by the time she got this length, would have something else to think of. If she be a woman like the rest of them, streams of water fell over her cheeks."

"You are likely speaking the truth, so far, my captain, but there are some souls which never lose their sense of the beautiful and the grand, and Margaret Clinton is one of that kind: were she on the way to eternal exile, that silvery gossamer would, at least for a moment, relieve her painful feelings."

"Maybe," said the plain matter-of-fact Gabriel. "First impressions are always the most effective, and I own that my lady Margaret is the very one to see wonders, where I would not see aught but common things. I have been here when I felt the influence of the scene more than at present."

"Still, captain, you cannot help admiring the grandeur of the whole amphitheatre, as your eye ranges round in search of some single object on which to rest till you fix it on that watery spirit which springs from the shelving platform into the capacious hall beneath. Indeed, when I look again, I can imagine so many winged spirits sent forth from the Father of Spirits, meeting again below, as in airy sport; first in that dark mysterious gulf, from which they recoil as from a place of punishment, to rise where the sunbeams light upon them, forming the whole into a glorious crown fit for the heads of seraphim."

"You forget the possibility of Miss Clinton being hidden in that place down there, which you would compare to the mouth of the pit."

"I have imagined that to be possible," said Bertram, "and I am sailor enough to descend into the hold, or into the sea itself, for pearls such as she."

"That language is too deep, and too high for a common Dutchman like you, captain. Perhaps Teunis, who I see is in a brown study, may

answer you according to that kind of folly; but I will tell you what I once saw here. It was in the winter. A fine hunting morning, the snow all crusted over, so that it could bear man or beast. A little flurry had fallen during the night; just enough for the fox to leave his mark behind him. We had a hard run, but we earthed him, near the foot of the hill over there. As the work for that day was over, and we were on the lookout for anything in which we might pass the time, we followed the advice of old Frederick Saxe, the bear-hunter, and went down to see the falls frozen. This produced much sport with the young folks, who were inclined to poke fun at the old hunter. But knowing him to be a man of original expressions, I led the way that we might see a wonder. We came up from that deep gully below there, and arrived suddenly upon the sight of an object before which we all stood for a few minutes speechless, quite at a loss to understand its nature. They had all but myself been here before, and exclaimed, 'what is that? It has grown since I was here in the summer.' It was a high tower reaching from the bottom, up to the tip of that rock you see jutting out there, pure white, intermingled with glittering crystals. The stillness of the grave was around us. Some one whispered in my ear, 'the year is dead and that is its monument, raised by the frost king.' Imagine just now that not a sound is reaching your ear—all that din stopped, and the murmuring altogether lulled, so that you could hear the beating of your heart against your ribs."

"You don't mean to say," was Bertram's interested interruption, "that the stream was all gone? That might be in the summer, but the winter's freezing does not dry up the whole."

"No," continued the other, "the water ran as before, up there; but was neither seen nor heard after it left the ledge."

"That's a very droll story you tell, Mr. Captain, and may be good enough for the marines; but an old salt as I am, has spun too many yarns to believe that the water would not fall in the winter as it does at this moment, making din enough to deafen the old or young bear-hunter."

"Wait till you hear the whole. Suppose that from the place we are sitting, over to the other side of that amphitheatre, as you call it, a round thick tower were built of glass, hollow in the centre, rising up and up, till it came to that shelf

from which the water now runs ; where would the drops go ?”

“Why, through the glass tower, of course,” was Bertram’s quick expression ; “but what has your comparison to do with your description ?”

“Everything, Mr. Lieutenant, for there would be no murmuring sound of water as there is now ; nor thundering roar as I have heard after a heavy storm when that stream, so small and so tame, sprang like an angry beast till it cleared the whole platform, and fell into the outer basin yonder, two hundred and twenty feet.”

“Yes, captain, but your enthusiasm has made you forget your glass tower, which, as you describe, must have been a large bottle, bottomless ; taking in the whole stream at the neck, and letting it run down its sides, so that it passed through below.”

“Just so, and better told than I could tell it. It was full eighty feet in diameter at the base, and one hundred and eighty feet high, pure as snow, till it rose to the neck, when it became clear as rock crystal with the whole stream entering and passing through it, plainly to the observer.”

“Certainly, that was a wonderful object, and equal to any of the peaks of frost that I have ever seen or heard of. Does it rise so every winter ?”

“No, sir ; old Fred said that he had hunted among the hills forty years, and had seen it only complete once before. A half bottle may be frequently seen, like what comes after a drunken frolic, but the perfect full-blown vessel, out of nature’s glass-house, comes but once in a lifetime.”

“I hope you had something warm to drink, captain, for cold water coming through a bottle of frost may be good in a hot summer day, but in the months of February and March it is another thing.”

“We had plenty of the hot stuff, sir ; and it was dearly paid for too, with broken heads and bones nearly cracked. A little more and I would not be here to tell the tale.”

“Let us hear that yarn with the rest, for after what you have told I am ready to believe anything.”

“As you please,” said Gabriel, with perfect *nonchalance*. “After we had freely drank of Santa Cruz rum, our brains began to swim, and some of us did not know whether we stood upon our heads or our heels. I was ready for anything, either to scale the tower from below, or slide down from above. They laugh” till my pride was

touched, and through recklessness I began to climb. The rough sides of the gigantic thing allowed me a footing, so that I did get upon one of the turrets, twenty feet from ground, where I stood looking round me. The sight had not lost anything from my strange position. All round under these rocks were huge pillars of ice, formed by the water which had searched through between the seams.”

“I have seen the like,” interrupted Bertram, “in salt mines and in deep caverns, where stalagmites, built in the course of ages, rise to the high roofs as if chiselled by the hand of art. Go on, captain ; I beg pardon.”

“No, sir, thank you, I wanted just such a description to help me through. At the same time I stood there, it appeared more like a crystal theatre of display, and I have since frequently wished that lights of a sufficient size and number could have been introduced for the sake of showing the effect of illumination in such a place.”

“Oh, you must read when you can,” said Bertram, who could not restrain his speech to the end of the description, “the account of the Empress of Russia’s ice palace. You will see that the thing you wish has been tried with full success, lately, and after you have got through with that, turn to the ‘Arabian Nights,’ and you will see the power of Aladdin’s lamp.”

“Well, sir, there I stood on the turret, admiring my own daring as much as the wonders around me, when Jim Crapsar, that imp of Satan, thoughtlessly cried out, ‘Three cheers for Gabe.’ The three cheers were never given ; one was enough. Such a commotion has never been listened to by me, though I have been where a few cannons were let off at my ear, as you know. It seemed as if that single cheer would never stop. Crack, crack, crack, went off the pillars, all round falling in pieces as big as a cannon, and others like the trunk of a tree ; as to the small lumps they were like a shower of grape-shot mixed with forty-pounders. It sounded and appeared more like the last day than any battle I have been in. A company of more terrified beings I have never looked at in actual danger, with no way of retreat. It was begun in sport, but it closed in real earnest. As for myself I was really in the safest place, being in the centre looking on the shower and its consequences. But to this day I feel the shaking of that mass beneath me. If the three cheers had been given, down the whole fabric would have

come, and I, below the fragments, would have been crushed."

"That indeed would have been a tale worth telling at a hunter's fireside forever after; buried in an avalanche, and swept away by the stream, when the spring flood came. Not quite the equal to the Alpine traveller who is lying now in just such a glen as this; nor will he be found till the last great fire thaws him out. Anything more, Gabriel, about that wonderful bottle? one glass more, if you please."

"We left in double quick time, for a look at the bottle from above. It lost nothing in effect, but it was of another character. I have looked down since, but mostly when the sun shone bright in June. The day I refer to in winter showed the different colors of the rainbow reflected. It was in reality, a frozen rainbow."

"Ha! better than before, captain! Do you not see one now, giving us the promise of a fortunate day?"

"When the sun shines out that will follow of course, and you may go there to that step, and have it round your head if you choose such an ornament. There are more wonders here amidst the Kaatsbergs, than the king knows of."

"True, Captain Gabriel, the king has not a bottle in all his cellar like that which you held in your arms; and that is one reason why his Majesty wishes to keep this fine country of yours among his other treasures."

Teunis, somewhat piqued at the merriment of the young Englishman, turned to him, saying: "The half of the wonders of this spot has not been told you. Come here in the heat of summer, and after a fall of rain, you will, if you look up from below, see an entire rainbow—a complete circle; and though you laugh, I will tell it, that I have seen my face as distinctly in the centre as I have ever seen it in the round looking-glass that Madam Dyce has in her biggest west room. What do you say to that, sir?"

"I say his Majesty has not such a mirror in Windsor Castle, and it is doubtful if he has it anywhere in his dominions but here. I do not question what you say you have seen; but I would require Sir Isaac Newton to explain the philosophy of it; and yet, when I remember the camera obscura, I dare not doubt, though I must laugh a little at both you colonists, holding up the beauties of your country."

"Well, laugh away, but I have stood hours look-

ing up into that wonderful glass, where sometimes I would see a single face, sometimes one other; then as the sun would shine out differently through clouds, there would be faces all around the circle, changing their position every moment like a mystic wheel revolving, till the head below grew so dizzy that I have believed them to be faces looking down upon me from the upper world, only they were not always of the most pleasant kind."

"Ah, this is the spot," said Gabriel, "I have heard of when I was a lad, where they went to speak to the vapory spook, and get their fortunes told; I wish I had come before now."

"Gabriel," continued Teunis, "this is no laughing matter; I have known some who laughed after they came, on the wrong side of their face."

"Hush! hush! low down," said Teunis, as he prostrated himself to the ground, "there are runners afoot, I hear their voices calling to one another in the woods, and around us."

The three young men fell to the earth with their head toward the gorge; nor did they lie long in that position till they discovered persons on the opposite side descending into the bottom of the gulf. There were several; some of these were in the garb of Indians, others were dressed in the common woolen cloth worn in that region, dyed with the juice of the butternut, resembling brick-dust, as much as anything known out of Jersey. They increased rapidly in numbers as the circle grew smaller, according to appointment.

"Those persons in front are not real Indians," said Teunis, "I know from their looking so much before them, as if they were curiously investigating a piece of art. I warrant the real Mohawk sees more than they do, out of the side of his face and from under his eyebrows."

"And I would take those in front to be entire strangers, they look so astonished," was the remark of Gabriel. "I did not expect to see any but the real hunters up here."

All this time Bertram was examining the different arrivals with his pocket glass, and had the range of the party in front. Something in the outline of one of them awakened a dormant feeling in his soul, which made him keep that figure close in view, till at last he cried out, "Clarence! by George, as I am a living man!" and he was about to rise and halloo, when the man on each side of him held him down, pointing to the numbers which were coming in from the same side on which they lay watching.

"Take the glass and see," as he put the instrument into the hand of the captain.

A long, earnest gaze, and Gabriel agreed that it resembled Clarence much in manner, but the dresses were all so much alike, it was impossible to distinguish them individually.

"But turn your attention to what chiefly concerns you both; do you see any females among them? Look into every knot of persons, and watch all new comers."

"Yes," said Teunis, "for if there be none with them, it is time we were off to the next rendezvous, the pool that I told you of, and which we must reach by noon. Behold at midday!"

"You think that the cry is to come in that quarter, then?" was the sly question of Gabriel, who, being less interested in his feelings was the more inclined to jest a little with his companions. "Let us take matters coolly for the present, and mark the motions of our friends below. See how they pour down like so many bloodhounds to the death. Their hunt has made them eager for more prey."

The wide hollow now seemed alive with the crowd. At that distance it was impossible to distinguish the parties, they were so much alike. Some sat on the rocks, others hung on the side by branches and roots of trees, while a few of the madcap race were chasing one another under the shelving platform, and attempting to climb up the sides of the steep rock to the danger of their necks. A main body was grouped into a circle, who stood as if waiting for orders. Apart from these, and in deep conversation, were about twenty individuals, whom Gabriel declared must be the commanders of the expedition, engaged in counsel. He continued:

"What a difference between that little spot at this moment and what it was when we rose this morning! Then God and nature reigned, now devils incarnate are before us."

"Yes," said Bertram, "could we only see your tower of ice there in the centre, and boiling lava round it, and these fiends lying rolling naked in the pit, tumbling from the cold tower into the hot furnace, and"—

"Please to stop, sir; that's more than my nerves can stand; it puts me in mind of our Dominie's description of the bottomless pit."

"Another, as great as your great man the Dominie, has helped me to that description. While you were telling me of those cheerings which shook

icicles on you in showers, I was reminded of how an Italian poet describes hell, where 'naked spirits lay down, or huddled sat;' trying to throw from them the flakes of fire which came like snow. The devils called out to other devils, thrusting the soul back into the boiling pitch; and looking up, Dante saw them walking on a mount of ice, their teeth chattering, and their eyes locked up with frozen tears."

"Enough of that horrible poet's words. Down, down lower with your heads; we are observed," was Gabriel's quick whisper, which his comrades obeyed by a sudden prostration of the face to the turf. "Rather quick to be successful, friends. There is a figure on the opposite side of the gulf, standing so erect, and so still behind a tree, that I am at a loss to know whether it be friend or foe. Teunis, you look now. The objects round here are all familiar to you."

Teunis did as he was commanded, when he saw the form and face of the Hermit, plainly gazing down into the pit, with the intenseness of one that watches from a tower, on the movements of an enemy. As he did not turn his eye away for an instant, Teunis whispered:

"Lift your heads slowly, and look. The hunters are preparing for a new start."

It was as he said; orders had been given for mustering. The whole body stood in two columns. At the word of command each moved off at a right angle from the other, straight as an arrow, up the opposite sides of the ravine, and as the one remaining at the head of several ranks stood still, till the one who had just left was at least ten rods distant, it took some time before the last two were gone. When these were out of sight, the three young men looked where their fellow watcher had stood, but he was gone also.

"The coast is clear now," said Gabriel, "and Teunis, you must be our guide. My advice is to pass straight through that circle, which these hunters are making. It must be three hours before they complete their search."

"Yes, and an hour more. Let us follow the stream as the safest and the nearest, though it be the roughest road in the world; and who knows but we may find the timid Fawn and her protector in some of the caves formed by the eddying waters."

They descended carefully, looking at every step around them, lest any spy might be left behind. For well they all knew that Brandt was a wily foe, not to be circumvented but by superior wiles.

WOODED AND MARRIED.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY,

Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Wee Wife," "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," and "Robert Ord's Atonement."

CHAPTER XXXV. A SHADOW ON THE WALL.

"WHERE is Miss Elliott this morning?" were Guy Chichester's words as he entered the breakfast-room.

Beatrix, who was pouring out the coffee, bent her head over the silver urn, and feigned not to hear the question, but she listened a little anxiously to Stewart's answer.

"No one has seen Miss Elliott, sir. Dorothy—that is, Phyllis—did say to Miles that her young lady must be ill or something, for she hasn't been near Miss Florence since last evening."

Mr. Chichester made no reply; he even checked Flossie when she seemed disposed to burst into some childish confidence.

"Go on with your breakfast, Flo," he said, a little irritably, as the child looked up eagerly; "Trichy, if you have done with Stewart I should like him to fetch me the '*Times*' from the station. Dison has forgotten to send it." And as soon as the servant was out of hearing, he continued, in a low voice, to his cousin, "Isn't it singular, Trichy, the child will have it that Miss Elliott never went to bed at all? She declares she came to her in the middle of the night with her bonnet and cloak on, and kissed her, and said she was going away. What could have put such nonsense into the child's head, I wonder?" But in spite of his impatient tone, Guy looked anxious and perturbed.

Beatrix changed color. "Of course she must have been dreaming, Guy. Children have such strange fancies. Most likely Miss Elliott is taking an early walk; she complained of headache when I arrived yesterday."

"She was perfectly well when I left her," returned Mr. Chichester, uneasily. "Miles told me she was not at dinner last night. I hope nothing unpleasant passed between you, Trichy?" he added, with one of his searching glances. Beatrix was paler than usual—even her cousin noticed her embarrassment. The servants' comments had already reached her ears: she knew from Phyllis that Miss Elliott's bed had not been slept in.

Beatrix drew herself up a little haughtily as Mr.
VOL. IX.—19

Chichester spoke, but he did not repeat his question; during the rest of the meal he sat in thoughtful silence, and as soon as it was over he left the room and went straight to the library.

His hand was on the bell, when the gleam of something white on his writing-table attracted his eye, and he looked up eagerly: it was a note in Dym's handwriting.

As he opened it and the pearl hoop dropped at his feet, his face expressed bewilderment, almost alarm; but a grave, pitiful look came into his eyes as he read and reread the few blotted sentences, and once he sighed heavily. "Poor child! poor little wounded heart!" he muttered. "Cruel, cruel!" and then his face grew dark and stern again.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, how could you have done it?" she wrote. "If I could have loved you more I must have done it, now that I know all your noble goodness. To think that after her you could stoop to me; that you could put aside your own grief to try and comfort me, poor little humble me!"

"Oh, my darling, forgive me if I call you that once, I never shall again—think how I must love you when I tell you I am going away without even wishing you good-by, to save you from such a sacrifice. She has told me all: it was generous, it was like you, but why, why did you think such noble self-devotion was necessary? You have wronged me, dear, you have indeed, but you did not mean to be cruel.

"If I had left you I should have gone on loving you all my life. I am not ashamed of owning that now; why should I be? You have always been so grand, so noble, in my eyes; and then one day when you were old, and Florence had left you, and you wanted me, I would have come to you and been your faithful nurse and friend, and you would have been glad to see me—I know you would have been—and then this miserable mistake would not have occurred.

"But you must not be unhappy about it, or think I have acted impulsively in leaving you. I could not be your wife now, dear, could I? The

very thought humbles me. Tell your mother all; she will understand and be sorry for me; and ask my darling Flossie not to fret. And now God bless you. I know He will. He will not be angry with me for leaving you so, and you must not be.

"Your faithful and loving friend,
DYM."

Beatrix was still sitting at the deserted breakfast table when her cousin's step sounded in the passage, and a moment after he entered.

She knew what was coming, almost before he had turned the handle of the door. Some subtle instinct warned her that he meant to overwhelm her with his reproaches. Had she gone too far? had she in her sudden madness of jealousy miscalculated this girl's influence? could it be that he loved her, after all—that it was really his desire to make her his wife? Beatrix was by no means devoid of courage, nevertheless her heart died within her when she saw his face.

"Don't, Guy! Whatever has happened, you must not blame me," she said, almost cowering away beneath that dark wrathful look. Bold as she was, how was she to confront him in his sternness? would her pride carry her through such an ordeal? "Indeed, indeed, it was not my fault," she continued, pitifully.

"Read that," was his only answer, as he took the folded paper from his breast and laid it before her. "Do not sully your lips with falsehood, Beatrix," he continued, with a slight accent of scorn. "I know exactly what passed between you, as though I had heard your every word. Oh, Tricky, Tricky," his voice breaking with sudden emotion, "I could almost find it in my heart to hate you for this, that you—you, of all people, should have wrought me this deadly wrong."

"I did not say much—I did not indeed, Guy," she returned, humbly. His anger was dreadful to her. Would she not have died to win one word of love from his lips? and now he was filling her cup to the bitter brim with his righteous scorn. "It was only a word I let fall by accident; she provoked me, she often does, Guy—indeed, you do not know Miss Elliott as well as I do. You must not be angry because I think she is not worthy of you; she has deceived you, as she has deceived others, with her artful ways."

"Take care, Beatrix," he interrupted, menac-

ingly. His eyes flashed, and it was only by a strong effort that he controlled himself. "Take care," he repeated, more quietly; "you are speaking of my future wife. Another such word as that and I shall be constrained to bid you see my face no more."

"Your wife!" gasped Beatrix, and some deadly suppression of feeling turned her lips white. "But she has gone—Miss Elliott has gone."

"You have driven her away for a little space," he replied, in the same hard voice; "but I am still bound to her; whenever she will she may come back, and find her place ready for her, for I swear no other woman shall be my wife."

"Guy! Guy!" But Beatrix's agonized exclamation was unheeded; he had turned away from her with that terrible look still on his face, and in another moment she was alone.

Before the next hour had elapsed, Humphrey Nethecote had been summoned to the squire's library, and for a long time the two men were closeted together.

"You may telegraph your success. If I do not hear before to-morrow night, I shall follow you," were the squire's parting words. "Be prudent; do nothing to compromise her or me, and, above all, do not let her suspect that her movements are watched."

"Let me only know she is safe; that must do for the present. We must leave her free, Humphrey. The mischief is done, and cannot be undone without time and patience."

"Oh, oh, plenty of that needed for a snarl of the devil's making. Take my advice, squire, and get rid of that woman; she was never to my mind, nor to poor Honor's either."

"I must leave that to my mother," returned Guy, with a touch of haughtiness. "I am going up to her room now. Poor dear! she will fret more than any of us. Promise to be wary, Humphrey, for both our sakes," he continued, wringing Humphrey's hand; and then he went slowly and heavily back into his own room.

Humphrey gave a queer little satisfied grunt, when he was left alone, which accorded strangely with the perplexed look of pain his face had hitherto worn.

"It is an ill gait, but it may end better than we thought," he muttered, as he descended the hill; "that is, if it be not the death of her. Poor child! she little suspects the heartache she has

caused. The squire would rather have cut off his right hand than this had happened; he'll be blaming himself and thinking more of her in consequence. If she had had the wisdom of the serpent instead of the harmlessness of the dove, she could not have done better for herself than going away and leaving him to miss her." And the old pain tugged at Humphrey's heart-strings as he thought how dearly and truly Guy would learn to prize his treasure.

"Be you going to Lunnon, Farmer Nethecote?" was Dison's astonished greeting, as Humphrey made his appearance on the high windy platform.

"Oh, eh, we country-folk must be having our sight-seeing sometimes," returned Humphrey, absently. "Yours must be a dull kind of place, Dison; how many passengers do you book an hour, I wonder? And what makes you think I am going to London, Dison, when my ticket is for Harrogate?"

"Folks like you and t' squire aren't over-fond of putting up at Harrogate," returned Dison, with a grin. "Why, when I see t' squire's black bag I say, 'Lunnon, for sure.' Why, you've a bag yourself, Farmer Nethecote, and it ain't samples nor market-day."

"You are a sharp one, Dison," returned Humphrey, trying to speak jocularly, but with an uneasy flush on his honest face. "These Harrogate trains are as unpunctual as ever, I see; our ladies complain sadly when they are out on a shopping expedition and get home late for dinner."

Dison grunted unintelligibly by way of answer. Slowness of traffic was a sore subject with him.

"Miss Elliott will be back in plenty of time, I should think," he answered, crossly. "It is early birds as pick up the worms, as I thought to myself when I served her with her ticket. To think of one of the Ingleside ladies taking the first train! She was asking after my wife at the time, and I never heeded; she asked for a single instead of a double; she'll be finding out her mistake, I'll be bound, before she reaches Hampswaite."

"Oh, the best of us are absent sometimes," returned Humphrey, nervously, as he moved away a step from the garrulous station-master. Dison had been in the squire's service before his brother-in-law had entered it, and was well acquainted with all the doings at Ingleside.

As the train appeared in sight, he heaved a sigh of relief. "There's not a doubt but I am on her

track," he muttered, as he stepped into the second-class compartment. "After all, the squire's right, and she has gone back to the old place."

Little did Dym guess, as she took her weary journey from Harrogate to York, and from York to London, that her faithful friend Humphrey was following in her footsteps.

Guy's unerring instinct had not been at fault; sick and bewildered, almost numb from intensity of pain, yet never faltering in her purpose, Dym watched the flying mile-stones diminish between her and London, and while Humphrey was trying to beguile the longest hour he had ever known on the rampart at York, Dym was dragging herself slowly up the steps of the old house in Paradise Row.

"Richard, Richard, here is our young lady come back!" But Susan Maynard's joyous exclamation changed into one of alarm as Dym tottered into the dusty passage and almost fell into her arms. "Quick, husband, quick! she is going to faint! Oh, what ever has come to my darling, dearie that they have sent her back to us like this?"

"I am not going to faint; I am only so tired." But Dym's explanation was choked by a sudden sob; she cast a bewildered look round the little room, and then at the faces of kind Richard Maynard and his wife. "Where am I? Where is Will? What has happened to me?" cried the poor child, stretching out her hands to them. A moment afterwards she had thrown her arms round Susan's neck, and was crying out to them hysterically to keep her—to hide her somewhere for the dear love of heaven; her heart was broken, and no one wanted her; she would die soon and go to Will.

Oh, if she could only die! That was the one rebellious prayer that rose to her lips morning, noon, and night, during those first few weary days that followed her flight from Ingleside; and, indeed, the girl's sick despair filled her humble friends with dismay and pity.

She had had a great sorrow, and had left Ingleside forever; that was all she told them, but before many hours were over they were in possession of the truth.

"We will watch over her as though she were our own—as though she were little Dick himself," broke out Richard, huskily, as Humphrey, in an agitated voice, prayed them to be gentle with her,

and, as he wrung their hands at parting, Susan sobbed out, "Richard's not the man he was since our Dick has gone, but he'll keep his word; you may trust him, sir. Tell your squire we will guard her like our own daughter."

Dym, lying on her bed, or pacing the room restlessly, little thought of Humphrey's grave whispering under the stars. Once, as she approached the window and drew back the curtain, the sound of footsteps on the pavement below caused her to drop it hastily. The little group broke up somewhat hurriedly after that, and Dym came back and rested her head against the low window-sill. The starlight somewhat soothed her; it made her think of Will and the great cloud of witnesses.

"Oh, Will, are you sorry for me? Do you know how I suffer?" she would say, half aloud, over and over again.

Susan would have guessed the girl's secret even if Humphrey had not imparted it. Dym would start from her sleep with broken exclamations and snatches of words, the bursting forth of a long-pent-up agony. "He is doing this for his mother's and his child's sake, and because he knows you love him," Susan heard her say, one night, when the girl's restless moaning had called her from her bed. "Was it wrong to love you? is it wrong now? how can I help it? oh, my darling, my darling, when I must love you to my life's end!" And as Susan stooped over and soothed her, she broke into passionate weeping, and faltered out between her sobs "that she was very young still, and had no mother; only Will knew, her dear Will; and only he would believe her, that she never meant to harm them like this."

But even in her intolerable desolation, when the memory of all she had lost came upon her, and the prospect of her loveless life filled her with intense loathing, even then she never blamed Guy Chichester.

He had stooped to her out of his nobleness; his very goodness had prepared for her this humiliation; out of pity he had chosen her to be his wife—a wife uncrowned, unadorned by her husband's love. Dym's cheeks would flame with sudden hot pain as the remembrance of the last few weeks flashed before her. Good heavens, how happy she had been! the very sound of his voice in her ear, the touch of his hand on her hair, had filled her with silent ecstasy; his caresses had been few,

but she had never complained of their coldness; his silence had been more perfect to her than another man's words. Absorbed in her worship, she had feasted and been satisfied with a few crumbs of human kindness; but she could not stoop to his pity.

"I could have married you, Guy," she whispered; "I could marry you now; but I should scorn myself for doing it. If you had only wanted me a little, oh, ever so little, dear, I would never have left you; but to make me your wife out of pity"—And her head dropped forward on her breast as Beatrix's cruel words rose to her memory.

But there were times when her yearning would be too great for even her endurance, when she would feel as though she must go back just to look upon the walls of Ingleside and to satisfy herself that he and the child were well. If she could only see their faces for one moment, if she could hear his voice once more, and know that he was not angry with her, she could have borne her misery more bravely; but the utter silence that had fallen between them seemed to the unhappy girl almost like the silence of death.

"He knows where I am; he could seek me out, or send me one word—one word—to assure me of his forgiveness," she said, with the strange contradiction and argument of sorrow. "He is hurt or grieved, or perhaps my sudden flight has angered him; and yet it is not like him to be so hard when he knows—when he must know—how I love him." And the tears rolled down her pale cheeks and fell into her lap. Suffering—the sting and uncertainty of her trouble—was killing her; the dull numb pain at her heart never left her day or night; a feverish restlessness throbbed in her pulse; she grew white and weak, almost to illness; but not for this would she spare herself.

"I must go out and work; if I stay in here and brood over my troubles I shall go mad," she said, one evening, sliding a hot hand into Susan's and looking up into her face with heavy lustreless eyes; but Susan would not help her young lady.

"Work! you're just fretting yourself into sickness, that is what you are, dearie. Here's Richard says you're pining yourself into a shadow; and no wonder, when you eat nothing and can't sleep for sorrowful thoughts. Work! there is not a day's work in you left," continued Susan, indignantly.

Dym smiled faintly at her vehemence.

"If I stay here and think, of course I shall be ill," she persisted, gently. "Dear Susan, don't you see how bad it must be for me? I cannot take another situation, not just yet. I have money enough to last me for a long time. But tell me of some one Will used to know; let me try and help others who are as miserable as myself."

Did she remember who beside Will had worked at St. Luke's? Once Richard Maynard mentioned in her hearing the name of a laborer living in the adjoining street who had met with an accident.

"They say it will cripple him; it is that Bill Saunders that used to be the plague of Mr. Elliott's life. He was one of Latimer's lambs, as they called him. Mr. Latimer had rare work with him."

"Where does he live, Richard?" asked Dym, eagerly. A faint spot of color came into her cheeks; her hands moved restlessly. As soon as it grew dark she tied on her bonnet and hurried round to the sick man's dwelling. "They say I be crippled for life," groaned poor Bill, looking into the sympathizing face that bent over him; "and there be Nancy and the children, who is to put bread into their mouths?"

"I will take care of them; don't be afraid, Bill. If the doctor says your leg must come off, you must make up your mind to part with it like a man; God will take care of Nancy and the children, and I mean to be your friend." Dym spoke with a little flurry and haste; but Bill thought he had never heard so sweet a voice.

Susan gave a little cry of surprise when Dym glided softly back into the moonlight; the eager color had not yet faded out of her cheeks; she looked up in Susan's face with a smile sweet almost to sadness; her voice had a quaver in it of mingled sorrow and joy.

"He is in great pain, but I do not think he will die; we must pray that he will not, for his poor wife's sake. Look here, Susan." And Dym opened her mantle, and there nestled closely at her breast lay a little child.

"It was such a little creature," cried the girl, softly, "and the mother was so worn out with the others, and it fell asleep in my arms, and I thought I would carry it home and take care of it for a little while;" and, her voice suddenly breaking, "They call it Florence."

Somehow, under the dark eaves of the houses in Paradise Row a sigh answered Dym's words: low

as they were, they had been overheard. God bless her for the thought! was she thinking of him as well as the child?

Little did Dym guess who stood outside in the June moonlight—that only a few yards of narrow road divided her from Guy Chichester.

People marveled at the grave bearded figure that stood so long and silently before the humble house. The window was opened; through the screen of plants he could see the soft halo of lamplight, a moth wheeled round it; there was the low chair, the girlish figure in the gray gown he remembered so well; the gentle bent head still stooping over the child in her lap.

What a grave face it had grown! was it fancy or the lamplight? or did it grow suddenly pale, and the lips quiver? What was that sudden mist that blotted it out from his sight, as he turned hurriedly away and strode through the silent streets? Because he has heard a whisper that will haunt him through many a lonely day:

"For his mother's and his child's sake—oh, Flo, darling Flo, I dare not—he would not ask it now."

Few men would have envied the feelings of Guy Chichester as he paced through the midnight streets; some unaccountable sadness and longing had drawn him from his home; some chivalrous instinct impelled him to traverse those weary miles that he might see her with his own eyes, and judge for himself that others were tending her well.

But he never meant to speak to her; her refuge should be sacred from him and his. He thought the time was not come yet that he should dare to plead his cause with her.

"I could not be your wife now: the very thought humbles me." Good heaven, to think how he had failed in his sacrifice! he had meant to shield her with his strong arm, to make her young life a very joy to her, and she had fled from him crushed and broken-hearted.

He had told his cousin that he was bound to her and that no other woman should be his wife. He had sworn it with a blackness of brow that had been dreadful to her; but how was he to win for himself the girlish purity that refused to become an unloved wife?

Did he love her—could he ever love her—as he had loved Honor—the heart of his heart—his very soul—as he had once in his madness called her? Could any other woman, the best, the noblest,

replace the bride of his youth—the mother of his child? He dared not lie to himself; he knew such a thing was impossible; even in his brief sad wooing he had bidden her remember that the best of his life was buried in Honor's grave. No, he did not love her—not as men should love when they seek to gather some young life into their own. For his mother's and child's sake he had wooed her, and because her presence had rendered his hearth less desolate. How was she to know that a growing tenderness was springing up in his heart for her, and that he was longing for her with a soreness that surprised himself?

How the sweetness of her presence had comforted him! Ah, he knew that now. How meekly and quietly she had borne her honors as the future mistress of Ingleside! Her unselfishness, her devotion to his child, had inspired him almost with reverence; and yet with him she had carried herself as humbly as a child.

"You have always been so grand, so noble, in my eyes," she had said to him, once, and he could feel the soft touch of her little hand as she had timidly stolen it into his in the twilight. At a word of praise from him her dark eyes would shine like stars, and her face would be covered with blushes. "You are my king, I must serve you always," she had whispered, once, as she performed some little womanly office, and he had smiled in his sad way and let it pass.

Ah, he knew well how she loved him: the very sense of his power over her made him shrink in very delicacy from taking an undue advantage. "If I go to her and tell her that I want her, that my home is lonely and my heart heavier than ever without her, she will come to me—I know she will—but I shall not make her happy. If only some chance would bring us together, and I could tell her that her place is ready for her, and that I want my little friend to be always near me, I think she would come and cling to me as she clung that last time; and perhaps I might teach her to trust me once more." And again the mist swam before his eyes as he remembered how that evening he had ridden slowly between the limes, and had seen her standing, a little shimmering gray figure, motionless in the sunlight.

So Guy Chichester went back to Ingleside, and worked hard, and rode, and played with his child, and talked with his faithful friend Humphrey; but ever as he sat alone or paced the moonlight

terraces, one picture rose before his eyes—the figure of a girl with dark sweet face and shining head, bent over a sleeping child.

"It is such a little creature, Susan," he could hear her say, "and it fell asleep in my arms, and they called it Florence." "Come hither, Flo, my darling. Do you love papa or auntie best now? What! auntie still? Hush don't cry, my child: auntie will come back to us soon."

The June days had worn heavily away, and then July and August, and the humble folk in Paradise Row began to whisper and shake their heads as Dym's slight figure came down the hot sunny streets. "She has a purely white kind of wasting look," one of them was saying to Susan Maynard: "that's how my Willie was took—fretted and pined himself into the grave. She has a look like Mr. Elliott when he was rarely bad."

"It is the mind wearing on the body, that's what it is, neighbor," returned Susan, lifting her apron to her eyes. She had been shedding tears recently; but she wiped them now hastily away, as the young lady came wearily down the street.

"Am I late, Susan? are you looking for me? Poor little Robert was so near at his end that I waited till all was over; he died so happily, Susan."

"You look every bit as bad as him," returned Susan, in a vexed tone, "not a speck of color in your face. You'll not take it to heart, will you, my darling dearie—you'll be good and brave even if there is more coming to trouble you?" she continued, in a caressing voice, as she drew Dym gently into the passage.

"It did not trouble me; dear little Robert was so glad to go; he said a prayer so prettily—Oh, what is that?" as a dark shadow fell against the narrow entry.

"It is only Mr. Nethecote: you will be good and brave, dearie?"

"Yes, it is only I," said Humphrey, coming forward and holding out his hand: his face had a grave sadness on it; his great hand trembled as Dym's little fingers clung to it. "I have come to fetch you, my dear; the squire wants you—we all want you. We fear he is dying."

CHAPTER XXXVI. THE LAST OF THE COBWERS.

It is impossible to describe Dym's feelings as Humphrey delivered himself of the sorrowful message.

"It seems I am always to be the messenger of evil tidings to you, my dear," he said, tremulously.

It was hard on him; why was he ever constrained to give her pain? his heart throbbed with great pitiful beats as he watched the girl's silent anguish. She had uttered a low glad cry of recognition at the sight of her friend; but now she stood white and stricken, clinging to the fond hand that had dealt her this second blow.

"Hush! it is God's will: if it comes we must try to bear it."

"Is it God's will? it is not true. He cannot mean that, surely," exclaimed the poor child. Her hand closed around Humphrey's almost convulsively; an awful pallor came over her face; a powerlessness that was not faintness seemed creeping over her; her heart felt like a stone in her bosom; she was stifled, suffocated.

"Oh, it is not true! I cannot bear it!" came in a hoarse cry, almost a shriek, from her lips. Was this the end of her love and faithfulness? Guy, her Guy, for whom she would have laid down her life, dying!

"Hush, my dear, hush!" cries Humphrey, with a sob. Sick and dizzy, she had turned from him, and had sunk, nay, almost fallen, into Will's chair. Humphrey watched her as she lay with her head flung back on the horse-hair cushion till his honest heart was almost broken; her face looked almost as gray and drawn as the dead man's had done. "Oh, my child, hush! they think so, but doctors are often wrong; we will not lose hope, you and I," he said, leaning over her with tears in his eyes and stroking the cold little face with his great hands. Dym's feeble fingers suddenly stopped him.

"There is hope, then? everything is not lost?" she said, half rising in her hysterical agitation. "Oh, Humphrey, you might have killed me," pushing her hair from her face and looking at him with wild pathetic eyes that stabbed him afresh.

"Nay, nay, Dym—it was my clumsiness; it seems no good beating about the bush when there is bad news to be told—and it is bad enough, God knows. When they brought him in, more than one of us thought it was all up with the squire."

"You have not told me, Humphrey—was it an accident, then?" cried Dym, faintly; the numbness was creeping on her again.

"Ay," he replied, slowly, drawing the cold

hands into his own to warm them. Dym shivered and hid her face, as bit by bit he imparted the terrible news. A whole world of horror and doubt lay in Humphrey's succinct narrative. Guy had been trying a new mare that he lately purchased—a beautiful creature, but vixenish and wild-blooded, and almost as uncontrollable as an unbroken colt.

"I had warned him against her, my dear," Humphrey had explained, in his mild way, "but you know the squire, when he has got an idea in his head. The mare was his last new hobby, and nothing would do but he must break her in himself. No one knows how it happened; something—a shot from the plantation—startled the animal; but she reared, lost her balance, and, before the squire could get his foot out of the stirrup, she fell backward on him."

"Humphrey," cried the girl, starting up in a sudden agony, "you are not keeping anything from me? he is not dead?"

"Nay, nay; things are bad enough without making them worse; he has some of his ribs broken, for she rolled right over him, and they say one arm is injured; but it is the head, Dym! they fear congestion of the brain. It is three days ago, but he has only spoken once, and that was to ask for you."

"And when was that?"

"Last night; that is why I am here now."

"Why are we waiting, then? we are losing time. If we should be too late? Oh, Humphrey, take me to him," clasping her hands around his arm.

"Of course I will take you to him; what else have I come for?" returns Humphrey, in a slow, kind voice, that somehow soothes the girl's agitation.

She lay back passively after that, and let Susan make her little preparation.

"Good-by; Humphrey will take care of me," she said, smiling sadly into the faithful creature's tear-stained face, as she drew down her veil and sank into the corner of the carriage.

"You must not try to fret, Dym; while there is life there is hope," Humphrey said, once, trying to rouse her.

Dym's head dropped upon her breast, but she made no answer. Would that weary journey ever end, the girl wondered? She could hardly have borne it but for Humphrey's kindness. Dym was

so utterly spent that she could only thank him with faint smiles. She swallowed the wine he brought her at York, but she could not eat; some choking oppression lay at her heart. Her ghastly looks alarmed Humphrey. Would the flying mile-stones ever lessen? Would they be too late, after all? And then came the sickening thrill of recognition—there was Birstwith at last!

"They have sent up the wagonette; he is not worse, Dym."

Humphrey talked fast and eagerly as he hurried Dym along the little platform. There was Dison, touching his hat officiously; there were Stewart and the bays waiting for them.

Dym drew down her veil more closely as they dashed through the village. Every one would know her, of course. There was the mill, and the weir; the boys were splashing bare-legged among the boulders as usual; there was the Nidd rippling with streaks of silver through the trees; there were the church and the vicarage; the lodge-gates had opened and closed after them, and they were whirling through the shrubberies. Gray-headed Miles was waiting at the hall-door, and then Humphrey came around and lifted her out.

"Go into the drawing-room; I must find Mrs. Chichester," he whispered; but Dym lingered.

"Don't keep me from him, however he is. I will be good; you know I will, Humphrey," she implored; but Humphrey's only answer was a reassuring smile, and he was turning away, when Florence suddenly ran in from the dark hall and flung herself upon Dym.

"Oh, Flo! Flo! Flo! my darling Flo!" cries Dym, with a sudden sob, as the child nestles delightedly in her arms. "Have you wanted me, Flo?"

"Naughty auntie, to go away," returns Florence, with a shower of kisses, that seem to cool the girl's hot brain.

"No, you are not to cry; grannie is crying now, and all because papa is better. Yes, papa is better, and grannie says so; and you are to come to her now at once."

"Courage, Dym," says Humphrey, with the same kind smile; but all the same he has almost to support her under this new dizziness. Better! What! is there mercy in heaven for them even now? She goes up the staircase panting and breathless, with the child still clinging to her.

"Oh, my dear! my dear! God has been good to us. He has slept! he is better."

Dym never knew what answer she made. She heard Humphrey say, "Thank God!" devoutly, as though he were in church. She heard Florence exclaim, "How white auntie looks! poor auntie!"

"Leave her to me, Humphrey; I know what it is," says Mrs. Chichester, gently.

Yes; he thinks he may leave them safely now, as he sees the two women clinging together. He knows the girl's tortured brain will relieve itself in tears on her friend's bosom.

"He is saved—they do not fear for his brain now. Oh, Dym, is it not Goodness itself watching over us? My boy is spared to his mother—spared to us both."

"Hush! I am content, though it be only to you. Can you not understand that?" interrupted the girl, flushing and paling, as the blind face bends tenderly over her. "Oh, I have been wicked; I have almost died of it," she whispered, covering her face with her hands; "and now this has happened to punish me for my selfishness. Dear, dearest, I can be happy now, though his life is only spared for your sake," kissing the wrinkled hand as she spoke.

"You are my own little daughter, whatever he makes you," was the fond reply. "Dym, you must never leave me again. I cannot do without you. I think he has wanted you badly too, though he has never said so until last night."

"No, no," almost panted the girl; "you must not talk so; it is not right; and he lying there brought back to his mother and child from the very gates of death."

Mrs. Chichester smiled as she put her hand fondly on the bowed head. Dym's tears still flowed, but her pale face was radiant. He would not die; he wanted her; he had asked for her; she should see him again. Dym's simple loyalty could go no further than this; more would have dazzled and overcome her, but now she was content.

She would see him; she would nurse him. He had forgiven her, and would be her friend again; here was matter for rejoicing. She acquiesced without regret when she heard he had taken his sleeping-draught, and that she must not see him that night. She lay down in her little bed spent and worn out by conflicting emotion, and even in the midst of her *Te Deum* fell into a heavy dreamless sleep.

It was not until the afternoon of the next day that Dym was admitted to the sick-room. She had been wandering about her old haunts, hand in hand with Florence, trying to beguile the feverishness of waiting, and was looking pale and worn, when Humphrey came in search of her.

"You may come now, Dym; he has been asking for you several times, but he looked feverish, and we thought it better to wait. You must be quiet, and soothe him if he speaks; it is early days, and we must be careful still, Dr. Grey says."

"Yes, I know," was Dym's hardly audible answer, as she prepared to obey Humphrey's summons. Kelpie was lying at the door of the sick-room; a sudden mist swam before her eyes, as she stooped to caress him.

It was a close sultry afternoon, and the windows had been flung open that the air might refresh the invalid. Mrs. Chichester sat beside the farthest one; her knitting had fallen into her lap, and on the bed lay the motionless figure, high up on the pillows, with one bandaged arm resting on the coverlet.

At Dym's hesitating footstep it stirred slightly, and a smile passed over the pale face.

"At last, my child; you have come at last," Dym heard, in the old well-known voice.

"Oh, Mr. Chichester!" Dym could say no more, as Guy Chichester stretched out his uninjured arm and drew her gently towards him, trembling from head to foot, and hardly able to refrain from tears.

"Sit down; no, you must not stand. Poor child, it has gone hardly with you, I see. Dym, are you so sorry for me?" his own eyes moist, as he saw her emotion.

"It might have been your death. Hush, you must not talk, indeed you must not, Mr. Chichester." Dym in her agitation is unconscious that her tears are falling now on the hand that still holds hers.

"Are those tears for me? Oh, my child, I do not deserve them," he whispered, lifting the little hand to his lips. "Dym, have you any idea how I have wanted my little friend?"

"She is here now," was the unsteady answer.

"Yes, she is here, thank God! Dear, you are right; I must not talk much, my head is not to be trusted. You will not leave me again, my child?"

"Not while you want me," returned Dym, unconscious of any meaning attaching to his words. His smile mystified her.

"That is well; one day I shall remind you of your promise," he replied, in a voice so faint that Dym forgot her agitation—everything—in the desire to relieve his evident suffering.

Before many hours were over, Dym found herself installed in the sick-room; the mother could only sit helplessly beside her son's bed, the brunt of the nursing fell on Dym and Humphrey. Humphrey was strong and helpful, but Dym's tender ministries were most grateful to Guy Chichester, lying sore and bruised and in secret anguish of pain; he suffered less when Dym dressed his injured arm; her cool skillful manipulations afforded him comparative ease; by the unerring instinct of love she guessed his wishes; the cooling drink was at his lips, and the fragrant water laving his burning head, before he had shaken off the indolence of weakness sufficiently to frame them in words.

"How good you are to me! have you found your true vocation now?" he whispered, once, as she stooped over him to turn the heated pillow, and he looked at her a moment with something of his old drollery. Dym turned away without answering, but her color rose; it seemed to her half a lifetime ago since that talk in the little room in Paradise Row, when the tall bearded stranger had watched her from Will's chair with grave quizzical eyes, and had told her that nursing and not teaching was her vocation, and she had answered him with girlish vehemence.

"Come here, my child. Have I hurt you?" And there was a wistful look in the dark eyes as he stretched out his hand to her.

Dym shyly shook her head.

"No; only I am so glad to be able to do anything for you, and—and it seems so strange looking back at those old days, Mr. Chichester."

"Mr. Chichester! you must find some better name than that; it sounds cold from my little friend's lips. How your hand trembles! There, God bless you, my—my child!"

He bit his lip as though he had suddenly remembered something, and Dym drew back into the shadow of the curtain, strangely agitated and happy.

Yes, happy! though once she had been his betrothed wife, and now things were at an end between them, and he was only her friend.

Dym's simplicity and unselfishness stood her in good stead at this juncture of her life; she had accepted a difficult position with the grace and

unconsciousness of a child. She had met her lover that first day with some natural agitation, but the sight of his suffering had banished all feeling of weakness into the background; he was ill and needed her, that was sufficient for the present, the future must take care of itself. When her work was finished—ah, well, she could but go away again; she must not think of herself now, and so she moved about his room with a face of sweet gravity that moved Guy strangely with a thousand vague feelings of remorse and pity.

"You are altered, Dym," he once said to her, passing his hand softly over her hair; "you are worn and thin and look years older, and all this nursing will not bring the roses back."

"I can do without them," was the quiet answer, but she blushed crimson under that tender scrutiny; such speeches moved her from her calmness. Guy looked at her sadly for a moment, and then, muttering some impatient protests against his weakness, turned away with a sigh.

Those weeks were teaching Guy Chichester strange lessons; chained down by impatience of weakness, and brought face to face with acute suffering, what marvel if the man read the story of his life again under new lights, and, weighing himself in sterner balance, found himself wanting!

Life had come to him in all its reality, and he had made it a pitiable failure; he had centred his all on an earthly shrine, and Divine jealousy—righteous in its retribution, unerring in its wisdom—had riven his idol from him and left him alone, maddened with his loss.

How many talents had he had intrusted to him—strength, and wealth, and intellect; philanthropy wide enough to embrace a world—influence that none could resist! and how miserably he had squandered them all! He had had his portion of goods, and no spendthrift could have wasted them more unprofitably. Great souls have great repentances; verily, there is hope, and to spare, when such men as Guy Chichester turn their faces to the wall to commune with their God and be still.

Sometimes in the dead of night, when the shadows of the night-light glimmered on the ceiling, and Humphrey dozed beside, half-forgotten snatches of verses that Honor used to sing came to his mind; and one especially haunted him that she had sung that Sunday night at Mentone before her baby was born:

"While we do our duty,
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper thou of beauty
On the other side."

"Oh, Honor, be my guardian angel still," he whispered; and out of the darkness her sweet, serene face seemed to smile on him in answer.

"He will come back, my girl; I know him well; these noble souls are not kept to wander in outer darkness. Ah! what if the mysterious communion of saints' wives in paradise do verily and indeed watch over their husbands upon earth!"

It was weeks before Guy Chichester shook off the effects of his accident; weeks before he could be moved from his bed to the couch; weeks before, a mere shadow of himself, he crept, supported by Humphrey's strong arm, to bask for an hour on the sunny terrace.

Dym looked sadly after him, as she thought of the strong, vigorous Guy Chichester of old, and contrasted him with the tall shrunken figure before her, bowed with weakness and prematurely gray-haired.

It would be long before he would look himself, she thought. The injured arm had healed, but the shock to the nervous system had been great. When the cold weather set in, he must go to the South, Dr. Grey told them; for months to come he would require care and nursing—months before he would be comparatively strong again.

Dym listened and sighed; her work was not over yet, she thought; and then she wondered what grave consultation had detained Dr. Grey so long in the library that morning. Mr. Chichester had been more than usually thoughtful for some days, and Dym was sure something was on his mind; he had scarcely looked at her or spoken to her lately; and yet, when he had addressed her, his manner had been as kind as usual.

It was October now, and the evenings were growing chilly; a small wood fire of Guy's favorite pine-knots had been lighted in the library, and Guy, who was weary with his unusual exertion, had been lying quietly all the afternoon—half dozing, half enjoying the pleasant warmth—when he suddenly roused into a sitting posture and asked for Dym.

"She is here," in a quiet voice behind him. "I thought you were asleep, and was afraid to disturb you even for this," showing the glass in her hand.

"Always my attentive nurse," looking at her gratefully, and drinking the restorative. "You are pale and tired, Dym; I shall have to be waiting on you next."

She smiled at that—a quaint little smile—but full of sweetness.

"I shall have time to rest when you have dismissed your nurse, Mr. Chichester."

"Mr. Chichester—always Mr. Chichester!—so you are waiting for your dismissal, eh?"

His tone was so abrupt, almost displeased, that Dym looked in his face quite startled; what she saw there made her flush scarlet.

"Come and sit down. You are right; I am growing tired of my nurse; I want my little companion instead. Nay," as she faltered out some excuse about leaving him, "I have long been thinking we ought to have some talk together, you and I."

"By and by, another time—not to-night," stammered Dym. She was trembling from head to foot. Why did he want to speak to her? he was well now, and she must tell him that she must go away again.

"Poor child! she has grown to be afraid of me," he said, gently smoothing her hair and drawing her closer to him. "Dym, have you ceased to trust your friend?"

Her only answer was to hide her face in her hands, and pray him to spare her. Bursting into tears, she implored him not to speak to her—to let her go—and not be good to her, for she could not bear it.

"Why should I let you go, when I want you?" he answered, gently, and there was something in his firm pressure of her hands that soothed even her exceeding agitation. "Dym, I never mean to let you go. What do you mean? have you forgotten your promise?"

"What promise?"

"To stay with me while I wanted you. Dym, I want you always. Did you not understand my meaning? I was too weak to explain."

"No, no," she said, starting from him. "Mr. Chichester, you must not talk so; it is not right, when you know"—She stopped, and her face was dyed with crimson.

"What do I know, dear? that you are my affianced wife!"

"No, no," she repeated, in a heart-broken tone. "We have altered that—my letter has altered that."

No, do not be kind to me," as he only pressed her hand more tenderly. "I have given you back your troth; you are free, quite free; I have made you so. I am nothing to you—nothing but the poor little friend who has loved and nursed you."

He smiled at that, a sweet benign smile that seemed to bless her, and strove to draw her more into his sheltering arm.

"I think you are more than my little friend."

"No, Guy, I am not," using his name for the first time, in her agitation.

"Yes, you are; you are my darling, my wife that is to be: I have never been free. I never wish to be free. Have you misunderstood me all this time, my child? It has come to this, that I cannot do without you, Dym, that I want you always."

Did she dream the words, or did he speak them? was that earnest voice, so sad and yet so sweet, speaking to her?

"I have my faults, no man more; but I never wilfully deceived you. I have buried the best part of my life in Honor's grave; nay, do not shrink from me, dear, I have told you this before; if you can be content with such love as I can give you, for God's sake come to me, Dym, and make my desolate life less desolate. I love you very dearly for your own sweet sake."

"Really and truly, Guy?"

"Really and truly, sweetheart."

"Oh, I am happy!" Dym scarcely breathed the words, but Guy heard them, and, with a strength of which he could scarcely believe himself capable, he lifted the little creature in his arms, and felt her nestle to his bosom, keeping her there till she had sobbed out her artless confession of love and sorrow.

"You must teach me to be more worthy of it, Dym, darling," he said, gravely, when their excitement had a little subsided, and Dym sat beside him with her dark eyes brilliant with shy happiness. "I have been a sad failure. What am I, that two such pure hearts should have made me their happiness?" And a look of terrible exhaustion passed over his face as he recalled his wasted life.

"You must not talk any more Guy," she whispered, laying her little hand timidly on his forehead. Guy paid it tribute gratefully as it passed his lips. "You must let me be your nurse a little longer without wearying of her."

"You shall be what you like," he replied, unclosing his eyes; "but I know what I shall soon want to make you."

Dym's head drooped against his arm, but she made no answer.

And so the last cobwebs were swept away, and the great dazzling sun of requited love shone down into Dymphna Elliott's woman-kingdom; the evil fairy had done her work and earned her own confusion.

Guy Chichester was not one to brook long delays; Dym had suffered enough, and he wanted her sweet ministries in all their entirety. "When will you come to your gray-haired lover?" he said, one day, smiling fondly as she took her low seat beside him and looked up at him with worshipping eyes. "Little Sunbeam, I want you always shining on me; you have no idea how dark it is when you are away."

"What do you mean, Guy?" but she knew what he meant, and blushed beautifully. And Guy, who loved beauty in women, and remembered Honor's perfect grace, thought, with a strange thrill of pleasure, how very pretty Dym had grown, and wondered that he had never noticed it before.

And so it was, that one gusty November day, in a strange old city church, Dymphna Elliott became Guy Chichester's wife. Humphrey gave her away—honest Humphrey, who craved to do it, with tears in his eyes—Humphrey, who took her in his arms and blessed her, and put her hand in Guy's.

"I doubt if even you are worthy of her, squire," he said, gruffly; "but the gift of such a heart must make any man rich. There, good-by, God bless you, dear; and don't forget your old friend Humphrey."

Forget him! Does a woman ever forget the man who has blessed her with his honest love? Dym ever clung to Humphrey with truest, deepest

affection, when out of the wealth and glory of her perfected life she strove that a little sunshine should stream on the path of the childless man; when his dream had come true, and her children and Guy's climbed upon his knees, and filled his lonely home with childish voices, when she could smile on him and call him friend and brother, and knew his honest heart felt no pang, and only rejoiced in her happiness.

And who could measure that happiness?

Look at her sweet face, which her husband declares grows sweeter every day, and which no cloud of regret ever darkens: is there any limit to her joy?

Day by day she knows she is more surely winning the noble heart of Guy Chichester; day by day he looks at her with fuller content, with deeper tenderness; day by day the deadly wound of his lost love heals into chastened remembrance and present peace.

"My wife has been my comforter," he said, once, to Humphrey, and Humphrey looked at him with his old wistful smile and nodded, and Guy went back across the plowed wintry fields, and under the starlight, and saw the light of home shining through the leafless trees.

"You are late, love; little Humphrey has been waiting to say 'Good-night' to you." A little figure in shining silk glides out of the firelight and steals into his arms.

"Were you waiting for me, my wife? I was with Humphrey—nay, never mind our boy; we have been talking of you, sweetheart."

"Of me!" She lifts her loving eyes in surprise as he holds her closely, very closely to him, and then releases her.

"What! wondering, love! Nay, I was only telling Humphrey that my little wife has been my comforter."—THE END.

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN GRACE AGUILAR'S "DAYS OF BRUCE."

By T. H. G. LA MOILLE.

THOSE crumbling walls and tottering battlements
Are ivy-wreathed. Life's emblems 'mid decay,
The ivy shows us that the bravest sway
This world, and *will* is more than armaments.
Now, this Lock Alva's sleeping lips are kissed
By the just-risen sun, and birds are gay;
Out in our castle-yards hear pibrochs play.

See bold-front legions stand 'neath rising mist!
Our banners wave us on to Bannockburn!
(Tis Scotia's brightest day in glorious June.)
Shrill shouts and claymores drawn portend that soon
Each soldier's nature shall to fury turn.
Woe worth the day if these our nobles fall:
Saving their country, she will love them all!

GLIMPSES OF THE PEPYS DIARY.

BY HENRY C. MICHENER.

IN his unrivaled way, Lord Macaulay thus assigns the true limitations of historical excellence: "The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of the age is exhibited in miniature. He shows us the court, the camp and the Senate, but he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying as too insignificant for his notice, which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. The changes of manners will be indicated not merely by a few general phrases or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line." The spirit of this deliverance infuses modern taste. The writer who can cross the gap of centuries and drop us down in street or field among the men of other days and permit us to sit with them at their employments and their diversions, who can enter with us into their joys and sorrows and bid them speak to us in their own tongue, has attained the summit of his art.

Modern readers are exacting. They desire to know the past as the past knew itself. This is the reason why the informal jottings of mere diarists are caught up by narrators who know the fountains whence flow what is most trustworthy in history.

Fortunately that epoch which marks the transition of the English people from the ascetic rigor of Puritanism to the license of the Restoration, has been delineated to the last degree of fidelity by several journalists, the greatest of whom was Samuel Pepys. No historian of that period can pretend to shadow forth its remarkable features in their due proportion and detail without frequent demands on his remarkable work. His position in society was such as to afford him the fullest opportunity to see the best and worst of his countrymen. He was an eye-witness of the extraordinary scenes which attended the dissolution and the revival of the Stuart dynasty. He saw the head of Charles I. roll from the block. He was on board the vessel which brought the second Charles from the Hague to England. He wit-

nessed the impressive procession from the Tower to Whitehall, when the old city had "a glory about it." He was present at Westminster during the splendid ceremonies of the Coronation. His diary covers nine years and five months—from January 1st, 1660, to May 30, 1669. It is enough for our purpose to say that during the greater portion of his life of seventy years, its author held a responsible trust in the English admiralty. He was an educated gentleman and possessed a remarkable faculty for minute observation, which was facilitated by his knowledge and use of shorthand, in the characters of which his diary was written.

While this unique journal was in progress, nothing which illustrates the everyday life of a well-to-do Londoner of two and a quarter centuries ago, escaped his attention. So closely is the record kept, that much of its contents is really below the dignity of history and serves only to indicate the great fidelity with which the journal was written up from day to day. Thus, August 22d, 1662, Pepys sets down this: "About three o'clock this morning, I waked with the noise of the rayne, having never in my life heard a more violent shower; and then the catt was lockt in the chamber, and kept a great mewing, and leapt upon the bed, which made me I could not sleep a great while;" and on New Year Day, 1662, he gravely announces that "waking out of my sleep this morning owa sudden, I did with my elbow hit my wife a great blow over her face and neck, which waked her with pain, at which I was sorry, and to sleep again." But there is scarcely a page of the Diary which does not bristle with the most valuable materials illustrative of the domestic life, occupations, manners, customs, amusements and dress of Pepys's time. The salient events noticed by him and the more striking incidents of the era have found a place in the writings of all historians, but he has preserved numberless unconsidered trifles which the curious reader must seek in the Diary itself. The quaint diction of this brief chronicler, the old idioms used by him, and the obsolete spelling, present a rich field to the student of our mother tongue; but the form of Pepys's

work makes it distasteful to many, and its revelations of bygone days are thus lost to the general reader.

The first and perhaps the strongest impression one derives from the Pepysian Diary is the spirit of conviviality which prevailed at the period of the Restoration. Pepys himself was given to excesses, which became alarming to himself, and accordingly, on December 31st, 1661, we find him "swearing off" from theatres and wine. This oath, with the exception of infrequent relapses, he seems to have observed during the rest of his career. Before this new year resolve he frequently confesses in his Diary that he was "foxed." The London taverns were then the resort of an elegant and exclusive society. Pepys was an habitué of such famous resorts as "The Dog," "The Half Moon," "The Mitre," "Brazen Nose," "The Bear," "Hercules Pillars," "The Globe," "The Greyhound," "The Fleece," "Heaven," "Hell." The bibulous disposition of the age is strongly indicated in the fact that wine was furnished at the funeral of Pepys's uncle Robert in 1662.

Great stress is also laid on gastronomical topics. Pepys was a good liver. In the earlier part of his career he speaks of a breakfast of cold turkey-pie and a goose. On another occasion he feasted a considerable company on stewed carps, six roasted chickens, a "jowle of salmon for the first course; a tanzy, two neats tongues, and cheese, the second." This repast was prepared by a male cook, a luxury for which four pounds a year was paid. In 1661 he deems it of sufficient importance to mention his use of asparagus, which as the manuscript was deciphered was spelled "sparagus." January 15th, 1662, he enjoyed "a wild goose roasted, a cold chine of beef, and a barrel of oysters." On April 4th, 1663, the bill of fare was "a fricasse of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton, three carps, a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, four lobsters, three tarts, and a lamprey pie." Record is made of the last meal eaten on board "The Naseby" by Charles II. just before he landed on English soil. The repast consisted of "pease, pork, and boiled beef." Pepys was present on this occasion.

He says, November 25th, 1660, he tasted "tee" for the first time, and a "brave cup" of methiglin on February 29th, 1660.

In that day the reverence for the institutions of religion had greatly relaxed. The austere manners of the Protectorate were passing away; many

became as zealously wicked as they could without utterly discarding the conventional forms of worship. It was the rebound of human nature from the tension to which it had been subjected under Cromwell and Barebones. Pepys was a regular attendant at the London churches, but aside from a formal assent to Christian doctrine and practices he does not seem in the earlier portion of his life, at least, to have been distinguished for his piety. Thus on Sunday, or "Lord's Day" as he invariably terms it, May 5th, 1661, after hearing a sermon at the Abbey he confesses that he "played the fool" by engaging in a jumping match with a Mr. Creed, and won a quart of sack by his performance on that day. On another Sunday, September 29th, 1661, he owns to have taken so much wine that he became "foxed." Our historian waggishly comments on a sermon he heard at Westminster, where the speaker "desired of God that he would imprint his words on the thumbs of our right hands and the right great toes of our right feet." Under date of March 31st, Pepys flatly says he heard a stranger who "preached like a fool." There are, however, many passages in the Diary where he refers to the London clergy in terms of respect and commendation.

A person of Pepys's disposition was, of course, a regular visitor at the London theatres. Beaumont, Fletcher, Rowley, and Shakspeare were the dramatic favorites. He frequently praises Betterton, the actor, and warmly applauds his *role* of Hamlet. At the house of the Duke of York, May 28th, 1663, he saw Betterton play that part when he received "fresh reasons never to think enough" of this player. Managers pursued the same methods as do those of our time, when it is necessary to fill up silent parts, for which there is no performer present. Thus he relates, October 31st, 1662, Thomas Killigrew's way of getting into the "Red Bull" theatre when he was a boy. "When the man cried to the boys, 'Who will go and be a devil, and he shall see the play for nothing,' I would go in and be a devil on the stage and so get to see the play."

Of the minor amusements, dancing appears to have been cultivated with much spirit. Pepys employed a dancing master for Mrs. Pepys and himself, and attempted to learn the steps of "the Coranto." He holds that this accomplishment was very useful for any gentleman. At a ball, December 31st, 1662, the King and the Duchess

of York, with other distinguished couples, danced "the Brantle," "the Coranio," and country dances, among them one called "Cuckolds all awry," which, Pepys says, was the old dance of England. The musical instruments in use were "the violin," "the harpsicon," "the bandore," "the ciththerne," "the dulcimer," and others.

That society was then pursued by the same annoyances and deceived by the same illusions which continue to fret the world is indicated in the entry of November 25th, 1662, where Pepys announces that the "Fanatiques" predict the end of the world on the following Tuesday, December 2d. He does not seem to have been greatly disturbed by the threatened destruction, for, on December 1st, the day preceding the predicted downfall, he amused himself for the first time in witnessing the new pastime of sliding on "skeates," which he considered "a very pretty art." On the evening of the same day he went to the Cock-pit theatre to hear Betterton.

The Diary describes many usages which have long been abandoned and articles of fashion or utility which have fallen into disuse. The pumice stone was used by Pepys for shaving (then called "trimming"). Mention is made of this practice, Sunday, May 25th, 1662, in this way: "Trimming myself which I have this week done every morning, with a pumice stone, which I learnt of Mr. March when I was last at Portsmouth; and I find it very easy, speedy, and cleanly, and shall continue the practice of it." For the vagaries of dress he everywhere betrays a feminine devotion. He gloats over a certain Sunday rig of Mrs. Pepys, "a green petticoat of flowered satin with white and black gimp lace," and his own "fine camlet cloak with gold buttons and a silk suit."

In 1663 the fashion for men was a black cloth suit with white linings under all. In that year when mourning for his brother, the king wore purple, a color which has long been discarded as a badge of woe.

A curious entry is made, November 20th, 1660, describing a visit made by Pepys and his wife to the Queen's presence chamber. "The Queen is a very little, plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garbe than any ordinary woman. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her haire frized short up to her eares did not seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she." Change in manners is strongly shown in the frequent use of the word "Esquire" in our day. In Pepys's time it was a real distinction, and he gloats over the superscription "*S. P. Esq.*," which he found one day on a letter received by him, and quaintly remarks that "he was not a little proud of it."

The Diary abounds with many evidences of the writer's devotion to the person and interests of Charles. He was among those who drank to the health of that monarch on their knees in the streets of London. Every incident, however trivial, which bears any relation to him is carefully preserved with loyal affection.

Pepys does not omit to make mention of "a little dog that the king loved" which went ashore with him from "the Naseby," May 26th, 1660; nor of a certain mark which the king made on the same vessel with his own hand to show his stature. This mark Pepys caused to be gilded. This high regard for the king was returned by the latter, for Pepys records that when the royal progress was made from the Tower the day before the Coronation, April 22d, 1661, when the show of gold and silver was so glorious that Pepys was not able to look at it, when Charles Stuart appeared in a rich embroidered suit and cloak, surrounded by "a vast show of embroidery and diamonds," and encompassed by companies of "comely young men in white doublets," Pepys was thrilled with joy because Charles and the Duke of York both "took notice" of him as he sat at a window.

PRESENTIMENT.

BY MRS. L. M. B. PIATT.

THE world is sweet, in bud and broken rose—
In song and hush of bird, the world is sweet;
In tryst of dew and leaf; up heights and snows;
Down secret seas where moons and dead men meet.

Yet if, to-night, I wore a royal ring
Under high palace lights, I might be wise
To hide therein a poison that should bring
Quick death, to shut this Shadow from my sight.

THE MYSTERIOUS PROMISE.

By P. P. C.

It is somewhat singular that the natural longing to penetrate the great secret of mortality should not have suggested to some of the inquirers into so-called "Spiritual" manifestations, that, before attempting to obtain communication with the *dead*, through such poor methods as raps and alphabets, they might more properly, and with better hope of gaining a glimpse through the "gates ajar," watch closely the dying, and study the psychological phenomena which accompany the act of dissolution. Thus, it might be possible to ascertain by comparison of numerous instances, whether among those phenomena are any which seem to indicate that the Mind, Soul, or Self, of the expiring person is not undergoing a process of extinction, but exhibiting such tokens as might be anticipated were it entering upon a new phase of existence, and coming into possession of fresh faculties. It is at least conceivable that some such indications might be observed, were we to look for them with care and caution, under the rare conditions wherein they could at any time be afforded; and if this should prove to be the fact, it is needless to dilate on the intense interest of even such semblance of confirmation of our hopes. Of course, to regard anything which could be so noticed as anything *more*, or as if it could constitute an argument for belief in a future life, would be foolish in the extreme, seeing the great obscurity and the evanescent nature of all such phenomena. Our faith in immortality must be built on altogether different ground, if it is to be of any value as a part of our religion or of our philosophy. But, assuming that we are individually already convinced that the quasi-universal creed of the human race is not erroneous, and that "the soul of a man never dies," we may not unreasonably turn to the solemn scene of dissolution, and ask, Whether there does not sometimes occur, under one or two perhaps of its hundred forms, some incidents which point in the direction of the great Fact, which we believe to be actually in process of realization? According to our common conviction, there is a moment of time when the Man whom we have known in the garb of flesh, casts it aside, actually, so to speak, before our eyes, and

"this mortal puts on immortality." As in Blanco White's beautiful sonnet he is, like Adam, watching his first sunset, and trembling to lose sight of the world, and the question to be solved is, Whether darkness has enshrouded him, or whether

Hesperus with the hosts of Heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in his view?

and he may have asked himself,

Who would have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or deemed,
While flower, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?

and Life, like Light, had been only a deception and a veil.

We have walked in company with our brother, perchance for years, through the "wilderness of this world," over its arid plains of toil, and through its sweet valleys of love and pleasure; and then we have begun to climb the awful Andes which have always loomed before us at our journey's end, their summits against the sky, and beyond them—the Undiscovered Land. Onward, a little before us, as chance may decide, our companion perhaps mounts the last acclivity, and we see him slowly approach the mountain's crown, while our lagging steps yet linger on the slopes below. Sometimes, ere he reach the hill-top, he is enveloped in cloud, and then we see him no more; but again, sometimes he remains in the full sunlight, and, though distant from us, and beyond the reach of our voice, it is yet possible for us to watch his attitude and motions. Now we see him nearing the summit. A few steps more, and there must break on his vision whatever there may be of the unknown World beyond—a howling wilderness, or a great Pacific of joy. Does he seem, as that view bursts on him—whatsoever it may be—does he seem to be inspired with hope, or cast down with despair? Do his arms drop in consternation, or does he lift them aloft with one glad gesture of rapture, ere he descend the further slope, and is lost to our sight forever?

It appears to me that we may, though with much diffidence, answer this question as regards some of our comrades in life's journey, who have gone before us, and of whom the last glimpse has

been one full of strange, mysterious, but most joyful promise. Let us inquire into the matter calmly, making due allowance both for natural exaggeration of mourning friends, who recall the most affecting scenes, and also for the probable presence of cerebral disturbance and spectral illusion at the moment of physical dissolution.

Of course, it is quite possible that the natural law of death may be that the departed always sink into a state of unconsciousness, and rather dip beneath a Lethe than leap a Rubicon. It is likewise possible that the faculties of a disembodied soul, whatever they may be, may need time and use, like those of an infant, before they can be practically employed. But there is also at least a possibility that consciousness is not always lost, but is continuous through the passage from one life to another, and that it expands, rather than closes, at the moment when the bonds of the flesh are broken, and the man enters into possession of his higher powers and vaster faculties symbolled by the beautiful old emblem of Psyche's emancipated butterfly quitting the shell of the chrysalis.¹ In this latter case there is a certain *prima facie* presumption that close observation ought to permit us occasionally to obtain some brief glimpse, some glance, though but of lightning swiftness and evanescence, revealing partially this transcendent change.

In a majority of deaths the accompanying physical conditions hide from the spectators whatever psychological phenomena may be taking place. The sun of our poor human life mostly sets behind an impenetrable cloud. Of all forms of death the commonest seems to be the awful "agony," with its unconscious groans and stertorous breath. The

dying person seems to sink lower and lower, as if beneath the waters of an unfathomable sea; a word, a motion, a glance, rising up at longer and longer intervals, till the last slow and distant sighs terminate the woeful strife, and the victory of Death is complete. When this is the mode of dissolution it is of course hopeless to look for any indication of the fate of the soul at its exodus; and the same holds good as regards death in extreme old age, or after exhausting disease, when the sufferer very literally "falls asleep." Again, there are deaths which are accompanied by great pain, or delirium, or which are caused by sudden accidents, altogether hiding from our observation the mental condition of the patient. Only in a small residue of cases the bodily conditions are such as to cause neither interference with, nor yet concealment of, the process of calm and peaceful dissolution, in the full light of mental sanity; and it is to these only we can look with any hope of fruitful observation. We ask: Whether in such cases instances have ever been known of occurrences having any significance, taken in connection with the solemn event wherewith they are associated? Does our forerunner on the hill-top show by his looks and actions—since he is too far off to speak to us—that he beholds, from his "Peak in Darien," an ocean yet hidden from our view?

I should hesitate altogether to affirm positively that such is the case; but, after many inquiries on the subject, I am still more disinclined to assert the contrary. The truth seems to be that in almost every family or circle, questions will elicit recollections of death-bed scenes, wherein, with singular recurrence, appears one very significant incident, namely, that the dying person, precisely at the moment of death, and when the power of speech was lost, or nearly lost, seemed to see something—or rather, to speak more exactly, to become conscious of something present (for actual sight is out of question)—of a very striking kind, which remained invisible to and unperceived by the assistants. Again and again this incident is repeated. It is described almost in the same words by persons who have never heard of similar occurrences, and who suppose their own experience to be unique, and have raised no theory upon it, but merely consider it to be "strange," "curious," "affecting," and nothing more. It is invariably explained—that the dying person is lying quietly, when suddenly, in the very act of expiring, he

¹ There is an insect, the Lunar Sphinx Moth, which exhibits, in its first stage, not only the usual prevision for its security while in the helpless chrysalis state, but a singular foresight of its own requirements when it shall have become a winged moth. Having made, by eating its way upward through the pith of a willow, an appropriate hiding-place, it finds itself with its head in a position in which, were it to become a moth, it could never push itself down, and escape at the aperture below. The little creature accordingly, before it goes to sleep, laboriously turns round, and places its head near the entrance, where, as a moth, it will make its happy exit into the fields of air. There seems something curiously akin in the unaccountable foresight of this insect, of a state of existence it has never experienced, and the vague and dim sentiment of immortality, common to mankind since the days of the cave-dwellers of the Stone Age.

looks up—sometimes starts up in bed—and gazes on (what appears to be) vacancy, with an expression of astonishment, sometimes developing instantly into joy, and sometimes cut short in the first emotion of solemn wonder and awe. If the dying man were to see some utterly-unexpected but instantly recognized vision, causing him a great surprise, or rapturous joy his face could not better reveal the fact. The very instant this phenomenon occurs, death is actually taking place, and the eyes glaze even while they gaze at the unknown sight. If a breath or two still heave the chest, it is obvious that the soul has already departed:

A few narrations of such observations, chosen from a great number which have been communicated to the writer, will serve to show more exactly the point which it is desired should be established by a larger concurrence of testimony. The following are given in the words of a friend on whose accuracy every reliance may be placed:

"I have heard numberless instances of dying persons showing unmistakably by their gestures, and sometimes by their words, that they saw in the moment of dissolution what could not be seen by those around them. On three occasions facts of this nature came distinctly within my own knowledge, and I will therefore limit myself to a detail of that which I can give on my own authority, although the circumstances were not so striking as many others known to me, which I believe to be equally true.

"I was watching one night beside a poor man dying of consumption; his case was hopeless, but there was no appearance of the end being very near; he was in full possession of his senses, able to talk with a strong voice and not in the least drowsy. He had slept through the day and was so wakeful that I had been conversing with him on ordinary subjects to while away the long hours. Suddenly, while we were thus talking quietly together, he became silent, and fixed his eyes on one particular spot in the room, which was entirely vacant, even of furniture; at the same time a look of the greatest delight changed the whole expression of his face, and after a moment of what seemed to be an intense scrutiny of some object invisible to me, he said to me in a joyous tone, 'There is Jim.' Jim was a little son whom he had lost the year before, and whom I had known well, but the dying man had a son still living, named

John, for whom he had sent, and I concluded it was of John he was speaking, and that he thought he heard him arriving; so I answered:

"'No. John has not been able to come.'

"The man turned to me impatiently and said, 'I do not mean John, I know he is not here, it is Jim, my little lame Jim; surely you remember him?'

"'Yes,' I said. 'I remember dear little Jim who died last year, quite well.'

"'Don't you see him then? There he is,' said the man, pointing to the vacant space on which his eyes were fixed; and when I did not answer, he repeated almost fretfully, 'Don't you see him standing there?'

"I answered that I could not see him, though I felt perfectly convinced that something was visible to the sick man, which I could not perceive. When I gave him this answer he seemed quite amazed, and turned round to look at me with a glance almost of indignation. As his eyes met mine, I saw that a film seemed to pass over them, the light of intelligence died away, he gave a gentle sigh and expired. He did not live five minutes from the time he first said 'There is Jim,' although there had been no sign of approaching death previous to that moment.

"The second case was that of a boy about fourteen years of age, dying also of decline. He was a refined, highly educated child, who throughout his long illness had looked forward with much hope and longing to the unknown life to which he believed he was hastening. On a bright summer morning it became evident that he had reached his last hour. He lost the power of speech, chiefly from weakness, but he was perfectly sensible, and made his wishes known to us by his intelligent looks. He was sitting propped up in bed, and had been looking rather sadly at the bright sunshine playing on the trees outside his open window for some time. He had turned away from this scene, however, and was facing the end of the room, where there was nothing whatever but a closed door, when all in a moment the whole expression of his face changed to one of the most wondering rapture, which made his half-closed eyes open to their utmost extent, while his lips parted with a smile of perfect ecstasy; it was impossible to doubt that some glorious sight was visible to him, and from the movement of his eyes it was plain that it was not one but many objects on

which he gazed, for his look passed slowly from end to end of what seemed to be the vacant wall before him, going back and forward with ever-increasing delight manifested in his whole aspect. His mother then asked him, if what he saw was some wonderful sight beyond the confines of this world, to give her a token that it was so, by pressing her hand. He at once took her hand, and pressed it meaningly, giving thereby an intelligent affirmative to her question, though unable to speak. As he did so a change passed over his face, his eyes closed, and in a few minutes he was gone.

"The third case, which was that of my own brother, was very similar to this last. He was an elderly man, dying of a painful disease, but one which never for a moment obscured his faculties. Although it was known to be incurable, he had been told that he might live some months, when somewhat suddenly the summons came on a dark January morning. It had been seen in the course of the night that he was sinking, but for some time he had been perfectly silent and motionless, apparently in a state of stupor; his eyes closed and his breathing scarcely perceptible. As the tardy dawn of the winter morning revealed the rigid features of the countenance from which life and intelligence seemed to have quite departed, those who watched him felt uncertain whether he still lived; but suddenly, while they bent over him to ascertain the truth, he opened his eyes wide, and gazed eagerly upward with such an unmistakable expression of wonder and joy, that a thrill of awe passed through all who witnessed it. His whole face grew bright with a strange gladness, while the eloquent eyes seemed literally to shine as if reflecting some light on which they gazed; he remained in this attitude of delightful surprise for some minutes, then in a moment the eyelids fell, the head drooped forward, and with one long breath the spirit departed."

A different kind of case to those above narrated by my friend was that of a young girl known to me, who had passed through the miserable experiences of a sinful life at Aldershot, and then had tried to drown herself in the river Avon, near Clifton. She was in some way saved from suicide, and placed for a time in a penitentiary; but her health was found to be hopelessly ruined, and she was sent to die in the quaint old workhouse of St. Peter's at Bristol. For many months she lay in the infirmary literally perishing piecemeal of dis-

ease, but exhibiting patience and sweetness of disposition quite wonderful to witness. She was only eighteen, poor young creature! when all her little round of error and pain had been run; and her innocent, pretty face might have been that of a child. She never used any sort of cant (so common among women who have been in refuges), but had apparently somehow got hold of a very living and real religion, which gave her comfort and courage, and inspired her with the beautiful spirit with which she bore her frightful sufferings. On the wall opposite her bed there hung by chance a print of the lost sheep, and Mary S., looking at it one day, said to me, "That is just what I was, and what happened to me; but I am being brought safe home now." For a long time before her death, her weakness was such that she was quite incapable of lifting herself up in bed, or of supporting herself when lifted, and she, of course, continued to lie with her head on the pillow while life gradually and painfully ebbed away, and she seemingly became nearly unconscious. In this state she had been left one Saturday night by the nurse in attendance. Early at dawn next morning—an Easter morning, as it chanced—the poor old women who occupied the other beds in the ward were startled from their sleep by seeing Mary S. suddenly spring up to a sitting posture in her bed, with her arms outstretched and her face raised, as if in a perfect rapture of joy and welcome. The next instant the body of the poor girl fell fell back a corpse. Her death had taken place in that moment of mysterious ecstasy.

A totally different case again was that of a man of high intellectual distinction, well known in the world of letters. When dying peacefully, as became the close of a profoundly religious life, and having already lost the power of speech, he was observed suddenly to look up as if at some spectacle invisible to those around, with an expression of solemn surprise and awe, very characteristic, it is said, of his habitual frame of mind. At that instant, and before the look had time to falter or change, the shadow of death passed over his face, and the end had come.

In yet another case I am told that at the last moment so bright a light seemed suddenly to shine from the face of a dying man, that the clergyman and another friend who were attending him actually turned simultaneously to the window to seek for the cause.

Another incident of a very striking character occurred in a well-known family, one of whose members narrated it to me. A dying lady, exhibiting the aspect of joyful surprise to which we have so often referred, spoke of seeing, one after another, three of her brothers who had long been dead, and then apparently recognized last of all a fourth brother, who was believed by the bystanders to be still living in India. The coupling of his name with that of his dead brothers excited such awe and horror in the mind of one of the persons present, that she rushed half senseless from the room. In due course of time letters were received announcing the death of the brother in India, which had occurred some time before his dying sister seemed to recognize him.

Again, in another case a gentleman who had lost his only son some years previously, and who had never recovered the afflicting event, exclaimed suddenly when dying, with the air of a man making a most rapturous discovery, "I see him! I see him!"

Not to multiply such anecdotes too far—anecdotes which certainly possess a uniformity pointing to some similar cause, whether that cause be physiological or psychical—I will now conclude with one authenticated by a near relation of the persons concerned. A late well-known bishop was commonly called by his sisters, "Charlie," and his eldest sister bore the pet name of "Liz." They had both been dead for some years when their younger sister, Mrs. W., also died, but before her death appeared to behold them both. While lying still and apparently unconscious she suddenly opened her eyes and looked earnestly across the room, as if she saw some one entering. Presently, as if overjoyed, she exclaimed, "Oh Charlie!" and then after a moment's pause, with a new start of delight, as if he had been joined by some one else, she went on, "And Liz!" and then added, "How beautiful you are!" After seeming to gaze at the two beloved forms for a few minutes, she fell back on her pillow and died.

Instances like these, might, I believe, be almost indefinitely multiplied were attention directed to them, and the experience of survivors more generally communicated and recorded. Reviewing them, the question seems to press upon us: Why should we *not* thus catch a glimpse of the spiritual world through that half-open portal wherein our dying brother is passing? If the soul of man

exists at all after the extinction of the life of the body, what is more probable than that it should begin, at the very instant when the veil of the flesh is dropping off, to exercise those spiritual powers of perception which we must suppose it to possess (else were its whole after life a blank), and to become conscious of other things than those of which our dim senses can take cognizance? If it be not destined to an eternity of solitude (an absurd hypothesis), its future companions may well be recognized at once, even as it goes forth to meet them. It seems indeed almost a thing to be expected, that some of them should be ready waiting to welcome it on the threshold. Is there not, then, a little margin for hope—if not for any confident belief—that our fondest anticipations will be verified, nay, that the actual experience of not a few has verified them? May it not be that when that hour comes for each of us which we have been wont to dread as one of parting and sorrow—

The last long farewell on the shore
Of this rude world,

ere we "put off into the unknown dark"—we may find that we only leave, for a little time, the friends of earth, to go straight to the embrace of those who have long been waiting for us to make perfect for them the nobler life beyond the grave? May it not be that our very first dawning sense of that enfranchised existence will be the rapture of reunion with the beloved ones, whom we have mourned as lost, but who have been standing near waiting longingly for our recognition, as a mother may watch beside the bed of a fever-stricken child till reason re-illuminates its eyes and with outstretched arms it cries, "Mother?"

There are some, alas! to whom it must be very dreadful to think of thus meeting on the threshold of eternity, the wronged, the deceived, the forsaken. But for most of us, God be thanked, no dream of celestial glory has half the ecstasy of the thought that in dying we may meet—and *meet at once*, before we have had a moment to feel the awful loneliness of death—the parent, wife, husband, child, friend of our life, soul of our soul, whom we consigned long ago with breaking hearts to the grave. Their "beautiful" forms (as that dying lady beheld her brother and sister) entering our chamber, standing beside our bed of death, and come to rejoin us forever—what words can tell the happiness of such a vision? It may be

awaiting us all. There is even, perhaps, a certain probability that it is actually the natural destiny of the human soul, and that the affections, which alone of earthly things can survive dissolution, will, like magnets, draw the beloved and loving spirits of the dead around the dying. I can see no reason why we should not indulge so ineffably blessed a

hope. But, even if it be a dream, the faith remains, built on no such evanescent and shadowy foundation, that there is One Friend—and he the best—in whose arms we shall surely fall asleep, and to whose love we may trust for the re-union, sooner or later, of the severed links of sacred human affection.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

BY MARGARET FIELD.

THE Castello di Vinci, in the Val d'Arno, was the birthplace of Leonardo da Vinci, whom Von Humboldt called the greatest physical philosopher of the sixteenth century, who, as architect, sculptor, painter, poet and musician, was almost without a rival. He constructed canals, raised immense fortifications, built bridges, tunneled, and indeed removed mountains, deepened harbors, made flying and swimming machines, compasses and hygrometers, and various mechanical implements of lesser value.

He was the pride of Andrea del Verocchio, who taught him painting, and the rival, in every branch of the fine arts, of Michael Angelo. Leonardo as a painter was full of sensibility and imagination; he delighted in expressing with his brush all the finest emotions of the soul. His choice of subjects was always of the highest and purest type, and it was almost impossible to satisfy him with his own works, many of which he destroyed, because they fell short of his ideal.

But all that he achieved was surpassed by the exquisite fresco of "The Last Supper," upon which he worked sixteen years. It was painted



LEONARDO DA VINCI.

for the Duke of Milan, Ludovico Sforza, who was his admiring and most appreciative patron, upon the walls of the Dominican monastery of the Church of Santa Maria della Grazia, where what remains of it is still to be seen on the walls of the Refectory. It is sadly decayed and defaced, having been broken away, and sustained much other injury from ill usage during the occupancy of Italy by the French

troops, at the close of the last century, although Napoleon gave very explicit directions for its careful treatment. But slight conception can be attained now of its original beauty, before which men bowed in reverent homage and wept. We have called it a fresco; but though this is the popular idea in regard to it, it is not a fresco, but was executed with distilled oils upon the dry plastering of the wall, by a process invented by Leonardo himself. This is the chief cause of its decay, as great pieces of the plastering peel off as from any other wall attacked by damp or other causes.

Although "The Last Supper" is the greatest evidence of his surpassing genius which has come

down to us, it was the fruit of only one of his many acquirements. He was one of the most accomplished men of his age, remarkable for the beauty of his face, which is described as marked by the most intellectual characteristics; his carriage was exceedingly graceful, and his bearing noble and courtly. His strength was so remarkable he could twist a horseshoe with his fingers and break a coin in two in the palm of his hand. His conversational powers were of the most brilliant sort, and his scholarly attainments were remarkable.

He is described as so bright and joyous that his childish friends, of whom he owned an host, almost worshipped him; he used to make all kinds of curious toys with which to entertain them; he even tamed a sort of lizard, for which, by the aid of some preparation of quicksilver, he made wings, which were so real and lifelike when the creature moved as to deceive old as well as young. He made his funny pet, horns, a beard, and painted circles around its eyes, giving it such a terrifically fiendish appearance as to make people fly in fright at sight of it.

He was induced to leave Florence and live at Milan, by Ludovico Sforza, whom he charmed in the first place by his wonderful musical ability; he constructed a silver lyre of remarkable and original character, which crowds eagerly assembled for the privilege of hearing him play upon. He sang the loveliest songs—the music and words of which he had himself composed. He extemporized both music and poetry to the delight of all who listened. He excelled in eloquence, and was quoted by the most astute minds of his time as one of the most finished and ornate orators. Some of the most splendid hydraulic engineering done at that period of the world's history was designed by him and executed under his immediate superintendence

for the improvement of Milan. He constructed the famous aqueduct which supplies Milan with water, called Mortesana, by which the river Adda is brought over two hundred miles to the city.

His most celebrated pieces of sculpture are his San Tommaso in Orsanmichel at Florence; a horse in the Church St. John and St. Paul at Venice; and three statues cast in bronze by Rustici, which he modeled for the Church of St. John at Florence. And this wonderful man—painter, sculptor, architect, poet, man of science, leader in belles-lettres, elegant and accomplished scholar and gentleman, distinguished for his remarkable mechanical knowledge—was equally celebrated for his military acquirements and aptness in all sports and feats of skill. Ludovico of Milan, had coveted him, and won him from Florence by his splendid offers, charmed by his music; and Louis XII. of France, delighted by his unrivaled feats of horsemanship, by the wonderful skill and ease with which he managed and subdued the most ungovernable horses, strove on his visit to Milan, 1479, at which time Leonardo was the chief ornament and attraction in his entertainment by the Duke, to tempt him by every promised offer of honor and advancement to leave Milan and become the chief acquisition of the French court; but in vain. However, though he resisted these offers, in 1520 Leonardo visited France, prevailed upon by the urgency of the then King Francis I., but his health was very frail, and the King came frequently to Fontainebleau to visit him. One day lying upon his couch when the King was announced, Leonardo arose to receive him, but falling forward in a swoon, was caught in the royal arms. And thus pillowed, the soul of this gifted man went out, and Leonardo da Vinci was henceforth but a memory.

A DEDICATION.

BY ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

THE sea gives her shells to the shingle,
The earth gives her streams to the sea;
They are many, but my gift is single,
My verses, the first fruits of me.
Let the wind take the green and the gray leaf,
Cast forth without fruit upon air,
Take a rose-leaf and vine-leaf and bay-leaf
Blown loose from the hair.

The night shakes them round me in legions,
Dawn drives them before her like dreams;
Time sheds them like snows on strange regions,
Swept shoreward on infinite streams;
Leaves pallid and sombre and ruddy,
Dead fruits of the fugitive years;
Some stained as with wine and made bloody,
And some as with tears.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Longevity.—In your August number you give a case of family longevity. A family in this place excels the one given so greatly that I am induced to send the record for insertion.

John Breese, of Barnard's Township, Somerset County, New Jersey, married Dorothy Riggs; died there and was buried at Baskingridge Presbyterian Meeting-House. They had a son Samuel, who moved to Wyoming in 1789, who had nine children. The ages of each of the persons mentioned are as follows:

John, died 4th March, 1803, aged 90
Dorothy, died 23d November, 1803, aged 90

Their son:

Samuel, died 21st July, 1837, aged 80

His children:

Willis, died March, 1854, aged 73

Daniel, died 1865, aged 82

Mary, died 21st December, 1871, aged 86

Lot, died 1st May, 1868, aged 81

Ezra, died 28th June, 1869, aged 79

Elizabeth, died 22d October, 1871, aged 79

John, yet living, aged 82

Henry, died 21st October, 1875, aged 78

Samuel, died 13th December, 1875, aged 73

Total for twelve persons. 973

Average, 81 years.

There are a number of isolated cases of longevity in this vicinity worthy of mention:

Charles Harris, died 24th March, 1864, aged 96 years.

Henry Courtright, died about same time, aged 97 years.

Matthew Phoenix, died 22d August, 1873, aged 107 years, 7 months and 13 days.

Mary Dymond, died 1874, aged 104 years and 3 months.

Elizabeth Jacobs, died 6th December, 1843, aged 105 years and 6 months.

Margaret Larch, died 1848, aged 104 years.

From 80 to 95 is no uncommon age to live to. There are a number of persons in this neighborhood now between these ages, one of whom bids fair to overrun 100.

S. JENKINS, *Wyoming.*

A Curious Legend.—The Nerbudda and the Soane, or Sona, are two important rivers of Judea; the former springing from a well near a pagoda upon the highest table land of the mountain called Omerc-handace. This temple is devoutly venerated by all faithful Hindoos, and many pilgrimages made to it with offerings for the goddess Bhaváu, who is worshipped under the symbol of the Nerbudda River. The images in the temple represent her engaged in cutting off the nose, ears, lips, and otherwise disfiguring her slave, Jubilla, while slaves on every hand prepare a marriage feast. The fables which these illustrate form a devout part of the Hindoo belief.

The legend is, that Sona, a god, was wild for the love of

the great goddess Nerbudda, whose reputed beauty had enraptured him. At first scorning his embassies of love, she at last consents to become his bride, and makes great preparations for the nuptials. As he nears the mountain of Omerc, upon whose summit is her castle, he is met by Jubilla, her slave, a beautiful girl, herself in love with Sona. Attired as a queen she presents herself to him, and he, accepting her, receives her as his wife. But the honeymoon is interrupted by Nerbudda, who prepared to receive him, grows restive at his delay, and goes forth to meet him. Enraged when she discovers them together in a cave in which they have taken up their abode, she tosses Sona over a precipice, and he flows on forever—a river. Then with her own hands she mutilates the beautiful face of the girl, who becomes a tear, and bubbling up in a hollow, grows at last into a well, which overflowing its brim, steals softly down the mountain side, a beautiful silvery rivulet, until springing into the embrace of the Sona, it glides united with that river ever towards the sea.

M. F.

A Strangely Beautiful Custom.—Do you know the story of the "Diamond Bird," the tiny, crimson-breasted warbler? Well, listen then! Born of the amber-tinted cloudlets of a ruby morn, and of the sea-foam, it is laid in the hearts of the glowing Lotus flower down deep within the solemn glooms of an Eastern forest. And there it lies from moon till moon absorbing into itself the perfume of that flower-heart safe within its velvet nest; while overhead the azure dome glows and wanes, now sapphire, crimson, violet, then intensest blue, gemmed everywhere with worlds. The Bulbul singing love-songs to the rose and lily is the harshest sound it hears; until the full time having come, it soars aloft, seeking the duty for which it had its being. Ah! would that to our hearts the meaning of creation was so plain.

Sometimes in Russia, amidst the glitter of snowy pinnacles and ice-encrusted homes, it finds its abiding place. They call it the Bird of Paradise and deem it a messenger straight from the celestial realms. When a girl is wedded, her bridegroom gives her, as his earliest nuptial gift, this sparkling Diamond Bird. And forever after it becomes the guardian of her honor, the incorruptible witness to the sanctity of the marriage vow between the man and wife. If into the innermost nature of the young wife there steals so much as a shadowy resemblance of an unloyal or unwise fancy, the song of her birdling falters and fails. If led astray and bewildered by admiration and false vows, the little throat ceases its warbling and its crimson turns to violet. Then as the sin goes on and increases, because not destroyed at first, but left to grow, the little silent throat deepens from violet to purple, through all the gradations, until it is black as the sin it bears witness against. If the wifely faith be assailed, the Diamond Bird pines and languishes with pitiful moans. And if, alas! the lamp of truth lighted at the marriage altar in the name of God is quenched in darkest crime, the sorrowful

watcher, hiding its stricken head beneath its wing, quietly and silently dies.

How would it be if the bird fanciers of our American cities were to import these guardians of faith and honor into our midst? Would our fair matrons wear them as their chiefest ornaments on breast and brow, fearless of the silent record of this tender songster, to which deeds, not words, bring death? Who shall tell what its fate would be—how long its life!

The Eccentricities of Genius.—The world often wonders why it is that those men and women who dedicate their lives wholly to authorship, literature, art, or science, are in their manners and habits so odd and *peculiar*, as contrasted with those engaged in other occupations. Is it because their genius or inventive power makes them oblivious to current events and customs? The greatest characters in the field of literature have won distinction for their eccentricities. They seem to shine as stars in the firmament for a little while and then we behold them in the gloom of despondency—dull and melancholy. One hour buoyant and entertaining to friend and stranger; another, morose, peevish and disagreeable. Indeed, there appear such irregularities and uncertainties in the practical life of the great body of those who make books for the multitude to gather instruction and amusement from, that the writer with many friends would feel thankful for any information that would illuminate the matter. The effects are visible, and there must be causes perfectly rational for what appear to many of us as vagaries and freaks of fancy in men and women of recognized genius. Could not the Editor of *POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY*, throw a little light upon the subject? V. R. M.

Information is much easier solicited on this subject of character, or rather causes of character, than furnished. Curious to the world at large—and we might almost say a mystery—are the operations of the human mind and heart. We cannot penetrate the inner-temple, and see thought and emotion. We only can witness the external movements and their results. True, there are those who seem to be able at times to fathom even the thought of others. The eye is said to be an index to the soul, and he who can read that aright may know even the operations going on in the mind.

The causes for such eccentricities are no doubt traceable to influences external or internal, which we have not the power of discerning. These influences are as changeable as the mind itself; and this change would seem as one of the necessities of a literary life. The thinking and exploring mind takes always great delight in new mental excursions and scenes, and appears to feast on variety, as the spice of mind-life. During the period of these ramblings into the new and unknown realm the outer world is lost sight of, and only the new creations are lingered upon. This isolation from a normal to what might be called an abnormal condition would as a logical result, produce one or more evidences of the *peculiar*, or eccentric. This deviation from the simple rule in word and act, is the *strange* in literary characters.

Some writers have considered these peculiarities as the infirmities of genius. With them we do not agree. There is no more evidence of such acts indicating weakness, than superlative acts and measures in other directions performed

by other men showing infirmities. Burke says "a vigorous mind is as necessarily accompanied by violent passions as a great fire with great heat." Consistency to the outward life may at intervals disappear, and acts resembling frailty take its place; but does this drifting against the tide of human actions in general demonstrate feebleness? The more thoughtful will rather be disposed to look at it like Burns:

"Miled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven,
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven."

"It is seldom the lot," says Madden, "of the wayward child of genius to have a Currie for his historian, and hence it is that frailties, which might have awakened sympathy, are now only mooted, to be remembered with abhorrence. It is greatly to be regretted that eminent medical men are not to be met with qualified, by literary attainments, as well as professional ability, for undertakings of this kind. No class of men have the means of obtaining so intimate a knowledge of human nature, so familiar an acquaintance with the unmasked mind. The secret thoughts of the invalid are as obvious as the symptoms of his disease: there is no deception in the sick chamber; the veil of the temple is removed, and humanity lies before the attendant, in all its helplessness, and for the honorable physician it lies—if we may be allowed the expression—in all its holiness. No such medical attendant, we venture to assert, ever went through a long life of practice, and had reason to think worse of his fellow-men for the knowledge of humanity he obtained at the bedside of the sick. Far from it; the misintelligence, the misapprehension, that in society are the groundless source of animosities which put even the feelings of the philanthropist to the test, are here unknown; the only wonder of the physician is, that amidst so much suffering as he is daily called to witness, human nature should be presented to his view, in so good, and not unfrequently in so noble, an aspect. It is not among the enlightened physicians of this or any other country that we must look for the disciples of a gloomy misanthropy."

There is a sort of charm around and about the *sanctum saniam* or *insaniam* of genius which leads many to walk in its footprints. Swift, Sharpe, Tasso, and Cooper took special delight in this field of labor, although their visions were considered distempered. There are many instances of minds depraved, not so much from excessive study, as from protracted broodings over unpleasant subjects. This twisting of the faculties into tortuous channels cannot fail to give us *eccentricities*, but it does more—furnishes the world with certain kinds and degrees of insanity. Festus told St. Paul that much learning had made him mad; and Sophocles has lauded the beatitude of ignorance. The wise course is the middle course. Temperance in literature, as in all things, should be the guiding principle. "When the growth of intellect" says Madden, "is too prompt, its faculties are too early developed, and mental application is permitted proportioned to this development; the body receives no part of it, but the nerves cease to contribute to its energies; the victim becomes exhausted, and eventually dies of some insidious malady." During the transition from the one state to the other, many of the so-called peculiarities are witnessed.

Surveying the subject from different positions we are led to the conclusion that order, uniformity and law should guide all human operations. Too great a strain upon any faculty or function will recoil to the injury of him or her who makes it. We may advance to the gate of the temple of celestial knowledge, yet we should know the boundaries which human science cannot pass.

If we glance at the closing scene of many men who gained the admiration of the world through their productions, we will find much to illustrate our observations: Addison once said to a prodigal young nobleman, "Behold with what tranquility a Christian can die!" Roscommon repeated on

his death-bed two lines of his own version "Dies iræ." Bede quit life in the act of dictating. Keats, just previous to his death, in answer to a question as to his condition, replied in a subdued voice, "Better, my friend. I feel the daisies growing over me." The ruling passion in life generally lingers till the light goes out. Man, however, notwithstanding all his imperfections, is a wonderful creation. In reason, how noble! In faculties, how infinite! In form and motion, how grand and graceful! In intelligence, how like Jehovah! To lift him up on to higher planes, and enable him to achieve greater possibilities, is the mission of human brotherhood. Let us hope for its success.

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

The Trade Problem.—Intimately connected with the Capital and Labor problem is our relation with adjoining countries and governments, and the interchange of their products with those of the United States. In a former number of the MONTHLY we briefly outlined the benefits which would be derived from extending our intercourse in a manufacturing and commercial sense with Mexico and other adjacent States. The weakness of the cry of *over-production*, we felt sure, would soon be apparent to all, if once we utilized the opportunities offered us. We are told that "there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and no less truthful is it when applied to nations. This tide has for many years borne millions of dollars across the Atlantic to enrich the merchants and Government of Great Britain, and just because we have been blind to our best interests. To find markets for our cotton manufactures and other products is to find employment to labor now idle, and capital now stored away in bank vaults. As bearing directly upon this subject we extract the following from the *Philadelphia Record*:

The Centennial Exhibition has proved wonderfully fruitful in opening new avenues of trade, and it is probable that the fame of Philadelphia manufactures thus disseminated over the civilized world will create demands from quarters heretofore unnoticed. It will be remembered that a society was formed, composed principally of public men, to advance American industries. That association now reports a large number of export orders from sections entirely new, and will show, on the authority of some of the best business men in the city, that the export of our manufactures is practicable in almost every department, and entirely successful in all cases that have been tried, the goods being sent and paid for here without any speculation whatever.

As an outgrowth of that movement a more specific organization has been effected by twenty leading business firms to open up the trade with Mexico, Central and South America, among whom are conspicuous, Messrs. Jessup & Moore, William Cramp & Sons, Collins & McLeester, Henry Disston & Sons, Martin Landenberger & Sons, Lloyd, Supplee & Walton, Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Sausser, Son & Co., John Gibson's Son & Co., W. L. Elkins & Co.,

Loper Brothers & Co., Hale, Kilburn & Co., and James Long, Brother & Co. They have aided in the formation of a general agency under the firm name of Fralick, Murphy & Co., in this city, which has arranged to create corresponding agencies in all the leading cities of Central and South America, representing in each case a sufficiently large assortment of goods to secure a fair business to every such agency.

The parties to this arrangement are under a specific contract which secures permanence and makes the effect as strong as the united strength of the houses concerned can make it, representing not less than \$20,000,000 of capital.

"No such organized effort has been made in any previous case," said a gentleman recently, thoroughly acquainted with the export interests of the country. "This proceeding places Philadelphia in advance of New York, Boston or St. Louis, each of which has made some considerable effort to open this trade. The parties believe it will result in the early establishment of steam lines of communication, and will secure to Philadelphia its rightful place in this immense Southern trade."

"There are now \$60,000,000 worth of cotton goods consumed in South America, nearly all of which has previously been sent there by England. It is now found that American cotton goods are not only much cheaper, but best suited to the uses of all those countries, and the same preference exists for almost everything in our ordinary range of manufactured goods."

"A gentleman received this morning," continued our informant, "an order for 1,200 dozen glass tumblers from Rio Janeiro, South America. It is only necessary to open communication with those countries to inaugurate a very large trade, for the simple reason that Brazil and South America have been supplied for years with the poorest of English cottons, their clumsiest tools and most inferior machinery of every sort. The only thing necessary to give Philadelphia entire possession of the market is to go there and open up proper agencies to represent us."

Capital and Labor.—For want of space in our last issue, we were obliged to break off rather abruptly our remarks

upon Capital and Labor. We continue the discussion from where the thread was broken, trusting that the interest awakened in the September number will be more fully compensated in this.

The principal causes for the reduction of the prices of labor are the following:

1. Selling wares or commodities at *non-paying* profits.
2. Extravagance in the style of living.
3. Mismanagement of business.
4. Falling off of the amount of sales.
5. Withdrawal of capital from business.
6. Shrinkage of the values of investments.
7. Decrease of consumption.
8. Surplus of production.
9. Surplus of labor.
10. Increase of the purchasing power of the dollar.

It becomes our duty, then, to inquire, how far the laborer should *uncomplainingly* bear the effects of any one or all of these causes. If the manufacturer or merchant sell his goods, or railroad companies transport freights at *non-paying* profits, in order to compete with or break down his or their rivals, is a *reduction* of wages justifiable to *make up* the losses sustained in such a struggle for supremacy? This question touches the heart of the recent railroad trouble. The war between the railroad companies growing out of their desire to control the bulk of the carrying-trade of both property and person, has entailed heavy losses, which have been made to recoil—unjustly, we think—upon the operatives of the road. A fair and equitable competition may be wholesome, but that which is productive only of injury, should be everywhere and at all times severely condemned. Competition as practiced for the last decade has been the *death* rather than “the life of trade.” “WE DEFY COMPETITION” is the drawing card in the merchant’s window. The spirit it displays is born of deception and cradled in dishonesty. Its reward is either gain unfairly won, or bankruptcy. If neither of these, the wreck of the merchant is only saved by the discharge of the employé, or the curtailment of his salary.

The *SECOND* in our table of causes for the reduction of the prices of labor, is extravagance in the style of living. If the business man consume his working capital by excessive opulence and expenses uncalled for in the natural order of comfort and happiness, is he justified in repleting his exhausted treasury by contracting the daily or weekly compensation of the diligent worker in his employ? An affirmative answer to this is certainly not tenable. The same principle applies to the *THIRD* cause, *i. e.* mismanagement of business.

We next come to consider the *FOURTH* source of trouble, the falling off of the amount of sales. This may be the result of one or more causes: Not advertising judiciously the business; not keeping pace with the new ideas current, and the wares and fashions of the day; lack of business courtesy (an important element of success in trade); or a want of demand for goods, after exhausting all due attention and diligence to the business. The responsibility in this is more of a complex character than in the first, second, or third causes before named. Here, no blame, directly, may rest upon the employer. If he reduce the wages of his clerk, or workmen, as the sequence of his losses, superinduced by no neglect of his, but general falling off of trade, he is morally and legally in-

nocent. Should the loss and reduction come entirely from neglect of his business, the capitalist, in this case, would be *guilty* from a moral standpoint, in so far as others are made to suffer through this violation of their—the employés—trust in him. He would be, however, according to the usual interpretation of our civil laws, entitled to full liberty to manage his own business, according to his own will. Right here we need reform. We should have our laws so framed that the *moral law* would be their spirit and foundation.

The other six causes for the reduction of the prices of labor: withdrawal of capital from business, shrinkage of values of investments, decrease of consumption, surplus of production, surplus of labor, and the enhanced value of the purchasing power of the dollar, are, in the main, on the side of the monied capitalist. Reduction of wages predicated upon any one or more of them is generally *justifiable*, and should cheerfully be acceded to by every reasonable employé. More than this, it should be the spirit of Labor to sympathize and coöperate with Capital suffering from any of these causes. The removal of them can only be accomplished by concord and coöperation.

Now, in order to bring about the required reforms, and at the same time stay the growth of anti-democratic principles, the masses, while obeying the law and all duly constituted authority, should labor as a unit together.

From our definition of labor or capital uncrystallized, it will be readily inferred that the *right* to unite in brotherhoods and trades-unions is inalienable and belongs to every man who can justly claim citizenship. The liberty to exercise this right is also specially declared in the Declaration of Independence, as a fundamental principle of a free government, and this principle is clearly laid down in our *GREAT NATIONAL CHARTER*; yet there are many that claim to be public guides who ignore this right, and practically deny the power to exercise it.

The same right is guaranteed to the laborer to centralize his labor-capital, that is accorded the monied capitalist in the organization of banks, insurance, railroad, and other forms of joint stock companies. This union is the strength of monied capitalists, and only through it can their power and influence be wielded in gigantic and effective form. So great has this power become that legislators, both State and National, and even courts of justice have been made creatures of their dictatorial will. This concentrated power sometimes has been used for the public weal, but more frequently has its force been directed for individual aggrandizement, at the expense and to the injury of the laboring classes.

To check these encroachments upon personal rights and liberties, the labor capitalists of the country must exercise their equal rights, and organize, not into a few local unions, but into one broad, general brotherhood, national in its character and equitable in its object. This *NATIONAL LABOR-CAPITAL UNION* could have as many State and district subdivisions as the respective occupations require, each with its local officers, with local government, while subject, in a degree, to the deliberations of the National Council. The doctrine of Communism in these societies should be specially excluded. All influences of a sectarian or political nature should be zealously guarded against. The motto “a fair

day's work for a fair day's wages," might take definite shape in a schedule of certain standards of prices for certain qualities of services. "JUSTICE TO EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYÉ" should guide the members in all their counsels and actions. The will of a large majority of the people of the several States could be manifested through such Unions, and such laws be made as would best promote the interests of the whole people.

It may be here asked, What will alleviate the suffering population? We answer, that there are many remedies which to us seem practicable. Chief among these is the recognition by the monied capitalists of the rights of the laborer. "Not how little can I secure his services for, but *how much can I afford to pay him,*" as expressed by an eminent manufacturer of New England, must be the spirit of the managing powers. This sort of policy would yield its own reward; for just in proportion to the amount of disbursements to the labor-market, so is the business augmented in all the mercantile and commercial markets. If A pays out \$100,000 more this year than last, \$100,000 more is put in active circulation by the labor recipients, and A, with the rest of the community, shares in its benefits. He sells more to his employes, and more to those who provide food, clothing, and shelter for his workmen. The reverse of this policy has, in no small degree, brought about the general shrinkage of business.

Another way by which relief could be obtained, is the commencement of National, State, and City improvements that would enhance the value of the public estate, while furnishing employment to many now on the verge of starvation. The General Government might open up new highways across the Continent, take into its hands the construction of a Southern Pacific Railway, and complete the Northern Pacific Road. There are also many harbor improvements sadly needed. There are millions of acres of new land, needing only settlers to open and cultivate. If proper aid and encouragement were given to thousands of those now idle, tides Westward and Southward would soon set in, and new life would be given to what now are forests and prairie wilds. Homesteads would soon be seen scattered as blossoms of civilization, in regions long known only to the buffalo and wild man of the forest. The productive industry thus utilized would augment the national wealth in such a ratio that it would pay the Government to give to each settler one hundred and sixty acres of land, free transportation to it, and a supply of provisions for six months. Retrenchment of expenses is all right in certain directions, but it is no retrenchment to discharge a *faithful* worker, only to support him in idleness. A wise and beneficent Government should make the happiness and prosperity of its people its chief concern. The "penny wise and pound foolish" policy is crippling all forms of exchangeable values.

The paying off of the national debt and restoration of specie payments are not near as important to the whole country as the utilizing of the labor capital, now yearning for something to do.

How this can best be accomplished is a subject for the consideration of Congress and the Government. It seems to us that some system could be easily devised by which this utilizing of the now unmarketable labor capital could be made productive. As an adjunct to the Department of the

Interior, it would be no difficult matter to establish a NATIONAL LABOR BUREAU, under the management of a chief, the same as the Bureau of Education, the object of which would be to gather all information possible bearing upon capital and industry, and the devising of ways and means to best promote the productive industry of the nation. This bureau, being confined in its sphere of usefulness mainly to the labor and capital problems, would be fully competent to make such recommendations to Congress for its action as the real facts warranted.

Among the needed reforms is the revision of our National Banking Law, by taking from it the feature which *gives a premium of about six per cent. in gold* to the banker, more than is now allowed on mortgages and other forms of security. In ordinary business, among business men, if A borrows from B \$10,000, and give for security a first mortgage on his (A's) property, B, the lender, expects to *receive* say seven per cent. interest on the bond he now holds against A. Under the banking law, the Government, who is the lender to the banker of his circulating medium in the form of currency, with its (the Government's) indorsement thereon, really receives not one cent for the loan, as B does in business, but the Government (corresponding to B) *actually pays to the banker* (corresponding to A) six or more per cent. on the bonds deposited for security. This is radically wrong, as it imposes an unjust tax upon the people. In a period of war such a law was, perhaps, made a necessity; now it should be abolished.

Another reform necessary is the repeal of the law under which *the Government stamps its depreciation* on the national currency, by discriminating what it shall and shall not pay for: "This note is a legal tender at its face value, for all debts public and private, *except duties on imports and interest on the public debt.*" The words we have italicized make the distinction and consequent depreciation. The Bank of England note is not depreciated in any such manner, and the result is it passes at par with gold all times and places.

A third reform is called for, and that is the remonetization of silver in such quantities that it and gold shall form a basis of values to regulate all other values that are interchangeable.

The present generation has already liquidated a large portion of the public debt, and should it not be equally incumbent on those who succeed us to contribute their share of the cost of preserving and perpetuating the blessings of a free government, which they will enjoy? The value of a government, like that of a commodity, is measured by what it costs, and he who shares in the country's expenses is more likely to inquire into its workings and needed reforms than the *free* recipient of its favors. This is an accepted truth, demonstrated by the experience of societies, ecclesiastical and secular. Responsibility in any form tends to create a better type and style of citizenship. The man who is at the head of a family generally makes a better citizen than he who can roam at will, without restraints or any of the home-burdens to bear. Stability of purpose, frugality and sobriety, in the aggregate is on the side of the married population of the country. This condition of life should be encouraged, and in no better way can this be done than by rewarding those who settle upon our great public domain.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Sumners' Poems: By SAMUEL B. SUMNER and CHARLES A. SUMNER. *New York: The Authors' Publishing Company.*

The authors and publishers have presented to the public in this book a production which commends itself. It comes to us in very attractive form: a 12mo, 500 pages, heavy tinted paper, prefaced with steel engravings of the authors, and elegantly bound in imitation morocco.

The spirit of the brothers in sending the book out into the world is manifested in the words which mark its DEDICATION: "To the memory of our mother, Pluma Amelia Barsstow Sumner, long since dead, from whose cultured lips we learned our first and best lessons, this volume is affectionately inscribed." The origin of the Poems is best set forth in the Preface: "Written at different periods of our lives, and alternating from grave to gay, will not lack variety at least; and will afford some entertainment, we trust, to all classes of readers. Some pieces may be deemed lacking in dignity or poetic art, many are juvenile compositions, and many are of special local interest; but for reasons which will be obvious, and by advice of those whose judgment we value, we insert them in this collection. Not without timidity, but relying upon the public indulgence, we launch this little venture on the uncertain sea."

We give the *spirit* and *origin*, so to speak, of this collection, that the public may know something concerning the creative sources, that those interested in poetical writings may get an insight of the characters who speak to the world in verse and rhyme in this publication. They can only be fully known and measured after an intimate acquaintance with their thoughts and emotions. These are exhibited in many forms of expressions and shades of meaning.

On page 14, in the poem "THE TRUE LIFE," we read:

"The dearest homage which the soul can show
To its great Author, is, itself to know,
Itself to cherish and develop here,
Its ripening only for a higher sphere.
As but rehearsing on the stage of time,
For that grand Drama—awful and sublime—
When the vast Drop-scene shall be rolled away,
The glories of Hereafter to display!
When Heaven's full orchestra their strain begin,
And the Forever shall be ushered in!"

This stanza shows one style of the brother Samuel, and certainly in all, except the last four lines, exhibits clearness of perception and force of expression. The measure is good, however, throughout. The first four lines show condensed thought and power.

We extract from "PRESENTED AS A SILVER WEDDING GIFT," on page 462, as showing the style of Charles A.

"Full five and twenty years ago—
Ah, me! what recollections swarm—
Louisa changed her maiden name
To please her Francis Maudlebaum."

There is great variety of style throughout the book, and this is one of its values, as the mind does not weary with the

sameness of measure or monotony of expression. The volume will well compensate perusal, and should meet with ready sale, combining as it does much that is brilliant and humorous with that which is patriotic and historic.

Nimport, of the Wayside Series. *Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Company.*

This is a neat little volume of nearly 500 pages, 16mo, printed on cream tint paper, and bound in cloth. The typographical work is good, and the matter throughout very entertaining. "Nimport," the title of the book, is the name of "a goodly city," and as the author says, "clean, busy, and fair to look upon." The Fonde family, composed of Paul, an artist of noted ambition; Philip, a member of the army, who scorned civil occupations; Margaret and Theodosia, sisters of tender age, and an orphan cousin named Copplestone Crownds, whose age bordered on six. These five characters lived in a three-and-a-half-story brick house, their own estate. In addition to this property they owned a little railroad stock, all of which comprised the estate of the late Andrew Fonde, the father of the two sisters and two brothers. The death of this devoted sire threw the quartette upon their own resources for a livelihood.

This book tells in a most animated manner what these resources were, not as related by a stranger, but with all the spirit of Paul, the senior member of the household. The birth of the book, in the writer's own language, is attributed to "a bunch of old letters written by Peg, and tied up in a bit of green ribbon."

The experience of the several members of the Fonde family in their struggles for what they considered the prizes; the source of happiness and misery, and the ever-shifting scenes which confronted them, are presented almost as real as life itself.

In order that the reader may form an idea of the style, we give the following extract from one of Peg's letters: "Dropping the curtain immediately, I sat still and speechless. I would have given worlds to cry out, but was really—laugh at me as you may—quite dumb with fright. After a severe struggle I controlled myself sufficiently to look again. The figure stood as before, but the slight movement I made, in lifting the curtain perhaps, attracted its attention, for, turning, it advanced with long quick strides towards where I sat. My blood now stiffened in my veins! My limbs were paralyzed! I tried in vain to shriek! In abject terror I felt myself swooning, when the apparition spoke; said, in soft, deep, pleading tones:

"Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?"

The sound of human voice, speaking intelligent and familiar words, brought me to myself enough to take presently another observation. The figure had retreated from the corner, and was standing as before, in the middle of the room." Throughout the book there is a sort of naturalness that can hardly fail to amuse and instruct.

Art in the Elder World.—The earliest records we have of art works are during the reign of Ninus and his queen, the famous Semiramis. She, it is said, caused a bridge to be thrown across the Euphrates, having at either end a castle, the walls and ceilings of which were painted with figures of people and animals; one being a hunting scene in which the queen herself appeared, casting a dart at a panther, while Ninus hurled a spear at a lion.

Contemporaneous with these are accounts of Egyptian paintings; very few, however, for the art of carving, moulding, and sculpture seemed to have the highest place in the estimation of the nation of the Sphinx.

Then comes the Greek Zeuxius, merry old Zeuxius, who is said to have died laughing at the comical picture of an old hag he had just finished. The story of a picture he painted of a boy carrying a basket upon his head in which the grapes were so natural the birds came and picked them, is well known; also that when the people were wild with enthusiasm at the sight he, throwing his brush at it, exclaimed, "If the boy had been well painted, the birds would not have dared to touch the fruit." And when his rival Parrhasius summoned him to decide the merits of his prize picture, Zeuxius, waiting for the curtain to be withdrawn, was amazed to find the curtain was the picture, and with true magnanimity exclaimed, "Thou art the greater; Zeuxius deceiveth birds; Parrhasius, men."

Apelles of Cos and Protogenes of Rhodes are the next whose names appear upon the roll of fame. Pliny relates of them (and declares he saw at Rome the panel upon which they drew before it was destroyed, when the Palace of the Cæsars was consumed) the following story: Apelles, beloved and honored by Alexander the Great, therefore praised of all men, having seen a picture of rare merit, was told it was the production of an artist of Rhodes, unknown, unhonored, and poor. He determined to know and aid the man, and visiting Rhodes found Protogenes absent; leaving word he would return at such an hour, he drew a line upon a panel, but left no name. Protogenes, on seeing it drew another, and absented himself from home at the hour appointed for the coming of the other. When Apelles came he drew a third line, which Protogenes beholding, exclaimed in a rapture: "It is Apelles of Cos, or a god from Olympus."

It is likely these were not simple lines, but rather lined or outlined drawings, like the etchings of later artists, where a few seemingly unimportant strokes tell a whole story. Apelles painted many portraits of Alexander, one as Jove (or Zeims) with the thunderbolts in his hands, which was such a wonderful picture that Alexander issued a decree that no man save Apelles should ever after paint his portrait.

Another, in which the Emperor was mounted upon Bucephalus did not please him so well, when Apelles asked that the horse should be brought to compare him with his portrait; instantly upon approaching it Bucephalus neighed aloud. "See, sire, your steed is a better judge than you."

Another saying of Apelles has become a proverb, the Latin rendering being *ne sutor supra crepidam*, and the story is: Apelles, hearing a cobbler find fault with a sandal he was painting, listened to his reasons for disapproval, and accepted them as correct. The cobbler, delighted by the respect shown his opinions, began to criticise the leg, when

Apelles silenced him with, "Cobbler, stick to thy last; thy judgment goeth no higher than the sandal."

His most famous picture is Venus Anadyomene rising from the sea foam.

It is recorded of Apelles he never painted on walls, or upon anything which could not be removed or be rescued in case of fire, or be carried from place to place. "A picture," he declared, "belongs to no one nation, city, or man, but should be the property of the world."

Of Protogenes, though no painting remains, it is said he was a masterly delineator, but severe, grave and precise in his style, with great accuracy of detail. He used only four colors in his paintings. The only one whose name has come down to us is one in which the foolish Rhodians refused to see merit, until Alexander, having offered an immense sum for it, they eagerly tried to outbid him, and prayed it might remain in Rhodes, which prayer was of course refused. This was a picture of Talysus, the founder of a city of the same name, on the isle of Rhodes. It is said Protogenes was working upon it when the island was taken by Demetrius Poliorcetes.

M. F.

The Delights and Labors of Literature.—The remark has frequently been made that "one-half of the world knows not how the other half lives." This applies to the manner of creating or producing the means of subsistence, and the mode of using them. If the same current of thought be extended to literary writers, it may be said with even stronger evidences of truth, that "nine-tenths of mankind know not how the other one-tenth exists." The one part is so shut out or weaned from the multitude that the major portion of the world can only wonder how those who are bound up in thought and the business of making books for others to read get on in their everyday life. The readers are "so near, and yet so far" from the authors, that they are both friends and yet strangers. As strangers, they desire to become friends, and know more intimately of the toils and pleasures of those who have so often made them seasons of real joy, which might have been barren of fruition. While it is not our aim in this brief to unfold the unrevealed lives of the members of the literary world, we propose to give a few incidents illustrative of the delights and the labors of literature.

Literature possesses its solitary pleasures, and they are manifold; it also has its social enjoyments, and they are perhaps more numerous than the solitary. The Persian poet Sadi teaches a moral in one of his apologues. Two friends passing a summer day in a garden of roses, one satisfied himself with admiring their colors and inhaling their fragrance; the other filled his bosom with the leaves, and enjoyed at home, during several days, with his family, the deliciousness of the perfume. The first was the *solitary*, the second the *social* student. He wanders among many gardens of thoughts, but always brings back some flower in his hand. Who can estimate the advantages that may result from this toil and this application of it!

The domestic history of the amiable Cowper, notwithstanding his abiding melancholy, presents us with some placid and even glowing pictures, when contemplated seated on his sofa, rehearsing each newly constructed passage to his faithful Mary Unwin.

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

Electrical Influences.—In this day of scientific investigation and research with works on biology and physiology, important and interesting facts are being discovered and developed, and what to the mind in days past was perplexing and unaccountable, is now being made plain, and elucidated upon rational, sound principles. It is a known fact that in a state of sleep the system becomes thoroughly relaxed, and its absorbing power great. Hence, diseases are more readily contracted in sleep than at any other time, and more especially those of a miasmatic kind; and hence, the importance of sleeping high above the ground; as mephitic air rises about fifteen feet as an average, and the importance is manifest of sleeping above that height in all humid climates, and especially in those subject to malarial or miasmatic influences. Thus it is observed, when an epidemic breaks out in a city, that those who live in cellars or on the first floors are more liable to take the disease. The reason is plain: for in sleep the body absorbs the floating disease that is in the air through the lungs and relaxed system. Hence, in high and dry latitudes epidemics are seldom, and are never feared. Thirty feet above the ground is a safe height, but forty is still better, and the higher one gets the purer the atmosphere in the fall season.

It is well known that the human system is full of electricity, and it has much to do with our physical comfort. The same principle holds good relative to human as to other bodies surcharged with electricity, according to their temperaments and perhaps habits. Some are decidedly emissive in nervous force, while others again are absorbent in nervous force. No two such persons should sleep together, for it is life to one and death to the other in time.

There is nothing that will so soon derange the nervous system of a person who emits nervous force during sleep, as to sleep with another who is an absorbent. The absorber will go to sleep and rest quietly all night, and get up in the morning feeling bright and refreshed; while the emitter will be tossing, restless, nervous and excitable, and will get up fretful, peevish, feeling out of sorts and unrefreshed by sleep. Yet not one out of ten thousand will know the real cause of their feelings; they only know that they did not sleep well. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive, grow strong, healthy, and resist disease; while the other will grow by degrees weak, nervous, peevish, and sink unresistingly under disease. It is astonishing that physicians have not given the subject more thought.

Nature never intended that the old and young should sleep together; that is to say, those whose waste is greater than their repair. After fifty, as a general rule, the waste of the human body begins and the repair declines. But in children and those in the forenoon of life, the repair is far greater than the waste. Hence the old would become an absorber, and take from the young some of its force. Grandparents should never sleep with their grandchildren under any circumstances; for the wasting body of the old would keep warm

and absorb the heat and force and health at the expense of the child.

The sick and weak should sleep to themselves, no matter whether children, young folks or old folks. Consumptives should ever have a bed to themselves, for consumption is contagious, whether so declared by medical authority or not. It is not as rapid in its workings as that of small-pox, measles, mumps, etc. A weak, sickly, feeble child should never sleep with one that is just the opposite, unless the object is to keep alive the feeble at the expense of the strong. What is true of children is equally applicable to those who are older, and in all the stages and conditions of life.

Transmission of Heat.—Light passes through all transparent bodies alike, from what source soever it may come. The rays of heat from the sun also, like the rays of light from the same luminary, pass through transparent substances with little change or loss. Radiant heat, however, from terrestrial sources, whether luminous or not, is in a great measure arrested by many transparent substances. If the sun's rays be concentrated by a metallic mirror, the heat accompanying them is so intense at the focus as to fuse copper and silver with ease. A pane of colorless window-glass interposed between the mirror and the focus, will not stop any considerable part of the heat. If the same mirror is presented to any other source of heat, however (as, for example, to a red-hot ball), the glass plate will stop nearly all the heat, although the light is undiminished. We thus distinguish two sorts of calorific rays, which are sometimes called Solar and Culinary Heat; and we discover that substances transparent to light are not, so to speak, transparent to heat in a like degree. This property is distinguished from transparency by the term Diathermancy (meaning the easy transmission of heat). It appears that many substances are eminently diathermous, which are almost opaque to light: like smoky quartz, for example. The temperature of the source of heat has the greatest influence on the number of rays of heat which are transmitted by a given screen; as in the case of the glass plate, which permits nearly all the sun's rays to pass, but arrests over sixty-five per cent. of the rays from a lamp-flame.

Nitro-Glycerine.—The prodigious explosive energy of nitro-glycerine will be comprehended by an inspection of the accompanying tabulated figures, which give the comparative qualities of a number of the explosives.

| | Heat. | Volume of gas. | Estimated Explosive Force. |
|--|-------|----------------|----------------------------|
| Blasting powder..... | 509 | 0.173 litres | 88 |
| Artillery powder..... | 608 | 0.225 " | 137 |
| Sporting powder..... | 641 | 0.216 " | 139 |
| Powder, nitrate of soda for its base, | 764 | 0.248 " | 190 |
| Powder, chlorate of potassa " | 972 | 0.318 " | 269 |
| Gun-cotton..... | 590 | 0.801 " | 472 |
| Picric acid..... | 687 | 0.780 " | 536 |
| Picrate of potash..... | 578 | 0.585 " | 337 |
| Gun-cotton mixed with chlorate of potash..... | 1420 | 0.484 " | 680 |
| Picric acid mixed with chlorate of potash..... | 1424 | 0.408 " | 582 |
| Picrate mixed with chlor. of potash | 1422 | 0.337 " | 478 |
| Nitro-glycerine..... | 1320 | 0.710 " | 920 |

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

The Home Circle.—There can be no doubt that the truest happiness is ever to be found at home. No man without a home can be long and truly happy. But the domestic group can be productive of happiness only when it is assimilated by affection, and kept in union by discreet friendship. Then it tends to produce as much happiness as this world is capable of; and its sweet repose is sought for by all sensible men, as ever by the wisest and greatest.

What can be compared in our intercourse with the attentions of our family—with their exhilarating smiles and undissembled love? All these raise the gentlest and most pleasing emotions, and call forth all the sentiments of uncontrolled nature. What are the raptures of ambition, the pleasures of fame, the delights of honor, in comparison with them? Utterly worthless and insipid.

Hence it is that we see senators and heroes shutting out the acclamations of an applauding world to partake the endearments of family conversation, and to enjoy the prattling of their little children in their harmless pleasures. And these are the purest sources of mirth. They have influences, too, in amending the heart; for innocence is communicating by coming in contact with it; and the sweetest simplicity of children tends to purify the heart from the pollution that it has acquired from moving in the world and mixing with men.

Into what an abyss of moral degradation should we not be sunken were it not for women and children? Well might the great Author of evangelical philosophy have been delighted with the presence of children, and found in them—what He in vain sought among those who judged themselves their superiors—goodness and virtue.

Cicero, with all his liberality of mind, felt the tenderness of home attachment; and at one time he acknowledged that he received no satisfaction in any company but that of his wife, his little daughter, and—to use his own language—"his *honied* young Cicero."

Sir Thomas More, with his great powers of mind, devoted a great share of his time—because he knew it to be his duty, and felt it to be his delight—to the amusement of his children. Homer in his *Iliad*, in the parting interview between Hector and Andromach, has interested the heart of the reader in his terrible hero, by showing the amiability of his Trojan chief, by depicting him, while standing completely armed for the battle-field, taking off his helmet that he might not frighten his little boy with its nodding plumes.

A Young lad, whose teacher is rather free with the rod, remarked the other day that "they had too many hollerdays at their school."

The Witchery of Manner.—Almost every man can recall scores of cases within his knowledge where pleasing manners have made the fortune of lawyers, doctors, divines, merchants, and, in short, men in every walk of life. Raleigh,

as related in history, flung down his lace coat in the mud for Elizabeth to walk on, and got for his reward a proud Queen's favor. The Politician who has this advantage easily distances all the rival candidates, for every voter he speaks with becomes instantly his friend. The very tone in which he asks for a pinch of snuff, are often more potent than the logic of a Webster or a Clay. Polished manners have often made scoundrels successful, while the best of men, by their hardness and coldness, have done themselves incalculable injury—the shell being so rough that the world could not believe that there was a precious kernel within it. Civility is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament—the most beautiful dress that a man or woman can wear—and worth more as a means of winning favor than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn.

Deacon Jones, just deceased, had a very red nose. His widow thought it rather personal in the funeral discourse, "Another shining light has been taken from our congregation."

How to Secure Perfection.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterward he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last."

"By no means," replied the sculptor, "I have retouched this part, and polished that, I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb."

"Well, well," said his friend; "but all these are trifles."

"It may be so," replied Angelo; "recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle." So also is it with character.

Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, abhorred smoking. His Quaker council one day, observing his approach, laid down their pipes. "I am glad to see," said Penn, "you ashamed of that vile habit." "Not at all," returned a principal Friend; "we only laid them down lest we should offend a weak brother."

Ivy Culture in Vases.—A number of *The Garden* recommends the vase culture of ivy in moss and water for drawing-room purposes. The directions given for its management are as follows: The ivy should be grown in long, opaque glass jars or vases, and it is essential that such vessels should be wide at the top, so that the plants, after being properly rooted, can be taken out and the jars cleaned when necessary. In the selection of ivy for vase culture, long pieces with small leaves are to be recommended. Those

taken from the stems of trees where the points are inclined to be pendant will be found to answer best, such ivy having generally stout stalks covered with aerial roots. Each vase, according to its size, should contain three, four, or five pieces, each piece being rolled up separately, in a small portion of Hypnum or sphagnum moss, the latter being preferable. After this tie all the pieces loosely together in a clump to suit the width of the vase, and place them in it so that the ball of moss does not reach within five or six inches of the bottom. It will be necessary to keep the water in the vase about half way up the moss till the cuttings are properly rooted. From the moss the roots will extend into the water below, and it will be found that those roots produced in the moss and water will be quite sufficient to nourish the plants. Cutting plants whose roots have been produced in soil, if lifted and placed in vases, will ultimately do well; but the probability is that the roots will die and the plants for a time sicken until new fibres are formed capable of enduring moss and water culture. After the ivy is properly rooted, the glass jars may be kept full of water, and sprigs of flowers may also be inserted in them. The water and flowers may be changed when necessary, and even the ivy, whose roots ought now be a solid mass, may also be taken out and replaced at pleasure without injury.

A Singular Freak.—A well-known wealthy Parisian has had himself painted, by an eminent artist, "As he was," "As he is," and "As he will be." "As he was," represents him at the age of twenty-five, a poor wretch in ragged garments, with his toes peeping through holes in his shoes—slinking, half famished, by the side of a wall. "As he is," figures him fat and jolly as an alderman, well-dressed, with gold chains decking his waistcoat, and diamond rings blazing on his fingers. And, in "As he will be," he is made a hideous corpse. Not the least singular feature of such a singular freak is the fact that he has the paintings hung in his drawing-room.

"I Never Thought of That."—A pastor to a new charge, where the interest of the people in the church had grown lukewarm and the finances low, was advised by a member, as a means of success, to "throw one leg over the desk while preaching." The minister remarked, "I do not see how that would serve the cause of religion;" to which the member replied, "I never thought of that!"

A Query.—A little fellow who was worrying over a piece of shad at dinner, demoralized his mother by asking, "Mamma, where did God find all the bones to make the first shad of?"

The Decade of Talent.—A philosophical physician has been collecting statistics of mental power, and comes to the conclusion from an analysis of the lives of a thousand representative men as distinguished in the great branches of human effort, that the golden decade of the mental faculties is between thirty and forty, the silver between forty and fifty, the brazen between twenty and thirty, and the iron between fifty and sixty. We hardly realize the superiority in mental power of the younger men, because almost all positions of trust—professorships, high political offices, and the like—are in the hands of the elders. Reputation, like money, belongs chiefly

to the old; but men do not become widely known until they have done the work out of which their fame grows. Original work requires enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is a comparatively youthful quality. If all the original work which has been done by men under forty-five were swept away at a breath, we should well-nigh go back to barbarism. But these are only general notions—and the world is full of exceptions to them. Genius grows old slowly. Age is largely a question of health. Some people are younger at forty than others at thirty; and while the enthusiasm which belongs to youth remains, the work kindled by its warmth need not harden into the cold dullness of age.

An Incident of the Russian War.—Among the officers on the Grand Duke's staff is a tall, handsome man, with a lithe, slender, active figure, a clear, blue eye, and a face young enough for a second lieutenant. It is Skobelev, the youngest general in the Russian army, the conqueror of Khokand. He has the reputation, even among the Russians, of being a madman, who would fling away his own life and those of his troops without the slightest regard for consequences. During the war which resulted in the conquest of Khokand, a Russian detachment of eight hundred men, with four hundred Cossacks, was compelled to retreat before a superior force of the enemy. General Trotsky decided upon a night attack, and confided his plan to Colonel Skobelev then his chief of staff. The latter entered into the idea with great enthusiasm, and proposed to lead the attacking column himself, and to take only one hundred and fifty Cossacks. Skobelev, having reconnoitered the ground, perceived that the Khokandians had encamped within a mile and a half of the Russians in an open plain, which gave every facility for the manoeuvring of cavalry. At midnight he took his one hundred and fifty Cossacks, divided them into three parties, and cautiously surrounded the enemy's camp. The party, led by Skobelev himself, managed to pass the enemy's outposts, who were sound asleep. Then he gave the signal for the attack by firing his pistol, and, followed by his one hundred and fifty Cossacks, he rode headlong into the enemy's camp of six thousand or seven thousand men, shouting and yelling like fiends, and cutting down everything in their passage. For a quarter of an hour the plain resounded with shrieks and yells, shots, the trampling of horses, shouts and groans, and all the uproar of battle. Then all was silence. Skobelev assembled his Cossacks, and when morning came he found that the whole army of the enemy, six thousand or seven thousand men, had disappeared, leaving on the field about forty dead, two thousand or three thousand muskets and sabres, all their camp materials and baggage. But what was his astonishment on calling the roll to discover that he had not lost a man either killed or wounded!

Brickmakers die very young, not because the gods love them particularly, but because theirs is such a kiln business.

She Presumed he Would.—"When I die," said a married man, "I want to go where there is no snow to shovel." His wife said she presumed he would.

Virtue's Reward.—"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

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MINNESOTA, OR THE LAND OF LAKES.

BY MARTHA CORNELL WOODWARD.

I.



A RURAL HOME IN MINNESOTA.

CHAPTER I.

THESE are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! the stretch
In airy undulations, far away!
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fierce,
And motionless forever.

In delightful unconsciousness of geographical localities, I left Chicago *via* the Northwestern and West Wisconsin Railways, passing through clean-swept prairie lawns preserved by Nature's beneficent care in primitive loveliness. In the limitless expanse, pictures formed in shaded grains,

VOL. IX.—21

hedge in by groves of oaks, made brilliant by the magic of sunlight, dotted the scenery in charming variety. We sped past fields of blossoming clover, whose fragrance penetrated the heavy air with grateful odor. We passed Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, and admired the pretty lakes by which it is environed, though unable to take in the town by even a birds-eye glimpse. We rushed on into the day's future faster and faster, in my ignorance I knew not whither, until (do not be shocked) we brought up at Devil's Lake—incongruously and with utter disregard of the euphonistic fitness of things, so called—for refreshments. We sat, during those twenty minutes, overshadowed by ledges of rocks, from which, centuries ago one must infer, great blocks

of stone had become detached and lay piled one upon another down the whole declivity of its hundreds of feet. The track is cut along the shore of this (as it is believed) bottomless lake, whose peculiar dark and sombre color would seem typical of that bourne to which it is feared some of us are wending; though, for the comfort of timid souls, I can say that it is not so bad, viewed from a standpoint of safety, and that they have only to take heed to their ways to enable them to pass on to green pastures.

Still, I can imagine that suddenly, when the judgment prepared for the wicked shall come, this gloomy lake might become illumined with flames, and that these massive blocks of stone might be wrenched from their foundations, falling upon the bodies of sinners already seething in flames of boiling waters beneath. Impious imagery like this has haunted the

brains of fanatics in past ages, and still tinctures our dreams of God's justice; and here, amid this phenomenon of volcanic eruption, these old superstitions might well seem verified in reality.

For miles on, mountains of ledged rocks overhang deep, narrow streams, assuming varied forms of architecture. Towers, castles and turrets loom up in distinct and artistic proportions at unexpected intervals, filling the fancy with visions of the wild and romantic adventure of olden times. Huge trees are twisted like reeds into the very heart of rocks, suggestive of the mighty upheavals and convulsions of nature in the centuries lost to tradition. Gradually, rocks and sandstone assimilate in modified degrees. Black earth and white sand lay side by side in marked distinctness, as if streaked with the soil of the antipodes. One views these facts of nature, which outrival dreams of the imagination, with awe and wonder.

Farther on the track passes through dense woods of pine. The gentleman of color who had charge of the sleeping-car, patronizingly remarked that it was fortunate we should pass through them in the night-time, as they were dark and gloomy; and as it proved that the night was also dark and impenetrable, nothing could be distinguished. I know that the surroundings looked sombre enough by the morning's light, which developed heavy clouds and rain, through which I noticed some straggling pines, whose tops I was unable to distinguish from the

car window. Therefore, I conclude that the forests of pines through which we passed were of fabulous height, and judged, by inductive reasoning, that their depths were of inexplicable gloom.

Clouds and rain greeted my arrival at St. Paul, where I passed the day in friendly quarters. Next morning, with limited knowledge of the



A RIVER SCENE IN SOUTHERN MINNESOTA.

city, I proceeded by the Northern Pacific Road *en route* for Clear Lake, the sun still lugubriously veiling his face in mist and rain. Oh, inhospitable sun, thus to withhold the light of your countenance from weary sojourners in a strange land!

In consequence of a comfortable, nonchalant slowness on the part of the train, quite out of character with Western enterprise, certainly, I had plenty of time for reflective enjoyment of the scenery, which, however, was somewhat tame, except from its expansiveness, and the awakening sense of one's faculties to reach the far-distant horizon. One feels his own limitations, here on these broad plains. Happy he who joyously reaches out to grasp the grand possibilities shadowed forth in the overstepping boundaries of awakening knowledge!

To my surprise, quite a number of persons occupied the cars whose destination was beyond my

own. I had imagined myself to have reached the extreme limits of safety, and looked upon these adventurers as victims deluded by the baseless chimeras of Western prophecy of gold and precious stones, in the far-off Utopia of their dreams.

At one of the stations, with a village glimmering in the distance, an object was seen advancing at full speed, which proved to be a horse and buggy. The effect was exhilarating, and insensibly appealed to one's sense of poetic beauty. On the broad prairie, this one phantom-like vision swooping down upon us in undulating movements, swift as thought! Two persons occupied the vehicle. One, the lady, floated down from her seat, so it seemed to me; I know there was no mincing or dallying with steps; she was out and in the cars without apparent effort or perceptible motion. After conversing with the friend whom she had come to meet, "she melted as a breath into the wind." For though I was alive to

every subtle change, I do not know how she reached her seat in the buggy. But she was there, and as we passed on, they were seen speeding over the limitless space like birds flying in the air, or like a dream of beauty fading in the morning light. These broad Western prairies are conducive to freedom and grace of movement, it is clear; and the picture was a pretty one.

"The team" awaited me at the station, driven by its proprietress. After looking in upon the grocery and post-office—happily combined in one

—in the face of a cold wind we prepared for our drive over the intervening space of four miles, followed by the dogs Flash and Ned. I determined in my own mind to make friends with these quadrupeds the first thing on my arrival. I am



A LAKE SCENE BY MOONLIGHT.

pretty clear-sighted where my own safety is concerned, and these dogs looked dangerous.

While at St. Paul, I learned that tracks of bears had been discovered in the vicinity of the very house itself. This news, to one conscious of sins of irreverence, together with full knowledge of Scriptural authority for the doom of such, was a startling revelation; and that it behooved me to be on my guard, was terribly apparent.

A cold rain set in which kept us indoors. In despair, we concluded to ignore the weather, and

with anticipations of wonderful discoveries, ventured to the beach in pursuit of agates—a fabulous



stone supposed to have been found upon these shores, but now extinct, though with pathetic credulity still sought after by amateurs like ourselves. Presently, and unexpectedly, a shower coming up, we made an inglorious retreat to the house, with garments limp and

drooping, where now, with satisfactory experimental knowledge of the state of the weather, we patiently await brighter days.

Last night the whip-poor-will repeated his plaint among the trees, in voice of remarkable distinctness. In fact, there was no competition, all well conducted birds being safely ensconced in the domesticity of nests, or left in lonely celibacy, blinking upon the tree-tops. The silence was profound; nothing to distract our attention as an audience, or bias our judgment as "reporters." As an elocutionary performance it was doubtless a success, so far as it went; and as I listened and wondered, I was lost in mazes of doubt as to which was the human, the bird or myself.

Another day. This morning there is a commotion among the denizens of groves. It may be that they are tuning their voices for a grand triumphant jubilee, in honor of the glorious orb of day, now sailing aloft in unclouded splendor, and in whose radiance they will bask in happy unconsciousness all through the summer days. Leaves dance in the sunlight, the swaying branches reveal glimpses of the lake gleaming clear and peaceful in the morning sun. Out-of-door life is becoming delightful reality, where hand in hand with Nature, time will become a myth, days and months will blend in long, restful dreams of peace, free from care. "Sufficient unto the day" will be chanted in soft breezes, and murmured in the rippling sound of waves, sorrow and grief will melt in the cadenced music of eternal symphonies!

But not upon the flitting tourist will gifts like these be lavished. Only to patient worshippers in Nature's haunts, with hearts attuned to her con-

ditions, will divination of her sweet secrets be vouchsafed. We must bring to her shrine offerings of trustful, loving hearts, before we shall receive knowledge of celestial joy; we must become *en rapport* with Nature through aspirations after truth, before we come to our reward and dwell in her courts.

One feels repaid for cold rains and cloudy weather, by this mystical transfiguration of Nature under the great painter's hand. Suddenly, at his royal beck, life becomes superabundant; leaf and bush glow in reflected radiance, flowers with upturned faces blushing receive the gift of beauty; grass springs in vivid mossy green, under the benign influence of his effulgent glance.

Listen! the world of feathered songsters are waking from the torpor to which, with wisdom surpassing the human, they cheerfully submit, awaiting the reactionary processes of Nature, under God's laws, to give them release.

To realize in fullest poetic sense the kingdom of the ornithological creation, one needs to become oblivious of the conditions which surround his grosser nature, and allow his thoughts to hover in mid-air, enwreathed amid the branches upon the swaying tree-top, until insensibly, that subtle mag-



FIELD MICE.

netism which accompanies rhythmic motion, steals away the senses in forgetfulness, and he becomes

lost in the floating existence of these airy inhabitants of winds and zephyrs, and in dreamy con-



HARVESTING.

tentment watches their happy occupation among leaves and flowers "from early morn to dewy eve," verifying the adage by positive knowledge that it is "the early bird who catches the worm," and, by deductive inference, that it is the laggard who labors all the day. One learns lessons of wisdom in Nature's tabernacles: at length he yields himself to a paradisaical state of existence, and revels in the harmonious music of the spheres, while yet, with taint of earth, he catches familiar

intonations in the voice of birds, closely allied to the human.

Listen to the oriole's gushing proclamation of "beautiful creature," addressed, it is probable, to some coy companion of the opposite gender. Nature in these translucent regions allows no intermarriage of races, thereby preserving types of rare and unadulterated individuality. So far as known, no bird has ever yet fallen from grace.

But listen! the world is alive with happy sounds! Who says that the forests are lonely or dull? Sit, I pray

you, for one brief, happy hour, beneath the rustling oaks at Clear Lake enwraught in Nature's

gracious favors! Listen! harmonious modulations fill the air with softest music. One can but exclaim that the day is perfect—a hackneyed phrase, it is true, and one which has already done good service. But then, if it has been many times repeated, we must remember that there have been a few such days within our own experience; days flashing from out the past like brilliants in a dark sitting—as also that printed language dates still farther back, and that the sensations of that period were very much like those produced under similar circumstances in our own. And again, has not the country orator many times announced that language

is inadequate to express his sentiments? Proof sufficient that the fault of repetition lies in the sparseness of language itself! Then one must be truthful at the risk of criticism, and recognize the fact in the barbarous past of pure unadulterated thought, in which we of the enlightened present (as we fondly believe) are but imitators. "There is nothing new under the sun," said Solomon, and



SMOOTH-HEADED.



BEARDED WHEAT.



RURAL SPORTS.

twist and torture ideas as we may into a semblance of originality, the fact remains the same, that they

are but weakened dilutions of some grand old truth, which in trumpet tones has sounded through the ages.



PRAIRIE PHEASANT.

It is true that the city's hum floats in far-off remembrance, and instead, the voice of birds and insects fill the air with sounds of peaceful communion, so far as one can judge from limited observation. Though that there are jars among these breezy occupants of woods, is a possibility I am led to conjecture from indications which have in various ways come to my knowledge. Why, for instance, any sane bird should go shrieking about the woods in frenzied cries of "Kill deer," "kill deer," would seem inexplicable on other grounds than that of petulancy, to say the least of it. One might almost fancy him possessed with murderous intent, and fear that the whole kingdom of birds were in danger from the assassin's beak.

The turtle-dove would seem to be born to an inheritance of sorrow, and in sombre-hued respectability doomed to pass her days in lamentation. "He dwells apart as one bereft," is true of her saddened life. It would seem from observation of her proclivities, that her sorrows have closely allied her to the habitations of men, where she is found in fearless occupancy of barns and lofts, upon which domiciles with generous care have been provided for her, and where she rears her young in lonely withdrawal from her kind.

Thus it is apparent that the conditions which govern the kingdom of birds are as stringent and implacable as those which mark human distinctions.

Problems of Nature's laws have in all ages

baffled philosophers—and in which, for myself, from a standpoint of tranquil repose, I utterly renounce all complicity, as unprofitable and discouraging evidence of one's own limits of thought and discovery; and which, furthermore, I am content to regard under the head of unfathomable mysteries of being. With this recognition of human fallibility, I shall henceforth, in these sketches, dwell only in the apparent, leaving to sages the entangling mazes of speculative knowledge. Enough for me the glory of sunlight, the singing of birds, and the soothing melody which breathes in cadenced music around the path of life.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." "Rest, rest from your labors," still floats in choral symphonies among the tree-tops, and dies away in sighing breezes.

CHAPTER II.

THE day had been a day of wind and storm;
The wind was laid, the storm was overpast,
And, stooping from the zenith, bright and warm
Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.

BRYANT.

Events crowd each other in surprising variety beside these placid lakes and upon these quiet plains. Yesterday we barely escaped encounter with a whirlwind, which came with the slow,



WILD PIGEON OF THE WEST.

stealthy mutterings of doom, rolling its thunderbolts over and over, "like a sweet morsel under

the tongue;" chaining the lightning in its grasp, until, with the spring of the panther upon his prey and the hyena's wild shriek, the fury of the elements were let loose, bending the tallest trees to the earth in prompt obeisance. Branches crackle and snap like reeds before its breath, and follow in wild disorder the maniacal wind's dread course. Suddenly, amid the thundering of battalions and the blazing of artillery, there comes a pause of ominous portent. One waits tremblingly for the last trump to sound, or for the conflict to be renewed in still wilder fury; when lo! the battle is over, the wind has spent its force, and dies away in fitful sighs.

The correspondences of human strifes with Nature's convulsions are not dissimilar. Nature but repeats herself in manifestations of man's restless desire for wars and blood-

shed, which only through the divinity of thought rises superior to the whirlwind's fury. Knowledge flows in upon patient seekers like rivers of living waters, gathering with the ages forces which shall in good time blend with the infinite, in grand, eternal harmony.

We stood in awed silence, gazing upon the havoc wrought amid all sweet summer's beauty. What had become of the joyous sound of birds, and of their pretty nests perched in sheltering branches, and of the dainty speckled eggs with which they were garnished? Who could tell of the calamities which this outbreak of the elements had brought upon them? Then came to our consciousness in soothing measure, the words, "He

tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb." True, and at the suggestion, we are irreverently reminded that the lambs are literally shorn. Yonder they cower under the lee side of the barn, victims to worldly gain, while their fleeces lie carefully packed in baskets awaiting disposal at market prices. But that there are wise protective laws in

Nature's courts, I can but believe, since we ourselves have been preserved through whirlwinds of disasters and sorrows.

Presently as we gaze, soft, cooling breezes greet us in renewed covenant of peace, chirpings of birds are heard from unexplored recesses and coverts, past our comprehension of discovery. Sunbeams flick the tree-tops, and dally with the fresh-washed leaves. Soon, the sun in full blaze glorifies the world, calm and unmoved, from his majestic



WESTERN LIFE—PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

course, as if the passionate outbreak of the elements, which for a space obscured his radiance, were but child's play. Detached branches and twigs cover the smooth surface of the lawn. These unsightly objects must be removed, or they will moulder and decay, like dead bodies, before our very sight!

But we are not to be defrauded of our drive, and soon we are speeding through the fresh, lambent air, and over broad plains covered with glittering rain drops. Evidences of the storm are everywhere observable, though fortunately our pathway is not impeded by the fallen trees, which in streaks mark the whirlwind's course. Dismantled trees pathetically rest upon their more fortu-

nate neighbors. One can admire the mighty oak fallen prone and splintered in every limb, while the reclining trees simply awaken pity. We longed to release them from their hapless condition, and give them place upon the broad bosom of mother earth. Prairie chickens are seen, with sudden motion emerging from the tall, damp grass, and the plover's shrill cry is heard in bushy coverts. Tangled thickets dot the plain, where occasional deer lie concealed during daylight, awaiting the protective shadows of night to venture forth in search of food. A week ago, in endeavoring to reach a neighbor's house, we became entangled in the mazes of one of these thickets, and wandered back and forth in helpless bewilderment, at last in our awkwardness surprising a deer ensconced in covert. The surprise was mutual and equally alarming. We stood mute, while with a bound, which in an instant put fathoms between us, he swept the plain upon the wings of the wind.

On our return the sun was fast disappearing beneath the horizon. One never tires of the grand, boundless expanse of Western sky, thus illumined. The soul longs for those far-off boundaries, and thirsts for knowledge hidden beyond the wondrous pageantry of purple and golden clouds which surround in glorious pomp the day's decline.

Tears bedew our eyes, as we ride on in silence, with but occasional chirrup to the horses. Well-known scenery begins to assume strange and weird appearances in the deepening twilight. The moon appears at its full, clear and resplendent. There is a little stir upon our arrival, which soon settles in stillness. We sit and talk of days that are past, in the darkened room, with utterance choked by sad remembrance.

Come out beneath the arch of heaven! Tread softly, hush! If you would know what silence means, look out upon the night. Not a ripple in the air, the tall trees stand straight and motionless as if carved in marble, the lake lies still and glassy as the eye of Death. One hears the very echo of Nature's pulsations in the solemn stillness, and stands motionless, in adoration!

CHAPTER III.

HE answered, "Ere long we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and staunch
As ever weathered a winter sea!"—LONGFELLOW.

We have been remembered in invitations to a "raising." In this sparsely populated country,

neighborly kindnesses are cultivated to a high standard of excellence, and nothing is thought of setting aside a half-day to neighborly consideration. Indeed, it is a necessity readily recognized. It is also made a festive occasion, and for weeks is talked of as an event which will herald the neighbors from afar, in friendly converse. We were upon the ground at the precise time specified, not so much that we were needed, as that we liked to be prompt, upon occasions where promptness might be considered a virtue.

It was a large barn which was to be erected. Fifty or more men were already assembled and busily occupied in fitting beams and rafters in their places, under the supervision of a leader, who upon these occasions is unanimously elected to the position.

The farm-house itself lies in close proximity to one of the picturesque lakes with which Minnesota abounds, adding a romantic charm to the plainest dwelling, and affording a pleasing variety to the otherwise tame surroundings. I can imagine that the ownership of beautiful lakes, with facilities for fishing and boating, in connection with broad lands, must add infinitely to one's self-complacency. Almost, I can understand that it is this possibility of proprietorship which gives Minnesota its chief charm. Nature provides her own compensations, and if there is hard labor, and short season in which to garner crops, there is a wonderful fascination in the length, and breadth, and entire individuality of one's possessions.

Tables were set in groves of trees (low scrubby oaks, to be sure), but the best that Minnesota affords; it is said, in consequence of prairie fires, which frequently devastate the plains. Otherwise they might grow to the usual height of oaks, which in the vicinity of dwellings of ancestral antecedents, are handsome and well-grown trees. The tables were in process of ornamentation by the wives and daughters of the farmers present; the scene altogether realizing our most pleasing conceptions of rural pleasures and pursuits.

The dogs Flash and Ned went growling about among the other dogs in a sociable, neighborly way, highly creditable to the occasion; though I could but notice the alacrity with which, as the day drew to a close, they obeyed the roll-call for home; thereby displaying instincts vieing with our own intelligent preferences for its shelter.

Our bountiful entertainers are representative Minnesotians. Years ago they had been decoyed from Maine, their native State, by fabulous stories of long life and perpetual youth in this blest land; gifts, which it was represented, would be lavished upon true worshippers of her soil. Bringing with them elements of success in active enterprising habits and sound sense, they had upon the whole, not been disappointed, and are now among the most sturdy adherents of Western life.

Pleasures pursue us. There is to be a picnic of all the surrounding country, in patriotic celebration of the Fourth of July. We are a little doubtful; it is long since we have indulged in dissipations of this kind. Indeed, we particularly enjoy quiet upon these occasions. But we are here—and yes—of course. Firing was heard at an early hour in the morning from the

premises of our nearest neighbor, of two miles distant, which fortunately was softened to an echo before reaching us; and this is one of the advantages of life in Minnesota, that one is so entirely protected by space from neighborly annoyances.

With languid anticipations of enjoyment, though with the fire of patriotism burning in our breasts with steady light, we packed baskets and arranged suitable toilettes for the occasion. Some "bleeding hearts" were growing in the garden, which, in careless admiration of their beauty, I gathered.

When some one remarked that Mr. H——, our very agreeable host of the "raising," also admired them, I suddenly became inspired with the feminine instinct of giving pleasure, my course was decided; I would wear these flowers in my bosom as a delicate compliment to his taste.

Bleeding hearts have been out of bloom long ago, anywhere but in Minnesota, while here they are in their first blush of beauty. One might feel inclined to question the expediency of ever having introduced this flower into the country at all, at the risk of encouragement to shallow freaks of sentimentality. Better have been content with flowers indigenous to the soil, like the gay meadow lily, and the delicate hued harebell, with which the soil is embroidered in rich and varied profusion; or the wild morning-glory, with its clinging tendrils reaching out to clasp the hardy



A CAMP SCENE.

oak with true poetic fervor, than waste one's time on troublesome exotics, however rare and beautiful.

As is usually the case upon these plains, where absolutely no landmarks are visible, we soon became entangled in mazes of doubt as to our locality. We had been directed to Kirby's house as our first turning point. But where, O, where, was Kirby's house? We drove east, west, north and south, with whimsical feminine instincts, pursuing mirages of houses in the distance, inevitably followed by disheartening disenchantment.

Oh, where were these "Isles of the blest," where even then, perchance, the picnic was in full tide of enjoyment? Why had we allowed "the boys" to go around by the lake under pretence of caring for the baskets? Our bewilderment was at its height, my bleeding hearts were sadly drooping in the blazing sun, when, as good fortune would have it, a "ham" was discovered ahead, in which a straw hat was conspicuous, leading us to infer from its dominant carriage, that some strong masculine head was sheltered beneath its brim. This

In silence and wrought up to absolute rigidity of demeanor, we took our observations, and arriving at conclusions, once more made for Kirby's house. Presently, by good fortune, we came upon ground where the grass was bent, as if lately ridden over. With renewed courage we followed on in the trail until, happily, Kirby's house loomed up in the distance, which long sought for landmark, with cheered spirits, we passed straight on to the grove. "The boys" were already upon the ground and wondering at our delay.



THE "GOOD-NIGHT!" AFTER A MOONLIGHT RAMBLE.

was a godsend of which we took immediate advantage, and with confiding simplicity at once fell in line of march, in the comfortable assurance of coming out somewhere.

At this point of my story, I must decry the reader's doubts of my veracity, if the denouement does appear somewhat sensational. I simply relate the circumstances as they occurred, which were, that after following on in good faith in the wake of this, our beacon light, abruptly the team before us came to a stand. The lank, wiry figure beneath the straw hat glared upon us with the announcement that he had lost his way.

We were once more afloat upon the broad prairie rudderless, and with confidence in masculine leadership shattered. Nothing was left for us now but dependence upon our own resources.

The after events of the day will doubtless be correctly reported in the annals of picnics. Sufficient for us the fact, that the Fourth of July was celebrated in due patriotic spirit, upon the broad prairies, and beside the beautiful lakes which gem the soil of this favored land.

CHAPTER IV.

COME away, Elves! while the dew is sweet,
Come to the dingles where fairies meet;
Know that the lilies have spread their bells
O'er all the pool in our forest dells.

MRS. HEMANS.

A day of days flooded the world with such delicious temperature as to challenge all historical remembrance of days. To ramble upon the beach in search of "specimens," was like the imagin-

ings of childhood, which invest every stone and pebble in wondrous possibilities. If you would drive, there is indefinable exhilaration in the air. Or, if caring for neither of these, and staying indoors in quiet occupation, or dreamily listening to the wind's soft stir and the song of birds, is preferred, it is equally delightful. I abjure extremes and extremists as discords in the harmony of Nature. To have one's nerves wrought up to fever heat at one moment, or frozen in shivering cold at another, or to come in contact with quarrelsome, combative natures—these are discrepan-

handsome black eyes, and a pleasant smile, under whose spell one's nerves repose in languid enjoyment. One feels poetic in his presence; he inspires one's pen with truthful simplicity of language, to the exclusion of exuberant fancies. These gentle unassuming natures are rare, very rare, now-a-days. In the far-off centuries, when the world was new, one can imagine that conceit was unknown!

The lake was serenely placid, with soft gurgling waves murmuring upon the shore in tenderest plaint, when in full assurance of a strong manly



NIGHT HUNTING ON THE LAKE.

cies to be avoided, if need be, by fleeing to the shelter of woods and plains, where at least the hatchets and cimeters of speech die away in harmless echo.

It was a day like this, in which dreams and reality blended in peaceful contentment. Cares which absorb us in one sphere of life become unreal in another, which doubtless in due time will again congregate about us. But in the interim there is rest and fresh enjoyment.

At sundown we had an appointment, Charley and myself, for an excursion in search of water lilies. Charley is a skilled oarsman. The boat skims the waves like a bird under his hand, and he understands every secret channel and glassy cove about the lake; he knows too where water lilies are to be found. Beside all this, he has

hand at the helm, I stepped complacently to my seat. It was a delicious thought, that even if the boat should sink I was sure to be saved. At rare intervals in a woman's life does she feel a sense of entire protection! We glided with long, even sweeps over the lake. A cloud obscured the face of the gorgeous sunset, casting a peculiar yellow light upon the water, which was reflected upon the trees and grass in strange elfish shadows. With strong, steady pull, we were rapidly nearing the outlet of the lake through a narrow passage, which, like magic, opened upon an equally beautiful sheet of water, called Rush Lake, and for the first time I was made aware of this chain of four lakes, linked together by narrow passages shadowed in dark sittings of trees and foliage, forming in their rambling course, peninsulas and islands

covered with tangled vegetation. In these shaded retreats deer brouse in comparative security through the halcyon summer days, protected from the hunter's shot.

From some height, if such could be found, I can imagine that these lakes might present the appearance of a necklace of diamonds linked together by strings of emeralds.

We rowed in among the lilies, which gleamed white upon the water's surface, cool and refreshed as if surrounded with snow flakes; and gathering them in handfuls, prepared for our return, when, wonderful revelation of elfish malignity, the boat was found to be stationary! While we were plucking the water lilies, these impish dwellers of the water were busily at work winding our oars all about with rushes and lily stems. At last, extricating ourselves from their entangling meshes, we passed safely through the narrow outlet leading into our own possessions. These lakes are known as the Clinton, Rush, Elk and Julia, having an outlet through Elk River, by circuitous route, into the Mississippi.

Letters from the station! One from a gentleman who wishes to pass his vacation in rural sports. It is decided that he comes. He may prove useful in many ways, and it is possible that he may be companionable. He is a gentleman of literary proclivities we learn, a Professor of some science possibly. Literary is a word which covers a good deal of ground, and we are left to imagine almost anything within the range of probability. He is young, so reads our despatch! Youth creates within itself a sense of ownership in the best that is going; youth naturally assumes superiority. The world was created anew with this young man, doubtless. The world is only old, to the old. We have nothing to say against the laws of nature, and happily, we are past solving problems, which occupation we leave to the wisdom of new beginners, while for ourselves we silently take refuge in the simplest theories of life, having absolutely nothing to say of our own researches into realms of the unknown. We have at last come around to the point from whence we started. Many times in our journey we have chanced upon silver ore and dazzling gems, which by strange fatality, soon lost their glitter, and dissolved in mist. The young man will doubtless gather precious gems of thought upon these very plains, with which to enlighten our ignorance.

He will kindly relate his experiences of life, and the conclusions at which he has arrived, in pitying condescension of our commonplace existence. Haply, some good Geni guided his wandering footsteps to these quiet shores!

Quite a large road tax has been brought in by the town officer, who at the same time kindly explained how it can be evaded. It seems that the tax is something of a sham. In the first place there are no roads to be worked, every one choosing a thoroughfare at his own discretion, and with the exception of an occasional bridge, needs no repairing. But the point lies in this. Eastern land-holders, not knowing anything about the soil and its capabilities, and supposing that extensive improvements are in a state of progression, pay their proportion of taxes in money, while people here make a pretence of working out theirs. An Eastern lady owning land here proposed, for some tax levied upon her, to give an acre of land, supposing she was making a munificent offer, when, in reality, this very land upon which she had expended a fortune in taxes, was not worth a song. The story was repeated with an amused, though sad smile, in view of it being an unavoidable piece of deception.

To buy land in Minnesota one needs to be on the ground. He should be a geologist in order to understand the quality and strata of which the land is composed, and to be sure of his depth of soil. Non-professionals would do well to consider before investing in Minnesota lands as a speculative enterprise.

As a place of resort it is all that could be desired. Pure air, smooth plains, and magnificent distances. If, added to these advantages, lakes with boating apparatus enter into one's belongings, it is all that fancy paints. But to the poor, it is hard labor and small gains, compensated by the boon of health, it is true, without which the diamonds of Golconda might be poured at one's feet in vain. A successful grocer at Clearwater, a small town upon the opposite side of the Mississippi, remarked, that he liked these parts very well; said that he had resided here ten years, and had made a fair living. But in answer to our hackneyed question of whether he liked it as well as Michigan, his native State, he guardedly replied that he could not tell until he should have returned there—which in any case was a wise answer.

The ferry over which we crossed—worked by ropes and windlass—looked to my inexperienced eyes a good deal like tempting Providence. Shoals of logs, drifting with the current, proved formidable obstacles to our progress, in some cases, as we were told, occupying hours in dislodgement. Also, the time which was required to arouse the ferryman was decidedly tedious. Altogether, we might have represented disembodied spirits awaiting the movements of the “ancient ferryman,” so far as mortal sound had power to awaken him.

Mr. Wainwright, the young Professor, arrived a week ago. We met him at the station with “the team.” As might have been expected, he appeared remarkably self-assured. His tread was lofty, as if the earth were his servant. A jaunty, springing, peculiarity of manner in ascending and descending declivities, attracted our attention from the first. It was as if these miniature hills had all along awaited his appearance, and of which he, as proprietor, took immediate possession. He looked upon us simply as—well—woman. We might have been Hottentots so far as eliciting anything like surprise or pleasure at meeting us was concerned. We belonged to the human family, no more and no less it was evident, in his eyes. Now, I like my presence, as one of the gentler sex, to be recognized by well-bred suavity of manner. But there was none of this. Sturdy indifference to man or woman marked his bearing. His individuality was clothed in a panoply of mail against unwarrantable intrusion, showing plain as words, that he had come to the country for repose, to shield himself from the world's gaze, and the importunity of ordinary people. Unfortunate young man! Thrice unfortunate hostess!

In his hand was carried a volume of sermons by Edward E. Hale. Doubtless then he belonged to the conservative school of philosophers, who affect such marvelous liberality of sentiment as to methods of thought, magnanimously conceding that there is good in all, Catholics, Episcopalians, Unitarians—and there, with deprecatory accent, they end; precedent can go no farther; and there they halt, and waver between two opinions, like scared school-boys, afraid either to advance or recede—the ghosts of the past, and the shadowy forms of the future proving equally alarming.

But taking this young Hercules for what he is, instead of what we had imagined him to be—a doleful necessity forced upon our acceptance at

every step in life—we find him possessed of many admirable qualities. He wishes to develop muscle, therefore he drives the horses and rows the boat, and does it with a hearty good will. He is not averse to our companionship so far as the mere fact of our presence goes, and with the understanding that his opinions shall be preëminent and unquestionable. With certain reservations, we are obliged to acknowledge that he has good points; impolite and rough, but means well. This is not my version, but the one to which I wisely assent. A certain harmony in the order of things, one cannot help feeling, has been destroyed since the advent of this worldly-minded young man into our Eden. He is suited to the rough and tumble of country life, but lacks the sentiment to appreciate its quiet beauty.

There are persons who through excess of honesty possess an unfortunate capacity for smoothing over difficulties. They have not yet learned the discretionary power of silence. This was the case with Aunt Dee. In her anxiety for this young man's improvement, and in order to palliate some uncomplimentary remarks which she fancied he had divined as connected with his own shortcomings, she unwittingly revealed the truth itself; explaining at the same time, that she had defended him on the ground of extreme diffidence. He laughed at this, as well he might. At last, between explanations and apologies, we were thrown into an inextricable tangle, all owing to Aunt Dee's honesty: the result being that in gloomy dignity, the young man remained within doors, watching with wrapt vision the stars as they appeared one by one, instead of going a-fishing. While we were until long after dark guiding our bark to shore, in the difficult endeavor of preserving our one big fish as trophy of success, we missed the Professor's strong hand sadly. Is it possible that he is predestined to become a necessity, and that the time will come when we shall regret his absence?

The Professor called up the stairs this morning that there was to be a land-slide, I thought he said—he has a fashion of clipping his words at all times, which is apt to mislead one. I rushed out in haste, fearful of being too late for this anomaly of a land-slide upon a level plain, when I found that it was a land-sale, or rather a grass sale, which was about to take place at the barn. Minnesota, at the organization of its government, wisely set aside a portion of land as a school and

university fund, the grass growing upon these unappropriated lands being sold yearly at auction sale for its benefit. The auction commenced at ten, after the sixteen men who constitute the township had arrived. It was an informal affair, so far as parliamentary rules were concerned. The buyers lounged about in easy attitudes, diligently whittling, or sat upon bins and boxes in desultory conversation. The wagon seat was courteously placed upon the floor for our occupancy, opposite a map which had been marked out with chalk upon the barn door, dividing the sections into halves and quarters, giving a reality to the transaction which otherwise would have been wanting. There is nothing like having matters of business in black and white. I think it was this vividness which inspired me with the idea of bidding in a

quarter section, which I did; commencing with the sum of twenty-five cents and running up to fifty-five, at which point I became a proprietor in Minnesota soil. The Professor also bid in a quarter section at twenty-five cents. He facetiously gave his name as Brown, which will doubtless be found so chronicled in the archives of auction sales at Clear Lake.

Some land was pointed out to us a few days after, said to be similar to our purchase, on which not a vestige of grass was visible—nothing but prairie weeds. Perfidious Minnesotians, thus to ensnare the stranger within your gates!

Later, may be found recorded the fact of a munificent transfer of grass upon quarter sections 16 and 17, Y, 35, R 29, to the poor, Clear Lake, under the signature of one Brown.

THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE ELIOT—THEIR MERIT AND INFLUENCE.

By J. R. HASKINS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

ALMOST sacrilegious as were the motives which prompted Gwendolen to marry Grandcourt, yet were they blameless when contrasted with the deeds of Mrs. Glasher, who had abandoned husband and child for a life of infamy. It seems contrary, then, to the general principles of justice, to make Gwendolen the holocaust to her ultimate triumph. Indeed, it naturally suggests a moral obliquity upon the part of George Eliot that is apt to evoke an invidious comparison as to her own independence of social and sacred obligations.

This author always is happy in preserving the unities, but nowhere in this work has she struck more euphoniously the harmony of opposite tones than in the blending of the lives of Deronda and Mira. She is the very antithesis of Gwendolen. Listening to the simple pathos of her life's experience, recalls the mournful wail of her lost sisters, when they *sat down by the waters of Babylon and wept*. We feel that the angels of Jacob and the guardian of Tobias were guiding her pure, ingenuous soul, as she fled from shame and woe unutterable. As a general rule, the works of George Eliot are pervaded by an intellectual seriousness which precludes the idea of that essential adjunct

to all genius—humor. But in this work she has endowed the erratic Hans Myrick with this gift, and it sparkles like a ripple from out the life of "Uncle Toby."

As finely delineated as is the personnel of Deronda, he yet strikes us as rather automatic. The stranger in London would not be apt to recognize him among the visitors to the Jew's quarter, as they would be sure to hear and see Audley Gogerton in Parliament, Harley L'Estrange in his saunterings in Hyde Park, with Nero at his side, or smile as he meets Micawber, standing at the window of some gay show, casting a smiling glance upon the passer-by in hope of "something turning up."

There are dashes in this book that in grandeur and picturesqueness are marvelously antique. Semiramis, in all her barbaric splendor and passionate nature, looms up in the mother of Deronda, and we need neither the rhythm of Euripides, the solemn choral chaunt of the Eumenides, or the tragic interpretation of a Siddons or a Rachel, to thrill and move more effectually one's inmost soul. She stands with uplifted arms, her haggard yet still beautiful face gleaming with long pent-up

emotion, wrapped in the prismatic robes of her princely rank, a living impersonation of the direful consequences that follow upon the greed of ambition, and the insensate craving of mere earthly achievements and rewards, at the sacrifice of the purest affections and noblest deeds. "Some deeds seem little more than interjections, which give vent to the long passion of a life."

The paramount and serious defect in the writings of George Eliot is the pantheistic spirit that pervades them. Apart from her *laudate* upon Judaism, there is not a sentence in *Daniel Deronda* that has any special religious significance, or that can bear any construction of a belief in the revealed doctrines of the Christian Church. "Books that give no recognition of religion are stones rather than bread." There is no occasion for a profession of faith, or the expression of those *cant* platitudes which so many *soi disant* religious writers consider the full equivalent of both. Religion may permeate a book as it pervades a life; its loftiest inspirations work silently, and in the innermost citadel of the soul, as an effulgent halo may be reflected from an invisible light, or like the subtle perfume that greets us from the far distant flowers. Hence, however deep the interest or exalted the moral sentiment of a work, yet without a ray from Thaleor, it is like a sky void of sun or stars.

Seneca and Virgil¹ inculcate a morality quite as exalted as can be found in *Daniel Deronda*; and Plato and Socrates proclaimed a creed as lofty and a hope as everlasting. She speaks of emotion and sentiment as "the savor of life." Under the old cultus of Roman faith, before the Grecian Mythology with its sensuous dogma and corrupting influences had taken root, the people acknowledged the sway of a supreme and immutable Power. "The thought of a God," says Ozanam, "and remembrance of the dead were as two rays unkindled by philosophy, but proceeding from a higher source, with capacity of still guiding, after the lapse of ages of pagan darkness, some chosen spirits in the right way." The principles of the Neo-Platonists, as propagated by Platinus, might even now teach George Eliot a religion quite as elevating as her own tenets. Wherein is her "all Good," her "Invisible," her "Universal," as

prototypes, more omnipotent than the *Universal Soul*, the *Logos* of this ancient creed? ever struggling to reach and grasp the Truth, yet perishing, because devoid of an immortal principle.

It is truly sad to see a mind so nobly gifted, so equal to the loftiest attainment of truth, yet so dark to the paramount interests—the one thing necessary. In this she has retrograded; for her earlier works, though never defined upon this vital point, are yet not deficient in a reverential recognition of divine truths. The prize we travel in distant lands to seek, has long perhaps been waiting at our own threshold to be garnered. The wisdom that we wearily search for in mighty tomes or from the lips of world-renowned masters, may drop from the lips of a little child, or glint upon us from out the daily life of one of earth's lowliest sons. God chooses the little and weak ones of the world to confound the strong. If Mrs. Lewes ever receives grace to realize the force and verity of this axiom, she may find the travail of the intellectual struggle commuted to the ease and light of inspiration.

We never read a work of George Eliot's without recalling the sad fate of the gifted Charlotte Brontë—the one to walk over hard shards and burning sands, and yet to fall foot-sore and heart weary so early in the race; the other to press only flowery plains and win the victor's prize. Had Charlotte Brontë lived, Mrs. Lewes would undoubtedly have found a competitor for her laurels. Of the two, we think the largest genius was with Charlotte Brontë. The harvest that George Eliot has garnered is the product of a naturally strong intellect, that has been nurtured to its highest development. She has enjoyed the widest opportunities in study, culture, travel, and the association and influence of the best minds of the age. Charlotte Brontë's life, on the other hand, had been as secluded and sombre as the purple heather of her own Yorkshire Moorlands; mingled with ceaseless heart-trials, and the leveling drudgery of domestic affairs. Her reading was circumscribed from necessity, and her social surroundings uncongenial. Hence her works were the result of an interior conflict, an irrepressible genius, that levels with a sweep all barriers. In addition to these considerations, we must remember that Mrs. Lewes had attained her full maturity before "Adam Bede" was written, whilst Charlotte Brontë was still quite young when she produced "Jane Eyre."

¹ Virgil's Fourth Eclogue was ranked by the early Fathers of the Church among the Prophets and Sybils.

We remember well the excitement over the question of sex, that the respective appearance of these works elicited, and the majority favored the genuine claim of the masculine *nom de plume*, both being so far in advance of any previous feminine effort in the same plane. This controversy rather tends to weaken Dr. Brownson's assertion that "there is certainly a sex in literature. The difference between the conversation of a man and a book written by a woman, is as marked as the difference between a book written by a man and that of a woman. The characteristics of the feminine mind are stamped on everything a woman writes."¹ This may be a safe rule, especially if the good doctor judges from his own leonine standpoint. But I doubt if even his standard might not have been puzzled to decide this question, if presented in some anonymous articles of Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Somerville, or even of George Eliot. Dr. Brownson belongs emphatically to that old school which believes in the entire subjugation of woman in all things, beyond the sphere of domestic life. Hear him, ye advance guard! "We object to the influence of woman as the creators of popular literature, because the literature they create tends to emasculate thought, to enervate the mind, and to foster a weak and watery sentimentalism, or a corrupting sensationalism." Again: "The most corrupt periods of history are precisely those in which woman's influence is greatest; and we may say, woe unto any age or people where the women bear rule. They can be harder-hearted, more despotic, more cruel, and less scrupulous in effecting their purposes than men."² This is sweeping and not altogether in accordance with the blunt doctor's usual logic. Neither can it entirely stand upon historic proofs. But we cannot now pursue his views further, but must revert again to the original subject.

Reference has been made to the "Spanish Gypsy," and we propose before closing this article to say a few words for the benefit of those who may never have met with a work published so long ago as 1868. It has been said in England that Mrs. Lewes considered poetry as her *forte*, and that her disappointment over the reception of this, her favorite brain-child, was deep and bitter. Yet it elicited the warmest praise from the leading

critics, and its transient favor must be attributed more to the supineness of a coterie, than to any deficiency of merit in the work itself. This same spirit, alternating in rapid transition from praise to indifference, was also exemplified upon the appearance of several other works. Bayley's "Festus," Alexander Smith's "Life Drama," Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," Morris's "Jason," and Robert Browning's later metaphysical problems, which he styles poems; all of these were greeted upon their first appearance as voices from Parnassus, yet have been quite as rapidly consigned to comparative obscurity. If there is any inherent life in a work, it will never fall into total oblivion. Justin McCarthy, who is a good judge of the English pulse, says, speaking of the "Spanish Gypsy": "It is a true, and a fine poem. I believe it to be the greatest story in verse ever produced by an Englishwoman." Again: "No woman has written anything of the same kind to surpass it; and no man in our day has written novels which excel those of George Eliot."³

In her prose works, however, the sentiment of love is never clothed in the glowing colors of a ruling passion. With her, the intellect controls the heart, and feeling is ever subservient to judgment. But all this we find reversed in this, her only poem; and as an exponent of ardent love it has been rarely equaled. Every chord of the keynote is struck, from its purest, most harmonious inception, combining the highest degrees of self-sacrifice, the annihilation of all, either personal or sacred considerations, clutching the fiercest depths of wild despair. The truth, sublimity, and deep pathos of this life-controlling power has found its loftiest development, and floats upon us in the tones of a grand antiphonal hymn, which hurtles throughout one's pulses in the full-toned music of this "Spanish Gypsy." The dulcet rhythm of Castilian poesy is therein made subservient to the sonorous roll of the purest English, and the author of this antique gem, framed in a network of new gold, may be classed with the sacred few who bear the inspiration of

"Divinity within them, breeding wings
Wherewith to spurn the earth."

Every sentiment teems with the weight of a golden grain; each character moves with genuine life, and the sorrow which separates and scars two hearts,

¹ "Brownson's Quarterly Review," July, 1875. ² Ibid.

³ "Modern Leaders." By Justin McCarthy.

touches a chord in our own that transmutes the ideal into a living, palpitating woe.

An epitome may prove of interest to those who have never seen this work. As is usual with all Gypsy tales, a stolen child is the inception; but the rule is herein reversed. Instead of the heir to a coronet being carried off by those marauders, it is the royal heiress of the Gypsy king who has been abducted.

The grouping in the opening scene reminds us of those peopled-pictures which the vivid genius of Raphael was so fond of delineating. In her analysis of the mighty throes and stirring events, big with fate, that spring from the absorbing passion of two lives, George Eliot has herein transposed the old rule, which involves self-sacrifice, home, friends, religion, honor, and alas! too often even virtue itself, all freely and unscrupulously offered at this dazzling shrine by woman. With her love is a worship whose god demands the fullest meed of sacrifice and libation. How many may say with the Gypsy heroine, Fedalma,

"I stepped across the cracked earth
And knew 'twould yawn behind me,"

and yet walk unflinchingly on to her doom of scorn or dire woe!

As I said, the author reverses the order in the case of her hero and heroine. It is Fedalma, the future Gypsy queen, who, as soon as she learns the mission that is to be her heritage, yields to the cry of her father's prayer, and throttles the love which heretofore had been her joy, her life, and turns away with Spartan heroism from the refining luxury of a Spanish *hidalgo's* home, to accept her inheritance of cementing and holding together the broken ranks of a wandering, homeless, persecuted race:

"Great Fate has made me heiress of this woe."

Should she obey the call of love, and espouse Don Silva, she tells him,

"'Twould be a self, corrupt with stifled thoughts of a forsaken better."

Upon the Plaza Santiago first beams upon us the fairy vision of Fedalma, the foundling, no one knows from whence, nurtured by the proud duchess, and chosen by her son and heir as his future bride.

Her radiant beauty, her spotless purity, her childish *abandon*, yet deep and emotional nature, make her the equal of the bluest blood and richest heiress of the land.

Yielding to one of her childish, native impulses,

VOL. IX.—22

she joins the *canaille* in a dance upon the Plaza. In a delirium of joy at this momentary freedom from the thralldom of court etiquette, she is utterly regardless of consequences. While her excitement is at its height, the throng of people is suddenly diverted by a band of Gypsy prisoners, heavily ironed, who,

"All, save one, walk in dark file, with grand bare legs and arms,
And savage melancholy in their eyes."

As she stands holding her tamborine poised in air, the leading Gypsy's eyes,

"That seem to be the saddest in the world,"
are fixed upon her, and hold her own,

"And the meeting light between their eyes
Made permanent union.

.
She stood all quelled.
The impetuous joy that hurried in her veins
Seemed backward rushing—turned to chilliest awe,
Uneasy wonder, and a vague self-doubt."

The light, joyous spirit is suddenly quenched, like a star under a stormy cloud. She returns home thoughtful and sad; meets her guardian and lover, Don Silva, and frankly confesses her breach of *les convenances*. He is horrified at this candid confirmation of a rumor that had reached him. But she calms his anger, and wins forgiveness, through the mere might of her transparent innocence. Then again she speaks:

"I meant to tell you how my dancing ended with a pang.
There came a man, one among many more,
But he came first, with iron on his limbs,
And when the bell tolled, and the people prayed,
And I stood pausing, then he looked at me.
O Silva, such a man! I thought he rose
From the dark place of long-imprisoned souls,
To say that Christ had never come to them."

The italics are our own, and the lines justify their perpetuity.

The whole of this interview, in which each heart is bared to the other's gaze, compasses the fullest, purest power which love embraces. It is not two, but one soul welded by links of trust, of fervor, that no power save death can sever. Even now it stands on the verge of fullest fruition. They feel not the dark portent of the Gypsy's eyes,

"That star-like gleam from out black clouds of hair."

But to-morrow they will be united by sacramental bonds, and,

"What went before
Will be the time of promise, shadows, dreams;
But this, full revelation of great love."

But throughout all her present and anticipated joy, the form, the fathomless eyes of the Gypsy chief, like a phantom follow her. "This man's fate," she says, "has laid his grasp on mine appealingly."

In this Gypsy chieftain, now a prisoner of Spain, where, in the age of Ferdinand and Isabella, the war waged fiercest between the Christian hosts, against Moorish Infidel and Jew, we see limned in form and character the same dark athlete that has come down to us from out the black morasses and wild mountain passes of Bohemia; the man against whom every Christian hand was turned, every door shut; without a God, without a home, a wanderer by choice, loving his own people, seeking gain only for mutual aid, and steadfastly resisting any encroachment of those civilizing influences which could withdraw him from his own wilderness, and set his feet in the white man's sanctuary. Thieving, thriftless vagabonds as compose the tribe, this one type keeps his place in the foreground, as the sun around which all revolve, from which the whole band, far and near, draw good or ill. A sole power; an indefinable force to sway a multitude; a god among demons; a gentleman among vagabonds; an oracle among the ignorant; a man of unswerving honor and probity among a band of thieving, unprincipled outlaws. So continuously has this traditional figure appeared at different epochs, that we ask, Can he be a myth? a fancy sketch? or may not this marvel have been repeated again and again? This prophet, this restraining power, may it not indeed be a verity, and prove one of those marvelous providences amid a people through which God protects and holds in check an evil force, which if left to itself might convulse a world.

In the Zarca of George Eliot we have the grandest modern type of this Titan. He is a magnetic element, as impossible for the reader to resist as for those who come directly under the sway of his eagle eye. This is Fedalma's fate, for she proves to be his long-lost child; his heart throbbled this truth, as he saw her dancing on the Plaza Santiago. As she stands amid a blaze of jewels, after her last interview with Silva, she has taken up a mystic necklace of gold, every pendant of which is fraught with some remembrance that forms a link between her memory and some dim,

shadowy past. Suddenly the Zincali chief stands before her, and she feels that the hour of doom has struck. The scene between father and child is too thrillingly grand to be spoiled by mutilation. Enough, that the father finds his own spirit only smouldering in his daughter's weaker frame, and waits but a spark from his torch to burst into flame. There follows a paroxysmal struggle between the heart's behests and her lost heritage. But the magnetism of her father's eyes, the enthusiasm of his words, enthrall her, while the woes of her banned race, her duty to them as their future queen and redeemer, lure her on to her doom. Piteously she accepts it:

"Father, I choose! I will not take a heaven
Haunted by shrieks of far-off misery.
. . . I can never shrink
Back into bliss—my heart has grown too big
With things that might be."

Again: "I will take this yearning self of mine and strangle it. I will wed the curse of the Zincali."

When Don Silva found Fedalma gone, all the purposes of his life seemed quenched, like lights in burial vaults, upon which the outer air suddenly rushes. He knew that she had placed herself upon the rack, and walked over red-hot coals, to fulfill her heritage of woe. Love's cerulean robes she had doffed, and clothed her future in the dark serge of the outcast, lonely wanderer. But Silva's "soul sank with hunger pangs." True it was but "A little loss! only a dark-tressed maid
Who had no heritage save her beauteous being!
. . . But in the mystic charm
Of her dear presence, Silva found a heaven
Where faith and hope were drowned as stars in day."

When Silva comes, she turns her eyes away from the open gates of Eden, and

"Slowly she moved
To choose sublimer pain,
Yearning, yet shrinking, wrought upon by awe,
Her own brief life seeming a little isle
Remote, though visions of a wider world
With fates close-crowded."

And now the Eumenides hem them in and solve the problem of these three lives, through the passionate utterance of the chosen victim. Finding that neither father or child can be won by reason or self-interest, then fall in desperate resolve from the lips of the "man born in purple," words that make him henceforth the vassal of the Nomad king. Turning to Fedalma, he says:

... "I can never turn
And leave you to your difficult wandering;
Know that you tread the desert, bear the storm,
Shed tears, see terrors, faint with weariness,
Yet live away from you; I should feel naught
But your imagined pains; in my own steps
See your feet bleeding, taste your silent tears,
And feel no presence but your loneliness.
No, I will never leave you."

To Zarca, who deems these words but idle
compliment, he thus gives them emphasis:

... "I, a Spanish noble, here declare
That I abide with her, adopt her lot,
Claiming alone fulfillment of her vows
As my betrothed wife."

In vain Fedalma expostulates, entreats:

"She shall be my people,
And when she gives her life, I will give mine."

The sacrifice is accepted; "the outer air
vibrates to the fatal words," and the angels hide
their faces with their wings, as he forswears God
and country, to live and die for a woman's smile.

The radiant beauty of the Trojan wife, and the
dark eyes of Egypt's queen may flash, as the echo
of this oath floats down amid the deepened shadows
of Hades. But the wily chief is too wise a diplo-
matist to trust to a rash resolve that is born of
resistless passion. So probation stands between
fruition; and the silent, solitary post of sentinel
marks his weary hours, giving time for conscience
to strip his fatal act of all its sophistry. And
there comes thronging around him old images,
streets, altars, ancestral home, banners and trophies,
mingled with the approval or scorn of men, all
making "loud insurgence." This phantom pres-
ence he finally grapples, and strives to strangle,
in a soliloquy whose grandeur might stand without
shame beside that of Hamlet or Richard.

The thrilling "hellish rhythm" of the Gypsy's
curse upon the forsworn Spaniard, which the
band chant in chorus as he keeps his lone watch,
is a fitting climacteric to the scorpion's sting of
conscience. Another striking character—one too
in unison with the age—is Father Isidor, a Do-
minican monk, who holds the office of grand in-
quisitor. He is a type of those men who in that
tempestuous period held God and his Church as
the watchword that moved every heart and every
arm to instant action. Mistaken, like Torquemado,
yet earnest in the belief that justice was more
acceptable and potent than mercy:

"He who loves God and his law, must hate the foes of God.
And I have sinned in being merciful."

This Father Isidor is among the prisoners who are
taken at the siege of Bedmar, and is consigned for
judgment to Zarca, who is allied with the Moors.
He is condemned to death, and Silva sees him
with the rope of the hangman about his neck, his
countenance white and grand with the radiance
of the martyr's recompense. He hurls an anathema
upon the soul of Silva, his recreant nephew: "A
traitorous leader, false to God and man." "A
knight apostate," and the murderer of the "*twin
brother of your father*." His words fall like a
rain of fire, and teem with the majestic utterance
of an outraged prophet, searing the conscience of
Silva, and driving him to remorse and despair.
Finding his wild entreaties for the life of his uncle
unheeded by Zarca, the wild shouts of triumph, as
he is swung in air, drive him to phrenzy, and with
a bound he plunges his dagger in the heart of the
chief. "And all the while the silent beat of time
in each man's soul, made aching pulses." Don
Silva is released by the order of the dying chief.
One instant he pauses to look at Fedalma:

"Carrying forever with him, what he fled—
Her murdered love."

Yet once more they meet again, for an eternal
separation. The Zincali are about to bear the
body of Zarca to a distant land for sepulture.
Fedalma grieves for the dead, yet her heart
hungers for the lost, living love. Presently a
tall and gray-clad pilgrim arrests her attention
on the verge of the crowd. After a long contest
she says: "Yes, I will go, for loving me made all
his misery." Silva tells her, as they stand apart
that he is going to Rome, "to be absolved, and
to seek the right to use his knightly sword again,"
but he adds:

"I shall drink
No cup of purest water, but will taste
Bitter with thy lone hopelessness."

But Fedalma strives to console him by the assur-
ance that she will find her happiness in keeping
her father's trust,

"Though I die alone,
A hoary woman on the altar step,
Cold 'mid ashes."

To his self-reproach for her father's loss, she
nobly replies, "in tones, as with slow agony:"

"Calamity comes like a deluge and o'erfloods our crimes,
Till sin is hidden in woe. You—I—we two
Grasping we knew not what; that seemed delight
Opened the sluices of that deep."

The dignity, the pathos of the parting scene,

swells the heart with sympathetic emotion, and the eyes with tears:

"They knew naught, save that they parted; for their mutual gaze

As with their soul's full speech, forbade their hands
To seek each other; those oft clasping hands
Which had a memory of their own, and went
Widowed of one dear touch forevermore."

And thus we leave each to work out an expiation, whose high allegiance, unmitigated woe and deep self-immolation to God and duty, fall like a strong tidal wave over a plain of dead carrion, washing away in the ebb all foul substances and enticing once more to these old homes the flowers whose beauty had once brightened its bosom of verdure. Sad, inexpressibly sad, is the poem in effects; but as the most salutary lessons are hid in the garb of affliction, and often prove our best friends, so we may learn herein how repentance and atonement for the weightiest sin may condone a wild despair when driven by that revenge which

"Is wrought by the long travail of mankind
On him who scorns it, and would shape his life
Without obedience."

And so we leave Don Silva, but think tenderly of him, with Fedalma,

"As one who will regain the only life
Where he is other than apostate—one
Who seeks but to renew and keep the vows
Of Spanish knight and noble."

There are other incidental characters and striking scenes throughout the poem; but our limit will not admit them now. Dramatic poems as a rule, judged from the standpoint of living action, with the accessories of scenic effects, have rarely been successful. Yet in every literary era, the most gifted poets have essayed this difficult flight, and in soaring to this "dome of many-colored glass" for a perpetuity of fame, have rarely attained fruition. We need only refer now to two of the most recent examples among the most famous. Swinburne's "Bothwell," and Tennyson's "Mary," both lamentable failures; a just verdict, earned by the bitter *animus* and perversion of historical truths that characterize each. Even Byron with his supreme genius has met with but limited success; "Werner," we believe, being the only one of his dramatic poems that has ever

been put upon the stage, and that owed its chief success to the great tragic genius of Macready, the sole artist we think who ever assumed the rôle. We cannot judge the "Spanish Gypsy" from this standpoint, although under skillful management it might be susceptible of striking dramatic effects.

When George Eliot's labor of life has ended and her works are weighed in the balance, this poem will attain higher appreciation, and in conjunction with "Romola," and through the might of that exalted and reverential spirit which pervades their general tone, these works will be the chosen tablets upon which will be graven her most enduring fame.

Within a few months, two of the most intellectually gifted and distinguished women of any era have closed their earthly career. Unfortunately, neither the interior life, nor the productions, of either George Sand or Harriet Martineau were illumined by those imperishable truths which can alone adorn with perennial lustre everything upon which their rays fall. Brilliant as were the talents of the former, yet for us, the glory of her genius lies forever tarnished under the mould of Alfred de Muset's early grave; and the halo that encircles all that is virtuously gifted in woman is herein clouded by the atheistical principles and ethical radicalism of her greatest mental productions. Gifted in intellect, gentle and benevolent of heart as was Harriet Martineau, yet no ray more effulgent than the cold abstractions of Positivism, influenced her life or gilded her last hours; no fruit productive of everlasting blessings for herself or those who cherish her memory, can be garnered from the patriarchial years that crowned her days.

It is sad then to think that the last one of this eminent trio, Mrs. Lewes, is walking in the same sandy footprints—sad to know that the light she follows is delusive—that the hundred talents entrusted to her keeping, although not altogether uselessly invested, yet they have been perverted from the lustrous setting, the jeweled clasp, which alone might link her name in ages yet to come with those who, while enriching their own life-work, have not proffered stones in lieu of bread, or given vessels void of refreshments—but in extending aid to the weary and waiting have also glorified their own souls.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN RUSSIA.

BY S. T. EVENS.

AT this particular period of the world's history the attention of the American people in no very limited sense is turned toward Russia, and a general desire is being manifested to know more about her government, laws, people, and their manners and customs. This interest is awakened chiefly through the agitations and influences growing out of her war with Turkey; for at this writing it is difficult to tell how the great struggle will termi-

Russia is, however, a difficult country to become acquainted with, for the traveller finds himself in an unfamiliar land, peopled by a race of whose thoughts and feelings he knows as little as he does of their language; and the information he receives from the persons he questions is either meagre or untrustworthy.

Her police regulations are vexatious; and on entering a hotel the traveller is



A RUSSIAN PATRIARCHAL CHURCH.

nate, or exactly what part Russia is to play, or what position she will occupy among the nations of the Old World in the near future. The friendly relations existing between the United States and Russia, and the commercial intercourse developed make us even more than idle spectators of her movements, successes and defeats. While we as a power stand neutral, as a Christian people we can scarcely say that we occupy independent ground. The triumph of the Cross is more in consonance with the Christian heart than that of the Crescent. And apart from and independent of the Christian and commercial sides of the questions at issue, the American people have many other reasons for feelings of friendship for Russia, and a desire to learn more concerning her people.

bound, under awkward penalties, to give an exhaustive account of himself in a book kept for the purpose, and not only to enter into intimate relations with the authorities, but to have his mind made up as to his plans, and to purchase a *permis de séjour* or *de voyage* for a certain number of days; and this leave must not be exceeded without an authoritative extension of it.

The travelling arrangements for those who choose to use rail or steamer are pleasant, if one does not object to a rather oppressive atmosphere in the carriages, for during the greater part of the year the Russian's chief idea is to protect himself against the inclement climate; and as he keeps the windows and doors of the public conveyances heremetically closed, involuntary contact with him

becomes anything but agreeable. But if the traveller wishes to gain an intimate acquaintance with Russia, and to see what is the real life of the people apart from towns and highways, he must be prepared to take many a long and tedious journey in a kind of lumbering cradle on wheels, or peasant's springless cart; for in some vehicle of this kind he will have to be bumped and jolted the livelong day, plagued with dust and heat in the summer, and in winter liable to frost-bite and snow-blindness; while he will probably be unable to get any food beyond what he carries with him, except black bread, pickled cucumbers, and sometimes eggs.

The northern portion of Russia consists chiefly of forest-land and morass, plentifully supplied with water, and broken up by numerous patches of cultivation; and the villages are generally composed of gray huts built on each side of a straight road which at times becomes a river of mud.

The big white church with its fine pear-shaped cupolas rising out of a bright green roof; the meadow in the foreground, through which meanders a sluggish stream; the whitewashed manor-house, with a veranda in front, standing on a bit of rising ground, and half concealed by a cluster of old rich-colored pines; none of these details are beautiful in themselves, but all combine to form a very pleasant picture when seen from a distance, especially in the soft evening twilight.

The style of architecture exhibited in some of the buildings, however, is very elaborate, and occasionally we come across edifices quite imposing. The Russian Patriarchal Church, shown in connection with this article, while it presents the pear-shaped cupolas, gives us evidence of artistic and mechanical taste and skill.

Every little household in these villages is a kind of primitive labor association, the members of which have all things in common, and submit to the arbitrary will of the *Khosain* or head of the family; while the wife of the Russian peasant is a very unromantic style of female, with very little sentiment in her otherwise kindly nature; but she manages to bring up her children on what is the veriest pittance of a wage, in a manner that would do credit to many better situated English peasant-women. In the northeastern provinces of Russia the peasant has an extremely hard fight to maintain against the hostile forces of Nature, his field-labor sometimes resulting in no gain at all. He

makes a living in various ways; and for whole days he wanders through the trackless forests in search of game; or he spends a month away from his home, fishing in some distant lake; or else devotes the summer to deep-sea fishing, bringing home, if he is lucky and frugal, enough money to tide him and his family over the winter.

From an excellent work on Russia, by D. M. Wallace, to which we are indebted for many facts, we glean this "family budget," which will give a good idea of the expenditure of a peasant household in the northern part of Russia: £7 spent on rye meal (2240 pounds), to supply the deficit of the harvest; £3 on clothes, tackle and ammunition; and £2 5s. paid in taxes. The income, during a tolerably prosperous year, was £12 5s., chiefly obtained from the sale of game and fish.

As the peasant family of the old type is a kind of primitive association in which the members have their goods in common, so the village may be described as a primitive association on a larger scale. This association embodies, in a degree, the idea that is now being agitated and discussed in our own country. The coöperative associations and labor-trades unions are but developments of the same idea in other forms. In Russia, this association has an administrator at its head, whose power is limited by the will of the Heads of Households themselves, forming a kind of village parliament, which is directly responsible to the State for the due and timely payment of all tithes and taxes. Various are the matters with which the village parliament has to deal, from the election of office-holders and the periodical collection of the taxes up to the redistribution of communal lands—a subject which is often the occasion of lively scenes. But when once a decision is given, it is respected as scrupulously as any of the "Acts" of the House of Commons in England. In order to enable the reader to better understand the peasant character, we have prepared several sketches, and they illustrate several phases of peasant life. One of these shows us "A Russian Peasant, or Serf," with his rustic staff and sack. This subject is beyond the middle-life period, and with his heavy, gray beard and fur cap, presents a robustness of physique and an intelligence of expression that speak well for the race.

Younger life is seen in the picture of "Russian Peasant Girls." These two figures give a better idea of the style of dress, features and expressions,

than a mere pen-picture possibly could. The old log cabin home is also better when seen than described. Our engraving of "A Peasant Mother and Child" will also help us to better understand the domestic life of this people.

Thus we see in Russia the "Commune," or "mir" as it is called there, in full working order; and in a country ruled over by a despotic monarch it is perhaps the nearest approach to municipal or constitutional institutions that can with safety be attempted. The mir was instituted by the present Emperor or Czar, when he carried out that wise and humane act which will forever be associated with his name—namely, the emancipation of the serfs; and it has scarcely been long enough in existence yet to predict what form it may ultimately assume.

This liberation from one form of bondage of so many human beings will ever make sacred the memory of this monarch.

The Russian peasantry are, for the most part, grossly superstitious, and this may be owing in no small degree to the very inferior religious teaching to which they are accustomed; for we are told that they have not the faintest conception of anything like an inner religious life, but are the slaves of mere rites and ceremonies. For example, though a robber will kill a peasant on the highway, such are his religious scruples, that he will not eat a piece of cooked meat which he may find in his victim's cart, because perhaps it is a fast-day; and an artisan when about to break into the house of an Austrian attaché in St. Petersburg, first

entered a church and commended his undertaking to the protection of the saints, then killed the attaché in question. It is a species of grim fanaticism which binds the masses in Russia. The shrines in the public places are crowded with worshippers, who cover with their kisses the gilded pictures, while showers of small coins or copper money rattle into the boxes which the priests hold in their hands. From these and



A RUSSIAN PEASANT, OR SERF.

other circumstances, we are warranted in saying that the Russo-Greek Church is about the most debased form of Christianity.

great changes which are taking place, and by which the old spirit of caste is dying out; while a number of nobles are infusing new ideas into mercantile circles. Far above the trading classes stand the members of the official circles, who spend their days at their desks, and while away their evenings at card-playing, which is carried on to an extent unsurpassed in any country in Europe. This is doubtless owing to the eternal dullness which pervades Russian towns, but which one of their poets has declared to be the essential characteristic of Russian provincial life.

We come now to the nobles of Russia, of whom there is a very considerable number; but very small value is attached to a mere title, and there are hundreds of Princes and Princesses who have not the right to appear at court, and who would not be admitted into what is called in St. Petersburg *La Société*, or for matter of that, into refined society in any country. For instance, not long ago a certain Prince Krupotkin gained his living as a cabman in the Russian capital. The only genuine Russian title is Knyaz, which is commonly translated "Prince." The bearers of this title are the descendants of Rurik, of the Lithuanian Ghedimin, of the Tartar chiefs



RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRLS.

Not very high above the working classes of the towns in the matter of intellectual culture, come the traders. Many of them are very rich, but exceedingly ignorant, and do not bear a high character for honesty; but like every other class in Russia, this one is also being affected by the

who were officially recognized by the Czars, and of fourteen families who adopted it by imperial command during the last two centuries. Peter the Great introduced the foreign titles of Count and Baron, he and his successors conferring the title of Count on sixty-seven families, and of

Baron on ten. Of the noble families, very few are rich, and none of them possess a shadow of political influence.

In Russia there are more than a hundred thousand landed proprietors, but it must not be inferred from this that they are equal in point of wealth to our millionaires in the United States, or the landed gentry in England. Such is very far from being the case, for many of them are in a state of poverty, the wealthy ones not exceeding four thousand in number. This latter class includes two distinct schools of land-owners, so to speak; those of the old school being described "as contented, good-natured, hospitable, but indolent, apathetic, and dull;" while those of the latter are a roystering, boisterous set, fond of drinking and dissipation, and possessing a morbid passion for sport of all kinds, however demoralizing or degrading it may be.

Many travellers in Russia have been astonished and not a little disgusted with the depravity of official life. The taking of bribes by persons in authority seems to be general, and has been represented as arising in some measure from the inadequacy of salaries. From whatever cause, this forms a blot on Russian society, which we hope may disappear with the progress of education and intelligence.

In Russia, it is somewhat satisfactory to learn, Mohammedans and Christians get on very well together, and not only help each other, but take it in turns to be at the head of their several Communes. This shows that under a tolerably good

government the two races may enjoy a great amount of good fellowship and freedom, without any reference whatever to religious differences.



A PEASANT MOTHER AND CHILD.

All are loyal subjects of the Czar, to whom all Russians, of whatever rank or religion, yield an unhesitating and child like obedience. But even this great measure of loyalty does not prevent them from occasionally resisting his authority when great interests are at stake, as is proved by the

existence through many centuries of a secret society called the "Raskol," which all the known power of Russian Emperors has failed to dissolve. So long as the Czar, however, identifies himself with the enthusiasm of his subjects, and especially with the religious portion of them, his authority within his dominions is irresistible; but should his policy ever come into collision with the teachings of the clergy and the feelings of their flock, the reverence paid to his sovereignty might be rudely shaken.

The saddest sight in Russia to a traveller is the manner in which civil-prisoners are treated. It is a common spectacle to see three or four hundred poor wretches on their way to Siberia under a military escort; for most of them are chained together in couples, while the women and children who have elected to share their bread-winners' lot have also to submit to be treated as criminals. Poorly clad, and apparently half starved, the wonder is that any of the party should ever survive the dreadful journey. A Russian criminal condemned to exile is sent away with very little ceremony; but when an officer of the army or other person of note has been sentenced to banishment for life, he is dressed in full uniform, and led to a scaffold in some public place. In the presence of the crowd he is made to kneel while his epaulets and decorations are torn from his coat and his sword broken over his head. He is declared legally dead; his estates are confiscated, and his wife can consider herself a widow if she so chooses. From the scaffold he starts on his journey for Siberia. His wife and children, sisters or mother, can follow or accompany him if they choose, but only on condition that they share his exile.

Mr. Arnold, in his book entitled "Through Persia by Caravan," relates how, when passing through Russia, he saw a party of prisoners embarked on board a steamer on the river Volga. They were positively caged amid-ship, so that every part of the interior could be seen, just as in the lion-houses of the Zoological Gardens, with this difference—that in the case of the prisoners there was no overhanging roof to prevent rain or sunshine from pouring in upon their wretchedness. At the back of the cage there was a *lair* common to all, without distinction of sex or age. And when all were secured, including the guiltless women and children, fights occurred for the places least exposed to the east wind. This is a system

which must surely fade away beneath that public opinion which is fast becoming too strong for even autocratic monarchs to despise; for we are told that the emancipation of the Russian serfs has made a vast legal, social, and material improvement in the lower orders of the people; and it is to the people that the world will look for that much-needed reform which will enable Russia, perhaps at no distant day, to take an honorable place amongst civilized nations.

We know that in England a *village* has a church, but no market; that a *hamlet* signifies a collection of houses too small to have a parish church; that a *town* contains both a market and a church, and that a *city*, in a legal sense, is an incorporated borough, which is, or has been, the location of a bishop's see; but exactly *why* a *village* was so called was the important query. Here, in the United States, the names of such places are never used in such a restricted sense. No requirements so explicit hem in and cramp the use of the words. But if we go back to the time when the Gauls and Lombards invaded Rome, we learn that *village* was used in an entirely different and still more contracted sense than the word as now used in England. In this connection an anecdote is related by Mr. Wallace, who, upon one occasion when travelling on the great plain which stretches from the Sea of Azov to the Caspian, observed on the map the name "*Shotlandskaya Koloniya*" (Scotch colony). Being curious to ascertain why a village was so called, he made a pilgrimage thither and made inquiry. No one could tell him; but at last he was advised to ask an old Circassian, who was supposed to be learned in local antiquities. To this man he put a question in the Russian tongue, explaining that he was a Scotchman, and hoped to be able to find a fellow-countryman in the village; whereupon the old Circassian replied in broad Scotch: "Why, man, I am a Scotchman too!" He explained, however, that he was only a "Circassian Scotchman," being a native of the Caucasus; and as a child, had been purchased and brought up by the Scotch missionaries, who were then patronized by Alexander I., but were suppressed in the year 1835 by Nicholas.

The history of Russia is one of thrilling interest, and while we have merely given a sketch of her civil life, her military record abounds with the daring and heroic, and to it we may some other time invite the attention of our readers.

BEGUILED—A STRANGE HISTORY.

BY WARNER WALTERS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will or fate,
To show what metes or bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land.

"Mine has been a strange life. As far back as I can remember I have felt that I was not like other men," musingly muttered Francois Faber; and seeing Leila Brosius about to utter something deprecatory of his statement, he lifted his black eyes filled with weird power to hers, whose fullness suggested the richest purple of the pansy, and continued, more distinctly: "Do not obstruct my speech, Miss Brosius; like the brook in yonder meadow, I am not often impelled to rise above my bounds, and this June night, with its sullen moon-glare and oppressive air, invites my confidence. See you, I will not so much as flatter you by suggesting the presence of an appreciative listener. As I said, I cannot recall the time when I did not feel isolated, and as if I were of another race of beings; and often have I imagined that in place of the senses and motives of ordinary mortals, this frame encased the nervous tissue and brain cords of an inhabitant of Saturn or Mars. I do not come under ordinary laws; indeed, I suspect myself at times of being an Antarchistic. There are few things which seem to please earth's residents that possess a charm for me. Some of the mystic poets, Browning, Poe and Walt Whitman; some of the weird creations of the painters as well as the more sombre moods of Beethoven, Weber, Wagner, or St. Saens, find for me, in that mystery we call the emotions, an answering chord. Here I am, at twenty-six, nothing but a dreamer. My father was wrapt in the study of old books, and my mother, whose face, other than a painted semblance, I never saw, was, I feel, like me, a visionary. Both have gone hence, and I and an older brother remain. You, of course, have never seen Bertram! What a glorious fellow he is! so charged with vigor and electricity—a Bayard and a Crichton. There are no megrims or *malaise* spots in his composition. He attracts, I repel; he the positive, I the negative pole of the Fabers. Wheresoever he goes, he draws all men after him,

while I shun society, for I carry with me the vapors of a mental charnel house. Joined to a handsome person and the face of an Apollo, he possesses those subtleties of speech and personal refinement that craze women, and make him a demi-god among men.

"I have lived here but a year. No one hereabouts knows of me or mine. This house, with its spectre-ridden air attracted me, and I purchased it, and brought into it my only friends, an organ, an easel, and the few books I read. Some day you will honor me by looking at the rare old furniture, the collection of arms, my toxicological curiosities, and other matters which I have gathered about me. My brother is in Europe, and I wist not when he will return, for he finds in me anything but a companion. Do you wonder at it; having met me, the Frankensine of this village? When I saw you some weeks ago from my window, there came the thought that you were not as these plodding, idealess villagers; I wanted to come out and bid you welcome to tread the many rambling paths that run madly 'through the land. You see I allow no one to disturb the rioting of the vines and shrubbery. I am my own gardener, and only when humanity is asleep I venture from my room, and follow, with a sense of freedom, their windings. Here a vine has encroached on the pathway—I turn it from its course; now a tree has fallen over the spot my feet would take—I tear it from its bed and triumph over 'natural selection' by casting it back. No eye watches me, and I know that I rule with despotic will, in the silent watches of the night, let those who will rule by day. *Then* they are many; but in the night season, none dispute my law."

"Save one," reverently said the half-dazed maiden.

"Who else can wander through these paths when darkness calls upon the sons of men to seek their pillow?"

"An eye that never slumbers nor sleeps," responded the half-startled girl, as she rose to go.

"Do you then think that He concerns himself about Francois Faber, into whose body the spirit

of another planet is infused? What has He to do with me?"

"God ruleth over all," she decisively returned, moving toward the stone-arched gate.

Francois Faber followed, and as he walked quietly by her side, his slight, graceful figure was more distinctly seen. His was a singularly pallid face, doubtless from much in-door life, else the sun's light would have bronzed or tinted with color his regular features. His intensely black eyes and scarlet lips spoke also of the hermit. The expression of his face was that of questioning wonder, but about his lips there seemed to play glimpses both of a fine humor and firmness, the latter predominating. On his head was a broad sombrero, from beneath which stray curling locks escaped.

"Miss Brosius, I beg of you not to think of me as a monomaniac. I often allow my thoughts to entertain strange vagaries, and I have amused myself with such success in this direction that often for the time they seem real; but I am not so wild a creature as to hold them in sober earnest. You know the imagination is a source of wonderful amusement, and I, with a life much contained within its own orbit, have cultivated the faculty as I would a fine art. Were it necessary to be less exclusive, and associate more with my fellow-men, I would be found practical enough," said the youth.

"I am glad to hear thee say that, Mr. Faber," heartily responded the maiden. "I was almost ready to declare thee a misanthrope, or one with perverted mental sight. Thee will not take offence at my plain speech, I trust?"

"Far from it. It is in happy contrast to the ordinary hollow speech of the present day," he answered, and extending his hand to the beautiful girl as she passed out of the gate, cordially concluded, "I hope you will honor this forlorn, old place, by using it whenever you feel so disposed. I am convinced we are yet to be great friends."

Leila Brosius, whose graceful form receded in the shadows beyond the gate, had come into this irregular little village of Granville, with her aunt as a chaperone, to escape the noisy bustle of the city, where her father was engrossed in business. Not long before, her mother, a *Friend*, but not after the strictest sect, had closed her eyes upon things earthly; ever since, Leila had been longing to leave the city, and get among the hills and verdant

fields that had been so dear to her mother. The mother's beautiful complexion and gentle manners were bequeathed to the daughter. Her beauty was not suggestive of the city, with its wonderfully clear, white and vivid color, which often dyed the dimples on the rounded cheek with the color of the bright blood which coursed beneath. She was "in the world, but not of the world." Possessed of the present susceptibilities, and ignorance of the world and its wickedness, her thoughts were as pure and undefiled as the waxen bloom of the camellia. Under the training and guardianship of a sensitive mother, her intercourse had been with the grave and unexcitable "Friends;" beyond their walk and conversation she knew but little, since her mother had watched over her speech and conduct with jealous care. She was an only child, and on her education the mother with patient hand and watchful eye had bent her energies. Wholly unused to the great world outside the mother's kingdom, as innocent as a little child, there yet burned beneath a calm exterior, fervid emotions inherited from her father. She little knew the dangerous paths she now must tread, since the gentle yet firm hand of the mother would no more guide her footsteps. Mr. Kingslake Brosius had made a love-match with her mother, and under her mild sway had found but little exercise for the glowing temper of his character, with its violent likes and dislikes; his warm affections and impetuous speech had lain *perdu*. Naturally, now that tempering element in the household was eliminated, the genuine quality of the man would come to the surface, and put in play new springs of action and emotion for Leila. The father, having resigned the care of the child to the mother, did not grasp the subtleties and modes of the mother's training. It was therefore a dangerous era in the life of the maiden's history, and at sixteen, when the heart and the sensibilities are so acute, the change of the guiding and moulding power was not likely to be for Leila's good. Neither father nor daughter knew of the whirlpool into which their lives were turning. Dorcas Brosius, the aunt, seemed the most convenient person at hand to attend Leila on her summer vacation, but she was far from the best chaperone; the scope of her life was by far too limited, and without being positively a fool, she gave many of the indications of one. Her life was retrospective; the present had no pleasure for her, and so she lived in the rush-

light of by-gone days. Leila had now been in Granville several weeks, and for her shorter rambles had, by some kind of "natural selection," made the Faber grounds a daily visit, just as many people are nowhere else contented than in a certain chair, and a certain spot in the universe is to some a matter of more importance than aught beside. From a hurried glance to a bow; from that to an exchange of salutations; from that to meteorological comparisons; from that to a combination of all, and interchange of half-dozen of sentences, the acquaintance had progressed which at last resulted in the interview above given.

Of Francois Faber, the villagers knew positively nothing; and in lieu of fact, surmises and fiction were invented. No man can live to himself, in a country town, save at the expense of his reputation, which would be a horrible reflection, did one not also remember, it is barely possible should he be gregarious, even then to preserve immaculate his character. He was a revelation to the fresh, pure-hearted girl, and his assertion that his spirit was that of another sphere was hardly too violent an expression to indicate the light in which she viewed his wild theories. Everything belonging to him excited her curiosity, and she burned to see the inside of his house and to know more of his history. He repelled and attracted, both; the sweet, half-mirthful smile of his face, was, to her as a rift in the clouds, through which came glimpses of the sun and the spirit-land; her weird ideas and the often grotesque language in which he clothed them, were as dense, sullen clouds, which could only be parted by his radiantly engaging smile.

Dorcas and Leila Brosius were seated in the little parlor of their boarding house several evenings later; a lamp, giving out but a ghost of a light, quivered on the centre-table, by which one could barely distinguish the peacock's feathers, a pair of highly colored vases, and some daguerreotypes folded in exact triangles on the mantel; the table upon which the lamp stood was rather more plainly discernable, with its half-dozen books piled in grim regularity about the edge; the volumes with the brightest binding carefully placed on top, each pile elevated to the exact height of its neighbors by the insertion of worn school-books, and here and there a Patent Office or United States Coast Survey Report about the wall; also, at uncompromising distances were planted the

chairs; and each of the four sides supported a print, with staring red water, or blue moons, and other lithographic wonders. But why prolong the description when the world knows by heart the "best room" of the extreme rural population. The elderly woman set apart, with book in hand; but to look at her eyes, one felt it a violent presumption to say she was reading. Leila sat in the daintiest of white wrappers (for the mother had not insisted that her daughter should don Quaker habits, unless she herself should so elect, when grown to womanhood), her dainty feet playing hide-and-seek with the ruffling, and a bunch of bright color at her throat. The twilight was not so gloomy as to hide the figure of the graceful girl, nor to darken the fair arms thrown over her head. Half-startled, she rose to answer the tap on the door-frame; the door itself being thrown back to admit all the air.

"Were you eating the Lotus leaf?" inquired Francois Faber, extending his hand towards her.

"Thee speaketh in parables," quietly responded the maiden, astonished beyond measure at the call, which for Francois was an unheard-of act.

He quoted—

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream;
So dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height
To hear such other's whispered speech,
Eating the Lotus;"

and then went on to explain his meaning. After he had concluded, she apologized for her ignorance by telling him of her mother's faith, and even as she spoke the tears came into her eyes, and her voice quivered as she thought of the gentle hand that would no more caress her shining hair. With sympathetic voice he led the conversation to other matters; and there was no trace of misanthrope or visionary in the lively *persiflage* that issued from his lips. Leila listened in wrapt pleasure to the dainty fancies or merry "quips and quirks" of the speaker; it was all so new, and opened up the heretofore unknown possibilities of the English language. When, at length, he rose to go, he remarked: "It will give me great pleasure to have you call and examine my collection of *bric-a-brac*, if you care for such things. Those who have made these matters a study assure me that it contains some very rare articles. You will persuade Miss

Dorcas Brosius to come, will you not?" he said, turning to Leila.

"Oh! I should like it above all things, and aunt Dorcas, thee will desert thy book. Cannot thee go to-morrow morning?" she asked; and to the eager demand the aunt gave a dignified assent.

The morrow found them walking up the path that led to Faber's house, under the guidance of Francois, he having espied them from his window. If possible, he was more gracious than the evening before, and kept up a running talk which amused and sometimes startled the visitors. The collections of curious articles, which included arms, idols, carvings, coins, strange pictures, mosaics, and many other things new to the fair, were examined and wondered at; Francois entertaining them with their half jocular and half mystical histories. Leila began to almost reverence the owner of so many new things, and the nonchalant manner in which he alluded to them; as for herself, she hardly dared to touch them; she opened wide her eyes at the squat grotesqueries of some Chinese and Japanese idols, and turned pale as Francois explained the mummies, and was persuaded to feel of the wonderful gold and silver fabrics from Russia, and a roll or two of valuable lace; but her eyes sparkled when he placed before her a velvet mat, on which were arranged a number of precious stones. With a child's simplicity she exclaimed, as he unlocked a cabinet in which were a number of pearls, diamonds and other precious stones: "These are beautiful; I like these best," holding a beautiful pearl to the light.

"Will you not keep it as a souvenir of your visit?" quickly responded Francois, who acknowledged to himself that it was a fitting emblem of the fair maiden, and that in many, many years he had not experienced the pleasure he was now passing through.

"No, no, I cannot despoil thy collection."

"See," he eagerly exclaimed, selecting a number of others from the case, "there are plenty more, surely you will take a mere pebble, a pretty stone; you know the Eastern custom that to be friends one must break bread at a friend's table; we are to be great friends, are we not? and so you must accept this trifle from me."

She looked up into his face, and answered:

"Thee should not deceive me, for well I know that this is of much value; the Bible doth speak of the exceeding value of pearls."

"Well, if it is the value of the gift you object to, let me give you one whose beauty is even greater than the pearl, but by reason of its abundance, it is not greatly prized," taking from another drawer an opal of exceeding beauty and lustre, and putting it in her dimpled hand. "The pearl," he continued, "is not of such great value after all; this is the much more precious stone," pointing to a diamond which glittered among the other gems.

"Thee will not mock me," she asked, "if I accept this stone, whose tints are lovely as the rainbow; I cannot take it from thee if it is of great value."

"It has no value for me, unless you take it; if you do not, I will throw it in yonder stream," pointing to the river which could be seen through the curtained windows at no great distance. "I want you to see a picture that stands in my room," he hastily added; "Come with me," and he led her to a beautifully adorned room, in the middle of which stood an easel, on which a newly-painted picture was affixed. It was the portrait of a noble face, and evidently the loving work of one who had pursued his study with enthusiasm. It was of a face bronzed with exposure, but one in which the outlines or expression had never been marred with sin or evil passion; although the smile on the lips was gentle and full of sweetness, the eyes had a shade as if they had known some poignant sorrow; there was a world of power, will and endurance limned thereon. Perhaps the expression of intellectual power and strong mental faculties was the most pronounced stamp on the face, after the noble mould of the head and the indication of noble purpose. It was a handsome face, and the apparent seat of all virtues. Leila looked in silence for a time, and then turning to Francois, who regarded her with watchful eyes, half whispered:

"This is thy brother?"

Francois nodded assent.

A little longer she gazed, and then asked:

"Thy brother's face is full of all manner of good things; I would know him, his face is so noble and so strong. When will he come to thy home?"

"I hope Bertram will come to me before long; you should know him Miss Brosius, this picture but half tells the story; no nobler and more chivalric soul than Bertram's exists."

"Methinks that King David's face must have been like unto this," she mused, her eyes never

wandering from the portrait. For some minutes she stood looking as if she would read its every line and feature, then turning away, they left the room in silence. While the party were walking down the path, Francois asked :

"Miss Brosius, I have a great favor to ask of you ; you will grant it ?"

"If it be in reason, I could not deny thee, after this morning's pleasure."

"Will you give me a couple of sittings ? I would have your picture as a companion portrait to that of my brother's ; I would then have my Bayard and the 'Sinless Child.'"

For a moment she turned her pure eyes to his as if to read their meaning, and then spoke :

"Wouldst thee call my face that of a 'sinless child' ?"

"Yes ; for nowhere else have I ever seen so perfect an embodiment of the thought :

Gentle she was and full of love,
With voice exceedingly sweet,
And eyes of dove-like tenderness,
Where joy and sadness meet."

"I cannot grant thy request ; with such a title the picture would savor too much of vanity. I am far from being sinless ; I know my heart is full of wickedness, and my steps of guile."

"You will accede to my request, will you not, if I forego the title ?"

"I fear the thought proceedeth from vanity, but I would see myself in a picture, and will do as thou dost desire," quietly answered Leila, and then bidding him adieu, they left the grounds.

It was not long before Leila received a note from Francois asking her to give the writer the first sitting. At the hour appointed both ladies were on hand, and the work of painting commenced at once.

To the right of the sitter, on another easel, the portrait of Francois's brother stood, and to it Leila often turned her liquid eyes. There was a strange fascination in that noble face. As her eyes rested upon it, she asked herself a thousand questions, and at last so intent were her thoughts that she passed from this present, living being, into that mysterious country we call dream or trance-land. Her eyes were wide open, and yet it was not the things of earth she saw, but the phantasies of Castilian castle-building. Who has measured the boundaries of that mental springtide, or described the wealth of its storehouses ! It is as if

one were suspended between earth and heaven in an exhilarating æther, in which the poet, the painter, and the musician were plying all their arts with superhuman skill to mould their work with the richest skill.

With the subject in suspension the artist worked rapidly, and caught with facile power the pose and contour of Leila's face. Dorcas, too, had taken wings and was pursuing some youthful labyrinth, from which she was not wrested by a question directed to the painter :

"Hast thou heard from thy brother lately ?"

"No, Miss Brosius, I have not ; but I am daily expecting a letter. I would like to read you some extracts when it does come. I am sure you would enjoy them, for Bertram is a rare writer, and the country through which he is travelling is one full of romance and adventure.

The next time Leila came, Francois announced the reception of a letter, and in a quiet corner he read the epistle. It was indeed as he had promised, well worth listening to ; the diction was at once so clear and polished, while both the descriptive and narrative portions were not devoid of excitement. Leila heard like one whose soul was actually parching for its contents. When he had finished she sighed, and shook off the intensity with which she had listened.

"Is that all thee thinkest will interest me ?" she inquired.

"About all. I had written him concerning you, and he devotes considerable space to questions and surmises. I shall have to entreat your forgiveness, Miss Brosius, for having made use of your name, and in my feeble way having attempted to describe your face and character. Flat burglary as ever was committed, was it not ? You must be aware that Bertram has no other correspondent. You can imagine, too, what a godsend your appearance on the stage must be to both of us. Heretofore my letters have been little else than small-beer chronicles, but the entrance of Miss Brosius gives me a subject fraught with great interest. As some reparation for the cool method in which I have introduced you to a stranger, I cannot do less than accede to the request I see in your eyes, and read you what Bertram has further to say :"

"Indeed it is a source of no little pleasure that I understand from your letter that you have broken through your reserve and made the acquaintance of so charming a young lady as I imagine Miss

Brosius to be. I find myself picturing her appearance, and gathering from your words some idea of her characteristics. Although you but hint it, I imagine that she is a *femme ingenue*—more rare than half the world imagines. In my travels through Arabia and India, and among some of the African colonies where one has been taught to believe this trait abounds, I have found positively none of the sex to whom I would apply the adjective. Such a character has a great charm for me, it is at once so rare and so admirable. Beside

the belles of society and fashion these modest, artless ones are attractive beyond measure. Now that you are so fortunate, Francois, I entreat you to cherish her acquaintance. The women of the present day who queen it in the *beau monde* seem rather to cultivate *hauteur* and repression than the graces of sincerity and the gentler attributes of the heart. It is a great temptation to desert my travels and come back and see this young girl in whom I have taken a wonderful interest. Write me more, I pray you, of this lady."

TWO CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

By WALLACE R. STRUBLE.

WE find two of all the ancients whose lives to us seem thronged with the finest incidents of intellectual experience. We take these men to be instances of the most exquisite and intense happiness possible to be enjoyed on earth. They were men of more brain than anything else; which is to say, that they lived less in the outer world than in the inner. They were discoverers of new ideas and new forces. More than that, they time and again were discoverers overjoyed. We scarcely need hint that from the study of these two examples, the reader may derive many inspiring ideas and elevating lessons.

First, then, let us pay our attention to Pythagoras. Let us go back through the centuries and trace some incidents in the life of this great ancient. Thus to do is to gain at once a useful lesson, a valuable hint of the prime necessities of a good and useful life; it is to see a man who had come to be more than a mere user of his hands, and more than a mere gleaner with his mind, longing and toiling ever after the beautiful and grand of the yet unexplored parts of creation. All the noble things in the world have taken their origin in just such men as was Pythagoras of Samos. For Pythagoras was an uncommon man, and his works were uncommon works.

He was the founder of a school of philosophy—the Italian school, so called. Yes, he was more than that: to use his own words in reply to King Leon, he was "*philosophos*"—a lover of learning—not "*sophas*"—a wise man; "for the Deity alone," he declared, "is worthy the title of *sage*." Let us pause upon this profession of Pythagoras,

the best that was ever made by man. We shall then be prepared to learn the greatest things about that majestic ancient, without thinking at all to ask, "How could this be so?"

At Crotona he built up a great unique society, composed of six hundred seekers with him after what Socrates in a later age called "the interior beauty of the soul." His opinion on any subject of thought was, while he lived, taken by all who learned of him, as authority weighty enough to supersede the necessity of proof. After his death his scholars paid him divine honors. These things are only natural corollaries of the life of an ancient lover of wisdom.

History tells us not all of the discoveries made by this "Fabulous Wonder-Man." We know that to his disciples he openly taught doctrines, aided by images and symbols, which seemed to them divine oracles. We know that he inculcated lessons in secret, dispensing with those aids which elevated the chosen ones who heard them into *Pythagoreans*. What these latter teachings were, we cannot know. Perhaps they contained the germs of great theories, which our times see in application; perhaps they embraced sublime truths in regard to God and immortality, which none of that far-off mythic age, but such as had purged their souls of all dross by a long-continued course of mental and moral discipline, were capable of understanding. There is no voice to settle these points. We do but know that in the secret place of his private and high instructions, Pythagoras communicated discoveries, which only he and those who, by having passed the trials prescribed

by him, had gained the privilege of hearing the familiar words of his wise lips, could feel the wonderful enchantment.

Such a man as this must have gone in thought many centuries ahead of his own. He was capable of thinking astonishingly, able to think on into future civilizations. What he saw in the beauty of reality, would doubtless have been sneered at by all his living cotemporaries, except those whom he had made in a good degree like himself. It is pleasant to imagine that lofty thinker, lingering in the enchanting silence of his own deep meditations and feeling thrills of rapture now and then, which could not but have still remained secrets of his own, even if he had tried to communicate them to others. We love to imagine him in his elevation of life, his quiet dignity, his impressive gravity, his temperance, his virtue, his self-control. We love to conceive of his face, showing in its paleness, not the want of bodily health, but the superiority of his restless mind. We love to think of him as abstaining habitually from animal food, and welcoming with a right relish nearly all vegetable. What pleasure to conceive of him as one among his pupils living in perfect concord; rising with them in the morning early enough to worship the outbursting sun; then determining how the day was to be spent; joining with them afterward in reciting Homeric verses, or in vocal singing, in order to fit his own and their mental powers for the severe activities soon to be entered upon; passing with them then into the intense tranquility of serious study; after several hours, pausing awhile for a solitary walk, in which the mind might indulge itself in happy contemplations; then mingling in cheerful conversation and in the performance of various gymnastic exercises; then going to dine on the common meal of bread, honey and water; afterward attending to public and domestic affairs, to bathing, and to the duties of religion; and then, as the last business before sleep, reviewing what had been done during the day. All this it pleases us to muse upon, in connection with the genius and works of that deep and mysterious man of history—Pythagoras. For thus we are taught that the most of his life was serenely and mightily intellectual.

Let us be cautious, right here, lest we forget that Pythagoras lived in an age when thinking was not so much of a practical and utilitarian process as it is in these days. So if we find, in the systems

which he built up out of his own discoveries, too many mild and subtle conceptions, going to indicate something of a habit of fanciful idealization, we will still have the utmost reverence for the great philosopher who professed himself to be a "lover of learning." Although his ideal masterpieces are more or less tinged with the mysticism of his mystic times, yet Pythagoras was the most practical explorer of nature of all that lived when he lived. What though he carried his reasonings about numbers beyond reason? Did he not discover the five regular geometrical bodies, the *cube*, *tetrahedron*, *octahedron*, *icosahedron* and *dodecahedron*, and did he not originate the multiplication table we use to-day? What though he extended his abstractions in regard to music into hopeless mathematical subtleties? Will any one deny that he developed musical proportions and laws, known, even in our times, to be as true as they are beautiful? What though he taught the absurd doctrine of the transmigration of souls? Must we not concede that he unfolded new and noble views in regard to the origin and destiny of man? What though he held certain theories of astronomy which, in our age, appear strangely unreasonable? Will we not have to grant that he was the first of the ancients to anticipate the system of Copernicus? Wonderful as it may seem, he believed that the sun is the centre of the planetary worlds, and that every star is a sun. He knew the causes of eclipses and how to predict them. He knew that the earth is round, and that its surface is naturally divided into five zones, and that the ecliptic is inclined to its equator, and that this same earth daily revolves on its axis, and yearly wheels around the sun. He had found good reasons for believing that the Milky Way gets its whiteness from the innumerable little stars which thickly cluster in it, and for believing that Lucifer and Hesperus were but the same beautiful Venus, bearing in the one case her morning, and in the other her evening name. And that same early astronomer, who so rightly read the "heavens of the Lord" without a telescope, could not fail even to see that the other worlds must, like ours, be inhabited by living and intelligent beings.

There may be much, and there may be but little of reality in that fine theory in regard to the heavenly spheres which has given a magical lustre to the name of Pythagoras, that theory which contemplates the solar system as arranged with such a

reference to number, distance and time, as to make it one great harmonious whole, giving forth, in the varied movements of its parts through the ether, musical tones of the most exquisite melody. Little of reality, or much of reality, we say, there may be in this gorgeous conception of a grand organ, made up of restless planets, spinning and glittering around a central sun, the mysterious intonations of which have been singing, in space, through all the ages; certain it is that it points to a sublime thoughtfulness, as the habitual peculiarity of the genius of its originator. He who, in an age when the human race was but in the twilight of civilization, could so look away from the earth into the heavens, and see the creation of God in such a light of almost entrancing beauty and glory; tell us, was he not worthy, simply in the view one must take of the joy of his experience, to have it said of him, that "he was the only mortal whom the gods had permitted to hear the harmony of the spheres?"

We can but imperfectly conceive how rich the intellectual felicities of Pythagoras must have been to him, and how satisfied he must have felt with them, as rewards of his patient labor of thought.

In the second place, let us dwell upon Archimedes. No man of science can hear with indifference the name of Archimedes, for that name is inseparable from science itself. From this man, this citizen of ancient Syracuse, there came forth into the world new scientific truths to change the aspects of civilization. He was a discoverer in more than one department of science. He was a mathematical discoverer. By methods depending on developments made by Archimedes, men to-day measure their curvilinear surfaces and solids. What a penetrating mind was his, that he should have caught sight of unique relations and laws, where a thousand other minds saw nothing! What an intellectual Midas was he, that whatever he put his thoughts upon should have shone with a dazzling gold!

It was for none but him to take up the sphere and the cylinder, and by the discovery of a surprising proportion existing between the solid contents of these two magnitudes, when each has a base and altitude equal to those of the other, to make them tell of the power of one ancient man's genius, to a generation of men more than two thousand years distant from his own. It was for none but him to take up the circle, and by devel-

oping the relation of its diameter to its circumference, to make it a charming celebrator of individual greatness, through all eras of subsequent history.

But, then, this said Archimedes, of whom we are speaking, was also a discoverer, and a great one too, in practical mechanics. He it was who developed the principle of the first compound pulley, and the first endless screw. His mind was full of mechanical theories, which he himself had constructed and proved true. He daily feasted his thoughts on discoveries made in solitude, by his ever-developing genius. The historians of the past, Polybius, Livy, Plutarch, each indulges himself in admiration of the Archimedean ingenuity, as displayed in the military machines which the great discoverer projected and set in operation, to repel the attacks of the Romans during the siege of Syracuse.

It is not known, and never will be known, how much of mechanics Archimedes carried in his mind, which he never found time or means to bring into light—how many wonderful arts he knew something of, which the circumstances of the times, or his own circumstances, would not permit him to see brought into useful play—how many vast machines lived in his brain, the wheels of which were silent to the world's ears forever. Like most, if not all, of the ancient discoverers, he himself had to be the one who realized the practical applications of his own great developments of natural law. In other words, he was both a discoverer and an inventor. And hence it was that when he had got hold of the theory of the compound pulley, he set himself to making a compound pulley; and when he discovered the principle of the screw, he went and made a screw; and when he found out the law, or laws, according to which some great war machine could be constructed, he looked about for the material and means by which to make it, and if he succeeded in finding them, really did make it. Not any living man can tell how many discoveries the wonderful Syracusan had made, by which it came to be suggested to his mind, that if he only had a place to stand in without it, he could stir the solid globe from its orbit; but it was known that he was a practical man, for all the world has learned the Archimedean cry, "Give me where to stand, and I will move the world!" If Archimedes died with good volumes of unrevealed mechanics

rolled up in his head, it must have been either from a want of patronage or because he had no point of available action to operate in.

But, then, Archimedes was a discoverer in still another field of science. We have many times read of his beautiful discovery in hydrostatics, and of the great holiday which took place in his soul over it. The reader need not to be told about King Hiero's order for a crown to be made of pure gold, and about the deceitful artist who added an alloy to it by fraud, and about him who, while taking a bath, seized hold of the splendid principle, then for the first time discovered, that a body immersed in a fluid loses just as much in weight as the weight of an equal volume of the fluid, and about the application this man immediately made of the principle he had thus caught sight of, by which application he was able to determine to what extent the King's crown of gold had been adulterated. The reader is already aware of the fact that when this man, Archimedes, had come to see, with certainty, what a fine discovery he had made, he was so filled with exultation, that, yielding to an impulse of wild and almost insane delight, he leaped at once from his bathing-tub and ran naked into the streets of Syracuse, shouting, "Eureka! Eureka! I have found it! I have found it!"

Shall we pause here, and attempt to describe the joyous ecstasy which must have more than filled the soul of that "glorious old heathen" then? To use the words of a gifted writer upon this very subject:

"Who can describe the Archimedean felicity? Not even Archimedes himself could have described it. The manner of its expression is all that can ever be portrayed. It would, indeed, seem that, in the hour of that mental triumph, the very faculties of the philosopher's mind had shaken off their usual restraints, and, with a beautiful manliness, like so many victors, were clapping their bright hands, and laughing their sublime rapture right out! And it is not at all unreasonable to think of him as so unspeakably happy, that even if the glory of the 'third heaven' had burst through the skies upon him, his soul could not have been made happier.

"But then it would be doing injustice to Archimedes, to suppose that this instance of intense pleasure was any other than a single one among many of a like kind, which were experienced

during his lifetime. I will not believe, and you will not believe, that when he had discovered the mutual relation existing between the sphere and cylinder, his eyes grew not radiant with the light of an indescribable joy, and his heart throbbed not with the wild motion of a great transport, and his lips told not of the tumult of bliss going on within him. History says, that, in order to immortalize this discovery, on which he himself set particular value, men placed on his tombstone a cylinder, with a sphere inscribed in it. Perhaps they did not imagine the real reason why he set such a special value on it; and, perhaps, again, they did conceive of that reason, well and truly. At all events, it shall give me delight to dream that they thus ornamented his monument, chiefly to perpetuate their own interest in that jubilee which he must have enjoyed in his soul, when he came to realize what a splendid triumph he had gained. And I can easily fancy that when Cicero, while acting as questor over Sicily, found this monument away back in a thicket, by which it was concealed, he fixed his philosophic eyes upon the cylinder and sphere which appeared upon it, and really exclaimed, 'What a rapture these symbols are carrying through history!'

Why did Archimedes love, like Pythagoras, the seclusion of thought? Why, when the city of Syracuse had been taken possession of by the Romans under Marcellus, was he found sitting in the market-place, deeply absorbed in serene study over some geometrical figures he had drawn in the sand? Those superior pleasures, going to reward the labors of a mind devoted to discovery; these furnish the only satisfactory answer to all interrogatories of this kind!

"Disturb not my circle!" said he to the rough Roman soldier who came into his gentle presence to pierce him, and make his bright blood gush out over the ground. "Disturb not my circle!" Beautiful and yet melancholy saying! What a fine comment on that lovely tranquility of soul, which is the inheritance of the philosopher! What an endless perpetuator in human memories of the meanness of a mean soldier!

The brutal warrior saw no sublime meaning in the last words of Archimedes, and, as he pierced the peaceful man of science, had not soul enough to see that he was only opening a way for him to the perfection of that bliss of which he had already enjoyed so many happy foretastes.

ANCIENT DYES.

By JOSIE KEEN.

PROBABLY all are familiar with the term Tyrian Purple, yet not, perhaps, as familiar with the antiquity of this valued dye, or of how near it came to be included among the "lost arts."

There are various theories as to its original discovery, yet we believe nothing really definite has been given. One writer says: "The famous and costly Tyrian purple, the royal color of the ancients, is said to have been discovered by the Tyrian Hercules, whose dog having by chance eaten a shell-fish called *purpura*, and returning to his master with his lips tinged with a purple color, it occasioned the discovery of this precious dye."

Purple, however, is much more ancient than this, since we find it mentioned by Moses in several places. Two kinds of purple are mentioned in the Old Testament; first, *argamon*, rendered in our version "purple," denoting a reddish purple obtained from a species of muscle or shell-fish found on the coast of the Mediterranean; second, *techeleth*, rendered in the English Bible "blue." This was a bluish or cerulean purple, likewise obtained from another species of shell-fish. The "scarlet," or "crimson," for the two words denote essentially the same color, was produced from the *coccus* insect, *coccus ilicis*. All these were sacred colors among the Jews, and the latter were used for the High Priest's ephod, and for veils, ribbons and cloths.

The purple of the ancients seems to have included many different tints derived originally from the shell-fish, and modified by various arts in which the Tyrians excelled. As each fish yielded but a few drops of coloring matter, the choicest purple bore a very high price. Purple robes were worn by the Kings and first Magistrates of ancient Rome, and Nero forbids their use by his subjects under pain of death. Our Saviour was clothed with a royal robe of purple in mockery of His title, "*The King of the Jews*."

We find from the Old Testament that Moses used much wool, dyed of a crimson and purple color, in the work of the tabernacle and in the ornaments of the High Priests. The Babylonians also, we are told, clothed their idols in robes of purple and azure color.

The purple dye of Tyre, which admits with great propriety of being included among the dyes of Greece and Rome, we learn was discovered about fifteen centuries before the Christian era, and the art of using it did not become lost until the eleventh century after Christ. It was obtained from two genera of a species of shell-fish, the smaller of which was denominated *buccinum*, the larger *purpura*, and to both the common name *murex* was applied.

One of our writers thus describes the process of coloring: "The dye stuff was procured by puncturing a vessel in the throat of the large genus, and by pounding the smaller entire. Having been thus extracted, salt was added, also a certain amount of water. The whole was then kept hot about eight or ten days in a vessel of lead or tin, the impurities as they arose being assiduously skimmed off. The dye stuff was now ready to receive the texture to be dyed, wool universally, and the operation of dyeing was simple enough; nothing further being required than the immersion of the wool for a sufficient time, when the whole of the coloring matter, at the expiration of this fixed period, was found to have been removed, and to have combined with the textile fabric.

The tints capable of being imparted by these dyes were various, representing numerous shades between purple and crimson. Amongst these a very dark violet shade was much esteemed, but the right imperial tint, we are informed, was that resembling coagulated blood. The color appears to have been very durable. Plutarch observes, in his "*Life of Alexander*," that at the taking of Tusa the Greeks found in the royal treasury of Darius a quantity of purple stuffs of the value of five thousand talents, which still retained its beauty, though it had lain there for one hundred and ninety years.

The discovery of Tyrian purple dye, as we have already said, is referred to the fifteenth century before Christ. That it was known to the Egyptians in the time of Moses, is sufficiently obvious from the testimony of more than one Scripture passage. Ultimately, in later ages, a restrictive policy of the Eastern Emperors caused the art to

be practiced by only a few individuals, and at last, about the twelfth century, when Byzantium was already suffering from attacks without and dissensions within, the secret of imparting the purple dye of Tyre became lost.

The rediscovery of this dye as it occurred in England was made by Mr. Cole of Bristol. About the latter end of the year 1683, this gentleman heard from two ladies residing at Minthead that a person living somewhere on the coast of Ireland supported himself by marking, with a delicate crimson color, the fine linen of ladies and gentlemen sent him for that purpose, which color was the product of some liquid substance taken out of a shell-fish. This recital at once brought to the recollection of Mr. Cole the tradition of Tyrian purple; without delay he went in quest of the shell-fish, and after trying various kinds without success, his efforts were at length rewarded.

He found considerable quantities of the *buccinum* on the sea-coast of Somersetshire, and the opposite coast of South Wales. The fish being found, the next difficulty was to extract the dye, which in its natural state is not purple, but white, the purple tint being the result of exposure to the air. At length the acute investigator found the dye stuff in a white vein lying transversely in a little furrow or cleft next to the head of the fish. This, however, was but half the knowledge needed. He simply discovered the purple-yielding *buccinum*, leaving the discovery of the *purpura* to Mr. Duhamel in the year 1736—the juices from the two shells being necessary to impart the last and richest shade of purple.

Dr. Thomson, in his "Land and the Book," says: "That variety of the *murex* from which the far-famed Tyrian purple was obtained, was found all along the coast, but it abounds most around the Bay of Acra. So also the *Helix Janthina*, from which a blue, with a delicate purple or lilac tinge may be extracted, is equally abundant. After a storm in the winter you may gather thousands of them from the sandy beach south of Sidon. They are so extremely fragile that the waves soon grind them to dust.

"A kind of *Buccinum* is found here at Tyre, which has a dark crimson coloring matter about it, with a blueish livid tinge. According to ancient authors, this was used to vary the shades of purple. Pliny says the Tyrians ground the shells

in mills to get at the dye. This could not have been the only process, because the remnants of these shells found in pits along the southeastern shore of our island were actually broken, or mashed, and not ground; and the same is true of the shells found on the south of the wall of Sidon.

"This Tyrian purple dye was celebrated in Greece even in the remote ages of Homer, who sings of

'Belts,

That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glowed.'

"The reference to those colors of red, purple and scarlet in the Bible are more ancient still; indeed, from Genesis to Revelations they are so numerous, and so mingled and blended together, that it is almost impossible to particularize them, nor is it necessary. The merest child can turn to a score of them; and these colors are equally prevalent and popular at the present day among all classes of Orientals."

A Biblical writer says: "The prediction that Issachar and Zebulon should 'suck of the abundance of the seas and of treasures hid in the sand,' is referred by some persons to those valuable mollusks, the *murices* and *purpurae* from which the far famed dyes of antiquity were extracted. These mollusks were found in great abundance on the sea coast, near the country of Zebulon and Issachar; and those tribes doubtless participated with their Pagan neighbors, the Tyrians, in the lucrative traffic of the purple they yielded."

Pliny mentions two kinds of shells as furnishing this color, with which the Romans dyed their robes, the one *Buccinum*, the other *Murex*. The former has been identified by M. Lesson with the *Janthina fragilis* of modern naturalists. This shell floats on the sea in prodigious quantities. It is supported on the surface of air vesicles, which Pliny calls a glutinous wax, and the moment it retires under the water, allows a very pure and bright reddish purple color to escape. Each animal contains a considerable quantity of it in a dorsal vessel, and when mixed with alkalis, it readily assumes a green tint, confirmative of what Pliny states. Under the action of acids, the color of the *Janthina* passes to red, while the oxalate of ammonia gives it a precipitate of deep blue; and with nitrate of silver it yields a bright gray.

We are told "The dye called from its origin, 'the purple of the sea,' was always in great request

in the Oriental market, and the preparations by the Tyrians, in which they excelled, was a principal source of their ancient wealth and prosperity. Ezekiel mentions it as an article in the 'Fairs of Tyre' (Ezk. 27: 16), 'and the prosperity of Jacob might suck of the abundance of the sea,' in supplying the *murices*, with which their coasts abounded, to the dyers of that far-famed city. Lydia, who entertained Paul at Philippi, we know, was 'a seller of purple.' "

Dr. Wilde, who spent three days in exploring the remains of ancient Tyre, found, while examining those along the shore, a number of round holes cut in the solid sandstone rock, varying in size from that of an ordinary metal pot to that of a great boiler. Many of these holes were seven feet six inches in diameter, by eight feet deep, and some very small. They were perfectly smooth in the inside, and many of them were shaped exactly like a modern iron pot, broad and flat at the bottom, and narrowing at the top. Some were found detached, and others in a cluster; when the latter occurred, two or three of the holes were connected by a narrow channel cut through the stone about a foot deep. Many of these reservoirs were filled with a breccia of shells. In other places where the pots were empty, the breccia lay in heaps in the neighborhood, as well as along the shore of this part of the peninsula. It instantly struck this traveller, on seeing these apertures, that they were the vats, or mortars, in which the celebrated Tyrian purple dye was manufactured.

He was confirmed in this opinion by the fact that the species of shell discovered in the breccia corresponded exactly with that described by the old authors as that from which a purple dye can be obtained at the present day, as is acknowledged by naturalists. It is the *murex trunculus*.

Dr. Wilde broke up large quantities of these masses, but could in no instance find an unbroken specimen, which he certainly would have discovered had they been rolled in from the sea, or were in a fossilized state. He picked up one of the recent specimens from the shore, and found it to correspond in every respect with those in the conglomerate.

It would seem that the shells were collected in these holes, or, as they might more properly be called, mortars, in which they were pounded, for the purpose of extracting from them the juices which the animal contained; and this notion is

borne out by the statement of Pliny, who says: "When the Tyrians light upon any great purples, they take the fish out of the shell to get the blood; but the lesser fish they press and grind in certain mills, and so gather that rich humor which issues from them."

There is much obscurity in the passage, "Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thy head like purple; the king is held in the galleries" (Sol. 7: 5). The rendering of the passage, according to Parkhurst, is, "The hair of the head is like the purple of a king, bound up in the canals or troughs."

Alluding to these words, M. Goqnet says: "In Solomon's Song there is mentioned a royal purple at the dyers, dipped in the canals after having tied it in small bundles." To this statement is added, by way of note: "The best way of washing wools, after they are dyed, is to plunge them in running water. Probably the sacred author had this practice in view when he said they should dip the royal purple in canals." The note just quoted thus concludes: "As to what he adds, as to being 'tied in little bundles or pockets, one may conclude from the circumstance, that instead of making the cloth with white wool, and afterward putting the whole piece into the dye as we do now, they then followed another method. They began by dyeing the woolen skeins, and made it afterward into woolen stuffs.'"

This account well illustrates the comparison of a lady's hair to royal purple bound up in the canals, if we suppose, what is highly probable, that the Eastern ladies braided their hair in numerous tresses, perhaps with ribbons of purple and other colors, in a manner somewhat similar to the mode described by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

The wearing purple robes was a privilege of princes, and those who had their express permission for the purpose. This custom was also found in the latter times of the Roman Empire. When Commodus nominated Claudius Albinus Caesar, he said to him, in the document sent to him for that purpose: "In order that you may wear upon you a sign of the imperial Majesty, I give you permission to wear a scarlet mantle in my presence; also, when you are in my house, to wear a purple one, only without gold." Cassidorus observes in one of his letters, that "a regent was known from all the rest by his purple robe, so that by a glance of him no man might mistake."

The phrase, "a vesture dipped in blood" (Rev. 19: 13), may probably contain an allusion to the vesture worn by the Roman generals, which was sometimes purple or scarlet. This was the garb in which they fought, and this circumstance is particularly recorded of Lucullus.

Among the divine instructions that Moses received was this: "Thou shalt make a vail of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen of cunning work" (Exodus 26: 31), and others were to the same effect. Thus the richest color adorned the veils of the tabernacle and the dresses of the High Priest. Even in the time of David to wear such robes was a privilege of royal birth; thus of Tamar it is said: "She had a garment of divers colors upon her, for with such robes were King's daughters, that were virgins, apparelled" (II. Sam. 13: 18).

It might be supposed, on a partial acquaintance with the subject, that high intelligence and no ordinary ability were required for the production of the richest colors known to art. But this is not the case. In a description which Dr. Kitto has given of the Kyhaulee Turkmans, he says: "When we bear in mind the frequent mention of rich dyes among the Israelites in their wandering state, it is of illustrative interest to learn that the Turkman women have great proficiency in the art of dyeing. Their colors are beautiful! Indigo and cochineal, which they purchase at Aleppo, afford their blue and red dyes; but the ingredients of all the others, especially of a peculiarly brilliant green, are from herbs which they gather in the mountains of Armenia; and the dyeing process is carefully preserved as a national secret. It is applied chiefly to the wool of which the carpets are made. The wool is of the ordinary kind; and the carpets, which are something like our hearth rugs, are but seven feet long by three broad, and sell at from fifteen to one hundred piastres each."

We find the terms *scarlet* and *crimson* are used by the prophet Isaiah according to our authorized version (Isaiah 1: 18). The Hebrew word translated *scarlet* denotes properly a bright red color much prized by the ancients. The Arabic word means "to shine," and the name is supposed to have been derived from the bright appearance of the color. Of Saul it is said, "he clothed the daughters of Israel in scarlet," our English word expressing the color thus intended. This color was

obtained from the eggs of the *coccus ilicis*, a small insect found on the leaves of the oak in Spain, and in the countries east of the Mediterranean.

"The cotton cloth was dipped in this color twice; and the word used to express it means also *double dyed*, from a word which denotes repetition. It was a more permanent color than that denoted by the term *crimson*. The word scarlet, in fact, indicates a deep-red slightly tinged with blue. Of Daniel it is said, 'they clothed him with scarlet' (Daniel 5: 29), a ceremony which, according to the custom of the East, was highly expressive of dignity; where to come out from the presence of a superior in a garment different from that in which a person went in, it was significant of approval and promotion."

It is a curious fact, says this same writer, "that the figures of two Tyrians have been discovered in one of the tombs of Thebes, arrayed in a dress of purple and scarlet, one-half of the person being clothed with the one, and the other half with the other. Both colors are extremely vivid, as the Greek and Latin writers represent them to have been. The scarlet part of the outer short mantle has upon it large purple spots which appear to have been formed during the process of dyeing either by sewing on patches of cloth of the shape of the spots, or by protecting the purple in these places from the reagent which turned the rest to scarlet.

"The mantle and tunic are both edged with a deep gold lace; and the whole forms a splendid dress, fully accordant with the luxury ascribed to the Tyrians (Ezekiel 27). The purple is, perhaps, a shade between China and azure blue; the red has the distinctness of scarlet, deepening into vermilion.

"It may be supposed that the colors of this garment are not to be taken as determining the exact shades employed in the works of Hiram, but as showing the nearest approximation which the pigments of the Egyptian artist allowed. It is, however, probable that they could obtain the exact tint when it was desired."

We would add, such facts and discoveries help us to better understand ancient customs and to more fully realize Bible truths as compared with them. And may they not also incite us to a deeper study of God's wonderful Book, so miraculously handed down to us?

THE LANGUAGE OF JEWELS.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A SPARKLING wreath I send thee, rich and rare,
Wrought of all jewels, with a band of gold
Threading it, emblem of my love for thee.
Love talks in flowers, where smile far Asian lands,
Where first the Sun-god rises and which glows
With all his fervor. Shall our colder clime
Have not a language likewise? Not in flowers;
They are too perishing in our misty skies!
But jewels lasting as the sun himself,
They hold a language speaking to the heart,
And living till love leaves this world of ours,
And first the Garnet, sign of Constancy,
Keeping fond faith through all the storms of life;
How rich its tint, like that which warms the west
In lovely red! And next, the Amethyst,
Blue as the eyes we love, and holding curb
Over fierce passion, guarding the wild life
From the fell wine-cup; then, the Bloodstone, hot
In flame, yielding stern courage to fight through
Life's battle; likewise wisdom to choose well
Our pathway through the world. The Sapphire, next,
Like the fresh robe of spring, and breathing meek,
Of kindness that blunts every thorn and smooths
All roughness from our way. The Emerald, then,

Hue of the ocean wave and emblem sweet
Of love successful and the shrine of Home
Beaming with bliss. The brindled Agate next,
Sign of the almond-blossom lingering long
Upon the brow of Age, Health's precious boon,
And smiling fortune. Next the Ruby, rich
As a girl's lips that melt upon the gaze
And healing all the ranking wounds that friends
Inflict upon the heart. Oh, blessing rare!
Oh, balm divine from Comfort's heavenly cup!
Next the Sardonyx, speaking soft and low,
In unison with the emerald of the hearth
Crowned with domestic love. The Crysolite
Then beams, low whispering hope to dark despair,
Joined to the Opal, likewise bright with hope.
Next shines the Pearl, symbol of pity soft,
Sweet Seraph, softest, sweetest of the host
Ranged round the Great White Throne, and with her tears
Blotting man's sins; and last, the Turquoise, like
The Emerald, spreading in the path of love
Her thornless roses. Wilt thou, loveliest, wear
This wreath on that bright brow and make me thus
Happy that heart responds to heart, and turns
Life's desert to a flowery paradise?

MEDITATIONS.

BY H. J. WALTERS.

THE iron voice from yonder spire has hush'd its hollow tone,
And midnight finds me lying here in silence and alone;
The cold moon through my window sheds its light upon the
floor,
With a wierd and pallid semblance that I never saw before;
The winter wind comes to me with a soft and sadden'd lay,
And laden with the sorrows of a long and weary day.
The moonlight cannot rid me of the sickness here within,
Nor whisp'ring zephyrs waft away my bosom's weight of sin;
Yet my heart and all its pulses seem so quietly at rest
I scarcely feel their beating in my arms or in my breast;
And my rounded limbs are resting so still upon the bed
That one would think to see me thus, that I were lying dead.
What if it 'twere so? What if I die? Yes, die, as I lie now,
With something of fair Virtue's glow on this polluted brow?
What if to-night—e'en now—with my soul so steeped in
shame,
From the Angel often wished for, the welcome summons
came?
Yet I am calm—calm as the clouds that float and slowly
form,
To give of their ghastly ramparts some fragments to the
storm.
Still, still I have no tears to shed; these eyelids have no
store;
The fountains once within me will be fountains nevermore.
What if I die to-night, within this cursed, gilded hell,
Upon whose scarlet trappings no virtuous gaze e'er fell?
What would its soulless inmates do, if they should find me
here
With cheek too pale for Passion's smile, too cold for Pas-
sion's tear?

Oh! one would come, and from these arms unclothe these
bauble bands,
Another wrench the jewels from my cold and pallid hands;
This robe another's form would deck. Ah! yes! And long
before
The silvery moonlight came again to sleep upon the floor!
And then in earth they'd lay me down where pauper's graves
are made,
And never mourning willow throws its melancholy shade.
Ah! none will plant a flower on poor Luella's grave,
Nor trim the tangl'd grass, no summer's wind can wave!
Oh! none will raise above me some sweet memorial tree,
Nor drop a tear regretful o'er a fallen wretch like me.
No friendly hand a stone will rear on my neglected mound,
To mark it from the kindred sod in that unhallowed ground.
What if so young, to-night I die—die e'en as I lie here,
As many a green leaf wither'd 'ere summer's heat could
sear.
As many a spark expired ere it kindled in 'o flame,
As many a dew-drop vanished before the sunshine came?
What if to-night—to-night I read these festering bonds of
clay,
And seek in yonder moonlit sky the brighter, better day?
Would my trembling soul e'er reach the mansions of the
blest
"Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are
at rest?"
Would the winged seraphs meet me, and beckon me to come,
And join with them in anthems 'round that celestial throne?
Would they clasp their hands in gladness when they saw my
soul set free,
And point, beside my mother, to a place reserved for me?

THE FAIR PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION.

By DAVID MURDOCH.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. THE WINGS OF A CHERUB.

THE hunted fugitives, whose place of refuge was as yet undiscovered by their enemies, were making the best of their condition under the ruling mind of Elsie. The barking of Rover, whose quick ear had heard the growl of the angry catamount a mile off, had produced alarm in the minds of all three; more especially as this was followed by the reports of firearms and the shouts of men engaged in the combat. Gradually as their fears subsided, they had time and opportunity of considering the peril and security of their present position. Elsie had reasons of her own for remaining where they had already slept so soundly; and the confidence with which she expressed herself had the effect of preserving the other two from painful uneasiness. Margaret, whose experience of the world was more than Angelica's, felt as if Elsie must know more of the means of escape than she expressed. Possessed of an elastic spirit, she bounded up the moment the smallest release was given.

A trifling occurrence in itself here took place, which gave variety and interest to their solitary condition. Rover, who had suddenly disappeared without leave of absence, was heard by the quick ear of Elsie to give one of his pleased and familiar barks, which he always gave to herself when he welcomed her home. This would have occasioned no alarm, but for her present circumstances, when she believed that that sly snake of an Indian, Shandaagan, was in the hills, seeking after them, and that Rover had always a hankering fondness after the keen hunter. Hushing her companions to silence, and pointing them to their bed, as the securest and most retired place of safety, she crawled off in the direction from which she was most likely to perceive the cause of alarm. Her surprise was increased by hearing the tinkling of a small bell that she felt more than distinguished to be one familiar to her ear. A moment more, and what was her amazement to find her own pet lamb, which had been driven away on the day of the conflagration to the hills, and now had found his way high up in search of food. The quick ear of Rover first discerned the tinkling of his play-

mate's music; and at the instant their mistress discovered them, they were fondling each other in perfect animal rapture. The dog, by his superior sagacity, was manœuvring so that he might bring the lamb where he knew a welcome awaited him; and the innocent little fellow seemed to know that friends were near; for he was following Rover, butting with his head, as if impatient of his gambols. Elsie stood up and gave the usual signal for Dickey's meal, when he rushed to her side with meek confidence, bleating his wishes and his pleasure, as she stroked him with her hand, and spoke Dutch: "*Arme Lammeshie, schoone Lammeshie*"—Poor lamb, beautiful lamb.

This new arrival was hailed with delight, and especially by the kind-hearted Angelica, who wept now when she spoke of her poverty as so great that she was not able to give poor Dickey his pan of milk. From that she naturally went off in a deep lamentation over the probable fate of Red and Brindle, and the mooly cow, wandering over the hills, with no one to milk them.

This trifling occurrence served to pass the day, giving employment in part to the good Angelica, and even diverting the mind of Margaret from herself; so that before night came on she had almost recovered her buoyancy of spirit in the communion she found with nature; into which she entered rapturously as every new and fresh object rose before her. Her education had all tended to foster these sentiments within her, so that her mind was not untutored for any time, but was prepared for all circumstances, and so trained that the present scenes rose up before her like dreams of the past rather than like unfamiliar pictures requiring minute investigation.

"I believe, Elsie," said the lofty-minded girl, "that I must have lived here before in some time of my previous existence; for everything I see is associated in my mind with some beautiful thing of the past. Elsie, did you ever think upon the life we came from in the past?"

"No, no, my dear Miss Clinton, I have had enough to think of in the present, and any spare thoughts are given to the life to come. This is the first time I have ever heard of a past life."

"Excuse my foolish talking, Elsie. I have read about it in some old book, and I sometimes dream of things which I may have seen. Your standing just now, with your brown October garments on, and your hand holding the lamb by his string, is just as plain to me as if I had seen you a hundred times before, my shepherdess. I am not surprised at all, as I would certainly be if something of the kind had not happened."

"If that be true, then," said Elsie, smiling, "being a queen is no new thing to you, for it sits well upon you. It would not suit us girls in this land, who are putting crowns of majesty alongside of witches' brooms, and other trinkets of the kind. Let it be as you will. You are queen, and I am your shepherdess, while this play lasts, which I hope will not be long. We must go soon to our bed. Let us gather all around, and speak of the good before we lie down in our nest."

Night came with more pleasure than it had done for a week past with Margaret. The scenes of danger were becoming common, and the presence of Elsie every moment more endearing. So rapidly and earnestly had her thoughts grasped the circumstances of her own case, and combined them with those of her companion, that they seemed as if linked in one bond for life and for death. She had known her a long while, for all the time they had been together they had lived in every sensation of their sentient nature, and in every thought of their rational being. With pious feelings and subdued affections, she lay down on the humble couch prepared for her by the tender-hearted mother, who saw the two young maidens laid beside each other as she tucked in the warm coverlets around them, saying, in homely phrase, what Elsie had said to her:

"Arme Lammeshie, schoone Lammeshie, de genade zij met se."

"What is that your good mother wishes for us? She is always thinking of us more than of herself. My trust is so strong when she is near me, I am confident her God hears prayer."

"She is calling us poor lambs, beautiful lambs, and saying grace over us."

The leaves of autumn, dry and in abundance, formed their soft bed, and sent forth a fragrant smell. Rover nestled in cosily at their feet on one side, and Dickey lay down as softly at the other. The stream came down, murmuring melancholy music above them, and was answered in

the din of the waterfall beneath. Lulled to sleep, they lay in more composure than princesses, who, after a night of dissipation, have musical instruments of all sorts played near their pillow. Our damsels, though hunted by wicked and barbarous men, were not haunted by the spectres which glide around the pillow of the evil conscience—never at ease, be it on a bed of flint or a couch of roses.

Night passed without interruption of any kind. Pleasant dreams even flitted through the brain of the hunted women. They lay down under no absorbing sinful emotions, and were therefore more calm in mind when sleep overtook them. In the morning, when Margeret awoke and found that her ever faithful Elsie was not beside her, she threw her arms around as a child does in search of its nurse. So dependent was she, that she felt more like an infant than the daughter of a soldier who had taught his children the necessity of self-reliance upon all occasions. But these were new scenes to the English girl, and there was not time yet, nor room allowed, to give scope to the real character she possessed. Turning round, she saw there was no one at her side, so sitting up, she called:

"Elsie, dear Elsie, where are you? Come and tell me that all is well. Oh! what shall become of me, now that my only friend is gone."

Angelica was also absent at that moment, but soon returned, wringing her hands in a transport of anxiety lest something terrible had befallen her daughter.

"Wat can I do for my dochter. Martin gone, ande my housen burned, the cows ande sheeps, ande niggers, alle agone. Awee! awee! Elshie, Elshie, vere are you dat you never come once?"

It was now that the spirit of the deserted Margaret came out in its true energy. Rousing herself up at the sound of distress, she forgot her own troubles, and wrapping around her the blanket she had worn as a mantle the previous day, she bathed her glowing temples in the fresh running stream as it passed clear over the rock. When fully equipped, she ran back to the disconsolate mother, saying:

"I am going off to look for Elsie, and I will not return till I find her. Sit down and watch till we come back."

The astonished Angelica was startled by the ardor of the delicate stranger, and looking up in her face, saw that she was sincere in her resolution;

but at the same time she knew that the attempt must be vain, and certain to result in the capture or death of one so feeble and inexperienced.

"Nay, nay," said the affectionate mother, "tee cannot do any such ting as dat, we shall go down de clove road togeder and meet Elsie coming up. If she be in the hands of de vile Shandaagan, we may help her, tree of us 'gainst von; but feeble ting dat tou be, vat can tee do?"

"O mother," said the excited girl, "have you not seen how a pigeon will swell out and speak boldly in its own language when an enemy comes to its nest. Let us go."

As the two feeble creatures were about to start, they knew not whither, they chanced to look over the precipice, when far down they saw two figures in the bed of the stream; one of them could hardly be distinguished as human, only that it stood erect, and was lifting up its arms to the very point on which they themselves both stood. The other figure Margaret soon perceived was Elsie, who had already parted from her unknown companion and was on her way back, with great haste, as if she saw the uneasiness which her absence was causing. These things occurring at the moment of their departure, made them pause sufficiently long for their friend and protector to reach them in time to set their minds at rest.

"Wat's dat down dere among de bushes?" was the earnest query of the mother to her daughter just as she put her head above the ledge.

"Never mind, mammy, here is a pipe and tobacco and some fresh dry punk for your tinder-box. The steel is in the red pouch at your side."

A pipe of fresh tobacco was just what Angelica needed at that instant for collecting her scattered senses; and so her mind was diverted from the vision that rose in the mist of the glen to the eyes of the amazed and disturbed woman. Margaret would fain have continued the inquiry, but perceiving the unwillingness of her friend to enter upon the subject, she, with the tact of good breeding, set about helping Elsie to spread out the meal that she had brought back with her upon the flat stone, which had hitherto served them as a table.

"What a fine breakfast you have brought us; beautiful white bread and milk; warm milk just from the cow. What I used to steal out and get in our dairy at home in England. Here I am drinking it on the side of these very mountains

that Hendrick Hudson saw when he came up the Great River."

"Yaw, mammy," said Elsie, addressing the old lady, "it is the milk of old Blackie. I met her mooing on the side of the hill for some one to milk her, and when she saw me, you would have cried to see how she ran to me."

The good Angelica was wiping her eyes at the account her daughter gave her; but the prudent girl went on so rapidly that there was no room to ask questions, and it evidently appeared to the quick-eyed Margaret that there were things behind which the caterer did not wish to tell. Her high spirits and quick motions had a sympathetic effect upon the others, so that by the time the mother's second pipe was over and the repast partaken of, there was even cheerfulness felt and shown by all. Rover had eaten up the crumbs and was watching a chance to dip his tongue into the hole where Dickey's milk was poured. Elsie was carefully gathering up the remains of the meal and putting them away in case of a dearth of food; while the reflecting Margeret was lost in reverie as she recalled the strange being she had seen that morning with her guardian; of whom it was evident she must remain in ignorance for the present. She however ventured to ask a question, as they all sat looking down through the intervening glade. "Is there no path down through the ravine there," said she, deferentially, "that we might follow and come to the river where this water is now going? My dear Elsie, it is surely better to risk some danger, than be pent up here in this high fortification and perish. I have heard soldiers say, that it was a maxim in war, that to remain and never show yourself was the sign of defeat, and sure to end in that at last."

"Ah, my lady," said Elsie, "you forget that the weak must have walls of defence, and what the wildcats up here have not in strength is given them in cunning and claws. Despair never effects any noble purpose. Let us wait another day up here in the sunshine, before we risk our lives down in the dark valley."

"All that sounds very philosophical in words, but I would be willing to venture into the dark, and get my feet bruised for the least chance of escape."

"A hundred Indians are lying across that road at this moment," said Elsie, with her hand pointed downward, "and every one of them has

the scent of the Spanish bloodhound that I have heard my uncle tell about. Do you think, Miss Clinton, that you could swim to an island, when the tide is sweeping everything out into the sea? could a hunted deer break through a closing rank of men and dogs watching for him in the thicket? I saw one, a beautiful creature, chased by a hundred hunters, and he took to the ice. The men and dogs, on the banks pursuing him, but he bounded forward at such a speed that I clapped my hands in perfect joy at the prospect of his escape, when a cunning hunter, who had lain down in the bushes, lifted his gun and gave him a fatal shot."

"You mean," said Margaret, with a sigh, "that I am a hunted deer, and that there is no hope for my escape?"

"No hope for you down through that path; by and by there may be. Go down at this moment, and you will be like a fish going into a fyke."

"And what is a fyke?" said the interested young lady, always wakened up by any new sound or scene.

"A net wide at one end like this clove, but closed at the other, and narrow, so that the fish cannot turn."

"That gives me but little hope, my friend, my protector, my adviser; but it seems, after all, that you are not without some hope. Maybe you would prefer me to mount the hill, and seek a refuge on High Peak as you call it. I am ready to go with you to any place."

"Come, Miss Clinton," said Elsie, anxious, to divert the mind of her ward from her present condition; "let us go out into the sunshine and finish that queen's robe we commenced yesterday. I have some thread that we can use in binding these leaves together, as Mother Eve did in her forlorn state. We are better off than she was in the Garden of Eden."

"I am sure," said Margaret, smiling at the conceit of her friend, "she had not more brilliant colors than we have in our paradise; though on the whole, I think her outward condition was a little better than ours to the feet."

"My lady, it is not the soft or hard walks which make the difference. Let us make the most of our place, and be the noblest of beings on the mountain."

"In this way the two maidens passed the early part of that day. Elsie made a crown of the laurel,

and set in it three feathers of sumach, which rendered it quite imperial. The sceptre was a peeled staff, surrounded with red and yellow leaves, tufted at the top with a deep purple knot. A wreath made of the same material, several yards in length, which when tied at the ends was thrown over the right shoulder, and biased so as to come on the left side, where the sword of state hung, made of shingle wood which they found floating down the stream. The lozenged blanket variegated with red and blue, had a hole cut in the centre, through which Margaret's head went, and having also outlets for her arms, it hung easily, not to say gracefully, upon her stately, aristocratic form; so that she really moved among these scenes more like the queen of the mountain in October than this description would justify.

"Ha!" said the enthusiastic lady, as she surveyed herself, laughing so that her face seemed like the sun struggling through the mist; "how the Duchess of Mourtelhome would envy me, were she to see me walking into the birthday masquerade. I will keep the pattern of this until I need it;" and with that she gave a few steps in the fashion of majesty, so that her companion laughed back, and with assumed obeisance bent the knee before her, while her queenship held out her hand to be kissed.

They had not got over the novelty of this amusement when they were attracted by a scream of eagles above them in the clouds, that were slowly resting on the mountain tops, where they sometimes lie for days like a fleecy turban round the head of an East Indian King.

"See," said Elsie, who was the first to speak, though not the first to perceive, "there is an eagle resting on that white cloud. He is calling to his mate, for he sees where he may find her a dainty bit."

"Hush!" said Margaret, "let him rest there till I see him a little more. His voice is that of true love. Let us listen. How calmly he sits up there undisturbed; his head is above the mist; and he only seeks glimpses of the earth. The hand of the fowler cannot reach him. Like the war-horse of Job, he mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted. He smelleth the battle afar off."

"Yes, Miss Clinton, he scents his dinner, and not very far off either, if I may judge from the growling of a wolf that I hear below us, with the quarreling of other creatures. The shots we

heard yesterday left carcasses lying there, and both beasts and birds soon find out the place."

"I become terrified at your telling me these things as I look below; but I feel strong looking up to that majestic creature. Have you seen him ever before?"

"Oh, dear lady, he has his home up there in High Peak, from spring till the winter comes near, when his mate and he, with the young ones which they have raised during the summer, go away to some warmer climate. The Dominie says they will not stop till they reach the Andes. They know the seasons better than any old man in the country, and can find a dinner where the cunningest fox in the hills has hidden it. The Dominie preached us a fine sermon not long since from the Dutch text, 'wan alwaar het doode ligchaam zal zijn, daar zullen de arender vorgaerd worden.' It is about the carcass gathering the eagles. And it was terrible to hear the good man lifting his hand, saying, 'wherever there is a carcass, there is a bird to tear it open. Vengeance follows the guilty like instinct; cross the sea, ascend the mountain, dive into the whirlpool, there is the eagle hovering over him, ready to alight upon him. No sooner is the wicked act performed than the fatal flap of the wing follows.' But I see you are up in the clouds just now, and I must wait till you come down."

"Oh, yes, excuse me Elsie, for not listening to you. How grandly he moves. Like a ship far out at sea with sails unfurled. I could trust myself on his wings, and be free. He would lay me down at my mother's side. What is that you said about the Dominie and the eagle?"

"Doth the eagle mount at thy command, and make her nest on high? From thence she seeketh her prey; and her eyes behold afar off." So Elsie quoted, adding: "the Dominie says, that 'the Creator who gave power to the eagle, can give freedom to the country.'"

"Ah very true, dear Elsie, but the eagle has been the sign of tyranny as frequently as of freedom; and he is a cruel, bloody bird, though he be a true king up there, and everywhere. I wish from my soul I were on his wings. See, he narrows his circles, and there he seems to sit unmoved upon the air."

"Wait my Lady Margaret, and you will see him alighting soon. His eye is fixed on some object below; and he will dart down like an arrow upon it."

Elsie was mistaken in her conjecture, for while the kingly bird did come down, it was to alight on a tree that stood on the south side of the ravine, where he sat pluming himself with evident pride, stretching out his high neck over the precipice. The two spectators watched him for an hour till their eyes grew tired. Margaret's, especially, melted into tears at his movements, so natural and graceful, and at the same time evincing such power. Elsie, who had not the same interest in the bird, made while she sat a wreath for herself, and was in the act of throwing it over her head when a scream from her mother, and a howl of distress from Rover, made her run to the rescue; Margaret following with equal speed. When they arrived at the spot where Angelica was, confusion spread on all sides, of what nature neither of the two damsels could tell. There was the mother, the chief figure in the foreground, with Rover and Dickey at her right and left; but the most confounding thing of the whole was to see the eagle in front, striking and flapping his wings with the utmost fury at all three; and but for the prompt arrival of new forces, he must have come off the conqueror.

The history of the battle, when they came to tell it in order, was this. The eagle had seen from his eyrie, the lamb playing around the platform, and made up his mind to carry him off captive; but like a cautious soldier, he determined on stratagem rather than upon attack in face of the enemy; so sitting down before the fortress, he resolved to bide his time. At one spring, and as quietly as a cat, he descended, putting his talons into Dickey's wool, and was in the act of lifting him up, when Rover, with true courage and self-sacrifice, ran to the help of his playfellow, seizing the eagle by the wing, and holding him to the ground. The brave bird, nothing daunted, let go the lamb, and turned on the dog with beak and talons, which made him yell and try to get off in retreat, which the enemy had no mind to allow; still keeping at him, since the woolly victim had fled. By this time the eagle deemed that dog-meat was better than none, so he was in the act of lifting up poor Rover in the air, when Angelica arrived on the battle-ground; and seeing her favorite struggling to be free, she rushed forward, seizing Rover by the tail. The eagle soon found that able as he was to lift either of the two four-footed creatures, it was more than he had bargained for when a heavy Dutch vrow had taken forcible possession of

the tail end of his prey. It was at this part of the contest that Elsie arrived, who, finding that the weapons of the enemy were so sharp that they drew blood at every stroke, made an effort to seize him at once by the neck, which she by a dexterous turn, caught in her hand, choking him so that his beak became helpless. Here Margaret came on with one of Angelica's thick quilted petticoats, which she threw around him, while the old lady, with great presence of mind, took the garters from her own legs, and bound those of the discomfited bird of Jove, so that he became nearly as helpless as one of her own gobblers on his way to the Dominic's for his Christmas dinner. Conquered, though still defiant, he lay on his side, casting fiery glances at his vanquishers, who, from the fright and the battle were in a state of great excitement.

"What shall we now do with him?" was the question which came simultaneously from the conquerors. Margaret was for setting him free at once, remembering her own imprisonment.

"I cannot," said she in her enthusiasm, "see such a bold and noble creature in chains. You may not have read of a great man like your own Washington, but I must say it, of one who delivered his country from vassalage, William Tell, who was celebrated for his marksmanship, so that he could sever an apple with his arrow at a hundred paces' distance. When out on his native hills, he saw an eagle wheeling in aerial circles above his head. With the instinctive ambition of a huntsman, he put the bolt upon the string, which all knew would have brought the king of birds down to the earth, but in a moment he let the weapon fall from his hand, shouting, 'Liberty! liberty!'"

Angelica, who had none of that kind of sentiment in her composition, was for chopping off his head at once, like any common hawk's found in a barnyard trap.

"Te wicked tief dat he is; noting betters serve him dan drink and lap lamb's blood; wid my mind izijn hoofd willende be gebragt in een' schotel like Johannes den Dooper."

"Mammy, that is not like you. His head on a charger, like that of John the Baptist! You may live through this day and see the prophecy fulfilled—to the 'woman was given the two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place where she was nourished for a time from the face of the serpent.' I could read that

in Dutch to you, mammy, for Dutch is the true language to teach the robber a lesson, in time, and make some sport of him."

"As the Philistines did to Samson," said Margaret, rather pettishly, "he would serve to pass the time, and mounting into the saddle, grew on the verge of the sheath. Coming down, she left him reeling, spreading his wings, full six feet, while his head stood erect to the spring of his limbs was lost. His noble pride a prisoner, still on his keepers. Margaret, in a moment's sight, and forgot for the moment, exclaiming, as she clapped her hands."

"What a tale to tell if I ever that I helped to capture the tyrant!"

"It is a good omen, my dear Margaret," said Margaret in response, "that you will capture the tyrant seeking to devour his people."

"Yaw, yaw," said Angelica, "and he prevailed not, neder meer in den hemel."

"Many thanks to you both for your words of hope. God may be so!"

"Yaw, yaw," said the pious woman, "always at good things; 'Satan in Gabriel's wings caught afgrons—dat is de bottomless prayer.'"

"You see, Miss Clinton, how favorable this morning, and your doing any rash act till he arrives, and then it will be done up to our ability."

CHAPTER XXXIX. THE

THEIR great exploit with its subjects of sufficient interest of all three for a whole day time which Elsie was so desirous that the mind of her charge be diverted from herself. Margaret favored one. Neither Elsie come near to him without me which he sent out like fla

thusiast was enraptured ; taking pleasure in feeding him, and even ventured to stroke down the plumage of his neck. Climbing up on the tree beside him became one of her new lessons in mountain gymnastics ; so that she came at length to swing on the branches that overhung the glen with delight rather than with fear.

The sun had by this time ascended nearly to the meridian, when Elsie spread their table once more, and insisted upon their partaking with her of a dinner she had kept for them in the basket, from the morning's repast. There was broiled chicken and roasted venison, with plenty of home-made bread. The mountain air and the hard fight had given them a keen appetite, so that the meal was relished by all three women and their three companions, dog, lamb, and eagle—each feeding her own charge. Elsie had one more surprise for them ; a small bottle of the purest port wine, which cheered the hearts of all.

"One might believe, my dear Elsie, that the eagles of Elijah have been supplying your basket this morning ; and if so, we have made an ungrateful return in capturing one of our friends there."

"My dear lady, we cannot always tell how our commonest blessings reach us ; and it is best for us not to know all in one day."

"Eat as de Dominic says, asking none questions for de stomach's sake, vat is set before tee." Having said this, the old mother looked around for Rover ; but though she called to him in her kindest and most persuasive tone, he did not answer. Elsie showed most excitement of the three ; starting to her feet as if she waited for some apparition. If so, it was not certainly the one that came up ; for on a sudden Rover came in sight, followed by that unworthy dog Shandaagan, who took his stand upon a rocky point above the platform where they stood. The caitiff grinned a scornful smile, as he tried to look into the faces of the disconcerted women, who knew too well that he was but the shadow of another whom they both hated and dreaded still more than himself. As they feared, Kiskataam came in sight a minute afterward, uttering his usual ugh ! of grim gratification at the success of his hunt.

Margaret gave a shudder of mingled fear and disgust, recalling in feeling, as in memory, the torments she had endured since she had been kidnapped from the ship. After looking aside, as if she expected yet another besides these two, she

turned her back to the dizzy precipice, standing as near to it as safety would allow ; her face lighted up with a courage and defiance which made the human tiger turn his eyes away, conscious of his weakness in the presence of virtue. To relieve his growing embarrassment, he ventured to address the young lady, more to keep his own courage up than in any hope of daunting her determination.

"Will the Fawn run now, or wait to be eaten up by the big teeth of the red wolf? His feet are on the trail of the weak Fawn. He will be down in the length of ten arrows. Let the Fawn run now with the Indian. He will carry her to the big canoe down there, and put her beside the great soldier and his squaw."

This artful speech, delivered in the softest tones, and with his finger pointing down the clove to where the river is almost seen, was well calculated to make an impression on a young female, imprisoned among strange scenes, and trembling still more in the prospect of being captured by one that she hated with a perfect hatred. Had any other man on earth offered her the same convoy she would have accepted of it ; but she had proved his hypocrisy already, and was not a moment in deciding against the proffered help. Elsie, who had been watching the movements of her countenance with the keenest scrutiny, was prepared to thwart the sinister purpose, had there been any wavering on the part of her ward. But the hesitation, if any, was but for a moment ; for the face of the captive assumed the most ineffable scorn, which the wily serpent interpreted without requiring verbal expression, which provoked the savage more than a torrent of words. These feeble women, even the simple Angelica, had put on a calmness which confounded their enemy, and rendered him almost mad ; all the more because he expected to hear the voice of Clifford in the rear every moment. Whatever, therefore, he had to do for himself, must be done quickly. Perceiving that Elsie was the prime mover of Miss Clinton's action, he tried that string, gently at first, as if conscious of the tenderness beneath. Knowing from past experience that the least scratch of an unsheathed claw would bring upon him a storm, before which he must retire, he partly addressed both the young women, as he said, in his most smiling way :

"The Boerman's young Wildcat will go with the Fawn. Shandaagan is good Indian hunter."

Elsie had not the self-restraint of Miss Clinton. Having always full freedom at home, her speech was ever the ready utterance of her feelings, and now that her contempt for the mean red-skin was so deep, it was all she could say to bid him—

“Go off to Stony Clove, where the squaws are lying hungry beside their papooses, whimpering for their double-tongued daddies.”

A flash of savage passion crossed the face of the smooth deceiver, when he leaped down on the step beneath, along with his attendant, coming up close to the very spot where the three females were standing, with their faces toward their enemies. Elsie was all alert, and whispering to her mother to keep an eye on one savage, she took the chief to herself. In the front of Miss Clinton she kept Kiskataam at bay. On the other hand, Shandaagan was pressing forward with the evident intention of pushing the old lady aside, so that he might aid his master in securing Elsie, who was the one most to be dreaded. But Angelica had not stood so long unprepared, for with a stone in her strong hand, she struck the skull of the Indian such an unexpected blow that he reeled, and all but fell. A moment more, and his tomahawk would have done its work on her head, when Rover seized the calf of his leg from behind, giving it a bite which would have made a white man scream; this gave the old lady a chance with another stone to strike the hand that held the weapon of death, when he let it fall just at her feet. She picked it up so aptly that the coward sprang back, and wreaked his vengeance by a kick on the dog's ribs, which added to the music of the day.

In the meantime, the Indian chief was pressing hard upon Elsie, whose courage was rising equal to the emergency, as she prepared for the worst, though it was not the intention of the wily foe to do more than frighten her into compliance, since he could not wheedle them into his charge. He said fiercely:

“Does the Wildcat seek a lead nut through her brown hair,” as he pointed the muzzle of his gun in the direction of the brave girl's breast, who, not in the least daunted, to the evident surprise of the enemy, drew from her bosom, where it lay concealed, a beautiful silver-mounted pistol, armed with a small dagger, that flew out at the touch of a spring.

“Does the bloody Catamount want a ball

through his false heart? L nearer and there are two re

Foiled alike in his attempt at frightening these feeble women to wit's end, and was evidently thing desperate, when, to his surprise, the chief actor in this sudden upon the stage. So that ran across the ravine at looked down upon the whole and a hesitation which a sense of some honor, may when he sees the victim of his conscience tells him to his own esteem. He stood upon himself, not unlike the eagle on the lamb, hating the insatiable appetite to devour. It was the arrival of Clifford at Kiskataam. His intention, at that moment, to carry off Miss Clinton, taken her back into the wilderness rather than not be revenged would have set her down whence he abducted her. He had made with the unpardonable nursing his vengeance on the night of his arrival; schemes were blown aside, and the prize to the one who having his teeth with rage at hand had no alternative but to seem to yield, by showing master's interest, so that even said:

“De Yudas petray his ma

“Miss Clinton, I have waited after an eternity of anxiety of the cold, passionate hypocrisy of the fox with the well do you hide, and so fly you move.”

With these words, he bowed deference to beauty and save the most knowing in could have guessed that on surface but the purest stream toward the lady gave no further toward him, watching his

“Miss Clinton,” said the nearer and standing quite

the others were grouped, for all were waiting his motion; "you look in that dress as if you were prepared to come with me to the place where Nature is exhibited on her greatest scale, and when I have you there, standing in the island that divides the tumbling waters, a poet would call you the genius of Niagara."

Margaret had been so absorbed in the events of the morning, up to this moment, that her fantastic attire was the least of her thoughts, but being now reminded of that, and casting a rapid glance over her person, a slight blush tinged her cheek as she reflected on her folly in the midst of her distress, but this was no time to be affected by trifles; important realities called for action, and for endurance; now she could neither be flattered nor frightened out of her chaste dignity, by the man who had tried before this to fascinate her, as the snake draws the helpless bird into his jaws.

"Miss Clinton," repeated the artful seducer, "you never in the days of your greatest beauty, in the brilliant assemblies we have attended together, looked half so queenly as now, standing amidst all that rugged grandeur around you, and yourself so seemly in the trappings of that holy nature you love so well. Could you but see the great lakes of the North and of the West, your spirits would expand to a breadth which you are as yet a stranger to."

"Defile not the pure air around you with such flattery. Your breath is hateful to me; I hate the pure things you put your praise upon; I have become tame, and tired of my childish romance, since it has cost me so dearly already. My liberty has been bartered for it, and before night falls, my life may be the sacrifice. But, thank God, my virtue still remains and"—

"May not," interrupted the smooth sinner, "virtue and love dwell together in a cottage, while romance would ride out in company on play-days? I remember some such sentiment sung, in a home we wot of. Our own Shenstone, you know, sings:

"I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood pigeons breed."

"No more!" said the impatient lady; "you have touched the wrong chord; I will sing the real truth, as Shenstone sung:

"'Tis his with mock passions to glow,
'Tis his with smooth tales to unfold;
How her face is as white as the snow,
And her bosom be sure is as cold."

VOL. IX.—24

With that he leaped down on to the same platform where the three fugitives and the two Indians were already standing. Margaret stood in the centre, her autumnal crown on her head, the wreath around her person, in a diagonal direction, and her blanket robe bound at the waist by another wreath of willow twigs, that confined it, so that she moved without tripping on the skirts. As she saw Clifford approaching her, she exclaimed, with more force than could be expected of her:

"Stand back, wretched man; God has still provided me with a retreat, that I may escape from your hands."

"God himself cannot save you now, Miss Clinton. See on either side of you my two faithful servants, the brave Indian chief Kiskataam, and the cunning Shandaagan, and behind you is the roaring fall. You see that that Providence you speak of has delivered you into my hand. Surrender at will is your true courage now, and you may make your own terms. Margaret, in yielding to your fate, you conquer your conqueror."

With these half earnest words, said in a seriolight manner, the bad man took a step nearer, partly bending himself forward, taking off his cap as in deference to the presence of a queen; while the whole group presented a picture worthy of a painter's eye. It was well that a pause was taking place, since it gave time for the working of those passions within which ever gain force as they are restrained, and the time given allowed Elsie an opportunity of reflecting on the critical position of her friend. Her bosom heaved, as the veins of her neck swelled, her whole frame expanded a size which seemed above common, and yet there was a symmetry of proportion which filled the mind more than the eye.

"Stand back, caitiff!" was the frantic exclamation of Miss Clinton to the still approaching Clifford. "Stand back! Soldier though you be, you are a coward, in attacking women, and I will not trust myself in your hand. I have at least one chance of escape."

With this she sprung up into the tree at her back, climbing to the branch on which Aurelius stood, welcoming her with his curved neck and spreading wings as if he invited her to her chariot; she sat out on the branch swinging over the deep gulf, making the heads of all but herself dizzy.

"For God's sake, Miss Clinton, do not tempt Providence in that way; come down, and I swear

by my honor, that you may go where you please rather than have your blood on my hands."

"I will not trust a man whose cheek grows pale at the sight of death, and calling himself a soldier; first mocking God, and the next moment invoking his name, then swearing by an honor that has been tarnished by ingratitude and violated friendship."

The blood came back to the face of Clifford at these reproaches. He was mad, and knew not how to wreak his vengeance, or on whom. He felt himself weak in the presence of such daring as he saw. Besides, the scene before him, wild and romantic, had a charm which captivated his cultivated and experienced eye. Margaret was dressed in her queenly robes, and unconscious of her beauty at the moment. Her face flushed, her hair hanging loose on her shoulders, she stood balancing herself on the branch with one hand on the proud eagle's neck and the other ready to loosen the string that bound him to the tree. Clifford, at the moment, would have given all he called his own to have had the lady at his command, whose spirit so proudly defied him.

"Clifford," she called out in transport, "you see that the God you mocked has provided for me a way of escape; I am not without a friend since I can rise on this noble creature's wings."

"For the love of God, Miss Clinton, do not think of trusting yourself thereon. I swear on my knee that you may do as you please, only come down."

"I will trust the eagle before I will an ungrateful and dishonorable man misnamed soldier and unworthy of his flag. I feel safe. I am not the first that has been thrust upon a pinnacle, and who came down safe in angels' charge."

All this time the noble Aurelius was excited to the highest degree, by the loud speaking and the gestures of the different parties. He felt the sympathy of human passion, in which he joined so fiercely that he kept the soldier in check, by his fluttering and his screaming. It would have been more than a strong man durst have done to venture without arms near to him. Without measuring the full strength, skill and rapidity of such an enemy, Clifford made a spring at the eagle, hoping to bring him down, and thus cool the ardor of his mistress, but before he could seize his feet the proud creature, quick as thought, struck the intruder's cheek with his beak below

the eye, for which he aimed with a force and a pain which drew tears, as he stood the while in scorn and contempt. His rage now up, and pausing a moment for force, he said:

"Miss Clinton, I have since you will not yield your protection must pay the penalty Majesty's servants."

With that he leveled his pistol, putting a ball through the muzzle aside, when the bird fell in the gulf below. The hero, in a transport of fury, looked at the brave Dutch girl, whom he had before, and who now stood before him as he demanded, "Who is my game?"

"No soldier of King George will sign of my country in my name," he promptly answered.

"Ah," said the mortified girl, "you got a young rebel Whig up to the line and beyond the lines too; bind these rebellious arms with old Abiel and Schuyler, and they will serve as maid of honor to you there; I see she wears her colors."

During the excitement the three men had closed round the women, and seemed about to charge. Angelica had a dagger for her foe in one hand and a hawk in the other. Elsie had the trigger of her pistol and was wound up to the highest pitch to court the chance of taking rather than to fear it. If she could have moved more freely, as when stepping out of a balloon, in which she had been, with eye and hand firm, she would have sprung from the twigs of the tree to the final spring the instant he was within yard of her person; when it came out of the rocks:

"Clifford! coward! sworn enemy."

The apparition was not

sudden alarm of the parties; though it was a human form that stood before them and a human voice that spoke to them. It was human, but dressed in bear-skins, with a high crowned hat of the same material; the face, rough with hair, seemed as if the same animal had provided the man with a beard from his jaws. Standing erect on the north side of the shelf, the figure confronted the three men, who stood waiting for the next movement. The Indians fell back to the upper side, while Clifford moved to the south extremity of the platform confronting his new foe. The stream of water, shallow at the time, ran between them; while the females standing with their backs to the precipice, were about equal distance from the two men, who were already eyeing each other as malignant enemies ever do, when suddenly brought face to face. As soon as Clifford sufficiently recovered himself, he demanded, haughtily:

"Who dares to insult a king's officer on duty or to interfere with the king's business in any way? or what menial in an idiot's garb has the temerity to call Colonel Clifford a coward."

"His duty! the villain's duty! ha! ha, ha!"

The laugh froze the blood of even the stolid Indians, who looked on as if they had been turned to stone. "Your duty to employ a savage to decoy an enthusiastic, artless maiden into your toils! The child of your best friend, the man who defended your black name from eternal disgrace. Your duty! to hunt after women as tigers are circled round! Duty!" and the figure laughed again in scorn, until it seemed as if the echoes were the responding of the fiends from the pit of damnation. So voluble and full were the answers from up the clove that Clifford, though accustomed to the scenes of danger, shrank from the voices that called upon his conscience to reply and defend himself against those superstitions which were unmaning him.

"Fool that I am," he burst out, "to be foiled of my purpose by a madman, spook, or wizard; I have heard of you before. This is too much, and a dose of powder and lead must silence your gibberish. See if you are witch enough to catch that in your skull cap."

And with that there was a flash and a report. The ball pierced the high hat of the strange being, bringing it to the rock; and when the smoke passed away, the soldier was waiting to see the

effect of his fire, when to his utter amazement the rough robe of the figure had also dropped off even to his beard, and there, instead of a maniac, stood an officer of his Majesty's Thirteenth Regiment of Foot, in his undress, fully armed and equipped for battle; all except that his head was bare. Great beads of perspiration broke out on the brow of Clifford, while his lower jaw fell as if smitten by death, and his lips involuntarily muttered, "Calderwood."

"Thank you, Clifford, for that shot," were the first words of the unveiled man. "See, here is a better mark for you. Aim at this star, won by your side on the banks of the Hoogly. Aim at it, for it lies on the heart you have already riven asunder. Two full years ago, I warned you of the coming day of vengeance. It has arrived. There is a just God in the heavens."

At this part of the action, going on in that lately solitary chamber of nature, the different parties who had been collecting from all sides, were arriving, so as to surround the little, but perfect water-fall. The ledge of the rock served as a stage on which the main actors stood, while all around, at different points, were the spectators. Down the stream, and looking upward, were the mock Indians, gaping in astonishment. The Mohawks stood on the sides of the gulf like statues of bronze, gazing on the marvelous scene. The officers on parole who were in pursuit of game, came in from above; while Cuffee and his crew were perched like crows on the high trees outside of all. They were rooks in a gallery of nature.

The now unveiled and chief actor gave a glance of grim satisfaction around him, saying, "One of us must die. Surely, the brave Clifford, whose praises have been sung by the belles of St. James, will not show the white feather. You coward! you seducer, you ingrate, can you not be provoked; can the blood of the proud Clifford not start at the epithet coward!"

The petrified and quivering sinner at this leaped as if he had been stung, and looking up, he cried with a husky voice, "It shall never be said of Clifford that he feared death at the hand of any man: I am ready."

The two combatants stood at the extremes of that stage; the Indians on one side, and the women on the other, so that the balls must pass between them. Elsie grasped her pistol tighter

for she had a terrible purpose in her mind, in the event of one falling. Margaret bent forward from her seat, so steadily that her plumes did not quiver; but the pious Angelica hid her face in earnest prayer, as she thought of an immortal soul passing in blood to the presence of the Great Judge. The red men dilated their eyes to the utmost but stood in an evident transport of expectation that showed an inward pleasure, whatever might be the result.

The deadly weapons were raised: a flash and a report, and a fall. It was the conscience stricken Clifford. Calderwood ran forward with his sword drawn, for he feared the treachery of the deceiver; but he soon found that it was needless, for the ball had struck the right arm below the shoulder, shattering the bone.

"I bargained for nothing less than life," said the enraged Calderwood. "Confess to be a liar or die. The steel is at your throat."

"Never! never!" was the bitter reply of the vanquished but still unhumbled man. The foot of the victor was on his breast, and the weapon ready for the last plunge, when it was thrust aside by a powerful arm from behind. It was Brandt, attracted by the reports of the pistols, and just in time to save the life of his companion in arms.

CHAPTER XL. FAWN'S LEAP.

WHILE the grand tragedy recorded in the last chapter was acting, the spectators, as if spell-bound, stood waiting the issue. A common feeling of horror and surprise pervaded all. It was one of those seasons when the mind grasps the whole at a glance, the daring—the danger and the sublimity of the position which the young lady had taken, and where she sat with such grace and majesty. The other figures in the foreground were ranged according to their place. But the fear entertained by all, lest the fatal leap might be taken, overwhelmed every other emotion.

Every one was relieved and drew a deep breath when the danger was past. The villainous pursuer had fallen, and they had time to follow out the doings of the rest. The most prominent were four men dressed in the assumed Indian garb; one of them, without any previous warning, seized the vile Kiskataam with a vigor and skill that nearly overcame him at once. But that traitor was no common enemy. The savage saw that the cup of death was put to his lips and he resolved to

sell his life dear, and then of his fathers in company toward which he was gripped by Bertram, he deterred the young Englishman with his sword. Seeing that the lady from the forest had recognized her lover, he gave a shout at the agony she was undergoing, impossible to elude the aim of the shot, and which Bertram did not see. Like a serpent around his prey, the snake coiled his body, but with a sudden dash upon his feet, he bit the neck of the man who received as suddenly a practiced wrestler, broke his neck with a crash that made the bone in his body was broken. Time to recover his scattered hand and foot, and left him in a state of stoical indifference, waiting for death. His saw was now sealed.

During these fierce combats Margaret and Elsie were watching with tension. A double beat of the drum was felt by both as the four young men entered the stage of action, disguised for then they really deemed themselves but the quick eye of Elsie Teunis was present, and that he had brought friends.

"Courage, my lady," said Margaret. "deliverance has come at last. Still till the battle is over we can wait."

And there they remained until the tree was conquered. Clarence the tree on which his noose was hung, pale as death. The blood fell nearly fainting in her arms, showed no sluggishness on the side of Elsie, he grasped her hand, afraid of her being taken, and which she returned followed by as hard a slap on the cheek of her lover, which she gave an hour afterward.

"A pretty kindereen you are, you two helpless women folks!"

"Elshie! Elshie!" said

gelica. "Ye kenen nae dat de kind lad was liken to go out of himself on de day dat he lost tee on de hill; sae hold ty peace, and be tankful for all our mercies."

During this little by-play, which even in the times of the greatest commotion will be played out, Bertram and Clarence were bending over Margaret, who, soon recovering from the shock of this sudden deliverance, opened her eyes, fearfully looking into the face of Bertram, lest all might be a deception. The latter dropped a few warm tears such as a heroic heart will send forth when love returns fond glances as it did here. The kiss of affection was freely given to both brother and lover.

The guilty Clifford sat where he saw the whole. Writhing in his pride and remorse, wounded and defeated, he turned himself away from the sight, gnashing his teeth with rage and pain like what we may suppose Satan to have felt when he saw our first parents in the midst of their happiness.

There was a lull in the tempest, and the late busy actors were enjoying the benefit of the quiet, waiting for the command of some master; no one exactly knew whom, for as yet they had been thrown together as by chance. An underhand movement there must have been, which had succeeded, it is true, but the very skillfulness of the operator had nearly undone the whole. An hour sooner or later would have changed the face of things. The dangerous experiment therefore of allowing the *denouement* to come out in a public display, was was more worthy of a playwright than of a wise man, who never waits for a better chance when he has an almost certain issue. The man who arranged the plot might have delivered these fugitive women a day sooner, but having ulterior views of revenge, he tempted that Providence, who, notwithstanding his rash folly, crowned his scheme with success.

Calderwood, as he was now known to all, was in earnest council with Brandt, whose mind was evidently yielding to what was presented to him. A piece of parchment, such as bears the commission of an officer in the army of Great Britain, was held out to the Mohawk, while the other hand, with earnest gesticulations, was pointing to the several parties within sight, as if he were expounding to the mind of the puzzled Indian some point of difficulty. All at once the face of the red man shot forth a fierce light. He saw that he

had been imposed upon, and coming forward to the place where Margaret sat, still arrayed in her queenly robes, he smiled and looked from her to the eagle that perched above her on the tree. Gazing on the bird, he folded his arms, absorbed in thought; then cast a glance at his own form, which a reader of nature would have interpreted to mean, "We are the true children of the Great Spirit."

"Does the Fawn wish her bird to cross the big water when she goes to the green fields of the great Father George?" This was said evidently with the intention of drawing out something else than a bare answer about the eagle.

"No, Great Chief; the bird shall be set at liberty when I go from here, if my will be law; I love England, and he loves his mountain home. He is screaming for his mate; I have found," she was almost saying—mine; but stopping in the midst of the sentence, she sprang again into the tree, and bidding Elsie look, she loosened the string that bound the legs of Aurelius, stroked his noble neck down with her hand, while he returned her fondness by rising to his full height. Feeling himself at liberty, he rose on his wings, as they spread at their full length. For a moment he hung over the deep lin, then slowly rising, he soared away to his mountain home.

As he ascended, and until he was nearly out of sight, not a word was spoken by any one, when the Mohawk turned on Margaret the look of perfect approbation, saying:

"The Fawn shall be Brandt's sister, for her love to his brother in setting him at liberty; she will wear this, and be one of the Mohawk's wise squaws." With that, as she descended, he put a silver pin in her blanket robe, having a shell attached to it. He moved back to where Calderwood waited for him, and as he passed the place where Clifford sat, he gave him one of those looks of contempt which only an Indian can put on.

"The tongue of the big warrior folds in two," said he. "The Fawn is the kid of the king's Clinton."

By this time the true and the disguised Indians had come in, and were lying all around, waiting the will of their chief. The hunt was past, and had ended so entirely different from the expectations of all, that their minds were in wonder at what should next come up, when suddenly the chief Mohawk started to his feet, and all his tribe

seemed to have risen at the same moment. Their quick ears had discerned their own war-whoop swelling over the hills and the glens, till it reached them. Then came the repeated reports of fire-arms, declaring that a skirmish was taking place not far off, which demanded the presence of the leader. Brandt, without further warning, shouted his war-cry, followed by the united voices of his men around him, till the rocks and the dells sent back the sounds doubled, and redoubled, as if the departed spirits of ten thousand warriors were raised from their slumbers by the call, to repeat the music they loved so well, once more amidst the scenes of former glory.

In a moment Brandt had cut the bark that bound Kiskataam's ankles and wrists; ordering him to his feet, he put him under a guard of his own men, who drove him off before them at full speed. Then pointing Clifford to the westward, he said, or seemed to say, there is now your only chance of escape; the bad man did not hesitate, for though fainting through loss of blood, and suffering from the spiculæ of the bone in the flesh, he was forced into motion; leaving the former companions of his proud days more like a prisoner than a colonel of his Majesty's troops, and the commander of Fort Niagara. He had no alternative but to go, for the looks of scorn and contempt that met him withered his soul; yet still, with the proud step of the soldier, he walked off with the Mohawk.

After the coast was clear, and none were left except the Clintons and their attendants, they looked round on one another, as if a feeling of forsakenness had come over them, and that some one was expected to take the command.

"Where is our captain, Gabriel?" was the cry of more than one. That faithful follower had singled

out, as the special object of his vengeance, the meacaitiff Shandaagan, whose fear had early in the fray got the mastery of his desires. While the attention of the company was engaged by the conflict between the sailor and the chief, the parasite minion slunk away behind the scenes, taking the bed of the stream as his road of retreat. Gabriel, who perceived his motions, and knew him of old, pursued after him in hot haste. The Indian, who knew the path better than the pale face, and who had not endured quite so much fatigue as the other, was soon out of sight, leaving the crest-fallen Saponian without a laurel to carry away of this great victory.

"We are about moving," said Bertram, "and we were beginning to fear that the cannibals had eaten you up. 'Better the end of a feast than the beginning of a fight.' You know the glutton's proverb."

"Yes, sir, but not the maxim that rules you judging from the hearty good-will with which you encountered that red rascal. But hark! there is the Dominie and his congregated troops, on the rear of the Mohawk. Gracious heaven, there must be hot work there, if guns speak the truth to-day."

"I am off," said Teunis, "to help the Dominie. He helped me and mine, and Martin Schuyler is one of the captives."

"I will lose an arm in his defence," said Clarence. "Brave soul that he is, with all his oddity."

"And I am with you," said Gabriel. "Let the sailor navigate the ship now. Carry your passengers to port, Elsie will be your pilot; and let us all meet, if we can settle this affair, at the Flat Rock, before sundown."

THROUGH STORMS, THE HOMES.

BY COUSIN CONSTANCE.

THE blasts of winter show us the homes,
The tenantless homes, in the leafless trees,
Drearly swinging, never again
To shelter a bird with its song of glee.
From wind-swept bough, and desolate spray,
To the far bright South they have winged their way.

Summer's green and sheltering leaves
Screened them all; we only guessed,
From a waft of music on the breeze,
That near was a song-bird's place of rest.
So we, in our dear love-sheltered bowers,
Sing and dream through the happy hours.

Sudden a blast from sorrow's breath
Sweeps of verdure our life's green tree,
Leaving behind the shadow of death,
Perchance a lifelong misery.
Bewildered with grief, we lift our eyes
To the home forgotten beyond the skies.

The blasts of sorrow show us the homes,
The far bright homes no storm assails;
The "many mansions," where, one by one,
The storm-tost voyagers furl their sails,
And like the birds from our desolate nest,
We plume our wings for the endless rest.

THE ETCHIN DIAMONDS.

By F. E. R.

ARTHUR STANGATE, attorney at law, was my brother. He had succeeded to my father's business, and no name was more esteemed and trusted in all Runnington, and Runnington was a rich and important place. My brother's offices were in the town, two miles distant; but he did almost as much business among the gentry at his own private house.

Most of the great folks employed him; but his best client was Sir Etchin Eckford, a *cidevant* Indian judge, very wealthy, and the possessor of some rare and costly jewels, known in the country as the Etchin Diamonds. Their name even makes me shudder now.

One evening, as Arthur was preparing to return to his office, where important business would detain him all night, Sir Etchin's groom left a parcel, with a note. The latter stated that the former contained the famous Etchin diamonds, which their owner thought safest to entrust to Arthur's care, as he had been unexpectedly called to London.

"I don't care what deeds they leave with me," said my brother; "but I don't like such trusts as these. Still, I suppose I must keep them."

Of course, he could not send them back; so, taking the parcel, he at once proceeded to his study to lock it in the iron safe. I went with him, and with a woman's curiosity and love of jewelry, besought a peep at the gems before they were put away.

Arthur, the best brother in the world, instantly removed the paper covering, disclosing a square morocco box, brass-bound, with the key tied to the bundle. Opening it, he showed me the gems. They were, indeed, magnificent, set in the massive Indian fashion; while many of the diamonds were yet uncut. One by one, bracelets, bangles, necklets, Arthur lifted and flashed in the lamplight before my dazzled vision.

He was holding a superb emerald and diamond necklet in his hand, for my admiration, when happening to raise my head, a cry of alarm burst from my lips.

"What is it, Nell?" asked Arthur.

"The man!" I replied. "See! the window is

uncurtained, and I am sure I saw a man looking in from the tree outside."

"Nonsense!" cried Arthur.

Nevertheless, he flung up the window, called, and gazed in every direction. There was nothing—not a sign, not a sound; and assured as I was, that I had been mistaken, he fastened the catch, and dropped the curtain.

As, however, he was about to put away the diamonds, I said, "Arthur, would it not be better to place them in the safe in your bedroom?"

He agreed in the advisability, and locked them up: then, having cautioned me to see well to the house fastenings, and asked again if I was really not frightened to remain alone a night with only the servants Jane and Jenkins, he left for town. I saw everything secure and went early to bed, locking Arthur's bedroom, and taking the key with me.

It was long before I slept. When I did, I was almost immediately aroused by a slight sound at my door. I asked who was there. Jane's voice answered in a cautious whisper. Seeing something was wrong, rising, I admitted her. No sooner had she entered than, quickly closing, she refastened the door, and exclaimed in accents of terror, "Oh, miss! what shall we do? For mercy's sake, make no noise—don't get a light. Burglars are breaking into the house, and I'm sure Jenkins is their accomplice."

"Burglars!" I cried. Then the thought of the face flashed across me. "Gracious powers!" I exclaimed; "they are after the Etchin diamonds!"

I saw it all. The groom's errand had been divined, my brother's absence was known, and, by Jenkins's treacherous aid, the place was being attacked. I dropped, stunned, on the bed. Then I started up. At any cost—even life—the diamonds entrusted to Arthur must be saved. Hurriedly I dressed, and while doing so, heard the soft sound of persons moving in the house.

"Jane," I said, having explained all to the faithful girl, "I must get Sir Etchin's diamonds."

"How, miss? If you go into the passage they'll kill you."

"True; therefore I must get out by the win-

dow. They will not hear, for they believe the box is in the study, and it will take them long to discover their mistake."

Opening the window, I got out on to the veranda. How fearfully it sloped! Could I do it? Yes, by pressing my feet against the gutter. Slowly I went, foot by foot, until I reached Arthur's window. My heart leaped as I found it unfastened. Quickly I entered, opened and relocked the iron safe, and, with the diamonds, more slowly, and with greater difficulty, returned.

Reaching my own room, I did not enter; for what could two helpless women do against strong, evil men, bent on plunder? Instead, I ordered Jane to tear a sheet into shreds, having attached which to the box, I bade her lower it to me, after I had descended by the trellis.

She did as I directed; then joining me, we carrying the box between us, ran from the house.

We had not gone a dozen yards before the dread of pursuit, and having the diamonds wrested from us, possessed me.

"Jane," I said, "this will never do. Let us make for the hollow oak. We can put the box in that; they'll never find it before help comes."

Hastening in the direction together, we managed to raise the box high enough to reach the hole, and I toppled it in. It fell with a heavy thud; I knew it was safe. I then told Jane to run to the Hawthorns, the nearest house, arouse the people, and bring some of the male servants back. She wanted me to go with her, but I dared not leave the neighborhood of the tree, lest any miserable chance should occur of the burglars finding the treasure. Crouching among the bushes some yards off, I bade the girl hasten.

Scarcely had she gone than a noise in the house attracted my attention. My flight with the jewels was discovered. My heart stood still, and the blood in every vein turned cold. With Jenkins, there were three of them. Through the darkness I saw they were beating and searching the bushes. They had guessed we could not carry the box far, and evidently were in hopes of finding it before help came.

Twice, thrice, they approached so near to where I was, that my hair stood on end. The fourth time it was Jenkins himself—I knew him, despite his crape mask—that drew aside the branches, and discovered me.

With a cry I endeavored to fly; but the burglars

instantly secured me. Had the scene that followed; it was with horror. They looked not finding it, with awful cry, I said, "Where is it? Let me say where it was. My heart leaped aloud, until they checked me by placing a pistol at my head, but I remained firm. I felt they, too, saw it, and by their looks, they would create exquisite torture, and they exclaimed, "It won't do to let her go upon us. Gag her, and take her to the lake!"

To the lake! What would become of me! My brain swayed, but I remained firm, and save the edge of the water, the rest of the world, the shoulders, laid me back, my head beneath. My voice could not cry out, and never a word of the terrible sensation. Surely I was dead.

Every few seconds they repeated the question, "Whereabouts of the diamonds?" I shook my head. How could I tell? but abruptly a few moments later—I felt the water was over my head—I was conscious no more.

The immersion caused a sensation I ever felt in my life. I was unconscious. My breath went away, and I had a painful suffocation, which paralyzed all knowledge of the world. I could not speak for the life, and was unable to offer the slightest resistance to my mentors.

When I came to I was in a room, and the first person who was near me, and the first person who spoke to me, was "My brave Nellie! You have saved the diamonds. The help Jane brought when the ruffians flung you overboard, are all captured!"

It was a considerable time before I recovered from the nervous shock occasioned. One day Arthur came to me, and said, "See, darling!" he said, and held up a magnificent bracelet of silver to he held up a magnificent bracelet of gold on your wrists. "Accept this for your brave Nellie and the Etchin diamonds."

JEMIMA WILKINSON.

BY JAMES A. ROSE.

As we turn the pages of history and contemplate the record of those who have lived among us and have now passed away, we find one who enacted a long farce, but departed leaving but little in written history to allay that genuine curiosity which is aroused when the name of the famous impostor Jemima Wilkinson is mentioned.

This eccentric person, who was destined to be the founder and leader of a so-called religious sect, was born in the town of Cumberland, State of Rhode Island, in the year 1751. At a very early age she commenced to display some of those characteristics which in after-life made her the leader of a sect embracing many strong-minded people.

Jemima lived in a state of religious indifference until about the twenty-third year of her age; a revival at that time being carried on by the Baptist Society in her native town, she became interested, and from a scorner she soon turned to be one of the most painfully religious of the converts.

She, in fact, spent most of the time of two years until 1776, in reading the Bible and meditating upon religious subjects. The result of such confinement and rigid mental application could result in nothing but reaction; consequently she was prostrated by an illness which baffled all the medical aid at hand. For a long time she lay upon her bed in a state of mind approaching insanity. She pretended at times to see visions from heaven and to hold direct communication with the Almighty.

Her sickness continued until the autumn of the same year. Late one night in the month of October, she seemed to those who watched beside her bed to grow worse. Her respiration ceased entirely; her features became as those of the dead, and to all outward appearances the soul had left the body. Suddenly, when her companions were about to call the family and tell them of the death, the supposed corpse rose up in bed and demanded in a strong and authoritative voice that her clothes be brought to her. When remonstrated with and told how serious might be the consequences of so rash a course, she told them it was no longer Jemima Wilkinson who addressed them, but "The

Universal Friend of Mankind, a name which the mouth of the Lord had spoken." She continued to tell them that Jemima had died, that her body had been reanimated by the spirit of God.

All remonstrance being in vain, she was allowed to rise and dress at midnight. She went about well from that time, to all appearances.

On the next Sabbath following her miraculous recovery Jemima attired herself with more than her usual care and attended the meeting of the Friends as usual, her father being a member of that Society. Many had come to meeting, drawn hither by curiosity; the story of her rising from the dead having rapidly spread through the country. During the service she sat quietly in her seat and seemed to pay marked attention to the speakers. At the close of the morning service, when the congregation left the house to spend the interval between morning and afternoon meeting under the trees in the yard, Jemima went apart from the rest, and, when a large number had gathered about her, rose and addressed them. Being possessed of a fine voice and an excellent memory, she made a deep impression upon many who heard her. Her sermon, or lecture, was filled with Bible quotations, cant phrases and numerous admonitions to her hearers, to "listen to the words of the Lord." She took good care always to speak of herself in the third person. She never actually presented herself as Christ, but her language always was such as to allow of no other interpretation.

Being so much encouraged by this first essay, she appointed meetings to be held at "the house where she tarried;" never calling Jeremiah Wilkinson her father, or in any way admitting a relationship. Many people came to Jemima's meetings. Some came from curiosity, some to make sport, a few from really earnest belief in her divine mission.

Pretending so much as she did, it is not strange that her followers soon demanded some exhibition of her divine powers. Their demands soon became so numerous and pressing that this pretentious woman announced that at a given time she would walk the water. The following account of her

success is narrated in Hudson's "Life of Jemima Wilkinson:"

"She appointed a time at which she would meet her friends on the margin of the Taunton River, in the town of Swansey, and convince them of the reality of what she had taught them to believe, by walking on the water. She made her appearance at the time and place appointed, where she was met by a large collection of people, eager to witness the exhibition which was promised them. She then commenced with an eloquent and fervent prayer, with which she occupied their attention for a considerable time, after which she proceeded to the delivery of a discourse, in which she lectured her audience with considerable ability and with great severity, particularly on account of their want of faith. She told them that if they had faith to believe that she could perform the works of the Lord, they might rest satisfied, for it should be well with them, and as to those who did not believe, they are 'an evil generation; they seek a sign; and there shall no sign be given them but the sign of Jonas, the Prophet.' 'Why doth this generation seek after a sign? Verily I say unto you, there shall no sign be given to this generation.' 'A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas.' She continued her discourse at considerable length, admonishing her friends to beware of the doubts and difficulties thrown in their way by a wicked world which was meant by an evil generation. She also reproved those who came there to gratify an idle curiosity, instead of listening to the voice of truth, and was particularly severe upon those who had required this evidence of the truth of her words. She then addressed the whole in kind and affectionate language, proclaimed that she was the 'Universal Friend of Mankind,' and that those who believed in the truth of her doctrines, obeyed her precepts and followed her advice, would be sure of a final passport to heaven, while those who rejected her counsels would be cut off without the hope of pardon or mercy. After hearing her through and receiving her blessings, the assembly separated and peacefully retired to their homes, some filled with awe and fear of her power and authority, some with commiseration at her delusion, and others with contempt at her hypocrisy."

Having succeeded so well in disengaging herself from this predicament, the "Universal Friend"

was emboldened to go still such feats as raising the dead and foretelling human events to her own wit, or some to relieve her of any possible

Having obtained a few villages, Jemima commenced places. Philadelphia at one of her labors. The Meeting-house of George's Church was thrown, she preached to immense numbers of time, making, however, but little, being at variance with the people in Connecticut. She formed South Kingstown, Rhode Island, converts in South Kingstown persons of wealth and high position from what can be learned from sources, it seems to have been such under her influence, dignity of her profession.

In Updike's "History of the Church" is narrated the foundation of these intelligent converts pretended miracles:

"About this time Judge Updike, a zealous and devoted follower of the sect. For the more comfort of herself and her adherents, he added to his already spacious residence fourteen rooms and bed-rooms. Her influence converted servants, and income of his property at her headquarters for about the scene of some of her doings. Susannah Potter, daughter of a deceased, she undertook to witness the miracle. They removed, and Jemima knelt in prayer for her restoration. The converts were inflexible; the impious she imputed the failure to weak lowerers."

Having by her avaricious manners made herself very rich in Kingstown, the Universal Friend to make arrangements for the Society, issued a decree, commanding their estates and place the fund of the Society. It is

so great was her hold over the Society, that all with one accord obeyed without a murmur, and Judge Potter was the one selected to make this transaction. It is interesting to follow the history of this man in connection with that of Jemima, as he was only one of the many cultured persons who were duped by this remarkable woman.

In 1784 she terminated her arrangements and took her departure to what is now called Yates County, New York; but at that time it was unsettled, except by the Indians of whom Jemima's agent purchased the land. She named her settlement New Jerusalem. Her desire seemed to be, to get as far away from the enlightening influence of civilization as possible, where her power would remain supreme.

What an imposing sight it must have been to see this line of deluded beings, following their eccentric leader away from home and friends into an unknown wilderness!

Judge Potter returned in a few years from his emigration and occupied his homestead, but his circumstances became so embarrassed in consequence of his devotion to this artful woman, that he was soon compelled to mortgage his estate; and finding it impossible to redeem it in its deteriorated condition, he in 1807 sold the remainder of his interest in it, and settled in Genesee."

To-day none of the ancient elegancies of this place remain. The "old abbey," as the residence was called, has passed away. The beautiful gardens, luxurious summer-houses, costly shade trees, and productive fruit-orchards are among the things of the past; a small farmer's cottage, surrounded by the usual farm appointments, take their place.

A wealthy gentleman in Worcester, Pennsylvania, became a follower of Jemima, and, like Judge Potter, sacrificed his wealth in donating to to her desires. There seems to be abundant proof that at one time she actually had her hands in the State treasury of Rhode Island. Many anecdotes are related of the manner in which she took possession of a desired object. If some one of her followers possessed an article which their mistress desired, she would enter the house and take the object away, saying, "the Friend hath need of this thing." This was deemed excuse enough, by her followers.

As Jemima grew older she grew more and more severe in disciplining her flock. Her power being absolute and her decrees final, it is interesting to

notice some of the methods of punishing offenders. Many and peculiar were the penances put upon those who hesitatingly obeyed her command.

One person who came under her displeasure was condemned to wear about his neck, in public and private, a sheep's bell, until allowed to take it off. Another was condemned to wear a black cap.

She often gave severe reproof for levity, and sometimes imposed the penance of silence, for longer or shorter periods, according to the magnitude of the sin. In one instance she was destined to have her commands set at defiance. A young woman of the Society who was given to laughter and mirth on the slightest occasion, was directed to keep silence for a number of hours, but something causing her to laugh, she continually broke her penance, until Jemima ordered pieces of cloth to be tied around her mouth. This for a time seemed to be a success, but an extremely ludicrous scene coming to her notice, she burst the bonds, roaring with laughter, and exclaimed: "The Universal Friend is a fool to think she can stop a woman from talking." She then left the Society.

Towards the latter part of her life she prohibited matrimony. This was the reverse of her early teaching, for she had made suitable matches for her sisters, providing husbands from among her Society. This new decree caused much trouble, and some dissension among the believers in Jemima; but she remained firm, and so bent was she in her purpose, that she even caused the separation of those who had been long married. Some wives she induced to leave their homes and follow her, thus sowing discord and unhappiness where contentment had been before.

In New Jerusalem the Friend lived in a state of luxury almost beyond comprehension, when we think of the distance from any large town. Each of the members contributed annually to the support of the Friend, and all turned out to till the fields and harvest the crops that filled the spacious granaries of Jemima.

The Duke of Rochefoucauld, in his travels in the United States of America, 1796 and 1797, met with Jemima Wilkinson in the State of New York. The Duke was struck with the extreme neatness and elegant luxury of Jemima's residence. She always seemed flattered by the attention of learned or wealthy people, so the Duke gained access, and by his letters, seems to have travelled over the

greater part of her mansion. His description of the Friend, although harmonizing with that given by others, seems to be so much more complete, that I can do no better than to insert it:

"We saw Jemima and attended her meetings, which were held in her own house. We found there about thirty persons, men, women and children. Jemima stood at the door of the bed-chamber, on a carpet with a chair behind her; she had on a white morning-gown and waistcoat, such as men wear, and a petticoat of the same color. Her black hair was cut short, carefully combed, and divided behind into three ringlets; she wore a stock and white silk cravat, which was tied about her neck with affected negligence. In point of delivery, she preached with more ease than any other Quaker I have yet heard; but the subject matter of her discourse was one eternal repetition of the same topics—death, sin and repentance. She is said to be about forty years of age, but she did not appear to be more than thirty. She is of middle stature, well made, of a florid countenance, and has fine teeth and beautiful eyes." The Duke was impressed more than anything else with her "bad acting," and seems to think all persons must have been weak to have seen anything remarkable about her. He described the dinner, of which he was invited to partake, as being the nicest he had eaten outside of Philadelphia, and praises a drink which Jemima concocted in her own room and sent to the table. The Friend did not eat with her guests, but came to the table and conversed with them after partaking of a sumptuous repast in private.

Thus the Universal Friend lived and ruled supreme in her colony until about two o'clock in the morning of Thursday, the first day of July, 1819. Having been in failing health for some time previous to her death, her summons was not unexpected; but so firm in the belief of their mistress's infallibility were some of her followers, that they stubbornly refused for some time to believe that she was no more.

Jemima's remains were placed in a coffin, and a pane of glass was inserted in the lid, that her face might be seen by her followers; no others were allowed to approach her. After a day or two of lamentation the body was removed to some secret place by her two or three trusted female companions, and no one beside these few ever knew her final resting-place. Many of her followers

believed that she rose on the death, and being encouraged those having the body in charge were able to leave the world, lived, with an air of mystery, memory.

In the course of Jemima's considerable property, and before her death was in consequence. She appeared before the court as plaintiff or defendant in many cases, and was involved, and as a general court victorious. It would be difficult to say of her character would disprove divinity; but it seems to have been upon her followers.

About a year before Jemima's death, leaving her large and valuable property, including household furniture, etc. to her daughter, Margaret Malin. These women were from the outset of her career her most secret counsels, and instances of great service to her. After the death of the Friend's body after her death, were the persons who secreted her remains in the cellar of their mistress's house. A peculiarly expressed instruction was given to the Universal Friend.

Several months after this she thought best to add the

"Be it remembered, That I, the said Jemima Wilkinson, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing are true and correct copies of the original instrument as made by me, and as witness my hand and seal, this first day of the seventh month of the year one thousand eight hundred and nineteen."

JEMIMA +
CROSS OF
Or

Witnesses, etc.

This was done, no doubt. The Probate Court would not receive the instrument as the Universal Friend. It was necessary to write her true name, in order to measure evading an acknow-

The following letter of Jemima is inserted to show the nature of her epistolary correspondence. It seems to harmonize with the accounts of her conversations. It is inserted just as it is written, as regards orthography, punctuation, etc. :

"WORCESTER (Penna) 20th of the 9th Month 1789. The Universal Friend, To John Rose and his wife remembers Love: Dear Souls, Try to to make your escape from the wrath which is to come, upon all the wicked, that no not God; & have not and and have not obeyed the voice of the dear Son of His Love; It is a Sifting time; Try to be on the Lord's side; Do justly love Mercy, and walk humbly with the Lord: The Friend is yet in time; & Sarah; but She is Sick. Do all of you try to obey the Counsel of the Lord which ye have heard from time, to time: That it may be well unto you: Do by all as you would be willing to be done unto: Orpha be, Be faithful; I remain to be the same Friend; I have not altered or Changed. I remember Love to Elizabeth Carr. To E: J: To H: F: To E. B: To M: M: To M: F. & to the Children. From the Universal Friend. Sarah Friend, R. Millen, Ruth & Lucy Brown remember love to you all. Watch & pray that ye enter not into temptation. Saith the Friend to J. R. & Orpha. I remember Love to Eunice Hathaway.

"U. F."

This letter, written in a bold, firm hand, was selected by the writer of this article from a number of her letters, it being a fair specimen of them all.

A great many persons have written about this notorious woman, both before and since her death, showing what a hold she took upon the minds of men. Besides the writers cited in this article, Hannah Adams, in her "View of Religion," published in 1801, devotes a chapter to Jemima. "Marshall's Catechism," 1802, and "Eccentric Biography, or Memoirs of Remarkable Female Characters, Ancient and Modern," published in 1804, are among the best known. At different times since her death newspaper articles have appeared; but have added little to her history.

The one point at which people who have studied her character are at variance upon is, whether she was a hypocrite, or whether she was suffering all these years from mental delusion. At this time, when her mortal remains have long mingled with the dust, and when her Society has, like herself, long been numbered among the things that were, we can only take the few *facts* that we have, and draw our own conclusions. We can throw the mantle of charity over those places where it would seem that we must judge harshly, well knowing that whatever individual result we may arrive at, it will have but little effect upon the memory of Jemima Wilkinson.

CROWNS AND CROWNED.

THERE were times when his crown was the indispensable companion of every king. Not that he always wore it, like the monarchs of melodrama, but it was his personal property, always kept within easy reach. He carried it with him on his journeys; when he rode at the head of his feudal chivalry on the battle-field, a jewelled coronet on his helmet took its place; he wore it at his court; it was the one great mark of his royal dignity by which men could feel he was a king. It would seem that some of these old sovereigns slept with the crown upon a table beside their beds; there is, however, no reason to suppose that they actually wore it during the hours of repose, though they are often represented as doing so by the illuminators of medieval manuscripts. Of course, this is

only a conventional sign indicating that the sleeper is a king, for assuredly the head would lie *very* uneasily that wore a crown for a night-cap.

The oldest of the crowns of Europe is the Iron Crown of Lombardy, now restored to its resting-place of centuries in the cathedral of Monza, the sunny little town, which, from the Alpine slopes, looks down upon imperial Milan, whither many a time its treasure was borne to be placed on the brows of a German Kaiser at his second coronation. His first was at Aachen, by the tomb of Charlemagne, where he received the silver crown of Germany; his second at Milan; his third at Rome, where the Pope conferred on him the golden crown of the Empire. But the Iron Crown was the most venerable of all. For thirteen

hundred years the Iron Crown has held the foremost place amongst the diadems of Europe, for it was formed by the skillful hands of Roman goldsmiths in the sixth century, and sent by Pope Gregory the Great to the Gothic Queen Theodolinda, when she had freed Lombardy from the Arian heresy. Its form is simple, as one might expect from its ancient date. It is a broad flat ring or diadem of gold, adorned with enamelled flowers and precious stones; stones not cut into facets, as in modern jewelry, but emeralds, sapphires, and rubies in their rough uncut form as they came from the mine. But inside this circle of gold and jewels is a thin band of iron, from which the crown takes its name, and this iron, tradition asserts, is one of the nails of the true cross hammered out into a ring. Long and angry have been the battles fought by antiquaries on this point. Those who deny its authenticity, headed by Muratori, certainly bring weighty arguments to the support of their view; but the tradition has survived all their learned folios, gallant champions have fought, pen in hand, in its defence, and still in the language of the people the crown of Monza is called *il sacro chiodo*, "the holy nail." It graced the imperial front of Charlemagne and a long succession of German emperors, ending with Charles V. But the last sovereign who wore it was Napoleon I. In May, 1805, he assembled at Milan the dignitaries of the Empire, the representatives of his royal and imperial allies, and a splendid circle of marshals and generals, and in their presence he placed it on his head, repeating the proud motto of the Iron Crown: "God has given it to me; woe to him who touches it!" In 1859, the Austrians, retreating from Lombardy, took the Iron Crown with them to Mantua, and subsequently to Vienna. There it remained until, by the treaty which ceded Venetia to Italy in 1866, it was restored to its old home in the sacristy of the cathedral at Monza, and there it rests to-day amid the other treasures of Theodolinda—her jewelled comb, her golden hen and seven chickens (the symbols of Lombardy and its seven provinces), and the crown of her husband Agilulph.

Next in age to the Iron Crown, but far exceeding it in value and beauty of workmanship, are the crowns of the old Gothic Kings of Spain, discovered seventeen years ago near Toledo. They were found in some excavations which were made in an ancient cemetery at Fuente di Guerrazar, two

leagues from that city. They are eight in number, and their intrinsic value is estimated at two thousand pounds. The largest, a splendid circle of gold one foot in diameter, bears the name of King Receswinthus, who reigned in the middle of the seventh century. This diadem is adorned with fine rubies, pearls, and sapphires, and round it runs a row of little crosses of carnelian and gold. From these crosses letters of gold and carnelian are suspended by golden chains, and these form the words *Recesvinthus Rex Offeret*—"King Receswinthus offers (this)." From these again hang twenty-four drops of gold and pearls, and below these are twenty-four pink rubies, each cut into the shape of a heart, so that a gorgeous fringe of golden chain-work and jewels adorns the crown, and a large jewelled cross is suspended from it in front. The second crown, supposed to be that of his queen, is not so rich as the first, but it too is adorned with precious stones and fringed with rubies. The other crowns are of a very plain pattern, and are supposed to be the coronets of Gothic nobles. The inscription on the crown of Receswinthus shows that it was offered to a church, for it was not an uncommon thing for kings in the Middle Ages to hang their crowns above the altars of some famous sanctuary. Thus Canute gave his crown to Winchester Cathedral, and many of the cathedrals of the continent either have, or formerly had, royal crowns in their treasuries. On one of the smaller coronets there is an inscription indicating the church which possessed these splendid crowns. The inscription is in barbarous Latin, and it may be translated: "In the name of the Lord, Sonnica offers this to Santa Maria di Abaxo." Now, a church of that name stands at the foot of the hill on which Toledo is built, full two leagues from the cemetery. How, then, did the crowns make their way to it? Not by theft, or they would not have remained there long. Probably, when, fifty years after the reign of Receswinthus, the Moors came pouring into the valley of the Tagus and took Toledo, some Gothic priest or noble removed the crowns from the church to save them from the plundering infidels, and, unable to take them with him in his flight, buried them in the cemetery of Fuente, hoping, doubtless, to come back for them at no distant day. But years on years passed before the Christians returned to victory from the Asturian hills, and then no one knew where the rich treasure was concealed, and there it lay for

eleven hundred years, until in our own days an accident brought the buried crowns to light, and the bright jewels which had passed long centuries in darkness, once more flashed in the sun.

Another ancient crown now in the regalia of the Austro-Hungarian empire, has a singular history. It is the famous "Sacred Crown of Hungary." Tradition says that it was formed by the hands of angels for the sainted King Stephen; but history gives us the true story of its twofold origin, for the crown is partly Roman, partly Byzantine, and is, in fact, two crowns united, one above the other. The first was sent by Pope Sylvester II. to Stephen when he was crowned in 1001. It was a golden diadem, enriched with pearls and precious stones. Seventy years later, Duke Geyza, one of the Hungarian nobles, received as a present from Michael Ducas, Emperor of the East, a splendid Byzantine crown; and when he became King of Hungary, he joined this circlet to the diadem, so as to make of the two a single crown. From the broad jewelled ring which forms its base spring four arches of gold. At the base of each is an enamelled portrait; the largest represents our Saviour; the others, Geyza himself, and the Emperors Ducas and Constantius Porphyrogenitus. Four smaller enamels on the front of the crown represent the archangels Michael and Gabriel, and saints George and Demetrius. Besides the pearls, the stones which adorn it are sapphires, amethysts, and rubies, many of them rough and uncut, like those of the crown of Monza. At the back is a very large sapphire, surrounded by four green stones, on the precise character of which jewellers are not agreed.

This crown was regarded as the palladium of the Hungarian nation. It was more than a mere mark of sovereignty. They seemed to look upon it with a superstitious awe, as almost a living thing. It had its palace in the castles of Ofen or Vizegrad; the two nobles who were responsible for its safe keeping were among the highest officials of the kingdom; and under their orders they had a strong guard of picked men, who garrisoned the palace honored by the residence of the Sacred Crown. No king could rule until it had been placed on his brow; if he died between his election and coronation, his name was struck off the roll of kings; and even a pretender acquired a quasi-right of sovereignty if he could, by fraud or force, secure possession of this double crown. In 1301 there was

a disputed election to the vacant throne. The rival claimants were Robert of Anjou and Naples, and Prince Wenzel the Younger of Bohemia. War raged between the rival parties, and the prince had suffered some defeats, when his father Wenzel, King of Bohemia, came to his aid. Marching into Hungary, he occupied Ofen, seized the Sacred Crown, and taking it with him, returned to Prague, accompanied by his son. The Hungarians then gave up both claimants, and elected Otho of Bavaria; and, by some means which history does not record, most probably by paying down a good round sum of money, Otho succeeded in inducing old Wenzel to give him up the crown, without which his election would have been of little use to him.

In order to reach his new kingdom, he had to pass through the territories of Austria. Now ensues a series of strange incidents scarcely credible regarding the crown, which was for a time contended for by rival kings, and at length lost. At last, being found, Joseph II. brought it to Vienna, but it was soon sent back to Hungary. During the revolution of 1848, it was in the hands of the Provisional Government, and on the defeat and flight of Kossuth, it mysteriously disappeared. Some said it had been brought to London, others that Kossuth had broken it up and sold its jewels in Turkey. Neither report was true. A few months after, a peasant offered for a sum of money to restore the missing crown, and pointed out a tree, amongst the roots of which Kossuth and his friends had buried it, in order to deprive the Austrians of this symbol of sovereignty. It was solemnly restored to the castle of Ofen. "It is only now," said an Austrian statesman, "that we are really reigning again in Hungary." Only a few years ago the crown was brought from its castle under happier auspices, to be placed on the brows of Francis Joseph, as a symbol of the reconciliation between two great nations, when, after the crushing blow of Sadowa, Austria yielded all the claims of Hungary.

The ancient crown of Scotland, now in the castle of Edinburgh, has had adventures not unlike some of those of the Hungarian diadem. It is supposed to have been made for King Robert Bruce, and is formed of two circles of gold, the upper one being surmounted by a row of crosses and fleurs-de-lis, while the lower and broader ring is adorned with precious stones in their rough unpolished state.

From this rise two arches of gold, which unite in a ball and cross. Even when the Stuarts became kings of England, they came to Scotland, after their English coronation, to receive this crown at Scone. Charles I. indeed wished to have the crown and regalia of Scotland sent up to London, in order that the ceremony might take place there, but this was regarded as an infringement of the rights of the kingdom, and he had to come to Scotland, where he was crowned, June 18, 1633.

When, after his father's death, Charles II. asserted his rights in Scotland, he was crowned at Scone on January 1, 1651. On Cromwell's advancing across the Border, the crown and regalia were sent away from Edinburgh to the strong castle of Dunnottar, on the shores of the North Sea, lest they should fall into his hands. They were placed under the protection of a picked garrison, commanded by the Earl Marischal and Ogilvy of Barras, a veteran soldier. Several guns were sent to reinforce the castle, among others Mons Meg, and the great embrasure through which this monster was fired is still shown at Dunnottar. On the 3d of January, 1652, the Cromwellian General, Lambert, having closely invested the castle, summoned it to surrender. This summons was rejected, and the siege began. Ogilvy had previously asked that a ship might be sent to carry off the crown, sceptre, and sword of state; but Charles had not been able to comply with his request. It soon became evident that the castle could not hold out long, and it was therefore necessary to devise some plan for saving the regalia. The chief agent in the plot was the wife of the Rev. James Granger, of Kinneff, a small church four miles from Dunnottar. She obtained from General Lambert permission to pass through his lines, in order to visit the lady of the castle, and on her return secretly brought away the Scottish crown. Her maid followed her, bearing two long bundles of lint, as if for spinning, but in one of them the sword of state was hidden, and in the other the sceptre. On reaching Kinneff, she gave them to her husband, and that night they went into the church, raised a flag of the pavement in front of the pulpit, dug a hole, and buried there the crown and sceptre. In another part of the church they hid the sword in the same way. When, on the fall of the castle, the regalia were found to be gone, great was Lambert's indignation. Tradition says that he suspected the Grangers, and tortured them in vain in order to extort their

secret. But suspicion was at first directed by the report that the crown had been taken away by the report that the crown had been taken away. Occasionally, the minister a night into the church to change the crown was wrapped, in order to keep it from the damp; and at the fall of the crown up the regalia in safety to Charles II. for two thousand marks reward for her faithful service. After the death of Charles II. on account of the strength of the English government very many occasions the mistrust regarded the sentiment of Scotland the crown and regalia, as its means were shut up in a strong coffin of Edinburgh Castle. This was the case and there they remained for many years until they were again restored to Scotland by a mission appointed for that purpose.

Of the modern crowns of Europe perhaps the most remarkable is the triple crown or papal tiara, called the triple crown, or say tiaras, for there are four of them. It is seldom worn by the Pope in procession, but, except on solemn occasions, he wears a mitre like an ordinary bishop. The existing tiaras, the most beautiful was given by Napoleon I. to the Pope in 1804. It is said to be worth upwards of five hundred pounds. Its three circlets are set with sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds; and the great emerald in the center is the most beautiful in the world, valued at sixteen thousand francs.

Napoleon had another magnificent crown made for himself in 1804. It was made of gold and proudly placed upon his head in the cathedral of Notre-Dame de Chartres. The circle, from which spring the rays, is mounted by the globe and the arches join the circle there are twelve and miniature eagles of gold. It remained in the French Museum until it was assumed by another Bonaparte, Napoleon III. made himself Emperor in 1852. The regalia of France, which were brought back to Paris from the British Museum which they were sent for security during the Russian invasion, just as the Scots were sent to Dunnottar. If we may judge from the German photographs of the E

crown of the new German Empire is of a very peculiar shape, apparently copied from the old Carolingian diadem. It is not a circle, but a polygon, being formed of flat jewelled plates of gold united by the edges, and having above them two arches, supporting the usual globe and cross.

There are several antique crowns in the churches of the Continent. One of the most interesting is that in the treasury of the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, which is an offering sent there by Mary, Queen of Scots. It is a gold circlet adorned with jewels and pearls. A still older crown is preserved in the great church of Namur. It is that of the

Crusader king, Baldwin of Jerusalem. It consists of a jewelled diadem of gold, ornamented with leaves and trefoil, and in two of these ornaments are thorns said to have been taken from the crown of our Saviour. The tradition recalls the words of another king of Jerusalem, the chivalrous Godfrey de Bouillon. When, after the taking of Jerusalem, the Crusaders made him king, and offered him a crown, he is said to have put it aside, saying: "I will never wear a crown of gold in this city, where my God once wore a crown of thorns;" a reply worthy of Tasso's hero, the deliverer of the Holy Sepulchre.

RIPPLES FROM THE RHONE.

BY FRED. MYRON COLBY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE RHONE has not the great name which marks the Rhine. No poet has sung its praises; no legends are in the hand-book. The superstitious creations and fantastic shapes of water-sprites, gnomes, and Black Huntsmen, have never revelled among its waves nor haunted its olive groves and sunny vineyards. Neither does the traveller seem to fancy the most rapid of the great European streams. The few who make its acquaintance usually do so with knapsack on back and steel-pointed baton in hand, when they stand upon the mother glacier and watch the river child glide brightly into air; or perhaps it is near fair Geneva that, loitering on a stone bridge, they mark the second start in life of the strong river, and philosophize, if they are addicted to the habit, regarding the corruption which fouls the pellucid waters of the snow from their partnership with those of the clamorous and uncleanly Arne. If they ever descend the stream it is with no thought, no perception of its beauties. They regard it only as a mere beast of burden. They are bound south, and they know that the "swift, arrowy Rhone" will add wings to the speed of steam; that stepping on board the long, low steamboat from the noble quays of Lyons at summer's dawn, they will step ashore amid the uproarious Avignon porters by the summer's eve. All else is a blank—the flight past rocks and vines and carnlads, by old Roman

towers, villages and cities, where medieval architecture mingles with the modern, and under bridges of stone whose arches may have been laid by one of the Cæsars, and which may have bristled with the lances of proud old Raymond's warriors in the brave Crusading days—all this is unnoticed. Why is this partiality exhibited? Why should the Rhine, with its castled rocks, its Mayence, its Coblenz, and its Cologne, its memories of Cæsar, Charlemagne and Napoleon, be the delight of tourists who scarcely deign to look upon the Rhone, equally as famous for its historical lore? We answer: It may be fancy; it may be the secret charm of fable which has invested the northern stream with memories of mermaids and Oreads to the exclusion of the other, or it may be the tyranny of Fashion. Really we incline to the latter. For the moment let us put the two streams in juxtaposition so that we may the more readily compare their respective charms and beauties, and arrive at a just conception of the same.

The two rivers have their sources in the same Alpine mountains. One Rhine spring rises to the north of the Pennine Alps, no more than twenty miles from the cold fountain cradle of its southern sister, the Rhone. The same rain and melted snow feed them, but each stream follows the course it has traced. The one flows towards the north, traversing the vast forests of the Germanic tribes,

ancestors of the Angles, the Saxons, and the Franks; cold, cloudy, industrious, resolute, are the countries it waters, fit types of the majestic stream which gives them life. The other flows to the south towards the sunrise; it crosses all the towns where the Greeks and Romans successively planted the germs of civilization, the traditions of their genius, and those melodious languages immortalized by the noblest poets and the greatest authors that ever honored humanity. The Rhine, stately and calm, glides on its way to that northern sea through countries richly illustrated by history, legend, and romantic minstrelsy, as well as the evidences of modern industry. Over its vine-covered borders and dead volcanoes hover the shadows of three mighty men—Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon. What memories are hers—of Romans marching and countermarching, and building camps, towers and towns on its banks and gorges; of their victories and reverses; of the feudal ages when "banners waved on high and battles passed below;" when mighty strongholds rose up as if by magic, the homes of knightly robbers who levied toll on travellers and burghers, till the latter put iron pots on their heads and came to drag them down; of great movements of emperors and kings, generals and ecclesiastical councils, and all the long fierce argument—not yet ended—between the French and Germans—the men of Frankenland and the men of Hessenland.

The Rhone, by turns a rivulet and a torrent, now flows, now precipitates itself through a land filled with poesy which has never been sung, beneath a blue sky, towards an azure lake—that glorious midland sea, which from the beginning of history has seen developed on its banks all the destinies of mankind, and where perhaps some day will be decided the future fate of humanity. Between sunrise and sunset its waters sweep from the land where the chestnut and the walnut abounds, through the zone where the mulberry is almost exclusively the tree; next past the region where men are clipping and twisting and trimming the olive, at once sacred and classic, and, finally, fairly into the flats, where tropical rice grows out of the fever-haunted swamps and Hindoo-like jungles of the Carnague, thus accomplishing in a day a run of one hundred and ninety leagues from a climate which may be described as temperate, to one which is to all intents and purposes torrid.

Mars and Minerva have on the Rhone as well as on the earliest age it has been a his all its annals of war and blood in the beginning of the old before the tales of the great France were in vogue, grim the Albigenses and Count R and in later days dealing with Ivory put an end to, but which the peasants of the wild hill their white *camisas*, Largue which the name of Camisa over their clothes as uniform and obstinate contest of the quently beat even the great de Villars, with the best of Grand Monarque, there is horizon the great name of Hannibal Carthaginian worthy was on tary heroes that the world he was no less great as a peace than at the head of estimate of his character is much more candid and correct contradicts the charge of crime brought against him, and of ness not a single instance is and statesman his name rival those of Cæsar and Napoleon compared with him. With Hannibal would have conquered was more than a great general man. He was an ardent John Bruce, Gustavus Vasa, Touiss not more gifted with the spirit was also a man of cultivated learning and progress, and like his father, the great seems to have possessed too sonal attractions which enable control all those who were under difficulty. That he was bel detract from his glory. He though he had conquered t and turned the tables on old and it was better for the world triumph.

There was no grander either in ancient or modern march from Saguntum to the

this had been a retreat from a victorious enemy such courage and endurance would have been praiseworthy. Julian retreating across the desert, Napoleon fleeing from Moscow, and Suwarrow over the Alps, are wonderful events in the annals of war. But Hannibal was marching after an enemy instead of fleeing before one; he was leaving home and safety behind to attack the enemy in his own country, and thus to encounter perils and hardships voluntarily was certainly an act which has no parallel in human history. It is a striking proof of the capacity, the hardihood, the daring energy, and the skill and firmness of that man whose genius well-nigh wrought Rome's ruin, and who, in all her history of a thousand years, was the most terrible enemy she ever encountered.

Let us go back for a brief time to that pleasant month of June two hundred and seventeen years before Christ, and watch Hannibal on the banks of the Rhone. Hannibal was a swarthy young Moor or Saracen, of the same blood with the Arabs. His people, enterprising and commercial, had sailed with their galleys into every part of the Mediterranean. They had conquered a home in Southern Spain, and the towers and ramparts of Carthage dimly foreshadowed the splendor and beauty of the Moorish Alhambra. Rome, their powerful rival, regarded with envious eyes their many conquests, and the fiat had gone forth from the Roman senate that no hostile array should pass the Rhone.

With an army of fifty thousand men, nine thousand horse, and thirty elephants, Hannibal, however, now stood looking across the deep, broad, wild rushing river to those distant snow-clad hills, beyond which was Italy. The great river must have been honored at the splendid spectacle which flashed for the first time along its banks and was reflected in its waters. Barbaric, half-clad tribes, with now and then a wandering Greek or Phœnician vessel, had before been the only visitors to its banks. Now all the warlike pageantry of a powerful civilized nation was gathered there. War elephants glittering with the rich paraphernalia of Oriental taste; squadrons of Numidian cavalry, horses and warriors clad in gay trappings; slingers from Sicily and the Balearic Isles, dressed in short tunics and crimson caps, and the heavy infantry of Spain armed with shields, helmets and breastplates of brass, carrying short swords and spears; all these had been arrayed by the great leader for

his adventurous enterprise. Over all shone the ensigns, indicia of the different tribes, here a star, there a crescent or a shining sphere; but most usually a floating cloth emblazoned with the colors of Carthage—the red and the blue. And most splendidly decorated of all, riding at the head of his chiefs, was Hannibal, his vestments richly embroidered, his air that of a king, lithe, active, handsome, his eye and his mind busily scheming how best he could overcome the overwhelming opposition of that rapid, sullen stream—a barrier more formidable than the Alps or the legions of Rome. What a picture it was!

Hannibal's genius triumphed over the Rhone, as it triumphed over everything else save Roman energy. In three days he carried his glittering brigades across the rushing current. Various accounts tell us how he accomplished the feat. The old historians grow eloquent as they relate how the horses, mad with the terror of fire, swam wildly across the stream, and how the elephant roared upon the rafts. Hannibal made this wonderful passage somewhere in the neighborhood of Roquemaure, at Pont St. Esprit. From this point he marched up the river nearly a hundred miles. Near where the Isère empties into the Rhone he formed an alliance with the chieftain of the Allobroges, who furnished him guides across the Alps. This was the last that the Rhone ever saw of Hannibal, and when after fifteen years of alternate triumph and defeat the Carthaginian hero stood gazing at the fading towers of Capua and the distant blue of the Campanian hills beyond, from which his war-ship was conveying him, the Roman eagles held the Rhone stream in jurisdiction.

Politically the Rhone is not so important as the Rhine. The latter stream has been from the earliest period closely interwoven with the fate of empires. A boundary for the empire of Cæsar for four hundred years, it has since then seemed to insure the supremacy of the power to which it belongs. With the loss of the Rhine Rome began to decline. The most formidable captains of Europe have led their armies across the Rhine, and become powerful in the possession of its water-course. It was from the Rhine that the Franks under Clovis descended to the conquest of Gaul and at the same time laid the foundation of the modern glory and civilization of the French people. Charlemagne made the Rhine the centre of his empire. The house of Lorraine grew strong in its

possession, and Louis XIV. derived his greatness and triumphed over his enemies by means of the power it gave him. To-day the house of Hohenzollern has no surer lease of power than is derived from the possession of the banks of the Rhine. To this one fact Prussia is indebted for her supremacy in Germany. Such is the Rhine; the stream of the warrior and the statesman, a river set for the rise and fall of kingdoms.

But let us look at the Rhone, a river which for its beautiful scenery, its commercial affiliations, and its pageantry of associations, so to speak, is not rivalled even by the Rhinus superbus—the river of the Fatherland. On the banks of this black, fierce, foaming current are striking points of scenery; nooks, and ravines, and old towers; vineyards covering the sides of the hills where the luscious grape grows ruddy by the hot kiss of the sun, and broad pasture lands that remind one of the Lombard plains around Milan. Great cities crowd the stream: Lyons, Valence, Avignon, Arles, Geneva; cities which have marked eras in the history of the world. Down its valley passes the commerce of France, the silks and the jewelry of Lyons, the watches and wool of the Swiss cantons, the wines and the olive oil of Burgundy and Languedoc, and the fruits of Provence. Beauty, chivalry, and heroism, too, have breathed a thousand charms upon the stream, and its shores are classic ground. At each end of the winding wonder liberty has long held her most cherished abodes; one among the high plateaux of Switzerland, whose people have ever been the worst foes of tyrants, the other in the rich plains of Languedoc, the home of the valiant Albigenes and the heroic Camisards.

The Rhone enters the Lake of Geneva a dark muddy stream; it leaves it perfectly pellucid and of the finest azure hue. Its waters are soon discolored, however, by the current of the Arne. Later it is still more fatally fouled by the sluggish Saone, which flows down by Lyons, heavy and fat with the rich mud of Burgundy. In its whole course it is a black, unmerciful looking stream. Its very aspect suggests the fate of Hylas, though no poet could ever imagine its waters being haunted by mermaids.

It is at Lyons where the traveller begins to see the Rhone in its grandeur. Immediately upon the affluence of the Saone the river assumes a breadth and a depth commensurate with the commercial reputation that it bears. From this place

till its waters join the sea, a distance of two hundred and forty miles, the Rhone is a great river, constantly increasing in volume by the accession of the Doux, Ardèche, Cèze, and Gard, from the Cevennes on the right, and of the Isère, the Drome, the Vigne and the Durance from the Alps on the left. It enters the Gulf of Lyons by two mouths—each a mighty estuary a mile wide. Despite its rapid current, its sudden floods and its shingle banks, the Rhone was always navigable. See, toiling up the stream is a Greek galley or quireme, with four benches of oars. Slowly the rowers struggle against the tide, but up they go for a hundred miles, when they draw to land. Bales of merchandize are unloaded and carried out upon the shore. Bands of natives approach from the surrounding forests, bringing ore, and furs, and fruits. In a short time a bargain is consummated, the galley is reloaded, and the sailors embark and row down the stream. The ship is a trading vessel from the Phœcean city of Marsillia, now Marseilles, whose enterprising people include the Rhone among their commercial routes. The scene changes. Hannibal has passed with his glittering legions three hundred years or more, and war ships and pleasure galleys go rowing up the tide. Banners and devices float from the masts, paramount among which is the eagle, conquering symbol of Rome. Still later by fifteen hundred years and another sight meets the vision. An *equipage* goes crawling along under the purple skies, in the golden air of soft, voluptuous Southern France; an *equipage* consisting of half a dozen huge barges drawn by twice as many more struggling, panting horses upon the bank. Before the invention of the steam-engine there were fifty of these barge squadrons in use upon the Rhone. The passage down the river from Lyons to the port of Beaucaire, opposite Arles, generally occupied three days; but tedious and protracted was the voyage back. A month sometimes was consumed in the dreary struggle with the obstinate, ever-opposing current. The introduction of steam has destroyed forever the utility of *equipages*, and the great steamers that now fly along the river's bank have reduced the cost and toil of transportation to a minimum.

Lyons, a city of three hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, is not unworthy of mention. The ancient Lugdunum, Lyons, was a great place under the Romans. A colony first settled there

as early as the year 43 B.C. Under Augustus it became the capital of the province. It was the centre of the four great Roman roads which traversed Gaul, the seat of a college, an athæneum, and a senate. Claudius, who was born there, gave Lugdunum the privileges of a Roman city. Under the Franks it was a first-class city. Childebert and his queen resided here in the sixth century. The Hôtel Dieu was founded by these sovereigns, and is about the only memorial left of their greatness. Lyons is the first of European manufacturing cities; she sits as a queen and has no rival. Her jewellers and goldsmiths transact a large business; woolen shawls are produced to the annual amount of two million four hundred thousand dollars, and carriages, glass, machinery, leather, and soft-soap are manufactured to some extent. All these branches of industry, however, are overshadowed by the silk manufactures. They were introduced into Lyons in the reign of Louis XI., by some Italian merchants, and now for two hundred and fifty years have been the great source of its trade and industry. At the present time it employs some sixty-five thousand looms, and provides employment for one hundred and ten thousand persons. The total annual value of silk manufactured in the arrondissement of Lyons is estimated at forty million dollars.

Lyons has some fine architecture. The City Hall and the *Palais des beaux Arts* are the two principal public buildings. The latter consists of four large piles of buildings devoted to the several arts and sciences, and contains a public library which is the largest, out of Paris, in France. The City Hall is one of the finest structures of its kind in Europe. The Cathedral of St. John is a fine specimen of the Gothic. Many old edifices whose foundations go back to the early days of Frankish monarchy, are found in various parts of the city. The site of the ancient palace of the Roman Emperor is occupied by the Hospital of Antiquailles, devoted to lunatic and incurable diseases. Lyons is the seat of an archbishop, and is the headquarters of the eighth military division.

Steaming down from Lyons towards Vienne, the traveller, if he wishes to, notes magnificent scenery. He in fact commences the enjoyment for which the stranger has journeyed so far—the aspects of the Rhone set beautifully off by its natural and historic surroundings. The masonry of Rome stands by the stream, and ancient rock-perched

ruins are there reminders of the grim old feudal ages. Waving along the sky on the river's right bank is the picturesque line of the Cevannes, beautiful and bright in the sunlight, grand and solemn in the shadow. Bacchus loves the country through which we are passing. The banks of the Rhone below Lyons is as famous for its vintage as any of the Rhinelands. Every declivity is clothed with vines. Wherever a prominence can catch the sun rays the peasants have planted the grape, and it grows here as it grows nowhere else. Anacreon might have sung still sweeter Bacchiodes if his lips had quaffed the wine pressed from these luscious grapes, rather than the cold Greek beverages, and Sardanapalus himself, or the most exquisitely fastidious Sybarite or Pompeian lived in vain, despite the farmer's well-known apothegm, "eat, drink, and be merry; the rest's not worth a fillip," for how could they be merry seeing they had never tasted of the Hermitage or the unequalled Languedoc?

Vienne, on the left bank, is an old and strongly fortified place. Here was the home of the famous Count Vienne, who gallantly defended Calais against Edward III., in those bloody wars of the Plantagenet and Valois princes. Here is the knight's tomb where his ashes lie, leagues and leagues away from the old seaside town with which his name is indissolubly connected. Vienne was the capital of the first and second kingdoms of Burgundy which existed in the fifth and sixth centuries. It was a very important place in the Middle Ages. The fifteenth ecumenical council, under Pope Clement V., and which abolished the order of Knight Templars, was held here in 1311.

We sail on down the river. Soon the stream contracts, the boat sweeps toward a rocky promontory. From the opposite shore another bold cliff intrudes into the current, and the narrowed river dashes forward under a chain bridge which connects two small villages clustered beneath vine-covered steep. The village on the right hand is Tournon, that on the left is Tain. Above Tournon rises a crag, castled most picturesquely, reminding you of Rheinfels or Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine, and equally as good. Above Tain the hill is crowned by a more genial diadem. The village is shabby and dirty, but you forget it all while contemplating the overhanging cliffs covered with vines, stretching their tendrils from rock to rock and looking like green garlands arranged to orna-

ment the stern basaltic wall that hems in the rushing waters. Every slope of the hill is split into squares, triangles, and parallelograms, bounded by stone walls, and every one of these enclosures is filled with vines. Wherever a bit of sunlight promises a harvest, the peasants carry up baskets of soil and manure, and the result of this labor is the production of a grape from which the choicest wine in all France is manufactured.

Descending the Rhone a little farther we arrive at Valence, celebrated for being once upon a time the residence of Napoleon, when a poor unknown lieutenant. The intervening country is a fine alternation of smiling agriculture and the wilder properties of uncultivated nature—farms, vineyards, and thriving villages succeeded by bare hills and rugged rocks crowned by ruined fortresses of the predatory feudal times. Opposite Valence, surrounded by an extensive tract of corn land, rises a bold peak of rocks unusually lofty, and crowning the summit is a nobly perched eyrie of a castle. A horrible story is connected with this old castle, the property of a Protestant lord, the Seigneur De Crussol. During the theological wars this noble was a prominent actor. From his stronghold he would rush down with his steel-clad men-at-arms, and laying siege to some unfortunate abbey, secure prisoners and booty and then retreat to his mountain fastness again. The wealth thus gained helped to increase his power. The prisoners, unless they preferred to renounce Catholicism, were flung into the "chimney of Crussol," whence flying down eight hundred feet through the yielding air, nothing but indefinite masses of horror could be discovered of them after.

A half-crumbled, cavernous looking recess is noticed in the thick wall. You think at once that it might have been a fireplace. But this fireplace has no back, and fuel flung in there would roll out at the orifice behind, tumbling far down into the smiling valley below. This is the chimney of Crussol. Those were cruel, bloody days. Both parties were unforgiving, merciless. At Béziers, so runs the legend, true or false I cannot say, the pious bishop thereof ordered twenty thousand Protestants slaughtered, which was unhesitatingly begun by the soldiers, but night coming on they declared that they could not distinguish the Orthodox from the heterodox. "Well, no matter," replied the episcopal dignitary, in Latin; "Kill them all! the Lord will recognize his own."

To turn, however, to a more pleasant theme. Do you remember Avignon, the holy city, at present sad and gloomy like a fallen power, who looks at herself eternally in the Rhone? Once she wore the papal tiara on her brow; once she vied with Rome, the imperial city, in luxury and pomp, in vice and voluptuousness. Here kings and princes thronged to do reverence to the successors of St. Peter. Here Rienzi and Petrarch have left memorials of their names—the one in the dank, stone vaults of the Pontifical palace—the other in the musical murmurs of the fountain of Vaucluse. For nearly a hundred years Avignon was the centre of all that was noble, learned, and exalted in Christendom.

It was Philip the Fair of France, who, snatching at the papal crown that had fallen from the head of Boniface VIII., from the buffet given him by the fierce Colonna, had placed it on the brow of Bertrand de Goth, and who, to unite in his own hand and in that of his successors the power, spiritual and temporal, conceived the gigantic project of dis inheriting Rome of its Catholic royalty, and of endowing France with it. Clement V., sacred lord of the Vatican by the grace of the French king, dwelt in Avignon, and the Rhone saw the Vicar of Christ stretch forth from his balcony that hand which binds and loosens, and the French people heard for the first time pronounced within their borders the universal benediction, "Urbi et orbi." This was in 1309. The seventy years that followed were the brilliant days of Avignon history. She was girdled with a new belt of ramparts by the Grand Master of the Order of Malta, endowed with palaces and churches and magnificent wharves, by John XXII., Benedict XII., Clement VI., and Urban V. Her court rivaled in splendor any of the royal courts of Europe. Secure in that tranquil seat of power from the threatening violence of the turbulent Roman nobility, the courtiers of the See relinquished themselves to a holiday of delight. Her licentious cardinals and mundane abbesses devoted their repose to enjoyment and pleasure. They lived by day in an atmosphere perfumed by the incense of ceremonies and fêtes, by night they feasted voluptuously while music and poetry charmed the passing hours. All was gayety, brilliancy and sin. But amid the councils of faction and the orgies of debauch an air of literary refinement was diffused by the genius of Petrarch.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Apparitions.—Being a constant reader of the *AMERICAN MONTHLY*, and having derived much interesting and valuable information therefrom not obtainable elsewhere, I am prompted to seek, at the Editor's convenience, if agreeable to him, such ideas, suggestions and light as he may be able to give on the subject of Apparitions. There is so much mystery connected with the subject, of both a strange and curious character, that I feel sure that many friends and subscribers of the excellent *MONTHLY*, besides myself, would appreciate its ventilation.

A. Z. W.

The Editor's disposition is to disseminate truth whenever he can command it, and find recipients for its diffusion. In touching, however, the subject of APPARITIONS, there are two difficulties in the way of accomplishing much good: a dearth of intelligible information attainable, and a general predisposition among mankind to believe in whatever is mysterious to the naked and unadorned truth. Incredulity in matters of business and finance, and want of faith in the future, are in healthy growth; but as applied to phantoms and improbabilities they seem to pine and wither like leaves in the autumn. Superstition has survived the shocks of time and the dazzling glory of knowledge, and to-day, as of yore, it musters an army under every government beneath the sun. Tradition still wields a power almost invincible, and the hoary-headed sage to the prattling child transmits, as did his sires before him, the story of strange sights and sounds associated with some portion of somebody's history. The more marvelous these stories are, the more charming and fascinating, or the more terrible and impressive they are to the young, and thus, in early life, imagination is given wings to soar into the darkness and the unknown. Truth welcomes light, but Error clings fondly to that which will not bear reason's rays of revelation. Shakespeare says:

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

Had he said "it is the weakness of my mental vision," he would have come closer to the truth. Apparitions only put in an appearance when the powers of conception have swung out of their natural orbits. The strange and wonderful figures which stand before us as real, after all have only an interior or subjective existence. They are but the sparks of excited conceptions, magnified into bewitching forms or terrible monsters. Thus come apparitions of angels and departed spirits, which figure more largely in the history of apparitions than other objects of sight. From the same cause, landscapes, mountains, rivers, lakes, precipices, festivals, armies, funeral processions, horses, chariots and temples seem to pass before the physical sight. Nor are these apparitions confined to the sense of sight. Hearing and touch marshal their subjects, growing out of the overwrought faculties of the mind. At times we seem to hear sounds, and feel touches when stillness reigns, and all motion is in repose. Such manifestations are more frequently seen

among children than adults, as their minds are more susceptible and easily excited. In youth these phenomena come less frequently, and as age creeps on apparitions are rarely witnessed. These facts go to demonstrate that the fires which illuminate the conceptive faculties are the sources, in an eminent degree, of what we sometimes call the mysterious. As we grow older these fires burn less brightly, but with more mild and uniform flames. Judgment becomes matured, and mind-sight clearer and more reliable. And wisely it is so ordained, for the older can more safely guide through the thorny paths and mountain passes of life the young committed to their care. Children, it is well known, are constantly projecting their inward conceptions into outward space, and erecting the fanciful creations of the mind amid the realities and forms of matter, beholding houses, men, towers, flocks of sheep, clusters of trees, and varieties of landscape in the changing clouds, in the wreathed and driven snow, in the fairy-work of frost, and in the embers and flickering flames of the hearth. We are sure that this was the experience of the early life of Cowper, for he has embodied it in a fine passage in his poem of the "Task:"

Me oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,
Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,
Trees, churches, and strange visages expressed
In the red cinders, while, with poring eye,
I gazed, myself creating what I saw.

Beattie too, after the termination of a winter's storm, places his young Minstrel on the shores of the Atlantic, to view the heavy clouds that skirt the distant horizon:

Where, 'midst the changeful scenery ever new,
Fancy, a thousand wondrous forms describes,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew;
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant's size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise. †

Excited conceptions which are merely transitory, are frequently called into being in connection with some adversity, grief or anxiety, but these are easily distinguished from such as are based upon the passions of love, jealousy or hatred. As an illustration, a person standing on the seashore, looking out for and anxiously expecting the arrival of his ship, will at times see the image of it, and for the moment will feel certain that the object of his anticipations is in clear view, while in fact no vessel is in sight. That is to say, the conception, idea, or image of the vessel, which it is evidently in the power of any one to form who has previously seen one, is rendered so intense by feelings of anxiety, as to be the same in effect as if the real object were present, and the photograph of it were really formed on the eye's retina.

As bearing on this thought, we may be allowed to relate some instances connected with the captivity of Mrs. Howe, who in 1775 was taken, with her seven children, prisoner by the St. Francois Indians. During the period of her imprisonment or captivity, she was informed at a certain time by the Indians, that two of her children were no more;

one having met a natural death, and the other one had been knocked on the head. "I did not utter many words," says the mother, "but my heart was sorely pained within me, and my mind exceedingly troubled with strange and awful ideas (referring to images or conceptions). I often imagined, for instance, that I plainly saw the naked carcasses of my children hanging upon the limbs of trees, as the Indians are wont to hang the raw hides of those beasts which they take in hunting."

Turning now our attention to another form or phase of excited conception, that of *sound*, we find that it is less vivid as well as less frequent than that of sight. There are numerous cases, however, on record of such phenomenon. In our own observations, and perchance in our own experience, our attention is sometimes arrested by the supposed hearing of a voice as if calling, or in distress. It may be, as is generally the case, that no one except the one that calls for silence, hears the noise, or supposed voice. This sound is but another form of internal conception of that particular voice. Is it not more than probable that this theory solves the mystery of what has been related by Boswell as a singular incident in the life of Dr. Johnson, *i. e.* that while at Oxford he distinctly heard his mother call him by his given name, although she was at that very time in Litchfield. What is related by Napoleon is explained by the same principle. Prior to his Russian expedition, he was frequently discovered half reclined on a sofa, where he would remain several hours, buried apparently in profound meditation. Occasionally he would start up, convulsively, and with an ejaculation. Imagining that he heard his name, he would exclaim, "Who calls me?" Such exhibitions of sudden surprise are legion. Wherever humanity finds footing, there these idiosyncrasies of the mind occur. They have the same origin as the sounds which aroused Robinson Crusoe from his sleep, when there was no one on his solitary island but himself; they are the sounds we often hear in forests' wild, in mountain glen, on placid lake, or the prairie air:

The airy tongues, that syllable men's names,
On shores, in desert sands, and wilderness.

These highly exhilarated conceptions appear to lose their moorings to judgment, and when they are protracted and specially vivid, they affect the belief of their subjects hardly less powerfully than the original perception of truth itself.

Our ideal faculties are of such delicate texture, and the principles which govern their operations so complex that we cannot hope to elucidate their offsprings in all their incipient and later stages of development, in a short magazine department article. The whole subject of apparitions, however, is so interesting that we will give one or two other views of it. Inflammation or diseases of the brain favor the sight of strange objects. Shakspeare, in explanation of the apparition of the dagger which appeared to Macbeth, says,

A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain.

In regard to spectres, they generally are mental illusions, caused in the main by perverted vision. They are usually seen at night and in the dark, and as a rule correspond with some previous conceptions. If, for instance, the ghost be the *spirit of one with whom we have been particularly ac-*

quainted, he appears with the same lineaments, but generally a little paler, though with the same apparel.

Now does not the principles we have endeavored to set forth illustrate many remarkable incidents found in both modern and ancient history? The alleged presence of the ghost of Cæsar to Marcus Junius Brutus on the plains of Phillippi, is certainly at least evolved by their application from much doubt and obscurity. In the play of Julius Cæsar, we have this passage:

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
It comes upon me; art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil?

There is a higher and broader view which may be taken in regard to *many* of the so-called apparitions, and that is the spiritual. The lives of many good and worthy people, whose temperate habits and integrity of character are beyond the pale of doubt, furnish stable ground for the belief that actual spirits, after the departure of their original tenements, revisit their old haunts and scenes of the by-gone life, and hold intercourse with the living, in sundry forms and varied manners. Theologians generally ignore this idea, although the Scriptures abound with illustrations of such revisitations, notably where the dead Samuel appeared, through the Witch of Endor, unto King Saul, when in sore distress.

A Problem for the Curious.—China was one people and one kingdom a thousand years before that half-mythical period when the Greek heroes led their followers to the siege of Troy, and it has maintained, ever since, unbroken, the identity of its language, its national character and its institutions. What changes, what overturnings and reconstructions, has not every other part of the world had to undergo during that interval of four thousand years! There alone upon the earth's face does stability seem to have reigned, while revolution has been elsewhere the normal order of things. We say deliberately stability, not inaction. China has known during all that time as constant action, often as violent commotion as other countries, and in many respects not less real progress; had it been stagnant only, had there not been in it a healthy vital action, it must long since have perished in inanity and putrescence; but, far from that, China has seen within the last two hundred years one of its happiest and most prosperous periods. Here is a problem for the student of history, of which the interest cannot easily be overstated. How have the Chinese succeeded in finding and maintaining the stable equilibrium which other races have vainly sought? Is it in their character or their peculiar external circumstances, or in the wisdom with which they have harmonized the two, that their strength has lain? As we look upon this venerable structure, the sole survivor of all the fabrics of empire reared by the hands of the men of olden time, we can hardly help wishing that it might have been left to stand until it should fall of itself; that the generations to come might have seen whether it yet retained enough of the recuperative energies which had repeatedly raised it from an estate far lower than that into which it was seeming now to have fallen, to give it a renewed lease of its old life, a return to its ancient prosperity and vigor. That is now no longer possible.

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

Sowing and Reaping.—The scattering of seed by the soil-tiller, and gathering, in due season, the rewards of his faith and labor, are but illustrations of the teachings of the greatest Reformer the world has ever known. The Parable of the Sower possesses a force and beauty not weakened nor marred by time. It announces to day, as it did at the dawn of Christianity, a great truth; it promulgates a lesson, only made grander and nobler by the light of science and the experience of mankind. The principle designed to be impressed upon the minds and hearts of the multitude who stood on the sea-shore, was not to be confined to the WORD of the KINGDOM, AFAR OFF, but its application was intended to be broad, so as to bear upon *secular* as well as spiritual things. The wayside, the stony places, the thorns, and good ground, most happily and clearly indicate the character and distinctions of the soil, whether as referring to the heart or the mind of a single individual, a corporate body, or the many who go to make up a Church, State, or Nation. TRUTH was to be received and nourished in order to bring forth abundant harvest.

Now, according to this standard, and following the line of thought suggested by our caption, let us group a few retrospections in individual and governmental history together, and ascertain, if possible, where we stand and whither we are drifting. In one group we see municipal and State officers, high in trust and power, spurning the truth and accepting stipulated prices for their votes and influence in behalf of a corrupt charter for the government of the chief metropolis of a great nation, while the revelator, still a prisoner, furnishes this intelligence to the world, as part consideration for his release. One of these officers, once a District-Attorney and friend of the Drama, is now spirited away across the ocean, eluding the execution of that law which he was sworn to defend. Another, a Representative in the legislative halls, ignoring the sacred character of his oath and that modesty which accompanies honor, takes flight for Southern skies, hugging the delusion that ill-gotten gains will secure happiness.

A second group shows us *Guardians of Widows and Orphans* in Saving Banks and Trust Companies, allowing "the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches to choke the WORD," only to reap for them undying shame.

Drawing our vision down to the present time, we see the chief officer of a great Exhibition (the child of the Centennial) and President of a city railway (second to none in the country), straining conscience and confidence by over-issuing stock in amounts reaching into the hundred thousands. The honest shareholders did the sowing, but "not in good ground." And lawyers, brokers, and confidence men, some of whom, holding the dread secret of trust betrayed, bleeding, as is alleged, the chief and central figure, as the price of non-revelation, help to complete this picture.

Still another group of the unfaithful is witnessed, and it is representative of the sacred profession. The robes of priests of holy temples are stained with records of lust, and

the chastity of female character and the purity of the family circle are made to succumb to the polluting influences of hypocrisy.

And, not content with plundering civilized communities, other rings invaded the habitations of the untutored savage, and made him the victim of their debasement. In these groups we find trusted agents of the Government, who have added to their coffers at the expense of depleted supplies, guaranteed under sacred treaties. Witness the result! revolting tribes, war, massacre, and desolation. The gallant Custer and his brave men in arms slain in the Western wilds, and homes put in mourning as the cost of such treachery. And now, again, the red Chiefs are called to Washington that another treaty may be made, and we fear only to be violated. Hear Spotted Tail, in the Grand Council, to the President:

"My Great Father, I have come to your house to-day with a happy heart. I see you and shake hands with you with a good heart. I wish to talk to you about business. It is a good ways where I come from. The country I live in belongs to me and belongs to the government. I have come to find out where is the best place to remain. Where I live there is a good deal of talk about my agency. A line has been drawn from where I am from the Black Hills toward the Big Horn. I do not understand the line. All I know is they are trying to frighten us into this business. That's the way I came to sign the paper that I did (meaning the agreement of last fall). They told me at the time that my Great Father sent the men there for the purpose of treating for the country. If so, I am willing to treat. They told me a good many points not kept up in the old treaty should be given to us in the new, and said if I signed all I wanted would be given according to their promise. They told me then if I did not sign they would send me south or across the Missouri river. Although I signed without their telling me exactly what they wanted, I wanted to tell them how I was to live after I signed the papers, how many cattle and agricultural implements I was to have and other things. That's the way they treated me. I know one thing; it is this: When a white man owns land he builds a fence round it and it is his so long as he doesn't sell it. That is the way white men live. But your people don't ask questions. You take our lands from us. Before the white men came to us we had a good time in taking care of our property, but now, as I told you, we can't do it. Your people make railroads and drive away the game, and thus make us poor and starve."

There is the eloquence of simplicity in this appeal for justice, and a confirmation of the prevailing idea of unfair dealing on the part of the white man. And we are now reaping the crop grown from injustice.

The seeds of slavery brought forth their legitimate fruit, the most terrible domestic strife known to history, only to be followed by suffering, and business and financial disaster. Nor is this all. The great struggle brought in its wake ill-gotten gains, extravagance, indolence, and a depraved virtue.

The desire among the many for rapid accumulations of money and property, fostered by the incidents connected with the war, has taken such a strong hold of some minds, that honor in both private and public life has been in no small degree swept out of the market. The love of dress and display has also become so inflamed that simplicity and economy are almost among the lost virtues. The present conflict between Capital and Labor is only one of the natural offsprings growing out of exhausted treasuries. We had hoped for the dawn of brighter skies in the moral world with the incoming fall, and as a sequence, a healthy current in the avenues of business; but just as we begin to look out with hope, a dark cloud casts its shadow and gloom upon the marts of trade.

The question which now confronts us is, "Are we, as a people, to be made better by these tribulations? To us, at least, one thing seems sure, *i.e.* that each new revelation of crime is a precursor of reform. History leads us to believe that when broken pledges, plighted faith, and falsehood so multiply as to taint the atmosphere of the major portion of an enlightened community, revolution is destined to follow. The world is only lifted up on to higher planes of thought and action by witnessing and suffering from the evils of moral depravity. As a nation, we are too vigorous to crumble like Rome, when invaded by the Gauls and Lombards.

Amid all these clouds of moral obliquity we think we see fair promises of a bright future. As the curtain rises, other groups lead us to hope. Chief among these is found the nation's President and his able Cabinet. We see the true spirit of reconciliation growing under his non-sectional policy. The cordial reception which the people of the South have given him while "sweeping the circle" are the best evidences of the return of better times in the near future. Hands have been clasped containing the hearts of the representatives of the two great sections of the Union. Capital moves, and with it muscle and brains, across the line; and already the hum of mill-wheels and the song of educated industry swell the chorus of "better times." Railroads are being rebuilt, new settlements made, and a general move towards a new era.

In the principal commercial centres in the North, the volume of business for the past month shows renewed activity in nearly all departments of trade, giving us more than a glimpse at "the bow of promise."

We have only to keep on sowing the seeds of reform in every circle where education, religion, and traffic are found if we would achieve substantial prosperity through an abundant harvest. Let us look at the bright side. In that is HOPE.

At Home and Abroad.—The International Rifle contests as practiced at Creedmoor and Wimbledon have earned for all the leading spirits engaged in them lasting praise, but to the American Team is due the double honor of two signal victories, fairly won, with competitors skilled and experienced. Such exhibitions of clear-sightedness and self-possession, intelligence and manly courtesy as are displayed in these struggles for supremacy have more than a local bearing and mere passing interest. They are indicators of the progress of nations through their representatives; progress not only in marksmanship, but in the cultivation of the social elements, and that fraternal feeling which knits more closely together nations and communities.

In the political world the ge-
skies. Men who more fully re-
population, and whose record for
the light of day, are being made
healthy principles than in past times
has been squared, and the President
more at their posts of duty. To the
the North and the South, destroyed
been restored, and the business
more advantageously than they
has encouraged confidence, and
perity.

New Jersey has brought again
date for Governor, General Geo-
form congratulating the supporters
endorsing the Democratic principle
out by a Republican President.

In New York, Senator Conk-
Curtis, in convention and out of
the Republican family against its
the policy of the national admin-
endorses it. From the proud and
man, it is mortifying to see *rule*
serve to wreck the noble reputa-
pride of the Empire State.

In Ohio and other States the pol-
a triumph of reform; and we hope
hope—for the fullness of the sea
only was found the dregs of adver-

Abroad, the military strife be-
has developed into a great war, and
appalled at the reported atrocities
trated papers and sensational sheet
and terrible pictures of the cruelty
Manly and enlightened warfare now
and we are slow to believe the
largely of the sensational. One
writing, *i.e.* that the strength of
measured by Russia, and that the
already brought defeat and shame
in command of the several corps
tory is teaching in this war, as it
numerical strength is no sure guar-
will power, when controlled by ed-
tical leaders, frequently batter do
its own in number. The Crescent
in triumph. Plevna is being deep
all these disasters, gallant little
her banner, winning victories all
hesitating Servians, and conserva-
opportunity to make their power
may not come again.

In France, the Provincial can-
Deputies, representing all shades of
an address to the nation. It repli-
dent MacMahon's manifesto. The
ding passage: "Your duty will be
of those who presume to impose their
cannot become the instrument of
must have Republican functionari-
order, peace, and stability through

LITERATURE AND ART.

Sculpture.—We have given the readers of the MONTHLY in preceding numbers ideas and principles relating to the Fine Arts, but have, in the main, confined ourselves to the department of Drawing and Painting, and the rewards associated with the artist's profession. These rewards are twofold—one of pleasure, the other of a compensatory nature.

The intellectual and æsthetic enjoyment in witnessing our own creations on canvass or in stone, is probably among the superlative pleasures of this life. The monetary reward, at least, is but a small tribute to either genius or art-talent. Here and there we see isolated cases of artists becoming wealthy, according to the world's standard of wealth. The instances, however, are so rare that were it not for the inherent love of the beautiful, and the consequent striving to attain it, galleries of art and beautiful homes would gradually disappear. But, fortunately, taste is a perception of intellectual pleasure within itself. Beauty, the object of taste and source of pleasure, becomes potent in its influence just in proportion as we are able to approximate the true ideal, NATURE, with pencil, brush, or chisel. There is a sort of charm which broods over our labors when their objective is a reproduction of life in some, even if not in all its parts. This life, as connected with the vegetable kingdom, is more specially the province of the brush and the pencil. Flowers and plants, woods and lakes, mountains and plains, rivers and rivulets, all form suitable subjects for the easel. They all exhibit, however, non-intellectual, though animated creation, conforming to NATURE's laws in their growth and decay.

When we come to the intellectual order of creation, here sculptors find their themes the objects of their highest emulation. Hence, we find that real or typical human characters, as seen in life and death, in peace and war, in defeat and victory, have been chiefly the subjects for the sculptor's chisel in ancient as well as in modern times. As lord of creation, man has almost alone been wrought in stone and marble, and to this fact are we indebted for much of what we know of the past, regarding governments, rulers, the arts and sciences.

As to the origin of sculptural design, much has been written, many conjectures made, and theories advanced, each

asserting for some favorite nation or people the honor of invention. Of all the imitative arts, we are led to believe that sculpture was one of the first which called into exercise the thought and ingenuity of mankind. The production of tangible forms corresponding to the reality, would seem to be the most natural way to imitate nature. We see evidences of this in the rude carvings on the spear-shaft or canoe of the Indian, and that these exhibitions of his skill surpass all

others. The history of sculpture, therefore, dates back to a time almost coeval with the earliest formation of society. The chronology of ancient empires sustains this opinion or belief. All the kindred arts, with which taste and feeling are mingled, have their birth and subsequent improvement in the same universal principles of the human mind; principles mysterious and powerful in the achievement of the greatest good to the human race. Endowed with these, man seeks now, as in the long time ago, the haunts of NATURE to gather the great lessons of truth and inspiration which she continually furnishes. Feasting on these, his untutored



STATUE OF A FEMALE, FOUND IN ROME.

mind is kindled as with a new life, and his soul drinks in from inexhaustible fountains. Thus, by communing with the Great Architect through His models, he aspires to imitate the works of His hands. It is thus that human achievements are ever copies after the Great Artist. The process of education has been going on since the dawn of time, and the fruition in a larger degree than all who have preceded us, is our special privilege, in this nineteenth century of the Christian era.

Handed down for us to enjoy are the art creations of those who have gone before. Piety, Patriotism, Friendship, Devotion, Gratitude, Admiration, Faith, Hope, Charity, Humility, Reconciliation, Courage, Love, Anger, as attributes or virtues, we now see in stone and brass. The sculptor's chisel has placed these representations of the virtues and vices, so indissolubly connected with human history, in the markets of the world. And to these are added sculptures of men and women who have shed lustre upon their race and kin. And we rejoice to know that the American people are moving toward the front in this direction. In no better way can we, as a nation, perpetuate the grand principles and blessings of a republican form of government, than by the sculptor's

chisel. To this end, we should foster art-talent and art-schools by a still more liberal policy than that now pursued. That



NIobe AND HER CHILDREN.

education which cultivates a love for the true and the beautiful in an eminent degree elevates, refines, and secures happiness to any people. The Fine Arts of a nation are generally safe indexes to its character.

Glorious thoughts and grand principles are crystalized in such enduring forms in sculpture that we gaze upon such creations with an admiration akin to awe. How beautiful, and yet how true, the allegory of Grecian poetry, which feigns that Love, or the natural affections, taught man the art of genius! What an influence, silent though it be, do statues and statuettes exert wherever found! If our models be æsthetic, our homes are made happier and our lives purer by having them there. Paintings and Drawings embellish the parlor and drawing-room, and aid in moulding character; but it is left for sculpture to teach impressive lessons through the cycles of time. We turn to Egypt, which has been styled the cradle of the arts, and can see the conceptions and emotions of its earliest inhabitants in its carvings.

According to some authorities, there were three distinct eras in the history of Sculpture:

1. An era of original or native Sculpture.
2. An era of mixed, or Greco-Egyptian Sculpture.
3. An era of imitative Sculpture, improperly denominated Egyptian.

The first or true age of Sculpture in Egypt, ascends from the invasion of Cambyes to unknown antiquity. During this period only were primitive institutions in full vigor and integrity, and public works, reflecting national taste, con-

ducted by national talent. The two remaining eras, extending downwards through the successive dominion of the Greeks and Romans, have been added in order to embrace the consideration of topics, which, though remotely connected therewith, have hitherto been regarded as integral parts of the subject. In examining the principles and character of this aboriginal school, there are still left two sources of judging with sufficient accuracy the merits of its production—vestiges of ancient grandeur yet existing on their native site—and the numerous specimens in European cabinets. These remains may be classed under the following divisions:

1. Colossal statues.
2. Groups or single figures, about the natural size.
3. Hieroglyphical and historical relievos.

In the formation of these various labors, four kinds of material are employed; one soft, a species of sandstone; and three very hard, a calcareous rock, out of which the tombs, with their sculptures are hewn; basalt or trap, of various shades, from black to dark gray, the constituent



STATUE OF THALIA, FROM THE BATHS OF CLAUDIUS.

generally of the smaller statues; granite, more commonly of the description named by mineralogists, as *granites rubicunda*,

of a warm, reddish hue, with large crystals of feldspar; though it is sometimes, though rarely, of a dark-red ground,



A GREEK BUST.

with black specks, as in the magnificent head, misnamed of Memnon, now in the British Museum. Colossal figures are uniformly of granite, in which also is a large portion of the relievos. Beside these, from the account of Herodotus, as also from the statues of wood actually discovered by modern travellers, we learn that even in great works, the Egyptian sculptors were accustomed to exercise their skill on that less stubborn material. Metals appear to have been sparingly used; at least, only very small figures have yet been found of composition similar to the bronze of later times. Yet the Book

of Job especially, and other parts of Scripture, would lead to the conclusion that even colossal figures were, from an early period, cast of metal. In the tombs, as those near Thebes, small images of porcelain and terra cotta are frequently found.

In ancient Egypt, we are told by the writers of Greece of such numbers of colossal statues that it appears almost incredulous, especially when we consider the magnitude of some, and the materials or compositions of others, were the account not well authenticated by countless remains. In most of these, there are striking evidences of a disregard of time, patience and toil. Of these mighty labors, some are hewn from the living rock and left adhering to the natural bed; as the celebrated Sphynx, near the Pyramids of Ghizeh, and various sculptures on the rocks of the Thebaid, which seem like the shadows of giants cast by a setting sun.

To the second class belong both the earliest and latest works of the Egyptian chisel; yet, between the worst and the best, we find no diversity of merit corresponding to the lapse of time—a certain proof that the principles of the art were fixed at an early period of its progress and on a basis independent of its precepts. In every specimen, without exception, which can be ranked as Egyptian, a pilaster runs up the back of the figure, no matter in what attitude it may be represented. The origin of a practice not natural, in an art professing to copy Nature, must be sought for in some external circumstance of its primitive history. Some such circumstance is plainly discernible in works still remaining in the excavations of Philae, Elephantis, Silsilis, and at El Malook, in the tombs of the Theban kings.

At the period to which we refer, anatomy and drawing appear to have been in their infancy; the limbs show no joints, and the movements exhibit neither balance nor elasticity; proportion and perspective seem to have been unknown. Military engines, buildings, horses, soldiers, all appear of the same dimensions, and all equally near the eye. The

heroes in all these monuments bear striking resemblance. They exhibit youth and victory, and show beauty and grandeur mingled together. Sculpture shows us everywhere monuments of courage, but it also reveals to us the fact, that in all ages no inconsiderable proportion of the human family have been the dupes of fears and phantoms, and also that man-worship runs back to time immemorial. In our own day, and on both continents, this deifying prominent character still goes on. This custom can lay claim to some merit, as it exerts a wholesome influence upon the mind and spirit of the age. Especially are the youth of the land stimulated to renewed efforts to become prominent characters in history. Upon this point a chapter might be written profitable to the American student, but our limited space obliges us to forego that pleasure now, as it would be a departure from the main object in view, which is to awaken the latent thought of the rising generation to the benefits, beauties and glories belonging to Sculpture as one of the Fine Arts.

Our illustrations tell their own story so well that no remark of ours would enhance their value. For the information of those not versed in classical mythology, it may be well to say, that NIOBE was the daughter of Tantalus, and one of the Pleiades, married to Amphion, king of Thebes. Proud of her numerous offspring, she provoked the anger of Apollo and Diana, who slew them all. She was herself changed by Jupiter into a rock, from which a rivulet, fed by her tears, continually poured. The subject of Niobe and her children was a great favorite with the ancients, and it has furnished a broad field for sculpture among modern artists. This story,



NIOBE—AN ANCIENT BUST.

like many legends and fables handed down to us, is very pretty, and shows the ideal and imaginative power of the

minds of past ages. We trust it will lead to a better understanding of the men and women who have figured conspicuously on the stage of life in human history, and add to the votaries of Sculpture, as one of the elevating and refining influences of the world.

The Centennial History of the Battle of Bennington.

By FRANK W. COBURN. Boston: George E. Littlefield, Publisher.

This is a small publication, 12mo, and some seventy odd pages, setting forth in readable form the main facts bearing upon the battle. In the introduction the author says: "I have endeavored to present a comprehensive and faithful account of the battle fought near Bennington, August 16th, 1777. I have consulted, in the preparation of the work, the Collections of the Vermont and Massachusetts Historical Societies; Records of the Council of Safety of Vermont, etc." Gathering his information from such sources, the matter may be accepted as worthy of confidence, and, we doubt not, will prove of general interest to the reading public and especially gratifying to the citizens of Vermont. We think, however, the engraving of General Stark—the frontispiece—does not add to the lustre of his memory.

Proceedings of the New England Historic, Genealogical Society. Boston: The Society's House, 1877.

Much valuable information is furnished in this pamphlet, and not the least are the lists of present members and officers, of the Society from 1845 to 1877. Among these names are many who have held, and others who now hold, prominent positions in connection with State and National affairs; indeed, it would be difficult to find an organization more brilliant in its membership. Among its present officers we notice the name of Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, of Boston, as President; Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., LL.D., of Portland, Maine, and Rev. Asa D. Smith, D.D., LL.D., of Hanover, Vice-Presidents.

From the address of the President, we extract the following: "The library has been steadily increasing in the number of its volumes, in valuable manuscripts and rare autograph letters; and we are also gradually accumulating a collection of curious relics highly important to the illustration of the different epochs of our history. Our gallery of portraits is also increasing. The financial affairs of the Society have been administered, as in years past, with the strictest regard to economy, a principle of the greatest importance in all institutions, but especially in a Society like this." And further on in the address we read, "The year which has just completed its circuit will always be a marked one in the history of our country. It has quickened the interest of our whole people in our local and family history. It has told us over again, in greater fullness and truer proportions the aspirations and achievements of our fathers, and thus enlarged, enriched and endeared to us the record of our national history."

We are glad to note the spirit of patriotism with which this address teems, and the evidences of its prosperity. Such societies should be fostered, for they are instruments to preserve and perpetuate the ideas and deeds of our worthy sires and their successors.

History of the City of New York.

J. LAMB. New York: A. S. B.

Parts XIII. and XIV. of this careful and elegantly illustrated work ready to press, and we take pleasure in behalf. In clear type, on rich cream and publishers are giving to the history of the great metropolis ever taking into consideration its exaltation. Lamb in this work gives indisputable historical writer. The style is sufficiently animated to entertain, with history. On page 615, in speaking of Lancy, she says: "He was an breadth of knowledge, culture, may wit, condescension to inferiors and made him a general favorite with his was their friend and champion. His gilded chariot with outriders in hand envy; his grand old mansion on more elegant country-seat, were of habitants of the city." The citizen congratulate themselves in having the great characters who helped to written up.

Minutes, Sermons, and Report of the Congregational and the Maine Missionary Anniversary of the former, and of the latter. Bangor: Bangor Printers, 1877.

This publication gives to the public proceedings of the General Conference with special interest the "Report of the Churches." This shows an increase for the last current year greater than exhibiting a net gain in the State twenty-seven members. This is fully justifies the expressions of gratification in the Report, which tells us: "It is an honor to borrow the words of a Song of David: 'The Lord turned again the captivity of Zion that dream. Then was our mouth open, and our tongue with singing: then said the Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we shall sow in tears shall reap in joy. He weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall with rejoicing, bringing sheaves with showing speaks well for the discipline both Church and Society, and we thank God for it.'"

Frank Forrester's Sporting Scenery. By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. New York: G. & Co., Publishers.

This is a new and revised edition of illustrative engravings, from designs by F. O. C. Darley. It is replete on

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

The Science of Living.—In the MONTHLY we have devoted considerable space touching the problem at the root of the recent labor revolt, but have mainly considered the RIGHTS, WRONGS, and REMEDIES of the subject of CAPITAL AND LABOR from business and legal standpoints. Intimately connected with the question is the cost of living, and what kind of food, practically and scientifically considered, will best supply the muscle and brain-power of the laborer, whether that be intellectual or manual.

The subject as to how workingmen shall live is of such general interest, that we give the following table taken from the *Scientific American*, as prepared by the wife of a working man, showing a list of necessities on which her husband, herself, and five children (under nine years of age) subsist. This category, which is claimed to represent the cheapest and most economical living attainable by the compiler, we here republish, as we propose to use it as a text for some further remarks in another issue:

| WEEKLY. | DAILY. |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Rent.....\$2.00 | One quart milk, 6c.....\$ 42 |
| One barrel wood..... 25 | Two quarts potatoes, 6c..... 42 |
| Two pails coal..... 15 | Two eight-cent loaves..... 1.12 |
| Burial society..... 22 | One and a half lbs. meat, 20c. 1.40 |
| Oatmeal..... 14 | Salt..... 2 |
| Two pounds butter..... 60 | Pepper..... 2 |
| Three and a half pounds sugar 40 | Mustard..... 2 |
| Half gallon oil..... 9 | Matches..... 1 |
| Two cakes soap..... 14 | Starch..... 3 |
| One pound soda..... 3 | Bluing..... 1 |
| Half pound tea..... 25 | Total\$3.47 |
| Newspapers..... 12 | 4.50 |
| Shaving..... 10 | Total\$7.97 |
| Total\$2.50 | |

It will be observed that this, among other things, is intended virtually as a practical answer to the question as to the minimum amount of food on which a family of presumably average size and weight can live without detriment to health. The ultimate destiny of food is, to quote Dr. Wilson, of Edinburgh, "the development of heat and other modes of motion, which together constitute the physiological phenomena of animal life." Food not only, however, supplies potential energy—which becomes converted into actual or dynamic energy—but it supplies the material for the development of the body. Hence inorganic and organic matters are both necessary, the latter, however, being alone oxidizable or capable of generating force. The organic constituents are divided into nitrogenous, fatty, and saccharine compounds—the inorganic into water and saline matters. Of these the nitrogenous portion constructs and repairs the tissues, it is the muscle and brain producer; the carbonaceous portion goes to maintain animal heat, aids the conversion of food into tissue, generates fat, etc.; the saccharine portion has heat-producing powers inferior to the fatty constituents, and finally the water and saline matters dissolve and convey food to different parts of the system, consolidate tissues, remove effete products, etc. In general, however, the phenomena of nutrition depend mainly on the chemical interchanges of nitrogen and carbon with oxygen, and therefore different articles of diet are estimated in nutritive value according to the amount of nitrogen and carbon they contain.

Oriental Honors to an American Inventor.—Thaddeus Fairbanks, the inventor of the scales bearing his name, who some time ago received from the Emperor of Austria the knightly Cross of the Imperial Order of Francis Joseph, has just been the recipient of the Decoration and Diploma of Nishan-el-Ifticar, of the grade of Commander, from the Bey of Tunis. He is the only American manufacturer upon whom this honor has been conferred. Mr. Fairbanks was born in the town of Bromfield, Massachusetts, and is now in the neighborhood of eighty years of age. In the latter part of 1829 what was known as the "hemp fever" broke out in New York and Vermont. The farmers entered largely into the cultivation of the article, but the enterprise was ultimately a disastrous failure. Mr. Fairbanks lived in one of the districts where a great deal of hemp was raised, and the difficulty of weighing it by the old-fashioned method first suggested the idea of devising a more convenient kind of scale.

College Architecture.—In former days the first idea in connection with the buildings that were to enshrine an American college was the erection of a species of barracks for the accommodation of the students. Utility and economy were the guiding principles, and taste was utterly discarded. Hence the structures were usually hideous to the eye and utterly devoid of anything that could educate the artistic spirit of the youthful seeker after knowledge. It is not necessary to particularize in our search for examples. All the colleges in the last century bore a dreary uniformity in the stone and brick parallelograms that crowned the academic campus. Many a monument of this utter lack of a refining taste still defaces the fair sites of our universities and colleges, and pleads for the hand of the iconoclast who has sworn to spare naught that is a blot on the face of nature.

Happily the last quarter of a century has seen a change for the better. The beneficence of private individuals has found a method of benefiting the cause of education.

Fall or Winter Painting.—Good authority states positively that paint spread in the fall or winter will last twice as long as that put on in the spring or summer. When applied in cool or cold weather, it dries slowly and forms a hard surface or crust, while that which is spread in hot weather loses most of oil by being driven into the wood by the heat, leaving only a dry lead, easily crumbled off. Another advantage gained in fall painting is the absence of swarms of small flies that so often collect on the paint. Economy is secured also, as the wood absorbs less paint in cold weather.

A Remarkable Railway Bridge.—The new iron railway bridge over the river Douro, near Porto, Portugal, crosses it with an arch of a single span which measures 160 meters (520 feet) and has a rise of 42 meters (138 feet 6 inches). It is crescent-shaped in form; that is, the extrados and the intrados, which are connected by struts in the form of St. Andrew's cross, are farthest apart at the crown.

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

Nature's Teachings.—The falling leaves of autumn rarely fail to awaken thoughts not crowded with past events and pictures of coming realities. They make suggestions in their own modest way, scarcely less impressive, at times, than the "silver-tongued" orator on the lyceum platform. They tell us that summer, with her scorching sun and torrid winds, has completed her annual visit, after having made beautiful and fruitful mountain, valley, forest and glen, and the heart of the husbandman to leap with joy. It requires no renowned linguist to read the simple story. On these gold-tinted garments of tree and vine, are written infallible teachings and sublime truths. In them we see the elements of science, the models for art, the emblems of mortality, the hope of resurrection, the evidences of Omniscient intelligence. The seed only dies to gain a new life; the leaf only sings as fanned by the breath of Deity, and drops from its parent stem to assume other forms, to dissolve, and become restored to its original elements. Matter is not annihilated, nor space destroyed. In what forms these leaves will reappear in the course of another revolution, is known only to Him who controls the planets and regulates the seasons. This lesson, however, is not a mystery. These crimson and variegated emblems admonish us of chilly winds and biting frosts; they turn our minds from the outdoor to the indoor world; from the seaside and lake, the forest and dell, to the bright fire and happy circle of friends and kindred at HOME.

This change of season creeps on so silently, that ere we know it, the echoes of departure are heard along the line. The "good-by!" and the "good-morning!" as recorded on Time's dial, saddens memory and brightens hope everywhere. Editor and reader in spirit have clasped hands many times, and often have we thought that in each a heart was found. Say what we will, there is a sort of inspirational communion between reader, editor and contributor, which mind can know and heart can feel, while the world at large moves onward heedless as the river toward the sea. The future of the AMERICAN MONTHLY, we feel, promises rich stores for all. Its friends have multiplied at home and abroad, and we enter into our preparatory work for the new year with substantial evidences of a brilliant future. That the leaves of our tenth volume be replete with lessons not only drawn from Nature, but from the vast store-houses of history and humanity in all parts of the world, to elevate and beautify many additional thousand American homes, shall be our highest aim and fondest hope. Help us forward in the good work!

The Language of the Clouds.—The colors of the sky at particular times afford wonderfully good evidence. Not only does a rosy sunset presage fair weather and a ruddy sunshine, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness or accuracy. A bright yellowish sky in the evening indicates wind, a pale yellow, rain; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening and an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are full of meaning in

themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual lines betoken wind and rain, while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather.

Mind Culture.—A cultivated mind may be said to have infinite stores of innocent gratification. Everything may be made interesting to it, by becoming a subject of thought or inquiry. Books, regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life; and how many persons, in these hours, for want of innocent resources, are now impelled to coarse pleasure? How many young men can be found who, unaccustomed to find a companion in a book, and strangers to intellectual activity, are almost driven, in the long, dull evenings of winter, to haunts of intemperance and bad society.

Prettily Said.—A little girl said to her mamma, "Mamma, have you heard of the man that got shot?" "No, my child, how did he get shot?" asked mamma. "Oh," said young precocious, "he bought 'em."

"If I Had a Mind."—"Wordsworth," said Charles Lamb, "one day told me he considered Shakspeare greatly overrated. 'There is an immensity of trick in all Shakspeare wrote,' he said, 'and people are taken by it. Now, if I had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakspeare. So you see,' proceeded Charles Lamb, quietly, 'it was only the mind that was wanting.'"

An American Knight.—Our fellow-countryman, Cyrus W. Field, can add "Sir" to his name, as he has been knighted by Queen Victoria.

Is She a True Type of the Race?—Miss Josephine A. Sloan, a colored girl, graduated at the head of her class in the Rogers High School, at Newport, Rhode Island, recently, receiving the gold medal awarded to the first scholarship and pronouncing the valedictory. Her average in every study, on examination, was within a fraction of the maximum, which is 100. She took her last two years' study in one year, and excels in Latin, Greek, French, and German.

The Doctor's Query.—There was an old doctor, who, when asked what was good for mosquitoes, wrote back: "How do you suppose I can tell unless I know what ails the mosquito?"

Precisely the Difference.—"Gentlemen, I introduce to you my friend, who isn't as stupid as he appears to be." Introduced friend, with vivacity—"That's precisely the difference between my friend and myself."

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POWER AND PROGRESS OF CULTIVATED MIND.

BY ROBERT WINTHROP MARSH.



AMHERST COLLEGE—VIEW FROM THE COMMON.

SAY what we will about education being a dry or threadbare subject, it is one of the great topics of the day, and is destined to assume still larger proportions in the discussions and movements of the future.

In these days of leagues, unions, and strikes; of Communism, Mormonism, and free love; of speculation, fraud, and bad faith in high and low life; of tramps, rowdies, and criminals of every dye; of the growing prevalence of "the social evil," intemperance, pauperism, and manifold tricks and devices to live without honest labor; when society seems to be upheaving from its base, turning up things good and evil that strangely "multiform

VOL. IX.—26.

and mix," and keep the world in a state of agitation and unrest; peace struggling for the ascendant, and yet war still ruling in the councils of the nations; some fighting, others protesting—in this state of conflict, vascillation, and change, thoughtful men naturally inquire, "What is to be the result or end of all this? Where is the mighty arm that shall lift the body politic and social from the debasement into which they have fallen? What potent influence can grapple with, and eradicate the giant evils that stalk abroad and threaten to destroy the very fabric of society itself? What organizing, controlling power, or plan, shall bring order out of confusion, restraining the evil and

strengthening the good? What puissant and charmed sceptre shall touch and calm the troubled waters, roll back the clouds of error and national vice and throw wide open the gates that shall let in floods of heaven-born light?" We answer that, under God, education, far more specific and practical, as well as general, than at present, is to be the great remedy; not working alone or in opposition to other good and saving influences, but leading and coöperating with them all.

For what does it mean but that the world needs and could profitably use more knowledge, skill, and inventive power; more intelligence, wisdom, and practical truth; that the intellectual and moral nature need elevating over the animal part; that all the higher faculties, aims, and aspirations require discipline and a full, harmonious development; that if we would redeem the race from low desires, selfishness, and perpetual disturbance and conflict, we must give them the capacity and disposition to reach up to a purer and calmer life; and that the best, if not the only way to do this is to educate them. This can alone be done properly by moulding and training the children, boys and girls, in the best sense of these words, according to their present meaning, or their possible significance in the future. Into the fountains of our schools and homes the salt must be cast, if the world is to be saved.

If any evidence were required beyond our own immediate observation and consciousness, as to the value of intellectual culture, and the part it is destined to take in the progress of the nations, as they move on in the march of civilized life; or emerge from the shades of barbarism, and sweeping away the mists of ignorance and superstition, advance to the front ranks of those nations and peoples who are contending with a noble emulation in the race of improvement—we need only to contrast Scotland with Ireland, both nations springing from the same Celtic race; the United States with Mexico and the Republics of South America; Japan with Siam; England with Spain; Germany with Russia, although the latter is rapidly coming up in the scale of progress.

More and more each century, and even decade of years, is it seen that public opinion and international law are coming to rule the world. A nation's weight in the grand council of rulers and people, depends in a great measure upon its cultured mind, its inventive skill, its literary and

scientific wealth, its financial ability, and especially upon weight of intellect among its leading men. It is true that a fine army and good fighting qualities in a people, add to its prestige and influence. But this is due to that relic of barbarism that can respect nothing that is not backed by physical force—a standard and test of national and individual greatness that is disappearing, happily for the world and to its credit too, before the advancing light of an era of reason and of peace.

The power and progress of cultivated mind has been gathering force and increasing sway for several centuries. We have a remarkable illustration of this in the past history of Germany, and her standing among the nations.

Even while cut up into petty kingdoms, and distracted by internal divisions, making her one of the weakest nations in Europe for offensive war, she yet ruled in the Republic of letters, in the empire of mind. In the great mental awakening and spiritual emancipation that succeeded the middle or dark ages, she dominated the ideas of the age, giving to the world international law, the rules of diplomacy, its theology, its methods of science. She did this through her cultivated intellect, profound learning, and eminent scholars and statesmen—her Vattels, Metterniches, Tholucks and Humboldts.

This was the Germany not of military glory and power, but of intellectual sway. This rule of mind extends from the time of Luther to the death of the author of *Cosmos*. During that period, Germany had more influence over Europe and the world than she has to-day, with all her military prestige and renown.

To what does our own country chiefly owe its influence and standing among the nations now, and in the immediate past? Not to its army and navy, or even its war record or fighting muscle, but rather to its intelligence, intellectual stamina and muscle of mind—to its inventions and discoveries, its free institutions and unprecedented progress in population, wealth, and all that tends to the comfort and elevation of the masses. It is true the nation has made a good war record. But this is a late thing, and the world has taken but little note of it as yet. Our people are much better and more favorably known abroad for their railroads, telegraphs, steam-engines, sewing-machines, agricultural implements, etc.

The great International Exhibition, that dis-

played to the world our triumphs in the peaceful arts and industries, will do us more practical good, and add more to that spotless fame that shall shine down through the coming ages, than the temporary *eclat* and fading glory of a hundred battles. The wealth, the military power, and the battles of the ancients, we care but little about. But their architecture, their works of art, the genius of their

who wins a great battle, or even many battles. Perhaps Napoleon was conscious of this while reading, as he often did, Bunyan's "Pilgrim." Yet, it is undoubtedly true in this sinful and disjointed world, so full of paradoxes and *apparent* contradictions, that some knots must be cut with the sword, some causes baptized in blood, and precious rights wrested from tyrants by the strong



VIEW FROM THE NORTHEAST.

language, and the immortal words of their poets and orators, this and succeeding ages will never cease to admire and imitate. So too, in a few years *our* military achievements and prowess will almost fade from men's minds, or be regarded as a relic of a dark age—an age of passion and blood; while our conquests over matter and our achievements of mind, will shine on with ever-increasing lustre.

And here the thought occurs to us, that the man who invents some article of general use among his fellow-men, is a greater benefactor of his country and the world than the general of an army; and the writer of a good book may do more for his own generation and posterity, than he

arm of force, or protected by resistance unto blood.

So, too, it is intellectual culture acting upon the public opinion of the world, and that financial ability which comes from diversified industries, the direct result of that mental training which quickens the faculties and produces inventive skill, that has given Great Britain her supremacy among the nations, which, though somewhat less than formerly, is still a great weight and controlling influence in the councils of nations. Even in war, where low passions and brute force come into fierce and deadly collision, and where it is sometimes said weight of metal and numbers decide the contest, we see the power of mind over matter, of

intellect over mere physical strength and prowess. This was strikingly illustrated in the "Crimean War," as it is called. Russia had a population at least equal to both England and France, and had the very great advantage of fighting on her own soil. Yet the superior intelligence, the inventive skill, as embodied in the various appliances of war, the greater financial ability of the allied nations, and the combined strength that springs from freedom and the general diffusion of knowledge among the people, and which is felt among the soldiers as well as officers, was more than a match

and conquering power of when brought in collision with the aggressive elements of the Mo

The contrast would be still the fact that Russia has to con power, the diplomacy, and engineering skill, in a measure,

In the recent war—campaign be called—of Prussia against superior mental culture and strikingly illustrated from the end of the unequal contest



AMHERST COLLEGE IN 1821.

for the one-man-power of Russia and the blind force of her then vast but unwieldy army. Weight of intellect and depth of purse turned the scale in favor of England and France, and gave them the victory.

An army of freemen is a thinking machine, and other things being equal, will always prove more than a match for the inert force of an army of serfs, or of ignorant, brutal mercenaries. Since that war, Russia has emancipated her people, and made great strides in all the arts and industries of modern civilization and the more advanced ideas of the age, whether relating to war or peace. We see the effect of this, and the bearing of the principle we are discussing, in the present war of Russia with Turkey. We have no doubt it will tell with increasing emphasis in the coming events and final results of the contest, proving not only the superiority of intelligence over brute courage in campaigns and battles, but the vital energy

Prussians great rapid a series of successes in victory, and not blind prejudice, King William intelligent Many of Prussian formed res and topog France, the army that her soil. naturally satile, thri of Europe

France was, she had been rule of the Empire; and still of the people outside of P education or staunch mental

In the last contest of Pr advantage in favor of cultivation less striking. The greater in mer won in battle, and asser terms of the final settlement it will be seen that weight o war even, while in peace, w and varied and countless ind in its sway, and bears off the contests and achievements o

From these examples, and be adduced, it is evident that ture and power govern the w of government, systems of status and progress of com determined by knowledge.

Its effect upon individuals, and its bearing upon their influence and success in life is, if possible, more palpable and striking than in the case of nations. Compare Hugh Miller, the shrewd, plain stone-cutter and quarryman, with Hugh Miller, the self-taught but cultured scientist, the charming and masterly writer, and the great leader among naturalists. Again, compare Milton with Burns, Sir

multiplies itself ten, an hundred, and even a thousand fold. It is like a point in crystallization that continually gathers unto itself its own kind, and with an increasing ratio. Take the case of a graduate from one of our best colleges—an energetic and scholarly man, who becomes a teacher, and trains young men in a four years' course of thorough study. At the end of the first four years,



VIEW FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

Isaac Newton with Zerah Colburn, Longfellow with Joaquin Miller, and see what mental discipline will do for men. In each case the natural abilities are and were about equal. The one class is the diamond in the rough, that can scarcely be distinguished from the almost worthless quartz ;

The other is the polished gem
That's set in Learning's diadem.

With the same, or equal natural powers, one man may live and die "alike unknowing and unknown," while another will sound the depths of philosophy and science, or rise to the stars in imagination's flight and the creations of genius, and write his name high on the scroll of undying fame. But intellectual culture and acquired knowledge

and each year thereafter, he sends out at least ten young men fully drilled. Each of these in turn becomes a teacher, and does likewise ; and so each of their students, in a multiplying ratio, that soon eclipses the celebrated problem of the grains of corn.

How, then, can mind-culture and the general diffusion of knowledge be regarded as a dull or hackneyed subject, so long as men believe in individual or national progress? The world of mind cannot rise an inch, nor the race advance a step, in real improvement, without it. The methods and even systems of instruction may vary or become obsolete, but the grand cardinal principles—its mighty power and glorious fruits—will

never grow old, nor can its great themes become tedious, except from the dullness of those who treat them.

When we discard education, or lose our interest in its proper discussion—when communities and nations come to this, they are prepared to open wide the floodgates of vice and social degradation, and to slide back into the midnight darkness of

we gather a few fragments of a few crumbs of mental food from the King's table, and make short of into the realms of thought and our clarified vision will behold Our mental powers having power and enlarged capacity, shall through the realms of infinite



WILLISTON HALL.

barbarism. Even apathy upon the subject, is the sure indication of national decline.

The topic of mental training and the highest development of the physical powers uninteresting? Real knowledge, scientific skill, and practical learning are the guiding light of the nations—the salt of the earth—the lever that moves the world with more real power than the imaginary force of Archimedes.

Rightly viewed, it is of the very highest concern to man. No other interest or topic pertaining to this life is so important, and reasoning from analogy and the teachings of the Inspired Word, none can have a more important bearing on that which is to come. Evidently, this life is but the primary or preparatory school for the next. Here

philosophy worlds and relations of intelligence life, we on tion, and p expand the the immortal great New derful disc achievement as having c pebbles on while an oc ing onward lay unexplo

And shall limest them powers of regarded as esting? S contemplati propriate a should as of our daily ing our pers and glory c

sons with their varied charm promise, and their thrice welcome as necessary to clothe the mind with even more beautiful garments seeds of knowledge in the mind lay up in store a supply of wisdom for our mental natures, as to feed and supply their daily waste.

We need no better evidence of intellectual culture and the deep interest of the public in many of our leading journals given lengthy articles on the same series of articles, the drifting in the direction of scientific training, and not unfrequent

plication to labor and the elevation of the laboring classes.

But it was not our intention to give a lengthy homily upon the subject, either in the abstract or concrete, nor to cite the views of leading educators; much less to put forth our own private opinions.

We will remark, however, in passing, that those

In seeking examples, we naturally turn to New England, the birthplace of public schools and the seat of the best colleges, academies, and other eleemosynary institutions as well as private schools. Here they were early established, generously endowed, and have hitherto maintained the highest standard of scholarship and general excellence.

That great lawyer, eloquent orator, and scholarly



VIEW FROM MOUNT PLEASANT.

opinions are radical and sweeping in their scope; for we believe that the system in vogue is superficial and inadequate, not to say obsolete, and destined to be removed, though we fear not soon enough for the good of the world. When it disappears, a method both more intellectual and physical, and far more practical, we have no doubt, will take its place. For that "good time coming," the glimmering twilight of which we can already discern, we must watch and wait. In the meantime we should make the best possible use of the facilities we have, for all education is valuable, and any system is better than none, if thoroughly applied. Instead of attempting to show what our methods should be, we shall rather be content with giving examples of what they are.

man, Rufus Choate, addressing the students of Dartmouth College, once spoke of that region substantially as follows: "New England, in territorial extent, is but an insignificant patch on the map of our common country, and has the most rigorous climate and sterile soil of any portion of the nation's magnificent domain. Restricted by its limited powers of production, and depleted by emigration, her census shows but a trifling increase in population from one decade to another; while the great West is making rapid strides in both population and wealth. Already the sceptre of empire has passed to the valley of the Mississippi, with its unprecedented growth and boundless resources, and it is evident that that favored region has before it a splendid future. Yet our own New

England need not be discouraged. She too has a bright future, a glorious mission before her. It is to furnish intellectual culture and cultured intellect for the whole country—to raise up noble men and women. New England, in fine, is to be the great breeding place of intellect."

This prediction was uttered by Mr. Choate more than twenty-five years ago, and doubtless the elo-

a good one, and is not the way of advanced ideas of w State can boast. The West colleges and other institut character. The Michigan Arbor, is claimed to be equal in advance of any other co especially to have embodie

University

While

now a little no doubt take a high giate inst abroad. are making direction. wonders i lic school Normal s and in en the higher ing. As we might Cornell U Academy, Seneca an Glen. Pe ing up, roughly States are ought to a The exhib Centennia by all, and



COLLEGE CHURCH.

quent, subtle, and generally far-seeing man, who thus spoke of the then present, and prophesied of its future, sincerely thought that he could lift the veil and discern the realities of the coming years.

Since then, however, great changes have occurred in many things over our whole country, and in none more than in respect to schools and the intellectual culture of the people. The great West has not only increased in population and material wealth, but has adopted an excellent system of public schools, aided and stimulated it is true by a grant from the General Government of two sections of land to each township. Some of these States even claim to have made many improvements over the Eastern States. Prominent among these stands Illinois, whose system of schools is certainly

she has done, but gives a glorious promise, of what she can and will accomplish in the intellectual culture of her

The Normal schools of the West are well conducted; and are not all equal to those of the East. They are constantly improving a standard; notably among them the Michigan Normal College and Pennsylvania University have just rejuvenated herself, taken on a new and in her fine new dress, she stands as stately as a Queen, giving promise of a full and brilliant career.

The schools of Philadelphia

for their excellence, and are the pride and boast of her citizens. The graduates of her High School are found in almost every walk of usefulness and honor in the land. Even little Easton, one of the most picturesque and beautiful of Pennsylvania's provincial towns, and as public spirited and ambitious as she is beautiful, has something to boast of in her public and private schools. Her schools, and the mode of conducting them, so struck and interested that enlightened Emperor and sagacious man, Dom Pedro, that he called for and obtained a copy of all their documents showing their *modus operandi*.

It will be remembered that this town and its schools sit not under the *shadow*, but under the *light* of Lafayette College—are kept by her graduates—prepare many of her students for admission, and that, wisely, though an unusual thing in the history of colleges, there is the most perfect accord and coöperation between the College and the public schools, the professors and people. We say again, Easton has something to be proud of, and to tell to her children.

Wilmington, Delaware, has some of the best schools in the country; and the Peninsular State is slowly advancing towards the front line of learning's moving columns.

Baltimore, too, is doing much to lift up the standard and improve her schools and school system, not forgetting, but wisely providing for the thousands of colored children in her midst.

Washington also has good schools, that are constantly improving. The public schools are well conducted, and some of the private institutions of great excellence. That city, under free institutions, has had infused into it some of the best elements, as well as the worst, of the whole country. Among the former, we emphasize her educational improvements.

So, too, the whole South is awaking on this subject, not as universally as we would like to see,

and not always moving in the most enlightened and consistent manner. But under the stimulus of free institutions, and with the aid of the munificent Peabody fund, in addition to the sums raised by public taxes, they are wheeling into the line of intellectual culture, and may yet lead the van in the grand march of national progress.

Thus we see that New England, with all her



WALKER HALL.

vantage ground and the conceded excellence of her schools, must look well to her laurels or they will pale before the increasing radiance and manifestly growing lustre of those that adorn the brow and crown the head of her sister States. Mr. Choate's prophecy may fail, not from the falling off in the former, but by reason of the greater progress of the latter.

As yet the home of the Pilgrims, the land of "rocks and rills," bears away the palm of literature and learning. Her people, planted upon "a stern and rock bound coast," with a sterile soil and rigorous climate, are compelled to make the most of their intellectual culture and inventive skill. In this respect, that section reminds one of Scotland; and like the inhabitants of the land of

"John Barley-Corn," they are bound to have cultivated minds at home, and to thrive intellectually and socially wherever they live and wherever they go.

We will now turn to New England for examples, representative schools—showing where the children of America, and particularly at this time, "where the boys are trained."

To represent the colleges, we shall select not Yale, with her beautiful location in the City of Elms, her brilliant scholarship and imposing numbers; nor Harvard, with her vast wealth, high culture, and ancient and almost imperial renown. No, not these—there is an institution far less pretentious, and, as yet, much less noted in the world of letters, that has come quietly and almost noiselessly into notice, like the stone cut out of the mountains by an unseen hand; which has, little by little, moved into its true position, and taken its stand among the best of the higher institutions of the country. We refer to Amherst College, situated in the Connecticut Valley, the heart of New England, in a community largely composed of farmers, and which, with their excellent institutions, civil, religious and educational, and their marked habits of sobriety and industry, furnish the very best material for the higher walks of learning and of life—for scholars and for men. From this region, one of the most beautiful in this or any land, and from a community which is probably as intelligent and moral as any in the world, and very largely from the farming class she draws her material, her stock in trade. With these, however, there is a due share of the sons of professional and business men; but all, or the greater portion, part, full-grown, mature young men.

In witnessing the gathering of the students of this College at the chapel recently, nearly four hundred strong, we were struck with their large size, mature looks, and manly bearing.

There was every indication of intellectual and physical stamina; and we thought that good instructors ought to give a very good account of the use of such material, furnished to their hands to make up into cultured and noble specimens of true manhood, to become lights in the world, pillars of society. We have no doubt that this work of drilling mind and manufacturing the raw material into polished and useful citizens, will be well done by those who have it in charge; yet we confess

that we almost envied the professors their fortunate lot, and, for the time being, felt like coveting the privilege of moulding and training these promising young men; at least of taking part in the exalted and responsible work.

Their appearance is in striking contrast with the slight frames, pale, delicate faces, and juvenile indications which we have seen at some of our colleges of high standing. We will call no names, since comparisons are commonly regarded as odious.

Amherst College had its origin in the wants of Western Massachusetts—in the full need of an institution in the very centre of the great Connecticut Valley, not only for that particular portion of the old Bay State and that part of the valley, but extending its scope into other States. It was seen that this rich and prosperous region, composed largely of wealthy tillers of the soil, had marked characteristics and wants of its own. It was felt that those wants could best be met by an institution in their midst, after their own religious and social views.

Williams College was situated beyond the mountains, in the extreme northwestern part of the State, almost inaccessible at that time. Harvard was in the far eastern portion, and far too expensive for the means of most families—families who greatly prized educational privileges, and whose talents and moral worth the Commonwealth and Country most needed. Besides, the temptations at the latter college were such, from its nearness to a large city and the character of the young men gathered there, that many parents, however abundant their means, were unwilling to subject their sons to the dangerous ordeal. There was another motive that had a controlling influence with parents of decidedly orthodox views. It was that Harvard had relapsed into the most pronounced type of Unitarianism. It must be borne in mind that religious feelings and prejudices ran much higher fifty and seventy-five years ago than now.

For one reason and another, many of the young men of Western Massachusetts, and particularly the Connecticut Valley, were being educated out of the State. A very strong argument was based upon this fact, and the desirableness of training their sons at home, on the ground both of State pride and self-interest.

But Amherst did not have its birth and come into its present vigorous growth and useful being

without many throes and pains. It is the child of a long struggle and much self-denial on the part of its early friends. The bitter opposition it met with, the unjust and unreasoning conduct of its enemies and opposers, seems almost incredible, not to say ludicrous, at this day. But it was no joke, no holiday amusement to those who had the battle to fight. The very idea of opposing the praiseworthy efforts of the enlightened friends of liberal education who would enlarge its facilities and plant them where they were much needed, seems to our obtuse vision absurd and unjust in the extreme. It is like an effort to shut out the light, the pure free air, or an attempt to cut off the streams of that crystal fluid that God sends flowing and coursing through all the veins of mother earth, or pours down from the heavens into every man's cup.

When we read the record of the struggle it cost the friends of Amherst College and of sound education to give it a being and a name in the land, as recorded in the interesting and truthful history of Professor Tyler, we can scarcely credit our senses that such an effort to shut out the light of sound learning and sound morals could have been made in the nineteenth century, and in the enlightened and progressive State of Massachusetts. For three long years the struggle lasted, after preliminary efforts had crystallized into the form of an effort to procure a charter.

It is a striking illustration of the bad effects of that special legislation that is required in this State, for legalizing colleges, railroads, and all other corporate institutions. The whole system and its vicious fruits are a reproach to this grand old Commonwealth.

Amherst College was founded in 1821, though it hardly got into working order till 1825; and we may even say 1830.

It originated in a seminary established here some years before, much as Dartmouth College grew out of "Moor's Charity School." The first funds raised were fifty thousand dollars to aid Christian young men in indigent circumstances to prepare for the ministry. And the aid and educa-

tion of this class of students has constituted a leading feature of Amherst College from the first.

"The great object of this College has been," says Professor W. S. Tyler, who is authority on all these matters, "to raise up ministers and teachers." Nobly, indeed, has it fulfilled its mission! But let it not be inferred that only religion and the art of teaching are inculcated here. On the contrary, all branches of learning are taught most thoroughly by its numerous and accomplished professors, while in the classics, ancient and modern, and in mental



LIBRARY, PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, AND COLLEGE HALL.

and moral philosophy, their course is unusually full and critical. In the natural sciences, especially geology, this college is among the foremost in the land.

It has given to science the greatest geologist of the country, if not of the age, although it is difficult, in the case of Dr. Hitchcock, to tell whether the man did most to make the college, or the college the man. In fame, in good influences, and in far-reaching results, they are one and inseparable. And here we should mention, that Amherst, in common with many of the best institutions of the country, has a scientific course for those who prefer it, of four years' study, embracing all the branches of the regular college curriculum, except that other studies are substituted for the dead languages; or a partial course can be pursued subject to the control of the professors and the rules of college.

One thing we have noticed here, which constitutes a marked and most praiseworthy feature of the college. It is the special interest that the

professors take in the students, extending to their minutest wants and difficulties, and compassing their whole welfare with a sort of paternal watchfulness and kindness.

It is in such decided contrast with the dignity and reserve which the teachers in some of our colleges affect, and the distance at which they keep the students, as to be the more noticeable, and serves to make true dignity and a manly Christian courtesy appear more attractive in the face of its counterfeit.

One result of this kind and familiar treatment, is that the graduates go away regarding Amherst as indeed their *Alma Mater*, and the professors as their elder brothers; and, as we might expect, they work zealously for its prosperity and good name.

As to the decided religious atmosphere of the college, and the possible prejudice it might excite in the minds of some, we are inclined to think that the fact that the faculty are men of deep and earnest religious convictions, and that a large proportion of the students are young men of piety and sound morals and habits, will not deter judicious fathers from sending their sons here; and certainly religious parents will not think less of it on this account. Good principles and practices injure no one; corrupt ones, *may* taint and destroy not one, but many, including the most gifted and promising.

There is one important feature of this College which we have not yet mentioned, though it is of the first and last importance, and to omit which altogether would be scarcely less than criminal. We refer to its fine gymnasium and thorough system of physical training and the deservedly great importance which the faculty attach to this literally vital branch of education. In most other Colleges, it is a mere form when it is not left out altogether—a mere show of good things—and is either passed over informally, or done so much at halves as to make the whole thing a mockery and a farce. Here, on the contrary, it is no sham or make-believe, but each student is made to see and feel that it is a matter of the very highest importance. It is required of him in the weekly and daily routine as much as any branch in the College curriculum, and he is marked, in rating his standing, as fully on the gymnastic exercises as in reference to any other branch. The whole thing is under the inspection and judicious man-

agement of Professor Edward Hitchcock, a regular physician as well as teacher in the classic department, and a son of the former President. It is in good hands, and well administered. The result is plainly visible in the robust health and manly forms of the students.

This College is now amply endowed, with only the exercise of that economy which is best for the prosperity of any institution, public or private. Its buildings are twelve in number, and as a whole are convenient, attractive, and well adapted to their purposes. "Walker Hall" is the finest of them all; the College church is of a rich and elaborate style of architecture; and "Williston Hall" is a much better looking edifice that it appears to be from the engraving. The position of the artist, as is too often the case, was not the best.

The location of Amherst College for beauty, healthfulness, and safe and desirable surroundings, could hardly be improved. It is in the very garden of Massachusetts, and amid some of its most beautiful scenery, if not the most grand and picturesque. The air must be exceedingly pure, for the college buildings, in which most of the students room, are situated upon the summit of an irregular and exceedingly beautiful tract of table land, opening on every hand to the most delightful views and the freest circulation of air.

In the village and surrounding towns, drinking and the other vices, are reduced to their minimum; while most of the families in which the students board, are well-ordered and refined Christian homes. Not a few board in clubs under appropriate regulations, and thus greatly lessen their expenses.

While the teachers of this institution do not place before their pupils mere scholarship and fame as the highest motive to effort, but only as they are subordinate to principle and the good of the race, they do hold up the standard of finished and profound scholarship, and encourage by example and precept the most manly and persevering exertions for high attainments and high position. They furnish them with all the means and incentives for the most eminent success.

Hence, as we might expect, the graduates of Amherst are taking a high stand in the national councils, in the republic of letters, and in general usefulness and fame. We must remember that it is but a half century old, in making comparisons.

Among her graduates who are in political life, we may mention ex-Governor A. H. Bullock, of Massachusetts; Henry M. Spofford, Senator-elect from Louisiana; Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, formerly Speaker of the House; Horace Maynard, of Tennessee, now Minister to Turkey.

Of her eminent scholars found in almost every college and literary and scientific institution of the country, we will mention a few: the late Professor James H. Coffin, of Lafayette, a distinguished mathematician and astronomer, and author of the meteorological charts used by the Government at the different stations, whose great work on the "Law of the Winds," has just been issued by the Smithsonian Institute; Dr. Bela B. Edwards, author of several important works, and for many years a learned and eminent professor at Andover Theological Seminary; Dr. Francis A. March, Professor at Lafayette, and considered one of the greatest living philologists; and General Francis A. Walker, late of the Census and Indian Bureaus, and now Professor at Yale, who ranks high both as a scholar and a successful public man.

Among divines we may mention Rev. Henry M. Storrs, Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, and a growing man; Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, of Union Theological Seminary, and a distinguished teacher and public speaker; Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, the eminent orator and divine; and last, but not least, Henry Ward Beecher, who, like Dr. Storrs, needs no introduction to the American people.

Of her presidents and founders, we find such names as Noah Webster, Dr. Heman Humphrey,

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE—VIEW FROM THE WEST.



Dr. Edward Hitchcock, and the Hon. and Rev. Julius H. Seelye, the present gifted and popular incumbent of the presidential chair. President

Seelye, unlike most learned professors and savans who enter political life, has, in his congressional career, done honor to himself, his State, and the institution with which he has been so long and favorably connected. The success and *eclat* of his public life cannot but tend to draw students to Amherst College in increasing numbers.

There are many eminent scholars and public men graduates of this College whose names, at least, we should like to mention. We will only allude to Professor W. S. Tyler, an accomplished scholar and writer, and the senior Professor of the College. We do so chiefly to approve his work entitled "The History of Amherst College," and to commend his example to others. The literary and scientific world, especially the graduates of Amherst, owe him a debt of gratitude for this laborious and valuable work.

Before leaving the classic halls of Amherst, with its many interesting characteristics and associations, we will mention one or two incidents connected with the history of its greatest light and benefactor, the late illustrious President, Dr. Edward Hitchcock, who may be said almost to have created the college; or in the language of its historian, "to have saved it" from a slow death by paralysis. The Doctor, though not what is technically called a wag, had a deep vein of pleasantry and enjoyed a really good joke; and when opportunity offered was not averse to perpetrating one himself.

On one occasion, at an evening party or gathering of his friends, when the time came for refreshments, he invited them into another room, where a bountiful collation had been spread upon the *well-loaded* tables. When "all things were ready" the guests were invited to help themselves. With watering mouths they laid hold of the tempting viands; when, lo! to their great amazement, instead of bread they found a stone, and for fish, a serpent, etc. The Doctor had selected and arranged his mineral and other cabinet treasures with such ingenuity and skill in counterfeiting the various articles of food, as to make the deception complete. Of course, the friends of the witty scientist, many of whom were persons of culture, enjoyed the clever joke, as he did, hugely. But they probably concluded that when invited to a repast provided by a scientist or savan, they should be prepared for the possibility of having *scientific food* set before them.

Dr. Hitchcock was an interesting and very instructive lecturer to a select audience, but not a stirring and eloquent orator, especially before a large and promiscuous gathering.

He was addressing an assemblage of this kind in one of our cities, in an evening lecture, on his favorite theme, the "bird-tracks" in the red sandstone of the Connecticut Valley. Not being in one of his best moods, and the discourse being very lengthy, not a usual fault, we believe, with him however, it became to many of the less educated portion of the audience rather tedious, when all at once the learned speaker fired up, his face glowed with enthusiasm, his voice became strong and clear as that of a young man, and seizing a huge slab of sandstone, with the significant footmarks upon it, and slinging it upon his arm and shoulder with the strength of a Sampson, he strode across the stage, back and forth, with an air of triumph and the dignity of a prince! His tone and manner as much as said, "Open your eyes, ye stupid and sleepy souls, and behold the wonders of creation! See! Written upon this rock, as upon the ancient tables of stone, are grand eternal truths, which the Great Architect of the Universe has inscribed on them, and in the revelation of these latter days, permitted me to decipher, and you my hearers, if ye will, to see and understand. The marvelous facts written here, these 'footprints of the Creator,' though inscribed by his feathered tribes, are pregnant with great truths that are imperishable as the everlasting rocks in which they have been sealed up till this set and favored time, when God has permitted me, his unworthy servant, to break the seal, and as his mouthpiece, reveal them to you. O stupid and ungrateful ones! Could ye not look and listen for one or two short hours to such glorious ideas—to these surpassing wonders of creation?"

A wicked, waggish person remarked, at the close of the lecture, that "That stride of the learned Doctor across the stage, with the huge slab of rock on his arm, *was the most eloquent passage* in the discourse."

Having taken a look at Amherst College, its origin, characteristics, and the young men who gather there to receive a sound and symmetrical education, and having followed some of their number to the high positions which they fill in society, we will now trace them back to the preparatory course. It is like tracing the mighty

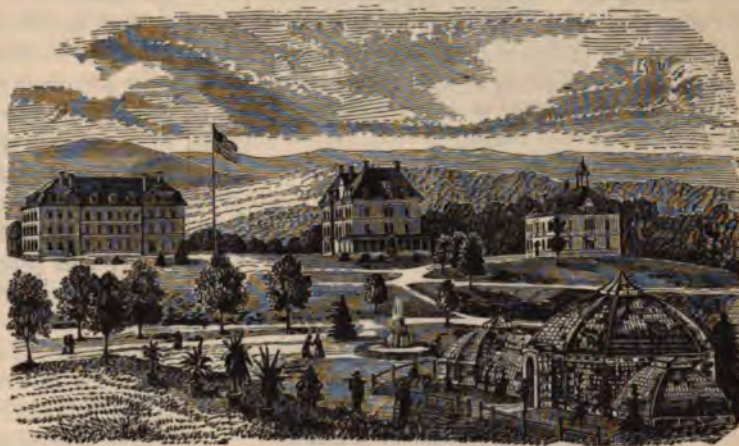
river to the rivulets and fountain-springs, that gush from the hills and mountain tops.

A goodly number have been "fitted" in the town of Amherst, some at the High School, which is kept by college graduates, and has a thorough preparatory course; and a still larger number at the "Mount Pleasant Home School for Boys," the site of which is a point whence one of the views of Amherst College was taken. This School has one of the finest locations in the country for purity of air and beauty of scenery. It has prepared over five hundred young men for college, and so thoroughly that the certificate of the Principal, Henry C. Nash, A.M., is taken at several colleges without further examination. It is said that Henry Ward Beecher, who graduated at Amherst, in 1835, fitted at this School, though it was before it came under the present management.

In the township of Amherst, about one mile from the beautiful village in which the Classical Institution is situated, the State Agricultural College of Massachusetts is located, on a farm of about two hundred and fifty acres, which is a fine site for the School and its objects. It is provided with a laboratory, hot-houses and other appliances for teaching the science and practice of farming, and the three fine buildings displayed in the cut, or, rather, two cuts, the larger one not including the hot-houses. The number of students at this time is about one hundred, and the Institution is said to be the best of the kind in the country. The President, William S. Clark, A.M., a graduate of "Amherst College," and for awhile a tutor in it, has just returned from Japan after more than a year's absence, where he went to establish similar institutions for that progressive people.

On the other side of the Connecticut River—Amherst being east of it—in sight of the College and only seven or eight miles from it, is the very important institution of Williston Seminary. It was founded in 1841, by the late Samuel Williston, a millionaire and a man distinguished for his liberal and systematic benefactions to this Seminary, Amherst College, and many of the literary and religious institutions of the county. But Williston

Seminary, situated in the village of his home and named after him, was the favorite object of his attention and benefactions. His gifts to this institution, are expected to amount in a few years to the large sum of three-fourths of a million. East Hampton, the location of the Seminary, is a place of great natural beauty, both in the village and its surroundings, and has been most extensively and tastefully improved, chiefly through the efforts of Hon. Horatio G. Knight, the present Lieutenant-Governor of the State.



AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE—VIEW FROM THE NORTHEAST.

The leading feature of this school is to fit boys—young men we will call them from their mature, manly looks, as we saw them there assembled in the chapel, a few days since, having a large sprinkling of Chinese youth among them, bright as knivel coins—thoroughly, in a four years' course of study for college. In this respect it ranks with those exceptionally good schools, Exeter and Phillips Academies. There is also a scientific course, either full or partial, for those wishing to qualify themselves for business. The present and usual number is about two hundred and fifty. At first it was open to both sexes and its numbers were considerably greater. But in 1864 it was decided to devote the institution exclusively to the training of boys.

The buildings of this Seminary, including four spacious brick edifices and among them a fine gymnasium, with its beautiful campus, make it look more like a first-class College than a Seminary; and it probably does a more thorough and important work than many institutions that go by that name. Formerly most of its graduates entered at

Amherst. Now, while a large number prefer that College, or find it more convenient, many go to Yale and other first-class colleges. Its present Principal, Mr. James M. Whiton, Ph.D., is a graduate of the last named College, an experienced teacher and thorough disciplinarian.

In a large, wealthy, and noted institution like the above, where spirited boys, and some of them "a little wild," are gathered from all parts of the Union and the world, thorough system and strict rules are necessary; and with most boys, especially, who can take life "in the rough and tumble," it is just what they need. But there is a large number of both boys and girls) every community having some and almost every family at least one) to whom this



SPRINGFIELD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

rigid system becomes a yoke, and the school, if they attend such, a bondage; and worse than this, their education, and even life itself, is liable to become a failure.

In this category, we class the feeble in health, the backward, the precocious or forward, those peculiar in temperament, or mental and physical constitution. For the special benefit of such, Rev. M. C. Stebbins, A.M., a graduate of Amherst, and an experienced teacher and scholarly man, has established a school in the beautiful and flourishing city of Springfield. The school has attached to it a very large corps of teachers for the number of scholars, and hence each student can receive just the kind and amount of assistance that is needed; and the judicious hand of the Principal, with the coöperation of his numerous and able assistants, can reach the peculiar traits, wants and

difficulties of each scholar, and mould and train them for useful and happy lives. To the class we are speaking of, such an institution is a Godsend.

Yet the school is not limited to this class, but has a thorough course of study for college or for business, and a partial course for those who desire it. It was established in 1874; is for both sexes, and as an evidence of its high standing and thoroughness in the classics, we were told that its students are admitted to the leading colleges of New England, on the credentials of the Principal, no examination being required.

The building occupied is the former Court-House of Hampton County, which doubtless has a most interesting history. But we doubt if it was ever devoted to a more useful, or noble and ennobling purpose than training faithfully and successfully the boys and girls of our country for their various callings.

We should like to consider more fully the power and progress of cultivated mind from the child to the man—to trace it from its small beginnings in the quiet citizen and ripe scholar, armed with this latent strength—this inward, mighty force—that is to work out its grand results in professional or public life—as seen in the onward and upward career of a Webster, whose forensic pleas could make strong men weep like children, and stern, grave judges bow their heads like the bulrush; and whose mastery of the great principles of State and international law, command of language, and control of the reason and passions of men, could give him power to make those great arguments that shook and awed Senates, and to put forth those State papers that were more than a match for the greatest statesmen and diplomatists of Europe.

The same power that education gave to Webster it gives to all—only in less degree. Its combined strength and mighty results, as seen in communities and nations, are so marked and wonderful as to attract the attention and admiration of the most careless observer, and to prove most conclusively the great advantages and unlimited possibilities of cultured intellect. What it has done for Prussia and the United States, it would do for all nations.

And if the present confessedly imperfect system does so much for individuals and communities, what would those more perfect methods, which we ought, and doubtless shall have, universally applied, do for the race individually and for the world collectively?

THE KING OF THE PIANOFORTE.

BY MARY GRANGER CHASE.

To Hungary belongs the honor of having given birth to the greatest of living pianists; we may add, to the greatest pianist who has ever lived. At Raiding, in that country, Franz Liszt first saw the light on the 22d of October, 1811. His father, who held some office on the estates of Prince Esterhazy, was an intimate friend of the German composer, Haydn, and was himself an amateur performer on the pianoforte and other instruments. He was the first musical instructor of his son, who, like Mozart, betrayed even in infancy that he was endowed with extraordinary gifts.

Before Franz was nine years old, he performed in a public concert in Presburg, and to the astonishment and admiration of his audience. Two Hungarian noblemen who heard him on this occasion, immediately offered to assist his father to educate him, and, with their aid, the marvelous boy was sent to Vienna, where, for eighteen months, he studied music under competent masters. The child-artist then gave a concert at Vienna, at which Beethoven was present, and he gave concerts at Munich, and elsewhere—all with great success.

When about twelve years of age, his father took him to Paris with the intention of having him pursue his studies at the Conservatory, but he was refused admission because, forsooth, he was a foreigner. His genius, however, was recognized by professional people and in the highest social circles. Little Franz was the pet and favorite of the gay metropolis, and it required no little surveillance, on the part of his proud father, to prevent his being spoilt by early admiration. Meanwhile, Franz studied counterpoint under Reicha, and practiced daily upon the pianoforte the works of some of the best composers. When this course of drilling was completed, the father and son travelled in the provinces, giving successful concerts; and, in the course of three years, Franz made three visits to England, where he was enthusiastically received.

At the age of sixteen years, Liszt lost his father, and, overwhelmed by the bereavement, fell into a morbid state of mind and feeling. An unfortunate *affaire du cœur* also distracted him from his art, and for a long while his splendid genius lay fallow.

He was aroused from this dangerous lethargy in 1831, by hearing Paganini, the peerless master of the violin, perform; and he made the resolution that he would become the Paganini of the pianoforte.

After winning no little applause at Paris, Liszt found himself eclipsed there by Thalberg, when he withdrew to Switzerland, spent some time studying in obscurity, and then, suddenly, after eight years' absence, returned to the capital of France to electrify the city. He took it completely by storm. Night after night he played alone, and would have four pianos at his service. His vigorous striking of the keys has been known to break the strings of all four in one night, and, after his performances, the ladies would press forward and beg for the broken strings, to have bracelets made of them for memorials of the *Meister*. Mendelssohn heard him play at his first concert in Paris, and remarked, as the lithe Hungarian tripped across the stage, "There's a novel apparition—the virtuoso of the nineteenth century." Mendelssohn, however, was moved to extreme admiration of the "virtuoso's" power. When Liszt played Schubert's weird poem, *Der Erlkönig*, half the people, it is said, stood on their chairs.

Since the *furor* of this appearance in Paris, Liszt's whole career has been one of continuous and dazzling triumph. He went from one European city to another, winning fresh laurels at every step. After the great inundation at Pesth, in 1838, when two thousand two hundred and eighty houses were destroyed, Liszt gave a concert at Vienna in aid of his suffering fellow-countrymen. In gratitude for this benevolence, a deputation of Hungarian noblemen waited upon him, to request him to visit Pesth, and, on his arrival there, he was welcomed with most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy, and presented by the inhabitants with a sword of honor and the citizenship of the city.

An effort was made in 1839 to erect a monument to the memory of Beethoven, at Bonn, his birthplace. After six months, the subscriptions amounted to only six hundred thalers, and about sixty thousand thalers more were needed to com-

plete the work. Liszt supplied the whole sum, and the monument was dedicated in 1845. Liszt is the fortunate possessor of the piano that Beethoven's own hands played upon, and when, in 1853, the old harpsichord that had belonged to Beethoven was offered for sale in Weimar, Liszt purchased that instrument.

In 1847, Liszt, having become satiated with the life of a wandering musician, accepted an offer from the Duke of Weimar to take the post of leader of court concerts and operas in that city, and, taking up his residence there, he has made Weimar one of the great musical centres of Europe.

In 1861 Liszt repaired to Rome, where he was most cordially received by Pius IX., who is, or at least has been, a great and appreciative lover of music, and Liszt was appointed organist in the Sistine Chapel. At the musician's own request, the Pope made him an abbé of the Roman Catholic Church, an office which does not require ecclesiastical duties of its holder, but enjoins celibacy upon him. As an abbé, Liszt has composed a great deal of church music, and has contributed very generously to charitable and religious objects, giving from out his abundance; for, during Dr. Liszt's brilliant career, fortune, as well as fame, has perpetually smiled upon the votary of art. The abbé Liszt had a villa at Rome; but, in 1871 he suddenly sold it, and returned to Hungary. In the month of November, 1873, his musical jubilee was celebrated at Pesth with great splendor; and the succeeding year, which was the fifteenth of his artistic career, he presented the museum of the grateful city of Pesth with his valuable collection of curiosities and works of art.

Dr. Liszt has done much to educate and aid other musicians. The gifted young artist, Tausig, was a great favorite with him. He bore and forbore with Tausig's erratic ways, paid his debts for him, and would say, "You'll either turn out a great blockhead, or a great master, my little Carl." He expected, indeed, that Tausig would be the inheritor of his own mastery over the pianoforte, and the younger man's death of a fever, in 1871, at Leipsic, where he had gone to meet Liszt, was a great disappointment and grief to the abbé.

Mention is often made of Liszt's pupils. In the ordinary sense of the term he does not teach at all, for he would scorn to receive remuneration from any of his scholars; but he allows artists who

evinced real musical talents to come to him at regular hours, and does, in his own sovereign way, give them instruction. An American young lady who was one of these favored pupils in 1873, has published parts of her home letters written at the time. She says of the great master:

"He is the most interesting and striking-looking man imaginable—tall and slight, with deep-set eyes, shaggy eyebrows, and long iron-gray hair, which he wears parted in the middle. His mouth turns up at the corners, which gives him a most crafty and Mephistophelean expression when he smiles, and his whole appearance and manner have a sort of jesuitical elegance and ease. His hands are very narrow, with long and slender fingers that look as if they had twice as many points as other peoples'. They are so flexible and supple that it makes you nervous to look at them. Anything like the polish of his manner I never saw. . . . When he walks out in Weimar he bows to everybody just like a king! The Grand Duke has presented him with a house beautifully situated on the park, and here he lives elegantly, free of expense, whenever he chooses to come to it. . . . I am at that summit of my ambition—to be *his* pupil! He is so overrun with people that I think it a wonder he is civil to anybody, but he is the most amiable man I ever knew, though he *can* be dreadful-too, when he chooses, and he understands how to put people outside his door in as short a space of time as it can be done. I go to him three times a week.

"At home Liszt doesn't wear his long abbé's coat, but a short one, in which he looks much more artistic. It is *so* delicious in that room of his! It was all furnished and put in order for him by the Grand Duchess herself. The walls are pale-gray, with a gilded border running round the room, or rather, two rooms, which are divided, but not separated, by crimson curtains. The furniture is crimson, and everything is so *comfortable*; such a contrast to German laziness and stiffness generally. A splendid grand piano stands in one window (he receives a new one every year). The other window is always wide open, and looks out on the park. There is a dovecote just opposite the window, and the doves promenade up and down on the roof of it, and fly about, and sometimes whirl down on the sill itself. That pleases Liszt. There is a carpet on the floor, a rarity in Germany, and Liszt generally walks about, and smokes, and mut-

ters (he can never be said to talk), and calls upon one or other of us to play. From time to time he will sit down and play himself, where a passage does not suit him, and when he is in good spirits he makes little jests all the time. His playing was a complete revelation to me, and has given me an entirely new insight into music. I've begun to study now in an entirely new way, and I feel that every time I go to him it is worth a thousand dollars to me.

"But Liszt is not at all like a master, and cannot be treated like one. He is a monarch, and when he extends his royal sceptre you can sit down and play to him. You never can ask him to play anything for you, no matter how much you're dying to hear it. If he is in the mood he will play; if not, you must content yourself with a few remarks. You cannot even offer to play yourself. You lay your notes on the table, so that he can see that you *want* to play, and sit down. He takes a turn up and down the room, looks at the music, and if the piece interests him, he will call upon you. We bring the same piece to him but once, and but once play it through."

Another American writes, perhaps somewhat later: "A few days later I reached Weimar. The place has almost become a Mecca to American travellers, for beneath the sod of the cemetery lie the bodies of Goethe and Schiller. On inquiring for Liszt's house I was directed to a point on a hillside high above the city, where a house was perched upon an apparently inaccessible precipice. In a few minutes the door opened, and I stood in the presence of the man who had talked with Beethoven, and was then considered the greatest musical genius of his age. A long, clean-shaven, massive face, with clear-cut features and prominent chin, framed in long, flowing dark hair, his gray eyes full of fire; his dress was a long, closely-buttoned black coat, showing a symmetrical figure or medium height, with small and well-shaped hands and feet. A pleasant smile lit up his face as he advanced, shook hands, and bade me welcome to the Eagle's Nest, as he called his home. We sat and talked on various subjects, on all of which he was possessed of considerable information, showing that he had been a close observer of men and things. He asked a great many things about America, and then I inquired why he did not visit us. He shrugged his shoulders, and said he was getting too old to think of visiting a New World.

Then he courteously asked me if I would like to hear him play. 'Of course I would.' He sat down to the piano and played one of his own sonatas, after which he extemporized, producing some startling effects upon the instrument.

"He then insisted upon my playing, and would take no excuse; so I, perforce, sat down in some trepidation; but the first chord I struck produced no tone. I tried again with a not much better result. Then I heard him quietly laughing, and, turning around, I saw the joke. I had been trying to play on the famous Tomascheck piano, which was made for him as a practicing instrument, and on which the touch is so heavy that an ordinary player can scarcely produce a sound from it; yet he plays the most delicate *pianissimo* passages upon it with apparent ease.

"'I will show you my Erard,' said he, 'if you will follow me.' We ascended to the next floor, where there were two large rooms connected by folding-doors. The one was his dining-room, the other an extension parlor, luxuriously furnished, and containing the famous 'Erard Grand,' presented to him by the makers. It is in this room that the delightful musical reunions take place, in several of which I had the pleasure of sharing. These informal meetings take place frequently, and all who have an earnest love for the art, no matter of what station or nationality, could easily obtain an *entrée*; but the host has a thorough contempt for curiosity mongers, who come merely to stare at him, to be able to say they 'have seen Liszt.'

"On the third floor of the house, where Liszt does most of his work, and where his musical library is stored, there is in one room a piano and organ combined, so that he can play on both at once. And with these two instruments he produces the most novel and beautiful effects. Another room contains his relics and curiosities, some of which he holds almost in veneration. Chief among them was Beethoven's piano—the instrument upon which the great master had played. Another was Mozart's spinet, in which the tones were produced by the twitching of the wire with a piece of quill, a key-board similar to the present one producing the movement."

Apropos to the acknowledged impropriety of any one's asking Liszt to play, we have met with the following story: "One lady of rank, at whose house he was spending the evening, committed the

extreme indiscretion of asking him to play, a violation of all rules of etiquette among great musical artists. He had been enchanting the guests with his divine music in the earlier part of the evening, and had just come in from supper, when she preferred her request. "Madame, j'ai mangé très peu," was his answer (madam, I have eaten very little); and with this implication of having played out the worth of his supper, he left the house."

Liszt makes no affectation of ignorance concerning his own superiority. It is related that many years ago, a lady asked him whom he considered the greatest living pianist? "Thalberg," was his immediate reply. "But," continued his questioner, "do you consider him superior to yourself?" "Madam," he rejoined, "I had no idea you made any reference to me; I stand too high to be compared to ordinary pianists."

Liszt is not only the marvel of the musical world as a performer, but he has written hundreds of compositions, working in almost every department of music. He has also set to music the songs of Goethe and other poets, especially excelling with those of Victor Hugo; and he has been a great song-maker himself. Nor has his authorship been limited to these productions, for he

wrote, *con amore*, the "Life of Chopin," the gifted Polish composer; and, also, "The Gypsies and their Music," which was published in Paris in 1859.

Chopin delighted in hearing his compositions rendered by Liszt's masterhand. The two men were greatly attached to each other, and one of Liszt's pupils relates that in a private talk with the abbé, he said, "that when he and Chopin were young together, somebody told him that Chopin had a remarkable talent for mimicry, and so he said to Chopin, 'Come round to my rooms this evening, and show off this talent of yours.' So Chopin came; he had purchased a blonde wig ('I was very blonde at that time,' said Liszt), which he put on, and got himself up in one of Liszt's suits. Presently an acquaintance of Liszt's came in; Chopin went to meet him instead of Liszt, and took off his voice and manner so perfectly that the man actually mistook him for Liszt, and made an appointment with him for the next day; 'and there I was in the room,' said Liszt. 'Wasn't that remarkable?'"

It has been said, "Hear Liszt, and die!" but, far more wisely from every point of view, "Hear Liszt, understand him, and live!"

OUT OF WORK.

BY MRS. HARRIET M. SMITH.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

A PLEASANT cottage on a pleasant street of a thriving manufacturing town in Massachusetts. Everything about it in apple-pie order; from the well-swept walks, the clean back piazza, where some fat pumpkins and squashes were ripening in the sun, to the comfortable kitchen and neat housewife, who was deftly spreading the tea-table, while answering the question her daughter Lucy had addressed to her, as to whether father would have the new melodeon brought home that night.

"And I," said Bennie, a lad of eight years, "want my new jacket; just look at this old thing!" and he held up a ragged cuff to view.

"Yes, Bennie, you shall have your new suit soon, and I should not be surprised if father had the melodeon brought to-night, Lucy. Here he

comes now," she added, glancing out the window, "but no melodeon; probably will have it sent up in the morning. Set up the tea, Lucy, it's late."

"Why, how slow you come, pa!" called out the boy, as he swung open the door and ran down the walk, laughingly adding as he opened the gate, "Got the rocks?" for that had been pay-day at the shop where Mr. Green worked.

A damper fell on the boy's joyousness, as his eyes met the grave face of his father, who took his hand without replying, and came slowly up the walk, looking sadly all about the little place as he did so.

The little kitchen, with all its usual brightness and the appetizingly spread tea-table, met him as he passed in.

"Come, father, I've some extra biscuits to-night, and—" but Mrs. Green started as she glanced at her husband, as he seated himself, without a word, at the table.

"Tired, father?" said Lucy.

"A little," he answered, as he took his tea.

"Anything gone wrong at the shop?" inquired his wife.

"No, but they've shut all down to-night, and will not open before next April."

"Shut down?" and Mrs. Green dropped her knife and sank back with a sudden pallor on her face. "Why, they've said nothing about it before, have they?"

"No; but the failure of that house in New York that sent such large orders, and that owe for the last six months' work, has crippled them so that they will not be able to go on at present, and here are sixty men thrown out of work these times, just as winter is upon us," and Mr. Green leaned his head on his hand, and seemed unable to swallow his food.

The quick tears had sprung to Lucy's eyes as the announcement was made, to be as hastily brushed away, as she silently gave up the coveted melodeon, for Lucy was a sweet singer, and longed to perfect herself in music.

Brave Bennie, though with a child's disappointment he had said, "then I shall have to wait for my new suit," quickly added, as his father's head went down, "but I can wear this a little longer; I shall put on my overcoat soon, and that will hide the rags."

"Never you fear, Bennie," said his mother, "you shall not go in rags, so don't borrow trouble; we'll manage somehow."

"Mr. Stone told me to-day, father, that if I passed examination, I should have the school next term," said Lucy.

"Did he?" and a little of the care lifted from the brow of Mr. Green at the cheerful words of those who loved him.

"But you are too young, child," he answered, "to be confined to teaching; I'm afraid you can't endure it."

"Yes, indeed, father, I can, and I mean to get the school too."

"And we'll take Sears to board," said mother; "you know he's been teasing us ever so long for our parlor, because it's so sunny. He met me on the street to-day, and offered me ten dollars a

week if I would let him have it, with board. Hadn't we better send him word this evening that he may take it?"

"I suppose we shall have to, but I hate to have my home invaded by strangers, and the cross, crotchety one he is; I'm afraid you'll get sick of it."

"We will try it, at least." And so it was decided, with many misgivings, that Bennie should carry a note in Lucy's neat hand to the rich old bachelor at the hotel, saying that he could have board with them as soon as he wished. The answer came, "he would take possession of the parlor on the morrow;" so said Bennie, as he rushed into the house with all a boy's uproar, and shouted out, "only think, mother, Mrs. Wade stopped me as I came by, and said she wanted a boy to pick her apples and pears, and asked if I wanted the job? Guess I said yes quick enough, for Jim Thompson said she paid him well last year; I'll bet I'll earn enough for my new suit," and with a twirl of his cap, it lighted on Lucy's head, and a laugh went around the circle at the boy's enthusiasm.

Mr. Green had worked hard and long, assisted by the economy and thrift of his wife, to get his little home; he had partly paid for it, and given a mortgage for the balance, to one of the hardest men in all B—. Had his work continued, he would slowly have paid it off, but that had given out, winter was close at hand, fuel to be laid in, some necessary repairs to be done to the house, and only his last month's pay to meet it all with.

But we have seen how nobly the dear ones at home met the emergency; and though early on the morrow they proceeded to carry off the pretty parlor furniture to the attic, spread a drugget over the new carpet, and arranged the chamber-set from the spare room in it, they all worked with rather heavy hearts, albeit the voices of Mrs. Green and Lucy were gay and cheerful, that father might not think they regretted it too much.

"No, father," his wife had said, as they talked it over the night before, after the children had retired; "we'll hold on to our home. Some way will be provided to meet the mortgage."

"But, mother, are you going to be able to do the work if Lucy takes the school? You know you have not been strong since that sickness."

"Oh, she can help a good deal out of school; and, then, Bennie can run all the errands; and

here's yourself—what are you going to do but play hired-girl, and do the *hard* work, that is, if you don't get employment anywhere?"

"Sure enough," and with a smile she had succeeded in bringing to his face, they retired to rest, thankful for the oneness of heart, at least, of their family. Yet Mr. Green thought long after retiring of the uncertainty of the future.

"Out of work!" How little can any one who has never depended on the labor of his hands for the support of himself and family reckon of the ominous meaning of those words—words that are mournfully ringing all over our land to-day!

The withered old bachelor of sixty appeared promptly with a truckman, bringing his trunks, books and pictures by the time the room was in order. And it must be confessed, a sad tremor ran through the family at the thump of his cane, as he limped through the hall, and took his place at the dinner-table.

Poor, crusty old John Sears! Few liked him, or would have tolerated him a moment had it not been for his wealth. An early disappointment had soured him against all womankind; he had outlived all his family, as he supposed, and had devoted the whole of his life to the amassing of money. A few hundreds inherited from his father he had invested in a cotton-mill of B—, and with untiring industry and sagacity, he had seen it slowly accumulating, until, at last, he became owner of mill after mill, and at the period of our story owned half the houses in B—.

"Well," he said, shortly, as he unfolded his napkin and glanced around on the family, "I don't see as you've any reason to complain, if work has stopped. Got a comfortable place here."

"Yes, if I can keep it, Mr. Sears. You know I've a mortgage on it."

"Keep it—of course you will. So, don't talk nonsense, Green."

Knowing his ways, Mr. Green turned the conversation, and presently the boarder went to his room, which a bright fire in the shining stove had made comfortable, for the evenings were beginning to be chilly.

Most men would have thanked Mrs. Green as she drew up to it a nice large stuffed rocker, that she had robbed herself of from the sitting-room, saying: "I thought you might like this chair; it is one my father used to sit in after his rheumatism got so bad, and said it felt easier than any other one to him."

But he only settled himself in it with a groan, and abruptly asked her the breakfast hour. "Seven," she told him, and retired to her own apartments.

Now, it was not that John Sears was ungrateful to Mrs. Green; but he had been so long used to being served for his money alone as to not expect kindness and consideration, and was therefore so surprised and touched with it as to feel a strange choking in his throat, and rather than betray any feeling, kept silence. People did not read rightly the closed book of the cynical old bachelor's heart.

Lucy had secured the school, and bid fair to excel as a teacher. She was a bright, healthy girl of seventeen, full of enthusiasm and with a great taste for music. And though she did often have a heartache as the coveted instrument seemed farther and farther off, yet her voice never betrayed it as she poured it out in the choir on the Sabbath, or caroled her songs about the house.

Mr. Green had failed to find work in B—, or in any of the towns about them, and had to content himself with making all the improvements about the cottage, and in being "hired girl." But, strong and well, he felt keenly, as so many all over the land do to-day, the inactivity of his life. He fretted under the petty exactions of their rich boarder. It was misery to him to see their happy circle invaded by strangers, for Mrs. Green had fitted up the spare chamber with articles from their own rooms, and taken the new high-school teacher to board; and to see his darling Lucy, after teaching all day, have to come home and assist about the sewing instead of being out in the exhilarating air with her associates, was bitterness to the doting father, and many a time he would have given up in discouragement had not he seen the cheerful courage of his good little wife, who preached, "Patience, father; when work starts up at the shop, we'll have back the parlor, and Lucy shall have her melodeon in it, too."

January was nearly through, when one night Mr. Green said to his wife, after all, as he supposed, had retired: "What are we to do? The first of next month the money is due on the mortgage, and old Mills, if it is not forthcoming, will foreclose, as he did on Talbot. The board money will not much more than meet the expenses of the month, for you know we had to get coal, which is an extra. I would ask an advance of board of Sears, but I hate to; and then it would only be staving off this month to be met another."

"But we can't give up our home, father, and if Mr. Sears will advance a part of next month's board, there'll be Lucy's pay coming at the end of the month; and then there's those expensive ear-rings Robert sent me, I shall never wear them, they are not suitable in our circumstances, and as to Lucy ever wearing ear-rings, I don't wish to see my child copying an Indian squaw. I'll see if Mrs. Bond will do as she said when she saw them, 'give me any price I'd name,' if I'd sell them to her. Shouldn't you think they'd bring twelve or fifteen dollars?"

"What will your brother say to your selling them?"

"Robert will be glad under the circumstances, for he hates debts, and would not like us to contract them."

"Well, I suppose I must ask an advance, but I hate to," and a long sigh followed the words.

Just then the cars thundered past, and under cover of their noise Mr. Sears crept off the lounge behind the door of the sitting-room, where he had thrown himself after leaving the supper-table, and as none of the family had happened to pass through the room since, he had lain there dozing, until the voices in the kitchen had aroused him, and hearing his name, his curiosity was aroused to know what was said. So he had learned all about the perplexities of the Greens now, and as he slowly undressed, his face worked in an unusual manner. Occasionally his head would give a decided jerk, and his hand come down on the table, as though an inward resolve had been taken. As he snuggled down in his blankets, he chuckled out, "ask an advance on board, will you, Green? Sell your ear-rings, will you, woman? Take all that gal's hard earnings? not if my name's John Sears." The thought of what he could, and *would* do, kept the old man awake for an hour, until at last he lay in a quiet sleep, and if good angels prompt to good deeds, they must have been pretty near old John that night.

"You are up early, Mr. Sears, this morning," said Mrs. Green, as he came into the kitchen a half hour before breakfast next morning.

"My fire won't work," said he, as he hovered about the stove rubbing his chilled hands.

She drew a chair for him, saying, "Sit right down and get warm; Mr. Green will see what ails it after breakfast."

He watched furtively the brisk little woman as

she set out the breakfast, called the children, and placed his chair at the table. When the meal was over, Lucy gone up to her chamber-work, Bennie to his chores in the shed, he said to Mr. Green, "Step into my room, will you, and see what ails my stove."

Mr. Green followed him, and looked it over. "Oh, I see, look here, you didn't open this damper," giving it a push that started the fire roaring up the chimney.

"Sure enough; I'll remember it next time," said artful old John, who had purposely left it as an excuse to get him in without his mistrusting anything.

"See here, Green," he said, as he turned to go out of the room, "here's some money I've had paid in lately, that I don't care to invest these times, and don't want lying around; as you are out of work, can't you find a use for it? You can take your own time to pay it in, and I'll warrant you I'll take no interest," and he held out two fifty dollar notes.

Did Mr. Green hear aright, Miser Sears, as he was called, saying this? He was too much surprised to answer, but at length said: "Thank you a thousand times, Mr. Sears, your money comes in just the right time," and then told him of the mortgage.

"Well then you'll be ready for old Mills now, so go along. But hold on a minute, I forgot, here's a little parcel for your wife; I notice my mending is always done when the clothes come from the wash, that's something I can't allow without compensation."

"As to that, sir, my wife wishes nothing I'm sure, and you are already too kind."

"No more words, sir, take this to her," and he fairly pushed Mr. Green out, and shut the door on him, for the old man's eyes were filling with tears of satisfaction, and he was not going to be seen making a baby of himself. He had it out alone, that unwonted tenderness, and was a better man for it too.

Out in the kitchen was a joyful little group, gathered about father, as he showed the notes and opened the parcel, in which lay a five dollar bill and a handsome brooch for the "girl."

"And that's me," said Lucy, as she adjusted it in her collar, and danced up to the mirror.

"What good taste he has shown, too," said Mrs. Green; "no tawdry thing, but that coral rose, with a real expensive setting."

So the money was paid in on the mortgage the first of the month, and the family breathed freely. How the chilled heart of the old man opened to the warmth of gratitude, the family vied with each other to show him. And how richly was the patient wife rewarded for all her long-suffering.

It had been hard for a mother to hear her only son called a "noisy cub," if he moved out of a walk; to have him continually called upon to do little things for the comfort of the man who never thanked him, but snubbed him on all occasions. Hard for her to spend the Sabbath forenoon in getting up a nice hot dinner, when a lunch had always sufficed them, and left her rested enough to attend church. Hard to exert herself in getting up some delicacy to please his fastidious appetite, and hear him gruffly decline, with "I never eat such trash."

Better rewarded still was she one day, to hear him saying to her husband in the shed:

"That wife of yours, Green, is one of a thousand. How I've tried ever since I've been here to get her temper raised, and she's kept it all the time, and I'm a good-for-nothing nuisance for my pains. And I say, Green, you are a man to be envied, not that I wan't any man's wife; I'm quite content to be her boarder."

One bright morning in February, Mr. Green said to Lucy, whose vacation was nearly over, "Don't you want to take a ride with me to-day? I'm going down to J—to collect that bill of Jones, and, come, what says mother?" turning to her.

"I say go right up and get ready Lucy, you need the change and ride, for you are losing your color fast."

"I can afford to lose some of it," said the laughing girl, as she flew off up stairs.

In less than half an hour she was back, cheeks and eyes radiant, dressed in her pretty brown suit, with a warm shawl over her arm, the jaunty velvet hat with its drooping plume resting lightly on the glossy curls, knotted back with a scarlet ribbon.

It was a twelve mile ride on the cars to J—, and they were soon whirling along their journey through the crisp winter air. Mrs. Green turned to her ironing-table with a strange mixture of sad and joyous feeling, for one so usually light-hearted. She was glad to have them take this little recreation, but there seemed a foreboding in her heart, and long before the hour the train was due in the

afternoon, she began to look up the road for the cars.

The travellers meanwhile had arrived at J—, and after getting well warmed at the stove of the station, Mr. Green had bought at the periodical counter a magazine for Lucy to read, while he hunted up his debtor. He found him, got his money, and after partaking of a nice dinner, stood at the window of the station waiting the up train, that in a few minutes rushed up, halted, took on its load, and sped away.

Just in front of Lucy and her father, a young man, apparently twenty years or thereabouts, bronzed with travel, but of a fine, open countenance, with a tall, well-knit frame and most winning blue eyes, took his seat. He seemed to scrutinize the country through which they passed closely, and as they neared B—, and passed a large factory, he turned to Mr. Green and asked, "Are we near B—?"

"Yes," said Mr. Green, "we are nearly to the last station before entering it. You are a stranger in these parts?"

"Yes, I never was here before, but B— was my mother's birthplace, and it possesses an interest for me."

"Then your mother is not living?"

"No, my parents both died in California when I was a lad of fourteen."

"Have you no relations living in B—?"

"I had an uncle, a brother of my mother's, living here at the time of her death, but as he never answered the letter I wrote him at that time, I suppose he may be dead or gone away. He might, however, have cherished his anger against the child as he did its mother, for he never forgave my mother for marrying my father, and so no intercourse was kept up between them."

"What was your uncle's name, sir?"

"John Sears."

"Why, then I'm glad to say he's living, and boarding with me at this time."

"Is it possible," said the young stranger, and his face flushed, and he made minute inquiries as to his looks, character, etc., to all of which Mr. Green returned answers, softening down as much as possible the truth as to his churlishness, and ending with, "Your uncle is a very rich man, I can tell you."

"Glad to hear it; I supposed as much from what my mother has told me."

MINNESOTA, OR THE LAND OF LAKES.

BY MARTHA CORNELL WOODWARD.

II.



THE HUNTER'S PRIZE.

CHAPTER V.

DUST on thy mantle! dust,
 Bright summer, on thy livery of green!
 A tarnish, as of rust,
 Dims thy late brilliant sheen;
 And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and flower—
 Change cometh over them with every hour.

Midsummer dullness has overtaken us at Clear Lake. Several good reasons might be given, if one chose, aside from the warmth of the atmosphere, which really is not objectionable, from the fact of its accompanying purity and healthfulness, as also, the amount of air each person feels entitled to. One becomes ambitious of space here in Minnesota, and reaches out indefinitely, feeling a capacity to clasp the world.

I see by the map that a good deal of unoccupied soil lies due north, over whose solitudes fresh, unpolluted breezes greet us. Breezes which sweep down from the North Pole over unknown regions of territory; fanning the cheek of the Indian

maiden to fresher bloom, and awakening, with vigorous breath, the peaceful waters of lakes and streams. It is not so much the atmosphere by which we are disturbed, as it is some gaseous poison accompanying it; perhaps a taint wafted from fields of Northern bloodshed. One scarcely understands the subtleties of antagonistic influences.

The Professor is very decided, and towers above us like a giant. I think that he is destined for the Presidency, at least. One hardly ventures an opinion upon matters of positive knowledge and experience, without fearing that some famous German thinker, in emphatic tones, will be brought to the surface, as authority against it—as if since early youth, we have regarded these authorities in the least; though it would be impossible to impress him with the knowledge that it is not the veriest ignorance in us, instead of the highest wisdom, that we have come to regard ourselves as authority for ourselves.

It is wonderful how much this young man has

to learn. One's sense of superiority becomes almost dazzling when, judged from his standpoint, one's own progress is contemplated. Though



TEAL DUCKS.

sadly we have to acknowledge that he disregards our deepest experiences, and turns with contemptuous smile from our counsels. He takes for granted that there must be outward demonstration of inward struggle, not having yet learned, that for the deadliest wrongs there must be no complaint, if we would escape the contempt and pity of the world; and that silent endurance, and heavenly forgiveness, are the only weapons with which life's battles must be fought. Thus, he misunderstands the grand success of our lives—this flippant youth. One might almost imagine from the fact that Adam accepted the apple from Eve's hand, that man's superiority is not so much a natural endowment, as an accidental growth of questionable authority!

Truly our lives are becoming rounded by gossip in these midsummer days. Charley brought news from the station that two men, named Cameron, have bought land upon the prairie within a mile of us, and furthermore, that they have the reputation of being horse thieves. This is startling news in a neighborhood where no lawyer has ever yet found material of cobweb consistency in which to entangle the brains of this honest people, and where doors remain always upon the latch. It is evident that civilization is making rapid strides, and that soon law will go about like a roaring lion, in place of rollicking at ease in shaded bowers. Alas, for these fleeting happy days! Alas, for the days to come!

We have made a pilgrimage to the Tamarack swamp, four miles distant. We started upon a pleasant Sunday morning, a full load of worshippers—"who through nature, looked up to nature's God"—well packed in the lumber wagon. The Professor was in high spirits. Pointing to the wild roses over which we drove—prairie fires keeping them reduced to the merest twigs of roses—he sang in good voice, "'Twas the last rose of summer," which was a brilliant witticism in the light of a pleasant summer morning; only later in the day, it would have savored of the vapid. An occasional oasis of meadow land was readily recognized in the midst of these sterile plains. Josh Briggs, mounted upon his "foaming steed," was seen dashing among the bushes in the endeavor to secure some dozen or more horses, most of them Indian ponies accustomed to roam at large, and glean off prairie verdure. The effect was enlivening. Josh rode like a Mexican ranger, eliciting our entire admiration. He bore himself with the unconscious grace of a true child of nature.

We stopped to refresh the horses at a deep, narrow stream almost hidden in wild luxuriant grass, lying like a vein of turgid blood, in immediate contact with thin sterile soil. These striking contrasts, everywhere visible on Minnesota soil, evince facts of volcanic disruption at some stage of the world beyond the ken of historic knowledge. The Professor gathered lilies of peculiar size and form-



THE PRAIRIE HAWK.

ation, with which we adorned ourselves in gorgeous array.

Presently the Tamarack swamp became visible.

to the eye in scraggy, turret-like shapes. These trees make durable fencing material, as well as the best of firewood. They looked in the distance like so many arrow-heads pointing toward the sky. It is not improbable that these very trees presented models to the Indian brain from which their native warlike implements were copied. We secured the horses under the shade of scrub-oaks, where too, we left all dispensable articles, and in heavy boots entered the swamp, stumbling over logs, and sink-

of science.) But most remarkable was the pitcher plant, of similar growth, though of greater solidity, presenting large clumps of pitcher-shaped leaves, with capacity for holding a half cup of water each, furnishing complete toilet-sets, one might imagine, for fairy use. We started home laden with these woody treasures, again meeting Josh, in Sunday apparel, sleek and trim, demurely riding towards St. Francis. But Josh, Josh, you were shorn of your glory! One never could have supposed



OUT ON THE PRAIRIE.

ing to our boot-tops in rank vegetation. Hanging moss draped in petrified stiffness the dead trees, upon whose dismantled branches lichens had accumulated in varied colored representations of nature's handiwork. The dense woods were full of these trees, which in the order of nature have been crowded off the stage, and stand in dreary isolation, clothed in the hoary drapery of the ages.

Wonders met us at every toilsome footstep. Moccasin flowers, growing large as lilies, were of a delicate pinkish purple, and looked fresh as if grown in Eden. Indian pipes, a species of fungus growth, were found in these damp, humid depths. We examined them with interest, as undoubtedly, also, presenting models for the common pipe. (One instinctively makes suggestions in the cause

the dashing lasso rider and the nondescript fine gentleman one and the same.

Those Camerons have commenced breaking ground, we hear. That these men are of plebeian extraction could scarcely be doubted, aside from unfortunate rumors afloat regarding their antecedents, the distinctions which mark society here, as in populated towns, being greatly dependent upon locality. To be considered of the aristocracy, a lake and a road must be included in one's possessions. People must be able to say: "That is Mr. Thomas's road," or, "Mr. Jones's lake;" and that these Camerons have settled down flat upon the prairie, without water facilities even, bodes ill of their respectability.

These patrician domains, however, from a prac-

tical view, are found to be composed in a large degree of "airy nothings." There is fishing and hunting, space and air, and there the story ends. Then comes the "winter of their discontent," which literally continues from October to June. The well-to-do grocer over the river confided to me the fact of it being "very tame." "Oh, yes," he said, "people were decoyed by stories of hunting and fishing, but"—with a tremulous motion of his broad-brimmed straw hat, and a long-drawn sigh, indicative of the nothingness of

glorious summer the remembrance would haunt the soul with dreariness.

Another phase of winter life is to be in the excitement of battling the climate, braced up by pure, exhilarating paths of drifting snow, and movements within garments, to the rule of grace and symmetry, so that one's spirits rise to these agencies, and sparkle and scintillate in the winter in coruscations of light.



WESTERN LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

Minnesota life, he resumed his usual placid demeanor, leaving me to draw my own conclusions from the pathos of his unfinished sentence.

I can imagine that a winter spent in these solitudes of space, and in the monotony of its hundred and thirty degrees of atmosphere, would prove the grave of one's aspirations; that the eternal rising and setting of the sun, which day by day greets the eye, as it is said, in cloudless splendor, would glare upon one's sight with chill, glassy steadfastness through the leafless trees, and over the awful space, until the tension of one's senses became strung to ethereal susceptibilities, and that the tardy spring would open upon a company of spirits disembodied. I can imagine that all through the

spring dawns, lo! a race of Phases of Minnesota life are circumstances. But I think it must be tame year in and year out, lightful it may be through time.

On going to the barn this morning, I found the workmen unloading hay, an adventure, drove back with a load of hay, and rode in upon a load of hay, how near I had come to forgoing the highly-becoming country pastured me, however, and my tastes was saved just in time with a view to your instruction.

examine the soil and quality of grass while waiting for the team. And if you have formed any poetical ideas of meadow-land in Minnesota, you will be surprised to learn that it greatly resembles a marsh, and that its surface is covered with a slimy moss which sinks with every footstep. Also, that the grass is coarse and stiff; when cut emitting a rank odor very unlike the delicate perfume of hay in more genial climes. It is well named bottom-land, and in this locality borders the slough, a rambling outlet from the lake.

I glean various ideas about farming from Charley. He is not much of a talker, it is true; but what he does say is to the point, and, furthermore, I like his companionship; he is a sympathetic listener, that rarest of accomplishments. A good listener is indeed a *rara avis*. There is the well-bred listener, the subservient listener; there is the listener who, with heart in his throat, awaiteth his doom. But most detestable is the listener who, with ill-repressed eagerness, awaits a pause in order to commence himself; these last, unhappily, being most numerous. But Charley is not egotistical. It is wonderful what a charm lies in this simply negative quality. With quick, sensitive perceptions, he understands one's honesty of motive as well as speech, and pleasantly assents by an appreciative smile and glance of recognition. On the contrary, the Professor is always belligerent. With opportunities of culture, he yet understands nothing but facts drawn from pure mathematical experiment. So far as metaphysics is concerned, he has given us to understand that he reached the ultimatum of that philosophy while at college, thus cutting off argument in that direction. Truly, one's only refuge is silence when the Professor opens his lips, in view of which one's sense of superiority rises to the sublime.

The birds, too, have lapsed from their high estate of sylvan songsters to the position of domestic drudges, occupying themselves almost exclusively in training their young. I notice newly-fledged younglings trying their wings among the branches, or helplessly fluttering upon the green sward beneath. There are sociable, clucking

sounds proceeding from nests and secret places hidden among the leaves, indicative of domestic exclusiveness. But the grand, triumphant melody of early summer is superseded by dismal cries of the loon from over the water. If one happens to be wakeful, he will be very likely to hear lonesome sounds like these breaking upon the stillness of night, varied by the song of the whip-poor-will,



SCENE NEAR LAKE PEPIN.

which continues on till the early morning. Keeping unwilling vigils at this hour, I have noticed either that he becomes weary of his own monotony, or from some cause demoralized, and that his song is but indifferently rendered; the clear, liquid tones of his voice, noticeable in the early evening, becoming slurred and inarticulate in the dawning light. Can it be possible that these birds are bacchanals, and that they imbibe of ambrosial dewdrops, until, with heavy heads and maudlin brains, they sink to lethargic repose?

Basking in this meridian splendor, we have of late somewhat affected the social haunts of plea-

sure. One unhappy, fateful evening we attended a ball, which took place at the Town Hall. This edifice is a small two-story house occupying a prominent position upon a prairie, comprising within its limits fifteen hundred acres of ground. It is a building of singular primitiveness of construction. Everything of importance transpires at this place, hence the dance. Narrow board seats were provided for the occupancy of "wall flowers," at each end of the room, which I can safely say, so far as regards myself, were far from luxurious places of repose upon a long stretch. From a retrospective view, I can but conclude, that strength and endurance were gifts bestowed upon us through the agency of miraculous powers, preserving our bodies and spirits intact through the evening's trying ordeal. Also, our return through the dark lowery night, was a performance dependent entirely upon animal instinct. The Professor held the reins it was true, but of what avail was theoretical knowledge, or schools and colleges, with outward vision befogged in darkness so profound? In this emergency, without doubt, the superiority of instinct over reason was a significant fact, and that our lives were preserved awakened feelings of gratitude.

Ah! Aunt Dee, why not be content with the dancing sunlight, the music of the waves, and the poetry of woods and glades; to the exclusion of the terrible dangers and realities incidental to social intercourse!

In these latter summer days, we have explored villages and towns, driving through the freshening breeze, over inevitable prairie grounds, miles and miles away. St. Cloud is a place of prominence in this part of the world, lying twelve miles north, on the opposite side of the Mississippi. It is a flourishing town of three thousand inhabitants. Two miles up the river is situated Sank Rapids, said to be a place of resort, though as we learned, not a single resorter had thus far been attracted by its beauties. Judging from accommodations which the hotel had to offer, we should infer that resorting must have gone out of fashion at this place. Crossing the ferry from above, we drove toward St. Cloud upon the opposite side of the river, and were well pleased with a fine view of the "Rapids," presented from its banks.

Golden-rod and purple thistle cover the plains; bright-red among the leaves of the sumach grow more vivid with every passing day. It is plain

that we are upon the downward path of summer's glory; while yet with strange tenacity we linger beneath the quiet shades, and muse besides the murmuring waves.

The lotus blooms below the barren peak,
The lotus blows by every winding creek;
All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone;
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone,
Round and round the spicy downs
The yellow lotus dust is blown.

CHAPTER VI.

UP comrades, up! the mead lark's note
And the plover's cry o'er the prairie float;
The squirrel, he springs from his covert now,
To prank it away on the chestnut bough,
Where the oriole's pendant nest, high up,
Is rocked on the swaying trees,
While the hum bird sips from the harebell's cup,
As it bends to the morning breeze.—HOFFMAN.

The soft breath of silence rested upon wood and plain, when Ben and Anne Briggs came rowing over the lake by the light of the moon. They emerged from among the shadows of the trees into the broader light, in ghostly semblance of "Apollo conducting the water-draped Undine to shore." Something awkwardly carried under Ben's arm attracted our attention, which proved to be a violin. With kind consideration for our entertainment, he had brought this instrument with which to ravish our senses in sweet music's melodies. It was a delicate attention on his part, certainly, though of doubtful expediency, and demanding reservations in modes of administration, which became apparent at the first grating sound of the bow across the strings, when with instincts of safety, we sought refuge in distant recesses beneath the sheltering oaks. And for the first time, the rapidity with which sound passes through the air, made itself felt in rasping indulations upon our nerves like the sawing of iron.

I was impressively reminded by this incident of proximity at one period of my life, to a kindly, though deluded editor, whose moments of relaxation were devoted to the production of similar discordant sounds—the truism, "that distance lends enchantment," at that time becoming well established. There were moments, as I remember, when I could but shudder at the thought of nearer contact than the four walls made possible; through whose protective thickness, however, I must admit, that the sounds passed off harmlessly enough. It was only when the imagination pictured the reality

of absolute nearness, that one's nerves became tremulous with alarm. Since this episode in my



THE RED FOX.

life, the sight of a violin pathetically reminds me of my infatuated, though well-disposed neighbor, and of his superhuman efforts in the cause of art.

The Briggs family are among the oldest settlers upon the prairies. Captain Briggs, a *cidevant* sea captain from New England shores, by the fortunes of life became stranded upon Minnesota soil, Mrs. Briggs being a lady of culture and refinement. A large family have grown up about them in their seclusion, with absolutely no advantages of society or education, aside from home influences. Yet they possess in a marked degree that charm of good breeding and delicate sense of the fitness of things which comes of good extraction, the germs of which, it seems, these wilds have been unable to extinguish. The Captain is reported to be somewhat rough of temper, his business transactions are unsatisfactory. It seems that he is far from popular in the neighborhood. Josh, the oldest son, some years ago attended a Dutch ball, when one of the company brusquely inquired if he was that "Tamn tevil Priggs' son." Josh repeated the story with genuine good humor. It would appear that Captain Briggs rather enjoys his reputation, as a protection to himself, perhaps. There is a grim satisfaction sometimes in being misunderstood. He can be courteous and polite

when he chooses, notwithstanding rumors afloat of fearful oaths brought in by the dashing waves, or wafted through the air from his distant dwelling. In some manner, such stories have gained circulation.

The family is a marvel, certainly, one of the sons being now engaged in the study of law at Sank Centre, while another is known as a brave hunter, slaying his deer by tens and twenties. Ben, it would seem, is of gentler mould, and sacrifices these grosser tastes at the shrine of heaven-born music; or with the enthusiasm of youth and inexperience, enters largely into the social haunts of pleasure. Anne, "sole daughter of their house and hearts," roams at her own sweet will through wood and brake; or with the grace of perfect mastership, steers her bark over the shining lake. At close of day her voice is heard in snatches of song, blending in cadenced melody with the sound of the rhythmic waves. A phantom boat, one might fancy, with siren voices luring the ear of mortals.



THE COMMON HARE.

But it is Ben whom one instinctively feels is born to an inheritance of fame. Not that he is

remarkable for any prominent grace or virtue ; on the contrary, he is of that age when awkwardness borders upon the grotesque ; an infirmity of which he appears so good-naturedly unconscious as to produce the effect of the most charming individuality of bearing. He expresses his opinions with becoming modesty in regard to affairs connected with the country around, of which, as a matter of course, he is preternaturally conversant, not depreciating its advantages, yet in no wise boastful. Incipient manliness is just noticeable in a crude assumption of style and language, which with experience will become transposed into a pleasing address, it would be safe to prophesy, proving in the end a fortune to Ben ; genuine good nature, combined with intelligence, being everywhere gifts to insure success.

The long talked of hunting season is at hand, the game law having at this time become null and void ; and now every tangle and thicket may become a possible place of concealment for the wary hunter. Camping grounds are selected for the repose of these mighty men of arms ; generally beside some one of the lakes, and in the vicinity of farm-houses, we notice, betokening proclivities in favor of civilization at the first brush, however lawless they may become before the season is at an end.

It would appear that this is an exciting time in more ways than one, and that "The Assyrians come down like wolves upon the fold," in the shape of hordes of raw recruits from distant towns, who are ignorant of the first principles of hunting ; shooting at random, anywhere and everywhere, rather more likely to shoot themselves or companions than any game. Ben related quite a number of incidents of tragic ending connected with the feats of these unhappy marksmen, which has left a depressing effect upon our spirits. The Professor derisively suggests the expediency of our remaining within shelter of the house during this alarming season. So far as I am concerned, his opinions are worthless ; still, one would like to devise some means of keeping the barbarians at bay.

One young man, with enthusiasm oozing out at his finger ends, a few seasons ago, at the first blush, shot a young colt and calf, under the impression that he was bringing down deer. For one brief, triumphant moment, he saw his name handed down to posterity in story and song. Upon an-

other occasion, his ball just as a companion, took effect upon a dog. Accidents among the marksmen are not unusual, ending in

Profound silence enshrouds the hunters as they move about noiseless through bushes and trees with stealth. There is a slight crackle of leaves by a quick report, which one might quite as likely to have brought down a companion as any game. But fancy the "wild huntsman" leading us through leafy coverts, adding to our everyday life. Familiarity breeds contempt, and danger of possible surprises, and danger of. The Professor solemnly suggests that on our excursions we assume a loud voice, as affording protection to our pedigree.

It is far from pleasant, on the contrary, that these quiet, sylvan places have been converted into battle-grounds for the innocent ; and shudders are heard in every passing breeze as the fleeing deer, hemmed in by his wily pursuer, together with the thought that all through the autumn months roam the prairies with murderers, we, with brains befogged, hesitate between precedent and shame. Shamed in our truest feeling for the flesh of these victims, sacrifice the instincts of man, in cowardly flight, much that they are murdered is that we are haunted with wrong done to civilization through these animal instincts ; and through some far distant future, of which we are ignorant, clearer light shall be revealed to us.

The Professor has returned home, leaving our spirits calm and content. The summer days are perceptibly more stirring briskness in the air. Leaves upon the trees have fallen and silently strew the ground. From the lake, assumes proportions of an unnoticeable amid summer heat. We have suddenly become conscious of architectural fitness and symmetry charmed to note that it is no more

us out of countenance in commonplace fixedness, but gabled roofed and turreted. Within, there are large rambling rooms leading into unexpected recesses of quiet seclusion, or opening upon piazzas enwreathed in trailing vines, which are so far of an imaginary character as to in no wise obstruct the glorious sunlight or the cooling breeze—bowers, since the expansive skies and plains of Minnesota have become stifling realities or inspired figures of speech.

Nature, with provident care, is silently gathering her forces; flowers have reached their zenith, and now, with perfume dead, lie fading beside stalks of yellow seedlings. One cannot help noting these changes going on all about us, or feeling that the heyday of summer is over. After fruition comes decay, and soon autumn in gorgeous



THE WOLF.

panoply of red and gold, will blend with the chilly breath of winter.

Dim foreshadowings fill the air; the present, with imperceptible transit, will soon rank in semblance of things past. Remembrance comes back to us in longings and tears. I would hasten; I would have the birds sing always; I would have inspiration remain always at fever heat. There is a time to flee from the dregs of pleasure; before the verdureless trees confront our gaze, or the gurgling waves lie hushed in the embrace of icy arms, I would reverently withdraw. What am I, that I should look upon nature in her humiliation, or gaze upon her nakedness, ravished of leaf and flower?

Before November's fleecy month has draped the
VOL. IX.—28

plains, the "fire king" will have done its work, sweeping grass and herbage before its sirocco



THE BLACK BEAR.

breath; stealthily creeping through bush and tangle, winding its sinuous arms about the delicate tendrils of the climbing ivy, and reaching out with fiery fingers to catch the withered foliage fluttering upon the tree-tops; with snakelike evolutions, insinuating itself along the trail of fences, which guard inflammable hay-ricks and thatched roofed sheds, until, with the rising wind, the flames burst forth, sweeping on with resistless fury.



THE PELICAN.

The farmer's life in Minnesota is no sinecure; eternal vigilance is the price of safety to his hard-

earned crops. He watches the wind's course with lynx eyes, and when it is seen veering in his direction, turns out with horses and plough, heroically battling for his possessions through stifling vaporous smoke, which again and again exhausts his powers of endurance; when mercifully the changing breeze carries the danger to his no less watchful neighbor, where the conflict is again renewed.

The burning prairie is a grand sight; man's brave resistance through powers of reason, is a grand sight. No wonder that the oaks of the prairie are gnarled and stunted, when periodically they pass through these fiery ordeals; or that they pleadingly raise their dismantled heads to the gaze through seasons of growth and beauty, under the ban of their inevitable doom? When one considers, there is an indescribable pathos attached to the scraggy oaks, bringing them close to our human sympathies. Wronged, wronged! oh, hapless oak, yet no redress! Your grand symmetry of proportion twisted and tortured to unsightly deformity! Your luxuriant wealth of foliage shriveled to blackness! Gaze tenderly upon the gnarled oaks of the prairies, oh, ye careless travellers and sojourners upon the grass-covered plains of Minnesota! Consider that the fresh luxuriance which clothes the earth with beauty, furnishes but material for encompassing them in torturous flames.

Through the smoky atmosphere, and upon the breezy prairies, the bears come forth from their jungles. Acorns cover the ground, attracting these animals back to their haunts. For they, like the Indians, are passing on, only at intervals again encroaching upon their native domains. The hunter is well pleased with an occasional shot at these witless adventurers, who thus prefer the acorns of past joys to the food which, in the changes of life, the Fates have provided for them. Conservatism has its elements of danger. Progress, my dear bears, is the theory now-a-days. No turning back to the acorns of a past decade! On, on to the Rocky Mountains, oh, bears, oh, Indians! Civilization, with whip and spur, pur-

sues your fleeing steps! Pr less footsteps, tramples upon when, with wounds staunched her.

At last the great, sad prairie's garb. The cold, bow shudders through the frame, terable pain we turn to the hospitable signals beckoning there, and human sympathy. the icicled porch, and the ing beside the well. Charly ments of huge dimensions, way to the big barn, where gregated. Charley reigns animal is under control, a through the power of that lo which is lovingly heeded. I persons who emphasize the words are never intruded upon, he commands respect.

Yonder, smoke from a wig eddies above the Tamarack half-breeds are encamped for winter months. They under the deer, and have pitched the shot of their bounding foot of the deer intersect each other cobweb, all through the swam

The lake lies dumb beneath. Last spring a flock of pelicans upon its waters in reposeful denly they took their flight white-winged pelican will bosom, or from whence they they go? Were they exploring genial shores? Had they, with the spirit of change? North, oh, adventurous birds your wake; there's danger Trust not the quiet of peace back, oh, bird of the North!

The prairies in still bound and on. Through the mists gleam the solemn prairies.

RIPPLES FROM THE RHONE.

BY FRED. MYRON COLBY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

OF course the traveller visits Vaucluse, only fifteen miles from Avignon, whose grottoed rocks and limpid waters are more closely associated even than Avignon with the name, life, and works of the Italian poet. Is not this man in some sense overestimated? He had the good fortune, indeed, to perfect a living language, although it had been his chiefest ambition to write eloquently in a dead tongue. He gave harmony, purity, and even stability to the Italian, utilizing its resources so wonderfully that scarcely half a dozen words have been rejected by later writers. Nor is there anything gross in his writings. A tone of pure and melancholy sentiment pervades all his works, and the scholar seeks in vain for any of those impure metaphors and licentious tales which characterize the amatory poems of antiquity and most of those of his own age. These are Petrarch's excellencies; but we are speaking of him as a great poet. In strong original conception, in that flowing, easy grace of narrative which is necessary to command a sustained interest, and in that keen analysis of character and perception of truth which marks the true poetic genius, Petrarch is the least among all the Italian poets. With Dante, indeed, he is incomparable. The author of the "Divine Comedy" occupies a niche by himself, and is unapproachable. His orbit is still all his own, and the course of his chariot can never be confounded with that of a rival. Neither did Petrarch write anything worthy of comparison with the *Gerusalemme liberata* or the "Orlando Furioso." The great epic of Tasso is well-nigh unsurpassed in grace of diction, unity of action, and vividness of description. How quick his transition of ideas, how beautiful his comparisons! After the *Æneid*, there is not, in my estimation, another poem which has so few weak and tedious passages. Its greatest defect lies in the too great prominence of supernatural machinery. Yet this is hardly to be criticised in a poem. Ariosto, without being so great a poet as Tasso, has written some finer poetry. His "Orlando Furioso" is fairly alive with its facility of versification. He possessed some rare gifts. In

his facile grace of expression, and fertility and versatility of invention he holds a first place among the poets. There is nothing, in fact, in the whole range of poetry that for vivacity and genial flow of movement equals some portions of his large poem. In the grand quatrain of Italian poets it would appear then that Petrarch is the least worthy of admiration; yet faulty as he is, as the restorer of classical literature in Italy his services are unquestionable. His strains, so overestimated and admired by his own age, and by the writers of the Renaissance, conferred a benefit in elevating and refining the imaginations of youth, which criticism can hardly estimate, and which may have had much to do in the general judgment of his genius. In Avignon is the tomb of the beautiful Laura of Noves, the poetical mistress of Petrarch, whom he has immortalized in a hundred lays. Poor sighing Petrarch, and gentle, uncomplaining Laura! Yet who ever seriously believed in the love of this devoted pair of turtle doves? The story, nevertheless, is a charming one. You can picture the first romantic meeting in the church of St. Clara at early matins, and the sentimental encounters after, between the poet and the dame, extending through a period of twenty years, during which time the etherealized lover never ceased to inscribe sonnets to the beauty of her eyes, the rose of her cheeks, and the various charms which physically and mentally endowed the wife of Hugh de Sade. Possibly Petrarch deemed himself enamored. A man of ardent imagination and an enthusiast in all the emotions of love, friendship, patriotism and ambition, it was quite natural that his muse should be awakened by the beauty which charmed his fancy even if it never touched his heart. If true indeed that he cherished such a remarkable devotion to this woman, who it appears led a very miserable life with her morose and cynical husband, the only matter of astonishment, knowing what we do of the age of Petrarch, would be the persevering virtue of Laura. The troubadours boast of much better success with Provençal ladies. But we do not once believe that he did. His emotion was

too evanescent, his nature too selfish to love after such a manner. There could have been nothing manly, natural, or impetuous in his affection. It was simply an affected passion, a poet's dream.

You do not believe this, fair reader. Look, then, my dear madam, upon that portrait of Francesco Petrarch which adorns your library wall, and tell us if you think his is the face of a lover, of a man of strong and energetic passion, of deep and constant devotion. You perceive a countenance fat, round, and good-humored. Every feature tells the same tale, from the rounded and dimpled chin to the brow overhung with its clustering hair. The cheeks full and florid, the lips large and voluptuous, the eyes sagacious, sharp, and penetrating, are all indicative of good living, self-enjoyment and portly prosperity. It is the face of a vain, ambitious, pleasure-seeking man, a courtier, a savant, a gourmand, and a sensualist, but of all sensualists the most susceptible of elegance. You do not believe in this mock passion of Petrarch's? Follow him then through his varied, brilliant career from that April morning in 1327, when he first saw Laura's fair face under the veil of the devotee, till the day when his life closed at Aargau, forty-seven years after. What a sunny and honored life he led, going from court to court, from city to city, from castle to castle, the friend of all the great nobles of France and Italy, courted and fêted for his genius, his graceful appearance, and the reputation of his learning, the guest to-day of the Pope, to-morrow of kings, and the next of princes as powerful as kings! Fancy this man, learned, intriguing, pleasure-loving, amid all his exciting and luxurious life, his vast literary and political labors; fancy him, I say, the victim of an unrequited passion which was as ridiculous as it was incapable of moral defence. Nay, more, you think him truly the devout worshipper of Laura from the moment of the first sentimental encounter in the church of St. Clara to the time he indited her his last sonnet when she was a fat, comfortable matron, head of a large household of grown-up children who called her mother! Felicitous innocence! You forget that the poet of *Vaucluse*, like most other poets, and after the fashion of his indulgent, sensuous Italian race, sought the pleasures of love without hampering himself with the conjugal tie, being the father, under the rose, of a family of which Laura was not the mother. How fervent and exclusive was his passion, was it not! Away

with the idea! He cherished no more love for her than is generally wasted by an artist on his lay figure. He used her for a subject when in a certain poetic mood, but I doubt if he ever wrote sonnets about her when he had anything else to do. When composing his epics, when engaged in political intrigues, or when receiving the crown of the poet laureate at Rome, there was little thought in the mind of this thoroughly selfish and worldly man of the beautiful but unfortunate Laura de Sade.

Looking back at the clustering towers and church spires of Avignon, eyes and heart sorrowful at the departure, and our ears still vibrating with the distant murmur of the fountain of *Vaucluse*, we sail down the river. On either hand of the proud stream sweep the lands favored by poetry and romance and song beyond all others after Italy and Greece. The rich plains of *Languedoc* and *Provence*, home of the troubadours; where fair cities cluster with sonorous names; where fields of olive trees, with their gray leaves, and oleanders border the stream, alternately meet the passing vision; where the people still speak a language born of Attic and Tuscan softness; these are the lands we are gazing on now, and the beautiful river flows through the midst instinct with life, hastening on to join its current with the waves still warm from the sun of the *Bosphorus*. Past *Beaucaire*, on the right bank of the *Rhone*, connected by its suspension bridge with *Tarascon*, and whose annual fair, established by *Raymond*, Count of *Toulouse*, in 1217, was once the largest in Europe, we steam. A broad champagne country, fertile to magnificent luxuriance, the rushing *Rhone*, dotted with green islands, a city clustering on a hill, and a castle crowning it, and we approach *Arles*—*Arles*, famous for its ancient renown and the beauty of its women.

Arles is, perhaps, the oldest city in France after *Marseilles*. Great, glorious, beautiful once, she sits weird, withered, superannuated, feeble now, warming her palsied limbs in the sun, and looking vacantly down on the broad, impulsive river that reflected so much of majesty in days long gone. Here are are walls built, likely enough, before *Nismes*, her sister, sent an emperor to reign on the *Capitoline*, and which still attest the grandeur of the ancient city. There are also a broken ring or two of an amphitheatre; for all of these secondary cities of the Roman Empire copied the

manners of the capital, and Arles was the miniature Rome of Gaul. It is suggestive to seat one's self upon these solid granite seats, where, eighteen hundred years ago, some haughty Roman prætor, wrapped in his purple toga and preceded by grave lictors and followed by cringing slaves, sat with his straight-nosed wife and looked placidly on while gladiators were butchering each other in the arena below.

The day is fair, and we wander out beyond the walls of the city. A lovely picture is stretched around us; the sun shines down on the quiet French town, the stately historic castles, and the deep majestic woods that hid in their bosom alike the crime and despair of the erring Norma, the beauty of the "four daughters of Raymond Béranger, every one of whom became a queen," and the loves of many a Provençal youth and maiden whose names are not known to fame. The birds sang above us amid the dense foliage of those shadowy avenues that used to echo with the bay of hounds, the ring of horses' hoofs, the mellow notes of hunting calls, when through these sunny glades the gay courtiers of King Bozon, Count Béranger, and Duke Charles, had ridden for the pleasure of the Chasse and the Curée. Beautiful was the picture now; what must it have been when the luxurious, jeweled, tiara-crowned city reposed in her stateliness and pride on the river's bank like Cleopatra on her couch, when scholars and troubadours made the name of Provence known far and wide, and all that gay human life that from Cæsar to the twelfth Louis held their rendezvous, their fêtes, and their sports in Arles and her royal forests?

The Provençal literature which did so much in smoothing away the iron prejudices and customs of the dark ages, and opening a path for the nobler periods which succeeded its own, has left but little of its genius worthy of our esteem. Poetry was the great art cultivated, and it was amatory poetry. Love and gallantry were the subjects which the troubadours generally chose, although they produced a few satires which are keen and spirited. But no romances of chivalry, and hardly any tales are found among their works. The *gaisaber*, or "Gay Science," as that literature was called, according to the doctrines of which love was the principle of all virtue and of all glory, lit up, however, with a blaze of glory, all southern Europe for two hundred years. At the

courts of Arles, of Toulouse, and the Norman courts of England and Sicily, in Spain, and among the Guelph princes of Northern Italy, swarmed a multitude of lyrical poets, many of whom have had their names handed down to posterity. Even kings and nobles did not scorn to court the tender muse, and it was considered as essential in the training of a knight, that he could compose a *canço*, and accompany the same by the music of his flute as that he should be able to couch a lance in the tourney. Richard Cœur de Lion, invincible paladin as he was, prided himself more for his skill in minstrelsy than he ever did for all his brave and gallant deeds performed in the joust or on the battle-field. Nor was the kingly Plantagenet the only one who did so.

Possessing a flexible and harmonious language, the Provençal poets invented a variety of metrical arrangements perfectly new to the nations of Europe. Almost every length of verse, from two syllables to twelve, and the most intricate disposition of rhyme, were at the selection of the troubadours. Commanding such a choice of poetical sounds, the Provençal poetry possessed some rare advantages. Yet there is little of it which has come down to us that gives us any poetical pleasure. There is a deficiency of imagination and of vivid description which is not generally wanting in the works of true genius even in the rudest periods of society. Metrical compositions are in general the first literature of a nation, and we know of no instance where so little skill and learning is exhibited in the early attempts of nations yet in their infancy as in the poetry of Provence. Even in the poetry of sentiment, the favorite province of the Troubadours, there is very little of natural expression, and consequently our interest is seldom aroused. Nor could we deem those fantastical solemnities styled "Courts of Love," where poetical advocates, under the arbitration of certain ladies, debated ridiculous questions of metaphysical gallantry, as much calculated to create any genuine excellence. Poetry, in her noblest form, is a child of solitude and reflection; how then could we expect to find her here in the gay whirlpools of fashion and life, where her chiefest votaries were knights and ladies whose names were not always above reproach? The great reputation, however, acquired by the troubadours, and the panegyrics lavished upon them by Dante, Petrarch, and the other Italian poets, could

not have been wholly undeserved. Undoubtedly, they are judged at a disadvantage through the translations we have received. The charms which may have existed in those ancient days evaporated to a certain degree in reversion. Their poetry, moreover, was of that class which is entirely dependent upon music, and rather by the power of sound than by any stimulant of imagery and passion excited the fancy. Upon this connec-

tion and upon the admiration into which mankind is easily deluded by exaggerated sentiment in poetry, they depended for their influence and celebrity. Vapid and uninteresting as most of their productions appear to our intellectuation, they exerted a mighty sensation in their own age, and left a permanent influence on the state of European poetry. It is well to measure the influences on the present of such past creations.

CHIPS UNDER THE SNOW.

By J. P. McCORD.

SHE carefully gathers the chips of wood,
Gathers one by one from under the snow;
O, if the great Father in heaven is good,
Why does he on her so little bestow?

She gathers the chips from under the snow,
While on her thin cheeks and through her gray hair
The rough winter winds remorselessly blow,
And needles of frost are thick in the air.

But once her thin cheeks were rounded and fair,
And once her gray locks were glossy and brown,
And once of the world she had her full share,
And asked not for more her blessings to crown.

Her boy's merry voice was a song in her ear,
His misshapen words oft moved her to smile,
For more than he knew her heart he could cheer,
Could more than he knew the dull moments beguile.

When night o'er the world its shadows had spread,
She laid him to rest and covered him warm;
And if the storm-wings but rustled o'erhead,
She doubled the folds above his dear form.

Still tenderer grew her motherly care,
When pallid he lay, and wasted and weak;
Nor would she her toils and vigils forbear,
Till roses of health rebloomed on his cheek.

Her boy was her hope. She looked to the time
When all her fond love he well would repay,
When forth he would stand a man in his prime,
And be to her age a comfort and stay.

Ah, hope is a bud which never may bloom;
Though love's sleepless eye may watch o'er it keep,
Yet some hidden bane its life may consume,
And leave the wrung heart to wonder and weep.

The son is a man, tall, hardy and hale,
The mother is old and feeble of limb;
He leaned upon her when slender and frail,
O surely she now may lean upon him!

Alas, there are hearts akin to a stone,
Hearts where compassion no softness has shed;
So stony is he, for, cheerless and lone,
In life's roughest ways he leaves her to tread.

She misses him now! How sad is the thought
That the paths of his youth are spurned by his feet,
That mocking the wisdom which once he was taught,
He loves the low place where the sensual meet.

Alas, he is there, and pleasing his lips
With cups more inflamed than innocence knows;
Is there, while his mother is searching for chips,
With cold-reddened hands beneath the loose snows.

Rich with a few chips, she turns to her room,
And rouses her fire with sedulous pains,
To relieve, if she may, the chill and the gloom,
And urge the lag blood along her old veins.

We know the great Father in heaven is good,
For freely his gifts he scatters below,
And did men but order their lives as they should,
Along in their ways how blest they might go!

No, not to God's works, their friction or flaws,
May man their unrest or sufferings trace;
The evils they bear find ever their cause
In follies, in errors, or sins of the race.

See thousands, by lusts of the flesh overborne,
Pursue the sure road to sorrow and pain;
See thousands, though voices may warn them, and warn,
Yet lift the vile cup, and drain it, and drain.

While others, whose cheeks never burn with a blush,
Deal out the strong draughts to all who will pay;
And evils, as floods from full fountains rush,
Break forth over homes, and flow far away.

What mystery shadows these human affairs!
O where is the man whose wisdom can tell,
Why God with all sin so patiently bears,
Why earth is so like a province of hell!

How oft a hard lot to virtue is dealt,
A blot on her name, a shaft in her breast!
While guilt, the terrors of conscience unfelt,
Goes gaily along, unsmitten and blest.

While some proudly move with hands full of gold,
Or leisurely sit by their fire's full glow,
How many in want, enfeebled or old,
Must glean their scant wood from under the snow!

There sure is some shore, though yet out of sight,
Where all the dark things which puzzle us here
Shall brighten to proofs of wisdom and might,
And be to all eyes illumined and clear.

Then woe to the souls that cleave to the wrong,
And woe to the souls on others that prey!
For just is our God, though silent so long,
Yes, vengeance is his, and he will repay!

REMINISCENCES OF CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

By H. K. W. WILCOX.

CHESTER, originally called Upland, is the most ancient town and county seat in Pennsylvania. It is famous as the first landing-place of William Penn within the province, early in November, 1682. He had previously landed below, at New-castle, October 27th, where he was warmly welcomed by the Colonists "of all peoples, tongues, and nations."

When Penn arrived at Upland with his party of Friends, they were hospitably received and entertained by Governor Robert Wade. On this occasion Penn addressed his friend Pearson, one of his own Society who had accompanied him in the ship *Welcome*, and said:

"Providence has brought us here in safety. Thou hast been the companion of my toils; what wilt thou that I should call this place?" To which Pearson replied: "Chester, in remembrance of the city from whence I came."

Among the first buildings of importance erected in the place was that occupied by Robert Wade as his residence, but subsequently used by the Assembly of Pennsylvania during its meetings at Chester. It was afterwards known as the Essex House.

Here Governor Penn met his fellow-colonists, and with them projected the future plan for the settlement of the country. Here he was bountifully received on his return from England, and the old Essex House was famous as the headquarters of the Governor and the seat of Government. All vestiges of the old structure have long since passed away. It stood about two hundred yards from Chester Creek, near the banks of the Delaware, and on a plain about fifteen feet above tide-water. Skirting the river bank stood a number of lofty pine and walnut trees. The gable-end of the Essex House pointed on the Delaware, and the southwest end pointed on Essex street; its back piazza was on a line with Chester Creek, which separated the house and farm from the town of Chester.

Robert Wade owned all the land on the side of the creek opposite Chester, extending back some distance up the stream. The Chester side was originally owned entirely by James Sanderland, a

wealthy Swedish proprietor, and extended back into the country a considerable distance. Sanderland was a prominent Episcopalian, and founder of the old St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Chester. A monument of fine sculpture of that time was erected to his memory at his death in 1692. None of his descendants are now living.

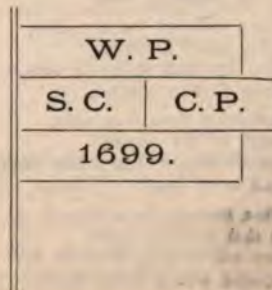
On the same spot was erected a monument commemorative of the first "A. M." of Pennsylvania. The following is the inscription:

"Here lieth Paul Jackson, A.M. He was the first who received a degree in the College of Pennsylvania; a man of virtue, worth, and knowledge. Died 1767, aged 38 years."

Paul Jackson was the ancestor of Dr. Samuel Jackson, of Philadelphia, and brother-in-law of Hon. Charles Thomson. He is spoken of as one of the best classical scholars in his time; and took part in the Braddock Expedition.

The brick house owned by John Hart, in which the first Assembly of Pennsylvania was held, was in after years used as a cooper's shop. It was a one and a half story structure located near the creek. The oaken chair in which Governor Penn sat, as Chief of Assembly, was long after preserved in the family of Colonel Frazier.

At the mill seat on Chester Creek was originally located the first mill in the country, and was erected by Richard Townsend, who brought the materials from England. The iron vane was preserved many years after the old mill had passed away. The initials represent the original partners who owned the mill: "William Penn, Samuel Carpenter, and Caleb Pusey." The date 1699, of the erection of the structure, was also inscribed on the vane.



Near the site of the old mill stood the residence of Richard Townsend, a low stone building of rude finish, one story high. In its day it was considered a dwelling of no mean pretensions.

Not far from this locality, which was known as "Ridley Creek Mills," was a rock upon which was cut the date and initials, "J. S., 1682," marking the spot where John Sharpless, the original settler, erected a temporary hut, immediately after his arrival in that year.

We have evidence in the following petition issued in 1700, of the ambitious expectations of the early inhabitants of Chester, looking forward to the growth and thrift of the town:

"Whereas, Chester is daily improving, and in time may be a good place, we pray that the Queen's road may be laid out as direct as possible, from Darby to the bridge on Chester creek."

This paper was signed by ninety of the inhabitants of Chester and vicinity.

Jasper Yates, a son-in-law to Sanderland, erected, in 1700, "an extensive granary, which received much of the grain from Lancaster and Chester Counties."

Soon after the first colonists arrived by the Factor, in December, 1681, the Delaware was frozen over at Chester where they located. Several ships arrived in the spring of 1682.

It was during the early "Councils of Brotherly Love," which convened at Wade's house, at Chester, which were participated in by representatives from all the families of Friends which had settled in the vicinity, that the project of a great town, or "City of Brotherly Love," was inau-

gurated; and that location was primarily the centre at which it was proposed to found the great metropolis. But Chester Creek could not compete with the Schuylkill; and it was declared that Philadelphia, which had been planned by William Penn, was the more eligible spot, and "that it seemed appointed by its two rivers and other conveniences for a great town."

Penn, in a letter of instructions to one of his agents, concerning the plan of Philadelphia, says: "Let every house be placed, if the person please, in the middle of its plot, as to the breadthway of it, so that there may be ground on each side for gardens, or orchards, or fields, that it may be a green country town, which will never be burned, and always be wholesome."

A family named Preston, living in Bucks County, relate that one of their ancestors witnessed the arrival of William Penn, an account of which he gives in the following language:

"When the ship in which Governor Penn arrived from England came up to the Neshameny, he was met by the Indians. The masts of the ship struck the trees of Levade's Hill (where subsequently the navy yard was located). The white settlers and Indians joined in preparing a bountiful feast for the Governor and his family. William Penn walked with the Indians, sat down with them on the ground, and ate with them roasted acorns and hominy. This pleased the Indians so much that they began to show how they could hop and jump. Penn, much to their delight and amusement, then joined with them in jumping, and *he beat them all.*"

TO A WIFE.

Oh! hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark than fate would prove,
My heart were truly desolate
Without thy soothing love.
But thou hast suffered for my sake,
Whilst this relief I found,
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from a wound.
My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met!
And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah, no! that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than labored words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight
Of sorrow summons forth;
Though known in days of past delight,
We knew not half their worth.
How unlike some who have professed
So much in Friendship's name,
Yet calmly pause to think how best
They may evade her claim.
But ah! from them to thee I turn,
They'd make me loathe mankind;
Far better lessons I may learn
From thy more holy mind.
The love that gives a charm to home
I feel they cannot take;
We'll pray for happier years to come,
For one another's sake.

THE FAIR PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY DAVID MURDOCH.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XLI. A BRIDGE OF GOLD FOR AN ENEMY'S RETREAT.

THE plan adopted by the Dominie's party had been scrupulously carried out, and at the same time so secretly, that not a rumor of their approach had reached the camp of the Mohawks. Their reverend leader had two objects in his mind: *Firstly*, as he would have said himself, to prevent any communication between the North and the South through Brandt's aid. It was reported that the lady spy was a young man in woman apparel, who had succeeded in making his escape by the way of the Round Top. Every member of the Consistory present said "he must be prevented." "The he jade!" said the roused pastor; "we must skin her this time."

"Aye, aye, minister," said Grant; "skin for skin, as the Scripture says; and fegs, sir, your name is Skinniman; but it's no easy putten saut on a mouse's tail."

"We must keep the rascal from getting on board the ship: and *secondly*, my brethren, deliverance of the captives. If we can drive the savages back, well and good after that; let us try."

There were some who insinuated concerning the officers on parole, as if they were on a pretended hunt; but the Dominie would not allow a word to be spoken against their honor; and when any one whispered suspicion of Clarence, the good man got so angry that all were glad to hold their peace except Mat Van Deusen, who wanted to know more of those "paper things that had such power."

As to Clarence, who did not appear till the close of the chase, there was before him a daring course, which he did not hesitate to pursue. He entered into the circle that morning, resolved to follow the chief robber, and either thwart him or die. The attention of Clifford was early arrested to the movements of his mysterious countryman. The experienced soldierly air of the youth, who held his head up so firmly, and the manner in which he stepped from stone to turf, put him on the alert. Perhaps the features of Clarence might recall an image discovered by his conscience of late

in his dreams: a face which he was impelled to follow, though it spoke of vengeance. Once he was upon the point of demanding of Clarence who he was, and why he followed him, when some call in the chase diverted him from his present aim. When the hunters made their first stop, the two did not meet in the bed of the cascade. During the second part of the chase, Clarence was not so successful in keeping Clifford in view. That wily sinner had more persons to watch than one. The two Indians, Kiskataam and his foil, had made a sudden turn around the corner of a rock, and being suspicious of treachery during these two days past, Clifford followed them at full speed, coming up to them just in time to take the captive out of their hands, and to meet his own reward. When Clifford and Clarence did meet, it was to scowl that fierce frown which proud men, whether victors or defeated, send out upon each other when hate burns freely, but which passed over Clarence's face the moment he saw his sister safely out of the traitor's hands.

The division under Van Vechten fell back, so as to release the captives taken off by force from the Vlatts, while that under Salisbury drew away to the west, so as to intercept the Mohawk on his retreat. The moment he perceived the treachery of Clifford, and found out that Miss Clinton, whom they had been waiting for so long, was not the daughter of the rebel Clinton, but of the great soldier, his men were ordered to the west through Katrina Montour's country. The red men, impatient of delay, were already on the road, and their chief only remaining behind that his mind might be fully satisfied, when the war-whoop of his tribe was sounded with the nona—retreat.

Salisbury, who had posted his men on the side of a rising ground which looked to the southwest, lay down, quietly waiting the van of the enemy. The orders were "do not rise till the party has passed at least half through; then take him in the flank. Keep your ears open for the word."

The Dominie, who came up to this party, after surveying their position, insisted that the space before them gave the Indians too good a chance for

keeping clear of the ambuscade, and that they would be discovered before the main body came forward. "I am for giving the scoundrels a bridge of gold to retreat by, but not quite so wide as that." The reverend pastor was right. Some impatient, undisciplined militia-man gave a loud call to a comrade just as the Indians were turning the angle of the hill, when a pause was ordered, and a wide sweep taken; skulking among the trees and by the knolls, Salisbury ordered one volley, but the bullets fell short of the aim. The rest was a scattering fight, with the exception of a show of battle; but when Brandt himself came up, the skirmish was a mere frolic. The moment that chief appeared, the blood of the Dominie rose so that it took all the force of the company to restrain him.

"Let me alone if you will not help. Don't you see the heathen tiger there, how he stalks before us, with as much assurance as Goliath did with his greaves of brass and his weaver's beam. Let me give him one stone at least, I tell you, from the back of that tree on the other side of the valley. I may bring him down and revenge the country for the blood he has shed at Cherry Valley and Wyoming."

"Yes, but Dominie, he will send that tomahawk of his through your skull before you load again; and you are too heavy to run fast." This was said by the captain, with a sly wink to the rest.

"Stop there, you bloody pagan, till I get one shot at you," shouted out the earnest man; and with that he let fly, but his mark had a tree between him and the muzzle before the trigger was drawn. Well was it for him, for the aroused minister was a good shot, and the ball sank into the trunk of the tree. Brandt, to show that he did not despise the black coat and cocked hat, came out suddenly and returned the fire, so that the bullet whizzed over the mark, without injury.

"Come out from that, you skulking red-skinned murderer," the Dominie roared out at the full pitch of his voice, "and let me have as good a chance, and see if you ever reach the Mohawk flats again."

By this time the Indians had succeeded in finding their way by the bed of the stream that runs by the foot of the hill, and it would have been folly to follow, more especially as all the prisoners, with the exception of Elder Abiel and his son, had been recaptured by the reserve under the

command of Grant. That eccentric mortal, on the watch for a chance to distinguish himself, came upon the enemy's rear at the time of the surprise produced by the sudden appearance of Salisbury, and carried off Martin Schuyler, with others, in triumph. The guard set over the captives were some of their disguised neighbors, who, justly dreading the wrath which would come on them, now that their cause was lost, ran in double quick time away from vengeance.

"Tak care o' thae puir captives there," Grant roared out, "a deel's dozen o' you; let the rest o' you follow me after thae fause guissards, deceitful loons that they are. Were I but within ten yards o' them, if I would na pepper their douns for them—'Dredge their drodem,' as my granny, honest woman, used to say."

All this time the big brawny fellow was running at the head of his party, uttering all kinds of speeches against the heads and hearts of the renegades before him, till he got as near to some of them as was safe for himself, he being actually alone, when there were half a dozen of the terrified false faces turned upon him in desperation. For the time he forgot that a mean fox, when earthed in his hole, will snarl and bite the largest mastiff. One figure, who turned out to be the town tailor, wheeling around in terror, plunged a knife into the fleshy part of the Scotchman's arm, and nearly succeeded in giving Grant his last lesson.

"You miserable neer-do-weel," said Grant, "is that the way you meet your neebors in the woods that have come sae far, and at sic expense, to see you?"

So taking the frightened artist by the nape of the neck and the seat of his breeches, he shook him with a force which made his teeth chatter and his eyes to start out of their sockets.

"Tak that, you limpin limb o' hungry humanity, and see if you can learn to behave yoursel at hame instead of here, shewen your campsie grey claith." And with that he renewed the shake, till the tailor, in an ague fit of horror that made every hair stand on end, screamed out:

"Mercy, mercy, Hughie Grant; let me go, and I'll be as true a Whig as ever breathed, all my life long."

"Mercy, indeed," said the other, "after you've tried to put that whittle up to the heft in my brisket bane. You see by that bluid rinnin there

what your bodkin has done, you false loon. I'll tear the garment aff you, as Abijah did the son o' Jeroboam, and send you hame to clip the tails aff lice."

And with that he put his great fingers up to the throat of the tailor, stripping him from head to heel of all his Indian garb, then taking whatever steel was in the dress, he left him to buckle on what was left of it, while he ran in search of other renegades.

But it was every man for himself there on that day. The place was favorable for hiding, and the few that were caught were punished on the spot, if worth punishment, or suffered to run out of the way, lest they should know them and be obliged to notice who they were. Some followed in the trail of Brandt, afraid to return.

On Grant's going back to his party, he met the Elder Abiel, together with his son, walking westward at full speed, as if retreating. The Scotchman, confounded at the sight, came up to them, saying, in his broadest style of speech:

"Whare the warl are you gaun noo, Mr. Abiel? One might think you had got eneuch o' the hill, by this time, to mak you turn your face the ither way."

"I am running after Brandt," said the old man, sorrowfully. "I am afraid I shall not get up to him. David, here, will follow me, though he is not obliged to go. See if you can get him to return back with you. We can be both ill spared from home in these times."

"What does this mean?" the Scotchman cried out, scarcely comprehending what he heard. "Are you gaen fey? Tell me, Dauvit, for you seem to have some sense left."

Abiel's son, to whom this appeal was made, said, in a grouty way, that the whole company had had the chance of escaping that morning, had it not been for his father.

"When I awakened," said he, "the Mohawks were asleep, every man of them, their arms all stacked against a tree. I whispered, now is our time, when dad just raised his head, looking around, and, as he lay down, said he would not do that for all King George's dominions. Some nice freak of what he calls honor. For all that, where he goes I go, though it should be to the gallows."

"David," said the Elder, "do not speak in that way, else I will command you to return.

Here is the Dominie coming, I will leave it to him."

That earnest leader of the camp of Israel had, after his own personal combat with the big Mohawk, all but forced Salisbury and his party back from pursuing the enemy. Though his own blood was so hot that he was ready to meet Brandt, or anything else on the open field, he was too cautious a man not to see the folly and the danger of attempting to intercept or pursue an Indian army, under such a leader, far into the wilds. For with all this prudence, he had no small idea of his own knowledge of military affairs, derived from an extensive reading in ancient and modern history, which he was apt to quote a little too freely, and in the circumstances of the times—laughably.

He was laying down the laws of war to Salisbury in his loudest tones, with his usually violent gestures; the latter impatiently listening to what he thought he knew better than the reverend soldier. As they both came along side by side, they were seen by the others who were waiting for them. The Dominie, in no hurry now, riding as he was, a favorite hobby, came on striding over the narrow bridle path—for he was what jockeys call, a wide traveller—stopping every tenth step, putting his broad body in the irritated captain's way, who had been robbed of a share in the laurels won.

"You see, Billy, you were nearly caught in the woods like Absalom: you and your men would have been cats' meat to these savages. You see, Billy, when the Trojans and the Greeks fought with each other, the one had the goddess of wisdom, Minerva, on their side, and the other, Mars. Had I gone with you, then it would have had these two, and we might, with God's help, as I always write on all my prescriptions, have prevailed. But, Billy, I could not do anything without your arm; nor could you do without my counsel."

"That may all be true, Dominie," said the person lectured; "but when a man is taunted with cowardice, he is willing to throw all on the chance of proving his courage."

"Poh! is it there where the pain lies? You are no coward man, if that will please you; and that you have not had Ulysses by your side, is not your fault. You are Hector himself, only had you but chosen that narrow passage on this side of where you planted your men, you could

have riddled those red skins, so that they would have fallen like the soldiers of Xerxes at the straits of Thermopylæ; and we would have hailed you like another Leonidas this day, bearing you back on our shields in triumph. That would have been something to be proud of. But what have we here? My own honest brother, Elder Abiel, once more free! God be praised, that our war has not been in vain. We shall have a day of thanksgiving for this blessing, were it for nothing else. My right arm is restored to me."

"Nae sae fast, minister," said Grant; "the Elder says that he is on his way to Neaugra. He's neither to haud nor to biud, willy illy."

"What is the meaning of this?" was the really anxious inquiry of the Dominie, who feared that the mind of his friend had suffered in his captivity. "Surely you cannot be so taken up with a heathen's company, that you should prefer it to the fellowship of the saints."

The Elder only shook his head, for his heart was full. David, his son, took it up by saying that his "father had taken it into his head, that he was bound in honor to Brandt, for some kindness he had shown to him, and he was now on the road to offer himself up."

"Let us hear," was the alarmed Dominie's words, "what is that point of honor that makes you so sensitive; for it must be very clear and strong before I will consent to such a loss as Garret Abiel. Our labor and our blood must not be thrown away in vain."

Grant, who had been impatiently waiting for a chance to put in a word, hastened here to say, "that's true, minister; I am for carrying the Elder back. We are strong enough, a' hands of us, and though we read in the second book of Samuel, the twentieth chapter, and the eighteenth verse, if I'm na mistaen, that they were wont to speak in old times, saying 'they will surely ask counsel of Abel,' and so they ended the matter; I'm thinkin' it was na this Elder Abiel, for they were not sae foolish as to put themsels into the hands of the Philistines."

The Dominie, who stood perfectly confounded at the position of the Elder's affairs, looked Grant in the face all the time he spoke, seemingly thinking on something else, and not conscious of anything that was said by the Scot, at the close drew a long breath, repeating his own words, "all our labor in vain, and what a loss!"

"Yes, minister, I've just been reflecten," said Grant, "that this wee fecht o' ours is waur to us than the battle o' the Shirra muir was; whare a neebur o' my toon lost his faither and his mither, and a gude braid swourd that was worth them baith. What think you o' that?"

The good man smiled. In other circumstances he would have laughed aloud; but turning to the Elder, he desired a full account of his pledge given to the Mohawk; which when he heard, he sighed and said:

"I am sorry; and I am rejoiced. We must part for the present. Such honor is not seen but in the true-hearted; and God shall reward it. Proud am I this day. Your example will weigh heavier than the hills; and what is best of all, our good Dutch Church is represented in you this day, and the fame thereof will go far among the Gentiles even unto the ends of the earth."

The Elder here held out his hand firmly, which the Dominie grasped, taking off his hat as all did, feeling that an act of devotion was to follow; for the good pastor poured out a most fervent prayer, ending with the apostolic benediction in Dutch: "*De genade onzes Heeren Jesus Christus zij met uwen geest! Amen.*"

"Now, David, see that you watch over your old father; and watch every chance for escape. Don't forget your catechism and the canons. There is a copy for you; have it all on your tongue's end, when you come back; and you can read the marriage service now and then, and I'll join Susy Myers and you together. Keep up a good spirit."

"Oh, yes," said Grant, who was always ready, "a stoot heart to a stay brae; faint heart never gained fair lady."

The two companions parted here, the Abiels with a white handkerchief on the top of a pole as a flag of truce in case of accidents on the way to the camp of the Indians, and the Dominie to the Flat Rock, where all were gathering preparatory to their descent down the mountain side. Already the chief persons were assembled, and waiting the decision of some controlling power. Bertram and Clarence, agreeably to their intentions at the outset of their adventure, had, with the assistance of Gabriel, kindled three fires, south of the pine orchard, as the signal of success to the ship that lay along the shore waiting. Just at the moment when the Dominie had reached the verge of the

cliff and looked toward the moon there came forth the reverberations of cannon thrice repeated, as answers to the flame that rose from their fires. Then came up as many Roman candles burning clear, and shooting out sparks brilliant as star dust. These attracted the different classes to whom the sight of fireworks was a new thing.

By and by, when all supposed these rejoicings over for the time, lights of different colors were seen to spread from prow to stern of the ship, till she seemed to stand out upon the darkened sky, a fiery image of some terrible being, ready to mount on wings. They who were ignorant of how all that was produced stood in amazement, not unmixed with terror. The name of that vessel was one that created fear all along the river; and recent occurrences had not served to allay these fears. The Clintons, however, saw in that brilliant object, the signal of joyful enthusiasm in which the whole ship's crew united as one man.

"I can hear," said Bertram, "their hearty cheers; I am sure of it. The voices of four hundred men can be heard that short distance. There again."

"You imagine, cousin Bertram," was Clarence's cooler word. "You may as well say that you see them; but by George I do see them crowding the deck. There, take the glass and see for yourself."

"I see no men," said the sailor, who looked with a seaman's eye; "but there, I see our initials hung out in flaming characters, B. M. C."

The other companies viewed the illuminated vessel with different feelings, and it would not serve any good purpose to record these in detail. The Dominie was impatient to be gone, as the next day was the Sabbath, and he must be at his post. As many as chose to encamp for the night, had the opportunity, as the booths erected by Brandt's army still stood, and the embers still smoldered on the fireplaces, where they had been burning during the week.

"But for my part," said the stout-hearted minister, "I would rather be in my own roost beside my careful hen, than lie here under the stars high above my head, where the hawk and the eagle have their nest so near me. Let poets say what they please of such sublimities."

Grant as usual put his word in, saying: "Ane might suppose when they hear you preach, that the higher up and the nearer to that terrible crystal, the better for the health o' the spirit.

That's to say when you get into your taunt-rums."

"All true, Grant, and proper enough to be said at the right time, but I hope," and here the good man's voice quivered a little, "I hope I may die in my nest; I have no wish just at this moment to mount to heaven from this footstool. You captains must lead the men home according to your best wisdom. I shall leave my nag here for the use of the young lady; I can get one at the bottom of the hill from Hanshee Goetchius."

With this the Dominie left. Tom had been sent away an hour before with orders to go straight to the parsonage, so that all might be in readiness there for strangers. Another messenger had been sent secretly to the ship, so that nothing remained but to finish what had so far made such good progress.

"Where did you leave your master, you cowardly scoundrel," was the first salutation of the anxious Yfvrow, "that you have come skulking home like a fox that has lost its tail in a trap?"

"Leab massa!" was Tom's astonished answer. "Me neber leab massa; him leab Tom shooting de big Indian and King Cuffee. He! he! he!"

Whether it was Tom or the Dominie that shot Brandt, she could not make out to this day; but this did not prevent her ordering a couple of sheep, and fowls in proportion, to be killed, so that she might be prepared for a company, "like another Abigail," as Grant said.

CHAPTER XLII. TEARS AND SMILES.

TOWARDS midnight, under the guidance of Teunis, the whole party found their way to the parsonage. On the road old Martin, in the gratitude of his heart, yielded to the plea of the Tory's son; and Elsie, in the warmth of her long-cherished affection, consented to be a bride on the next day. "It would," she said, "inake Miss Clinton so happy before they parted."

Agreeably to the command of the Dominie, the two maidens were put under the charge of the Yfvrow, who, with true maternal prudence, merely kissed them both, bidding them good-night in the sleeping chamber to which she conveyed them. Their sleep was that of youth and health, after undergoing perils on the heights, perils in depths, and perils in the wilderness. Weary and overcome with their exertion of body and of mind, they had sunk into a deep slumber,

which continued till the sun was far up in the heavens. Margaret dreamed all night of the dangers and of the deliverances of the past week: the one class of images mingling so with the other, it would have been difficult to have disentwined them. A prominent figure in the foreground was an eagle that grew in her sight large as a ship; its wings spreading out till they became sails, by which the vessel moved fleetly on the waves, as she had seen a sea-gull playing in a storm. On the head of the glorious creature was a brilliant jewel that glowed like a crown of bright flame. All round the points of the wings were lamps that hung like lambent fringes, and were so soft, that though she had taken a seat between these wings, the fire did not scorch her in the least, as the eagle sailed down the broad river, with Bertram on one side and Clarence on the other; guiding their ship as they might a chariot of fire on the land, which went as she willed. It was sometimes land, and then water. All at once the vessel, winged as it was, hung over the gulf below the Falls, where they found refuge. The spars seemed so fine, and the hull so transparent, that the appearance was more magical than real. The ropes were threads of yellow light, and the waving ensign a sheet of red flame as the ground on which were intermingled the lion of England among united stars. At that instant, in her sleep she heard a cry, and saw her cruel enemy near her on the height above. Here she leaped into the airy ship, and sailed away above the clouds, when the joyful sailors fired off their artillery, giving out cheers of gladness and continued huzzas.

At this moment the enraptured maiden awoke; nor was it all a dream. Some of the youthful crew outside, noisy in their mirth, Sabbath though it was, were celebrating the events which gave the elder portion of the population such pleasure.

They had succeeded in firing off a small cannon, which of itself was a great feat, and worthy of their vocal music. The two young women recovering their scattered senses, looked in each other's faces and smiled. Margaret calmly kissed her friend, as tears filled the eyes of both—tears of gratitude to God and love to one another.

"We are here, and safe," said Elsie; "let us thank the great Deliverer, and be ready for whatever else may come."

"And next to him who has delivered me, I owe all to my dear Elsie, who took her life in her

hand for me, a stranger, and the daughter of one who is the"—

"Say no more of that, Miss Clinton; there is a Providence which overrules all these events; and now that they are transpired, I would not have them in a different form than they are at this moment, though it may sound strange to you."

"Some good thing is about to happen then to my own Elsie."

"Yes, Miss Clinton, Teunis will be mine. An event I never expected to see; my father is reconciled to him, and I am as happy as a young maiden can be. All has come out of your captivity, so that I am as much released as you can be." Here Elsie hid her face on Margaret's bosom.

"That is your own good heart speaking that has cheered me so long: for it seems so long since we became known to each other, that it sounds strange to me to hear my brother say we must be at the ship to-morrow."

"Yes," said the thoughtful Elsie; "you return to your home, and I remain at mine; and our experience of trouble will not be lost, if we both fill our places the better that we have been at school up among the mountains. But, hark, there is the horn of warning to rise. There is more to be done this day than you have dreamed of; nor could you guess though you were to try all day."

The countenance of Elsie, while it retained its usual quiet soberness, was more cheerful than it had been for some time; showing that pleasant thoughts were passing over the zenith of her heaven; and yet there was no levity nor trifling demeanor. Her conversation was as lively—more lively than ever, but intermixed with sage maxims which she had heard and stored up in the past; and while the experience of the high-bred English maiden was gained in a far different school, yet the results to both at this hour were not unlike; showing that virtue is eternal and unchangeable; impressed upon the soul within, and not upon the body without.

"But," continued Elsie, "you must not suppose that my heart is any lighter, though I smile in your face this morning; like the keystone of an arch, I am firmer and stronger the heavier my responsibilities are becoming! Ha! but here is something that will interest us."

With these words the country girl drew out into the middle of the floor a strong hairy trunk, studded

with brass nails, and bound with iron, such as English travellers take with them to foreign countries. Margaret soon expressed her surprise; for it was the very chest which she herself had carefully packed with what she intended to wear on this journey to Ulster. Her wonderment was how it could possibly be on that floor, when she left it last Sabbath morning in her little cabin. Had she been told by her old Scotch nurse that some kind fairy had brought it hither, she was likely to have believed her. The truth must be told here. Bertram had secretly made a journey to the ship during the night; and this among other matters was a result of his interview with his uncle and aunt. The day was to be spent in this inland village, where in gratitude to the good man who had aided them so efficiently, and in pure friendship for Elsie, Miss Clinton was to be allowed to remain. The dresses which the chest contained were sent, so that she might appear worthy of her name and place in society. Other garments lay there folded, which were intended for the daughter of Martin Schuyler, who, as the relative of the noble man of Albany, felt as dignified as a queen, and must be arrayed that day "in as handsome a manner as becomes her standing." So the proud 'Yfvrow said to her careful spouse before she went to bed that night.

The two damsels were soon into the mysteries of dressing. Elsie had worn the gown she had on the night she left Hoogenhuisen, and Margaret had not thought after being caught in her parti-colored blanket of changing it for another. Once afterwards at a masquerade in Fortheringame Castle, England, did she appear as an Indian Queen. The blanket was kept among the choicest treasures of her gay wardrobe.

At the breakfast table both the visitors were welcomed by their host and hostess; the lady giving them the warm embrace of a mother, while the Dominie with dignity and paternal voice bade them welcome, handing them at the same time to chairs by his side.

Margaret felt the blood tingling through her veins as she sat down reflecting that she was now in the presence of the man whom she had learned to respect by what she had heard of him. With all her experience of the world and of different companies, she was not without anxiety as to the result of this interview with one whose sentiments she knew must be of a high order. Forethought

was unnecessary here, as all was done in decency and order.

"You have at least been fortunate in one thing, my lady: in your late excursion in seeing our mountain at this season, for it is the only object of interest we have to show a stranger. We think it beyond all other hills."

"I have been unfortunate, my dear sir, in not being in a fit frame to enjoy it, as I would have done had fear not prevailed over my admiration; still I shall take impressions with me so deep that they never can be worn out."

"Yes, my lady, in misfortune we receive such impressions. Had you sailed over the highest peak in one of those newly invented air boats that the French are trying, your voyage would be sooner forgotten, than if you walked every step up to High Peak."

"So moralists say," was Margaret's reply. "Still a balloon would have been welcomed yesterday morning, and could I have made one I would have ventured in it."

"And fallen, lady, down the precipices, where your crushed body would have been lying now. God's ways are not our ways, neither are his thoughts our thoughts, for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways above all those inventions that human wisdom would try."

At this point Tom put down the large clasped book on the table, while at his heels there came in the whole household of this holy patriarch, taking their seats according to their rank. The ninety-second psalm was read, followed by a brief exposition and a prayer, solemn, earnest and direct. The household, the country and the church, were all remembered. What chiefly affected Margaret was the touching reference made to herself; showing that he who spoke for them, knew all about her and felt for her as a kind father does for a wandering child. As he rose in fervor he became more pointed and his voice quivered as he supplicated, "Divine compassion on the head of her, who had been chased like a young roe, among the hills, and who had been followed after by a love strong as death. Now, O Lord! may her eyes this day see Him who is fairer than the children of men, who standeth behind our wall, who looketh at the windows, showing himself through the lattice, saying, 'rise up my love, my fair one come away. For lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone: the flowers appear

warning eye. After a little while he came out, ready to enter the sacred place; his cocked hat on, with his Geneva bands hanging low on his breast; except these, not a spot of white upon him. Over all was his ample cloak, made of thick worsted stuff imported from Holland, and sold by Abram Van Est, at Coenties Slip, Manhattan, now New York.

The 'Yfvrow, who was herself superbly dressed, made her spouse turn round till she examined him thrice over, continuing her critical investigations till he grew out of patience, and broke away from her hands in assumed fury.

"Nay, nay, Dominie, you must allow me to straighten out that wrinkle in your coat-tail, careless man that you are. Can you not lift it aside when you sit down? It is the 'Yfvrow will get all the blame. Dame Brinkeroff will say:

"Did you see the Dominie's bands? They were as yellow as a duck's foot."

"Yaw, yaw, Mammy Demond will squeal out; 'and his wig was mairs like tow on my rock than good hair.'"

"Never mind the clashing jades," said the well pleased and happy Dominie. "I'll have them all before the Consistory for their slander. You're the best wife in the colony." And with that he stole a kiss, as if in perfect exuberance of pleasure.

"Fie, fie, Dominie! and before ladies, too," said the no less happy wife, "and we going to the kerke. If old Mat Van Deusen hears of this there will be some noise."

With that all marched out to the church. The Dominie, as of right, led the way, having Miss Clinton on his arm.

CHAPTER XLIII. THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

It was one of those beautiful Sabbath mornings which occur at the close of the fall of the year, that resemble the face of a devout matron, just before the winter of her life commences; who, still conscious of the happy life she has passed, surrounded by her children, who revel in the fruits she has gathered for them, looks with devout gratitude to God, as sensible also of worldly delight. The sunshine of youth not only lingered around the hills, but rested richly on the valley. The people were evidently at rest in their minds, and as the clear cock-crow wakened the echoes, voices of praise were prolonged so sweetly that they reverberated from stream and knoll, till all sounded in blessed unison.

VOL. IX.—29

After the stirring events of the past week, a large congregation were assembling. The majority came for worship, but many to obtain the news of how the good cause was prospering. Where every one contributed his part, each carried away a full account, to be told over at home, to those who could not come to the common gathering place.

The strangers present, guests of the Dominie, sat in his large square pew, along with the 'Yfvrow and her little flock. As they looked up to the desk, and saw the pastor in his full Geneva cloak and bands, admiration filled their minds. Spreading out his hands, he said:

"The Lord bless you, and keep you; the Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious to you. The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace: Amen."

He read the commandments in a slow, solemn voice; varying his tone as he went through each, so that the ear of his auditors might receive the separate precept by itself, and ponder upon it with prayer, and in meekness.

Here he sat down, when the clerk, who was placed in a smaller pulpit below the high desk, rose and gave out a psalm, which he led in a tone between singing and chanting. Horridly grating to refined ears; but the people were pleased, and paid to Zach Goetchius twenty shillings and ten cheepens of corn for serving as Presentor. Zach also read the lessons from Scripture. The prayers were in part from a liturgy in the Dutch language, and in part extemporaneous English; which the transient worshippers supposed was in deference to them, as well as for their edification.

The same might have been said of the sermon. It was intended by the preacher, when he began, to be in English, but as he grew warm, he branched off into the vernacular tongue. This more especially when he wished to give something very terse or hitting, or which might be disagreeable to his new auditors; for he wished them to carry away a good impression. His side strokes were the spiciest. Bertram who had been in Holland, gave these afterward to his friends. He, moreover, declared that the style of speech was as pure as the doctors of Leyden used.

The text, which was pronounced in a clear deliberate voice, had the effect of quickening the ears of the assembly, who leaned forward to catch every word; and from the stillness which succeeded the announcement, as well as the curiosity

on their countenances, they seemed to say, "What can the Dominie have to say from that?"

"I knew a man in Christ, above fourteen years ago—whether in the body I cannot tell; or whether out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth—such an one caught up to the third heaven . . . and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

He began, "I knew a man yesterday who was up on the mountain, and as near to the third heaven as any man in this region can be; and from Paul's experience, and that of this other man, we deduce the sound doctrine that the Great Spirit communicates with the soul of his creatures, through nature and grace; and consequently you have spiritual and immortal souls, as well as you have decaying bodies."

"Keep that doctrine before your view, all through; for though I will say a vast deal before I be done, it is all on this foundation."

At this point the preacher went minutely into the history and the meaning of his text; telling his hearers that it was a page taken out of the private journal of Paul's autobiography: "We could wish he had left more of the same kind; but we shall see the other parts when we get to heaven. It would seem that fourteen years before this time, and twelve years after he met the Lord by the way to Damascus, when the Apostle was in the prime of life, and after having had large experience of holy visions, he had this one, that transcended them all in matchless glory; and which even he, great as he was in the use of words, could not express."

"Others as well as Paul have had visions. There was Ezekiel, who was caught away from the banks of Chebar by a lock of his hair, and placed at the door of the temple of Jerusalem: there again was the exile of Patmos; and with humility be it spoken, there was I myself on the mountain, when I felt like one transported out of the body, as I looked out upon the river, the woods, the fields, and the mountains far off on all sides; so that though I have come to declare my feelings before you, I find them to be unspeakable; at this moment I am sincerely sorry that I have chosen this subject. O Divine Spirit! thou who taught Paul to speak right words, indite for thy feeble servant, and make his tongue like the pen of a ready writer."

At the close of this introduction he paused, blowing his nose, looking round at the same time

to see that all were in their places and quiet, and then in a formal, pointed, and emphatic manner, gave out his first point:

"God communicates with the human soul above nature, and in an inconceivable way."

There followed this enunciation of his main point, a long rambling talk, in which it was plainly seen to the initiated in extempore speaking, that he was struggling through the mist.

"I am not," said he, "a Paul, mind you; I am not supernaturally endowed. But, after all, Paul was human, and he could have sympathized with me up there, as I am humbly sure I could have felt with him further up. He had a sense of the beautifully divine, as I have now of the divinely beautiful. Such a speechless delight is in us all. We feel more than we can comprehend; we understand more than we can tell. When I was up on the side of the mountain, I could not help looking down on the different men whom I knew dwelt here below. I said, there is one, and he never sees anything beyond his line fence. When he looks out on the stream that runs through his farm, he wishes it were a mill stream; another is always calculating on the loads of hay he will cut from that meadow; one more sees a flock of sheep, and it is of the wool and the mutton he is thinking. These men are but a little way removed above the brutes they feed. If I had them up here I would say, 'Were God to give me the power, brother Paulus, brother Johannus, brother Jacobus, brother Petrus, receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Geest.' And I am sure that I would enjoy the surprise which all these brothers would show when the scales made of milledoleors, of wheat, of flesh, and of blacks, would fall from their eyes: and the glorious kiverlid would be spread out, and their eyes made clear enough to see it, with all its colors and patches of wood—with its border of blue sky, and its centre of meadow-land, through which the silken stream runs so pure that it reminds one of the stream that maketh glad the city of the Lord after a storm has shaken the earth."

"Brethren," said the good man, now becoming more earnest, "your eyes must be unscaled if you would see with the spirit, and see with the understanding also. You could not penetrate the thick mist of a fall morning, but you could believe that snugly resting under it there are happy homes, and that above it there is clear sunshine. Roll away the cloud, and all is beautiful and sublime. The

beauty was there all the time. So the spirit of faith can see the throne of God, and the dwellings of the blessed, unchangeably the same in their everlasting radiance.

"Some of you cannot understand these things. How can you, having never seen them? You are blinded by your milledoleors, and your grain, and your blacks. But shall my horse Dick, that was up there with me, and looked out snuffing at the fresh grass below, say that there was nothing down there but grass, when your dog Watch wags his tail at the sight of a hare? Or shall horse and dog say there is nothing more than they see, when Paulus and the rest see the fine farms in the Bught? And how dare Jacobus and his friends, who see nothing but farm-land, presume to say that the gentleman sitting there in my pew did not see beauties beneath all these visible things? And, finally, shall the gentleman in my pew deny but I had a more penetrating view of God below these fancied things, which made him leap with rapture? I am sure, after these things, you will allow that St. Paul, even in the body, might hear sounds unspeakable in the third heavens."

Here the venerable pastor paused, wiping his face with his Indian bandana, of which he was a little vain, as one might judge from the manner in which he spread it out, lifting it softly in his big hand before he pushed it down into his big pocket. By that time he was into the mysteries of thought, and was launching out into the scriptural doctrine of divine communications with the soul out of the body. He quoted liberally from Scripture, placing himself on safe ground.

"But, my brethren, do we not see, and feel, and guess at things, after seeing a great sight like what I saw, even when we cannot put the ends together? I went out in my body over a bridge that hung across the gulf, till I could not move another step; and then I looked down till my eyes dazzled, and then my spirit crossed still beyond, till even my spirit sank, having no ground to stand upon. Who shall hold me up? There must be an arch broken. Where is the power to rebuild it? My imagination is away off—my dreams show me a country I am afraid to enter when I am awake. I am, while in my study, sometimes eager to see my Maker. I cry, Oh, that I knew where I might find him. Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. Why is all this? I am a sinner; but there may be in me some frag-

ments of a broken sense, which, like the pieces of the 'Yfvrow's looking-glass that Betty let fall, still showed bits of her black face. Like some great men I have read of, she tried to join the parts, but after she had done her best, it was a fractured mirror, reflecting only glimpses of light. Who shall mend this broken spiritual glass? That glass of the 'Yfvrow must be melted over and renewed. God can renew the spirit of the mind. He can build up the broken arch, over which the spirit can pass safe and sound, so that the eye, not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing, may behold the face of the Maker, and the man become fit to hold fellowship with Him. Oh, ye men, put the milledoleors from off your eyes, your houses and your lands, your orchards and your cider-presses, with all: and ye vrows must get your spiritual looking-glasses mended, and made bright as your silver, else you will never see on the other side of your milk-pans."

The faithful pastor found it necessary to make these familiar illustrations of a very abstract subject, and it was doubtful even then if he made it plain to the limited understanding of his regular hearers. But on this occasion he knew that he had some of the *élite* before him, and he was not unwilling to show them that he had learned something at Leyden. Still, some of the old women there could not help saying, with admiration, "What a wonderful man our Dominie is!"

He went on: "You know, brethren, there is a difference in tastes; there is Tim has a taste for good eating, and there is Egbert has a taste for a fine book, and there is Wilhelmus has a taste for praying. When they told me that the cloud at Pine Orchard showed the faces and the figures of those who who looked into it, I could not help thinking how differently these three men would come from seeing it. The glutton would start like a beast away from it and feed the next hour; the man of mind would be for giving reasons from the nature of things; but the good man and the true, would look through all, and see that hand which turned the wheel behind. What of the three men—the glutton, the thinker, and the praying soul? The first man is but an animal, the second is a reasonable creature, but the last is a spiritual being allied to the Great Spirit.

"To me, men and brethren, those sights and sounds are foretastes of the heavenly and of the divine. They are full of meaning; eye hath not

seen it, neither hath ear heard it. It is not possible to utter it. They are unlike any other blessedness here in this world. Yet they are not beyond human experience, as Paul testifies, as I can testify; and as some of these old mothers there can assure you who are in doubt. The mountain top, to the man whose vision is purified, is another round in the ladder, down on which the angels descend in their visits to us, and up which we may ascend in our visits to them; hearken van nu aan zult gij den hemel zien geopend, ende engelen Gods opklimmende en nederdalende op dem zoon des menschen. Oh, dear me! what am I saying now? I forgot," said the fervent preacher, "but the English is, Verily, verily I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven open and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man."

A fashionable congregation would have felt that time enough had been spent, but these people were accustomed to sit their full two and three hours patiently, sleeping or looking through vacancy, to be roused up as their pastor got up himself. This day he was in the happiest mood, and having an appreciating audience he gave them full measure. He drew a long breath, and gave out another main point which he said was deduced from the preceding: that since the soul could hold communication with the Maker either in the body through nature, or out of the body, through pure spirit, it followed that the soul was itself spiritual and immortal.

He dwelt at least ten minutes here in giving scriptural proof of this, which could not fail having good effect on the honest believers before him. But getting his eye on the strangers again, he launched away upon the abstract, in what he meant to be forcible eloquence. Said he, "Listen to the word of Paul in one place: 'Father of Spirits.' We are his children still; he begot our souls. Do you not feel that you are his children? I felt it yesterday as I stood gazing down into the deep profound, where I could see nothing, save the unknown; and as I mused, I thought what if I should step out into that space; where should I fall? On the bosom of my God, my Father! We who have been at sea, looking from the stern with eyes fixed on the vessel's track till we lost ourselves, have felt it. There never was a horizon yet that we did not wish to fly beyond! What are these longings but the conflicts kept up between the earthly and the

heavenly; what but the instincts of the child longing for the bosom, from which it has been rudely torn by some foul tyrant—the returning fragments of a broken dream of yore—the strains of a broken harp-string recalled to the ear of memory, where they have long lain disconnected through violence?"

Here the preacher entered with great force and unction into the power which the Gospel has of healing this breach between the child and the parent. "The first Adam lost his place and we in him, but the second Adam is the Son of God and we are renewed in him. The spiritual flame expired, is now rekindled and burns as it is replenished from that fountain."

The discourse was drawing to a close, and the preacher, like a strong racer, was gathering himself up for his final spring. "It is," said he, "fearfully true of many here, that they have no interest in all that I have said this day. I can read it in your faces. Had all of you been up beside me, where I felt myself rising as on eagle's wings, some here that I wot of, would have said: 'I wish I were in my own barn, over a good roast turkey;' and one or two here I see, are thinking now of the pot of silver hidden in the garden. Oh, you are a carnally-minded crew, and would not be happy had you all these things at once. You need not smile, ye youngsters there; as for you, my young colts may serve as examples of the uneasy restlessness of your hearts, when they leap out of the clover into the sorrel. Can you tell me the cause of all this changeableness? Your souls are spiritual, and long for communion out of the body; and cannot be fed on good dinners, nor grow on a thousand acres of the best land in the world.

"You have been expecting something else here this morning. I want to show you that there is another and a greater cause, than even our country's cause. I saw when I commenced, that your ears were cocked up to hear of battles; but there is a great battle to be fought by every one for himself, when the last enemy appears on the field, and by the way of preparing you to meet him effectually, so as to come off conqueror, I have lifted you up into the third heavens. You expected me to tell you of the wonderful advantage we have gained in the north, and I have been thinking, 'Want wat baat het een mensch zoo hij de gehule wereld gewint, en lijde schade zijner zeile. Of wat zal een mensch geven, tot lossing van zijne zeile.'

You that understand English only will find it in Matthew 16: 26: 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul.' My heart is full of sorrow when I think of these things. Let us sing:

Oh, were I like a feathered dove,
Soon would I stretch my wings,
And fly, and make a long remove,
From all these restless things:

Let me to some wild desert go;
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow;
Temptations never come."

CHAPTER XLIV.—"THE CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY
TO BE WISHED."

THUS the usual services were concluded, the congregation preparing to make a rush for the door, and were standing up, the men with hands on their hats, and the women adjusting their trains, paying but little attention to the desk, expecting only the well-known words of benediction, when to the amazement of all, young and old, the Dominie said in a firm, clear voice:

"The congregation will be seated while the solemn and interesting ceremony of marriage is being performed. The parties will stand up and present themselves before the altar."

Here Teunis Roe and Elsie Schuyler took the specified place; Bertram at the same time taking the place assigned by custom to the groomsmen, and Margaret that of the bridesmaid. Martinus Schuyler moved slowly out of the Consistory's pew, to the side where his daughter stood; the mother, attempting to do the same, was prevented through her emotion, so that she merely leaned forward in her pew, in the act of inward prayer.

All of these arrangements were completed before the assembly had wakened out of their astonishment. When they did perceive them, whispers might be heard among the elder portions: "The Whig has yielded at last to the young Tory." The young men were hiding their mortification by winks and smiles, while one louder than the others gave utterance to his feelings: "She was always a haughty heifer; Teunis will have his own task in breaking her in."

Grant, who sat in the front of the gallery enjoying the whole scene, for Teunis had become, after what had lately taken place, a great favorite with the Scot, here felt mad at the ill-concealed envy he saw around him and had the greatest difficulty

in holding himself within due bounds, whispered aloud:

"Sit doon, you haverils that you are. Do you no see true love gettin' its reward?"

"A hemp neckcloth would be more like the young traitor's wizen," some one here bitterly said.

"Whist! whist! I tell you!" said Grant, still louder, "or I'll fling your yellow carcase over the laft there."

By this time the minister had opened at the place in his book where the "form for the confirmation of marriage before the church" is contained, and began in a full, firm voice to read. Being himself a great admirer of that ancient liturgy, he believed that all his people must be, so he never omitted aught of the good service. As he said in the morning so he showed at noon: "Martin Schuyler's daughter must not be slighted."

The good man's heart was so full that it surged over, so that there were no triflers there by the time he lifted his hands over the newly-married pair, giving them truly his blessing.

Nevertheless, that all, male and female, were affected even to tears, Elsie's bridal attire did not escape the scrutiny of those watery eyes. Had it been such as they knew her to possess, and that in which they had seen her before, there would have been but little said; but since it was well known that Hoogenhuisen was in ashes, it became at once a question with a hundred mothers and maidens, "where have all these fine silks and laces come from?"

That was a secret known but to the 'Yfrow. The moment she became acquainted with the intentions of the young people, her wits were set to work without even consulting the bride herself, who had no other prospect than that of appearing at the altar in very common attire. Lizzie Schuyler, the daughter of the general, and the affianced spouse of the gallant Hamilton, being at the very time on a visit to her aunt, at the Manor of Livingston, close by, was the very person to supply all deficiencies. The hint was enough for the busy 'Yfrow. A messenger brought back a choice of dresses, such as would have decked a queen. Elsie felt somewhat displeased at the officiousness of her well-meaning hostess; but her present circumstances compelled her to comply. Of course all the parish were ignorant of the good genii that had furnished these ornaments; but they were

none the less objects of marvel to every one present, possessed or not possessed of the critical skill of the milliner.

"An' vere did Anshela's dochter get all tese fine tings, budten?" said Peggy van Steenberg to a visitor then in the country for her health, as some said; others because New York red-coats were too enticing; "vere did tese vain tings kaam into dis lan'?"

"You up here in the country have not seen all the fine things in the world, though you may have the highest mountains at your elbow," was the half jesting reply of the New York damsel.

"Vy, have'n ve grand tings? Is'n de 'Yfvrow a great voman once, an' her uncle de Skipper? Budt dere vas de gown like sky, on de summer afternoon; beneat it, de vite petticoat, clean as de snow packed wid de rain ven de vrost comes and make de glitter."

"Oh, Peggy, let me tell you that is all the fashion now; a celestial blue satin gown and a white satin petticoat shows all below. Did you not see how they were trimmed with stripes of the same color up the edges?"

"Yaw, yaw; but de corsets vas vat mine eyes beheld; yellow and crossed wid de blue stripes. Budt do tell me all about dere head. Awee! awee! how Elsie did look on her."

"Oh," said the initiated lady, "the head-dress was a *pouf* of gauze, made like a globe; and you saw how the hair was curled, so that it fell in ringlets down each side of her neck."

"Awee! awee! vat a time it must tak'n for ou to tell it so: now, vat about de neck?"

"Oh, the neck! She had on her a thin gauze handkerchief that looks like the snow on a frosty morning. You saw that it hung full, at the edges trimmed with the richest Brussels lace."

"Awee! awee!" was all that Peggy could say, in perfect admiration; but whether at the wonderful dress, or at the wonderful eloquence of her companion, could not be distinctly known. However, not being tired of what she affected to deplore, she listened with increased admiration to the city lady, who went on to tell her the meaning of those mysteries which Margaret had on.

"You saw that other lady. She is English, I know, from the rose on her cheek and the blue in her eye. How beautifully she rose up and stood. Your country lass has a fine figure, no doubt; and the gown fitted her very well, only an inch too

tight all over; but, then, that other one is slender and quick in her movements without seeming to know it."

"Elsie Schuyler," said Peggy, "can stan' wid de best; vat of de oder one's gown?"

"Oh, that's what they call a perriot, made of gray Indian taffeta. You saw it had dark stripes of the same color with two collars—the one yellow and the other white; both of them trimmed with blue silk fringe."

They went on in this way, and we must let them, and return back to the church, which was not dismissed when these two came out. At the close of the service alluded to, a note was put into the hand of the Dominie, as he was about to dismiss the people, which ran thus:

"REV. SIR:

"If there be no impediment in the way, we wish to engage your services at present, for the same purpose as our friends now made happy by you. BERTRAM CLINTON.

"P. S.—We prefer being married with a ring."

The good man smiled assent, saying, with a cunning eye, as he looked around:

"Another marriage service to be gone through; all who are tired may now leave."

He knew very well that curiosity was at too high a pitch to allow any one to go out; but he sat down, more for the purpose of considering within himself than for anything else.

"Let the parties desirous of entering the holy state of matrimony come forward." Here Bertram and Margaret stood up, with Teunis and Elsie on either side, supported by Clarence. At the same instant, and while the arrangements were going forward, there stepped up through the middle aisle a man and woman, muffled in large cloaks, taking a place behind the bridegroom and bride. The house had been so crowded, no one had observed them till that moment, and all were taken so with surprise that every pulse ceased. The Dominie almost stumbled at the beginning of the service.

However, he proceeded as before, with the additional part of the ring, which being out of the line of a Dutch minister, was handled somewhat awkwardly by him; but remembering what he had seen in England, he was not entirely ignorant.

The closing prayer was this time improvised. The good man's heart was too full to follow any form, and throwing his soul into his words, he

uttered himself, so that tears fell from eyes unused to weeping.

"O Lord God of our fathers, bless these parties, in their basket and in their store, in their soul and in their body. Make them a blessing to the church, to the world, and to each other. May every thread of roughening earthliness be disentwined from the connecting bond; so that between themselves it may be soft as divine love, and yet strong and inseverable as that which unites the saints to one Lord; in one faith, in one baptism, and one marriage, till all four be presented, without spot or wrinkle, in the presence of God, at the marriage supper of the Lamb in the New Jerusalem, where love and righteousness only reign. Amen."

The Amen was responded to in a clear, full voice by the stranger, who stood up behind the parties along with a female muffled in a veil that fell low to her waist. The sound of the Amen startled the whole house, not excepting the Dominie himself; for it rung like the word of command heard at the head of a regiment. And by the time the audience had recovered from their amazement, the new bride had turned and flung herself into the open arms of the unknown woman, merely saying, Mother! but so piercingly that it thrilled through the soul, as if Nature herself spoke by human lips. Margaret's transport was so great that all began to fear for the effect of that joy. The cup became suddenly full and surged over, so that she became for the time unconscious of happiness or of grief.

The stranger, vigorous and resolute, in a moment lifted the fragile creature, pale as a lily, in his arms, walking through the aisle with a step that clanged on the floor, making every one hold his breath, till he reached the door, where a vehicle stood ready, into which he put the unconscious bride, mounting himself with a bound up to the seat, saying at the same time, "drive briskly." Two other wagons drove away the rest of the party, including Teunis and Elsie. The swooning and over-happy Margaret soon recovered her joyous smiling face, so that by the time they came in sight of the river and the ship, she was weeping anew, in thought of parting from her dear deliverer. They took a warm embrace and then another, waving adieus till the vessel was out of sight.

The explanation of these sudden transformations is easy by him that understandeth. When Teunis told the 'Yfvrow of his good luck with Martin, and

of their intentions for the morning, that careful lady said:

"Who will be your bridesman? Do you think the young lady would stand with Elsie?"

There were difficulties unforeseen by the young Dutchman, but his counsellor was equal to the occasion, so rising up she said:

"Go your ways, and engage the young gentleman for your side, I will see the other side supported."

This hint was taken by Teunis, who made Clarence his friend. The thought darted through the young heroic brother's mind, "Why not make both parties happy, so finishing what has been worked for so hard by Bertram?"

It only required his earnest voice and warm heart, to plead for his cousin, and the thing was done. He told the whole story of Elsie's self-sacrifice and devotion to Margaret, so that nothing could be refused to her or to her friends.

"I promised," said the knight to Bertram, "on the eve of that miserable attack, that if Margaret could be recovered, their hands should be joined. I shall keep my word of honor; only, Georgiana, we must go up in disguise. This pass from our cousin George Clinton, will carry us safely through."

And as the Dominie said afterwards, "he came, and saw, and yielded."

A short time after the events recorded in the preceding history had transpired, and before the wonder was entirely past, the Dominie was sitting in his study when Tom entered, followed by Unga, the deformed child of Dora. He stood in the middle of the room puffing out his breath, while his head rose up, and as it fell he drew in the surrounding air, so that the spectator could imagine that he saw a swirl, like a small whirlpool, around the strange creature.

"What now, you limb of Sathanus," said the student of Leyden, lifting up his eyes from a large Latin folio that he was amusing himself with. "What news from the realms of darkness?"

"Please youd reberence," said Tom, in a very low manner, "Unga hab someting frob the high'd legions to 'municate frob de prince ob de air an' powers."

"'Prince of the power of the air.' You fool, quote the Scripture correctly and go out with you, for I see that you want to know all about Unga's message; but begone."

Unga's head rose a few inches higher, and was

followed by an eldritch scream, out of doors, that made the minister's man run to see what was the cause. In the meantime the Dwarf put a package into the hand of the Dominie, sitting down himself as if he were at home. The letter ran thus:

"REVERENDISSIMO DOMINO: When we last met in my retreat, we parted scarcely agreeing in our opinions concerning that particular Providence which you Calvinists believe in. Occurrences which have lately taken place, have gone to convince me, whatever Calvin would say were he in your place, that no plan is ever carried through agreeably to that laid down by its architect. Were I going to preach to you, as you have held forth to me, it would be from the words of our immortal bard, a man, though you may not allow it, equal to Calvin:

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may.

"I have been marking out my timber, and hewing it like the great King Solomon in the wilderness, deeming all the time that my fabric was coming to perfection, when to my amazement I found that the tools I was using rose up against me, and have carried out a purpose not of my own invention.

"You have pronounced me to be a double-sided man; and if appearances were to be your ground of judgment, I am many-sided; but in the face of all those signs, I have had one ruling passion—REVENGE.

"I tell you now freely I sought to be revenged on Sir Henry Clinton, because he favored my enemy; but my design on him was only a step toward the depth of my purpose—the deep damnation of Clifford.

"I have lived these two years past for nothing else. I found my way to the presence of Washington, obtained a commission in the secret service, took up my quarters at the foot of your mountain, on the lines between the contending armies, assumed characters that were obnoxious to me—wizard, spook, hermit—anything that would further my fell purpose—REVENGE. All kinds of

persons were taken into my service; forgetful as I became, that every man and woman, as well as I, had a mind of their own, and a purpose of their own to carry out, which could not in all parts harmonize with mine. Yet I went on planning, as if they were passive instruments, moulded after my wisdom and for my ends.

"I found out my mistake; that villain Kiskaataam, whom I employed to decoy Clifford here, by offering to abduct the knight's daughter, had *vengeance* of his own that he sought to visit on the head of Sir Henry Clinton; and while carrying that out, another passion for her took possession of his bosom, disappointing me of my expectations of retaining her under my guardianship, as a punishment upon her father and future surety for myself.

"Nor did I succeed better through my agent Elsie; one of another and of a nobler nature. By degrees she was winning upon my own affections, and I shall not now avow all that was in my heart concerning her. One thing I was certain of for the time, when I found that Miss Clinton had fallen into her hand, that all was at my disposal; but the high-minded mountain maid was too direct in her purpose to be led into any labyrinth of mine. What you were pleased to designate as 'theatrical' could not be understood by her in her exceeding truthfulness; and I was prevented from taking possession of the person of Miss Clinton entirely through her determination of purpose. All came within an ace of an utter failure. I have just escaped being caught in my own craftiness, and the villain Clifford has only received a part of his punishment.

"REVENGE burns still in my breast, and must till the vow recorded in heaven be fulfilled. I am off, prowling like the wolf, round Fort Niagara; and woe to my victim, should he leave that place of refuge. His blood only can cool this malignant fire that burns, *burns* for REVENGE.

"I am, Reverendissimo Domino,

"Your admirer,

"S. C."

BEGUILED—A STRANGE HISTORY.

BY WARREN WALTERS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

WITH wide-eyed surprise Leila listened to this outspoken admiration for herself, and endeavored to apply the plummet of self-examination, and see how near she came to the standard of this man's ideal.

Had Dorcas Brosius been an observer instead of a dreamer, she would have asked herself the meaning of Francois Faber's stealthy, covert glances at her niece, and perhaps have questioned the meaning of the subtle study he made of the changing expression on her face.

"Thy brother must have been deceived by thy letters; there is naught in me to call forth such words," meekly said the fair girl, as the blushes were rippling from her cheek to their hiding-place.

"I cannot call your remark modest, since modesty presupposes the knowledge of some personal charm which the possessor disclaims or represses. I see that you are perfectly ignorant of your attraction in person or speech to men who, like my brother and myself, have lived in the garish light of a fashionable world." Seeing that the sweet face was again brilliant with blushes, he explained: "Miss Brosius, if you measure my words by the standard of compliments, you do me great injustice. I would be ashamed to utter such bold and indelicate flattery; but when one states facts, plain words would best befit them. I hold it no less a fact to describe this spotless lily as beautifully pure, as to speak of you as possessing the charm of innocence. It is as absurd to flatter this fragrant bloom, as to style the statement of self-evident facts about an unconscious human being society compliment. You can have no idea what a fresh, invigorating presence you carry with you to an *ennuied* man like me; it is as exhilarating and grateful as the breath from the ocean, or an inhalation of the spicery of the woods."

During more than half of this monologue the speaker had his eyes closed, and did not observe the effect on the young girl. When at last he ceased, he raised the lids, and noticing the almost painful embarrassment of one of his audience, sprang to his feet, and exclaimed:

"Heedless maunderer that I am! my speech has given you pain, and that of all things I would spare you. I have driven you away," he continued, seeing her about to leave. "Forgive me, ere you go!"

"Forgiveness is not necessary where no harm has been meant. Thee wilt not again so speak."

With many earnest words and promises, Francois followed her to the gate; his words were pathetically humble.

When next they gathered in the artist's room, every sign of cloud had disappeared. She had wondered if the portrait would still be in the same place, and, with a sense of gratification, she observed it standing in the same spot; only now some rich-hued hangings had been disposed about it in the form of a canopy, which greatly heightened the effect. Francois led them into the room, and narrowly scanned her face. He saw the exultant glance come across her retina, while one of triumph came over his. This time the talk ran lightly on various matters but for a short period, when Francois dexterously introduced the portrait, and there the converse anchored until the sitting was over. Yesterday the young painter had sung the praises of his fair subject; to-day he chanted pæans in honor of the far-distant brother. Yesterday it had been a monologue, to-day it was a dialogue; then it was flames of modesty which covered her cheek, now it was the torch of excitement. Amid the stream of anecdote, incident, and narrative which poured from his lips, Francois often sought the young girl's face, and out of the corner of his eye seemed to exult at her growing enthusiasm. She plied him with question upon question, to which he gave answer in the most passionless voice; and before either was aware that the time had passed so rapidly, Dorcas returned long enough from her reverie to call the hour which measured the extent of the "sitting."

A week later another meeting occurred, the picture having advanced rapidly towards completion. Leila took her accustomed place, but manifested no little uneasiness, apparently unnoticed by the

artist. At length she asked permission to change her seat, and the alteration was made. With a meaning smile, Francois observed that in her new position she could command a view of the portrait, which had been placed out of range of her line of sight. An observer would almost have been persuaded, from the expression on the painter's face, that he had designedly shifted its position. The painting after that incident went along smoothly, and although Francois endeavored to introduce the old subject, Leila would take no part or lot in the matter. He allowed some surprise to creep upon his face, which we who are looking behind the canvas can see, and which the same canvas hides from Leila. Here his craft was at fault, and instead of wondering thereat, he might have predicted it days before. He gave a few strokes more, with contracted brow, and then, with a brightened face, said:

"Oh, Miss Brosius, I thought to tempt you to listen to my gossip about my brother in order to fill a little commission he gave me. But you seem to take no interest in the theme to-day, thus making my task more difficult."

"Thou hast heard again from thy brother?" she asked, in joyful surprise.

"Yes, in truth, I have; and he has, moreover, sent you a souvenir," slowly enunciated the young man.

The blushes came rushing to her cheek, and in a moment she had forgotten the resolution of the previous day to suppress all conversation about the stranger, as she eagerly exclaimed:

"Why hast thou kept it back until now?"

With a strange laugh, Francois averred:

"You gave me no opportunity. As I before said, I was endeavoring to 'lead up to the subject' as the writers say. Excuse me until I get your package."

Leila once more alone (for one could hardly say of Dorcas Brosius that she was part of the company) was alternately remorseful and elated, and in consequence more than miserable. What could she do? Her natural instinct resembled a magnet. Positively, she would receive the gift; negatively, repel it. So between the two powers she was distracted. She turned at last in her desperation to the portrait, and the sunny smile on the painted canvas was so assuring and so gentle, that the positive arm of her mental magnet overpowered the other, and by the time Francois returned all

qualms had been removed. The package, untied and unwrapped, disclosed a superb copy of Shakespeare, bound in panels of iridescent seashells and heavy dead gold ornaments. Besides this was a bracelet of coral and a cameo pin of rare workmanship. Her eyes glistened as she noted their exquisite beauty and the changing lights on the mother-of-pearl. Wrapt in an examination of their lovely colors, no thoughts of their value obtruded. Meanwhile the artist worked rapidly upon his picture.

A partial reaction of the negative pole began to assert itself after she became more accustomed to their beauty, and in almost childlike accents she asked:

"What beautiful things! Am I to keep them?"

"Most certainly. Bertram sent them as souvenirs. The shells and corals were gathered by himself, as as he has gathered hundreds of others." Here the expression on her face changed, and disappointment gathered in her eyes, which the next sentence drove away. "But, he writes, 'these were the most exquisite of all, and selected especially for you.' The cameo is, as you can see, very skillfully wrought. It is a Beatrice; the background, bust, and prison-bars are all cut from one stone, each of the three divisions representing a different strata."

The next sitting and the last was three weeks later, and not even then was Leila to see the picture upon which Francois Faber was engaged. In the interval, Leila has sent over to the mansion a dainty little note of thanks to Bertram Faber, and had in reply received one from Francois, stating that the note had been enclosed that day to his brother.

The three weeks of leisure, Leila had resolved, were to be devoted mainly to the art of staying away from the Faber residence, and the drowning of Bertram Faber in the waters of Lethe. Miss Dorcas, had she known the cause of her charge's whimsies and violence, would have turned parliamentarian, and insisted on striking out the word Lethe and substituting therefor the Stygian waves. Leila was a revelation, and a trying one, to Miss Dorcas during those three weeks. The revelation was not a matter of steady growth, but of fits and starts; it was cumulative besides; that is to say, the spasms were each in turn more surprising, and excited the interior peace of the placid old soul with more violence. The last sennight had de-

stroyed the fair fabric of her visions, and every one knows what it is to have one's castles tumbling about their ears, even though that castle be of airy masonry and mystic joinery. It was now twice six working and one Lord's day since her imagination had uninterruptedly and duceltly played under her pepper-and-salt curls. Twice six secular days and one sacred day, because the visions of the latter were decorously religious, and instead of rioting among worldly silks, army and naval officers, and brown-stone fronts, they reveled in Solomon's temple, fine needlework, pomegranates, wealthy Centurions, and Scribes and Pharisees. It is not easy to convey a just idea of Leila's methods and madness, for it was so petty and nervous. But then it was Leila Brosius, the calm, sweet-voiced Leila; and that made all the difference imaginable. The ring-dove scolding in parrot's plumes was quite as uncomfortable as the parrot wearing the claws and beak of an eagle. Indeed, matters were so disenchanting that the guardian meditated flight and a return of her charge to paternal arms. Before this course was decided upon, the atmosphere brightened a little, and the last sitting came about. That was a memorable day for the aunt. During that operation she had actually indulged in an eminently satisfactory seance.

Once in the atelier, she considered herself relieved from duty until the time for retiring came. The aunt was simplicity itself, although in a widely different sense of qualification than when the word was applied to her niece. Francois, with subtle craft, had metaphorically closed her eyes and stopped her ears. He had charmed wisely. At the very time the sentinel should have been most on guard and alert, by some species of reasoning best known to herself, she tacitly turned over her post to the enemy. Leila had a dim perception of this rank treason, and resenting it, in the same sort of blind unreason, had vented her temper upon the confiding Dorcas. Of course, she was not so constituted as to see all this clearly, but had it been reasoned out, her aunt's dereliction and her own dissatisfaction with herself would have been discovered as the mainspring of the conduct toward that good lady.

Francois saw signals of a perturbed mind in his "subject," and had the magic mirror whereof we read in fairy tales been held before him, and the secret workings of his heart or intellect presented,

the reader might have observed a little thrill of joy running through the cardiacal region. Considerable changes had been made in the room, some new articles of furniture had taken the place of those present on former occasions, and the quiet curtains which once had depended in careless grace from the embayed windows were now replaced with more brilliant colors. But what was more noticeable to Leila was the absence of Bertram's portrait. She made a detour of the room with wistful eyes, but there was no suggestion of its presence. The curtains were drawn back as far as possible, and the sunlight came tiding in with great waves on all sides. The chamber seemed almost metamorphosed by the sunlight glare, which touched with boldness every recess and object therein. Leila shifted uneasily on her chair, and conversation seemed to lag. Still the artist painted on unconsciously, and the fair girl becoming less and less at her ease, until at last, with the faintest quiver in her voice, she asked, "Hast thou destroyed thy brother's likeness?"

Before the words were all uttered she regretted the speech, as she saw the artist's emotionless eye rest upon her face as if reading her inmost soul, and then with steady pupil range the room in search of the portrait.

"I presume William has removed it to another room. I had not noticed the vacant spot," he nonchalantly answered, and then went coolly on painting.

Leila was in torture, and the very effort she made to calm her excited nerves only aggravated the matter. The portrait was the point upon which she had fixed her attention, and even when conversation was brisk, the picture strangely held it. She had studied every line and touch of the brush until it was familiar; every stroke and tint communicated its peculiar and characteristic trait. It had become necessary to her peace of mind, as the nearest approach to the living person.

"Something annoys you, Miss Brosius; can I do anything to make you more at ease?" politely asked the artist.

Had Leila spoken the words uppermost in her mind, she would have called for the return of the portrait, but she contented herself by asking that the curtains be drawn closer. This done, the painting went on as silently as before, the artist apparently engrossed in his work. In Leila's mind a struggle was in progress, and after a lapse of

some moments she ended it by asking for the portrait after this fashion :

"I am almost ashamed to ask thee to grant a favor, but I have been so accustomed to seeing thy brother's face opposite me, that I am actually uncomfortable without it!"

Ring the bell at once, he ordered the servant who answered to bring down the portrait, and smilingly addressed his "subject:"

"Ah, you have found him good company! I can take that as a compliment to my work, since in his own person he is a rare companion. I most certainly have reason to be proud of it, and I only hope the portrait upon which I am now engaged will be half as true to life as that of Bertram's."

The servant returned, bringing with him the easel and canvas.

"Now, Miss Brosius, have it placed as you like," quietly said the artist. The troubled look lifted from her face, and she bade the man place it in its old position. After it was disposed to her liking, the servant threw back the curtains, and Leila, with eyes aglow, gave it a satisfied glance. An astonished look and quick pallor came over the young girl's face as she exclaimed, with so much vehemence that Dorcas tumbled from her lofty castles to common earth: "What hast thou done to thy brother's face?" and leaving her fauteuil she advanced rapidly to the easel to unravel the mystery.

Both artist and aunt vacated their seats, warned by the anguish plainly noticeable in the exclamation. He answered:

"I never dreamed that yours was an artist's eye, Miss Brosius, and could so soon detect a touch or two of the brush. There," he explained, "I have repaired the mischief," as with several rapid strokes he restored the expression to the picture. The little interjection which escaped Leila, as she returned to her chair, was mingled grief, joy and chagrin.

"Oh!"

Francois, turning to his work, gave a pedantic explanation of the matter. The veriest touch from his brush, a trifling movement of the spot of white in the eye, the depression of one eyelid, and a downward curve at the corner of the lips in place of the upward, had brought about the metamorphosis. At length he dilated upon the *limbus luteus*, the contraction of the *obicularis palpebrarum*, and the muscles of the mouth. This was all

very dreary for Leila. She stood it as long as possible, and then broke out with:

"Why didst thou spoil my picture, Mr. Faber?" for she felt an ownership in the portrait.

"Miss Brosius, I thought to perfect the likeness; there was something about it not quite true to life, and I thought to experiment with the face; I almost flattered myself that I had succeeded."

"Succeeded! Why thy brush wronged thy brother's whole nature; the cruel, mocking eyes, and the evil mouth, calledst thou that improvement?" hotly answered the maiden.

"You have seen my brother, then?"

The excited glare died at once out of her eyes, and abashed, she cowered back in her chair. "It was true," she thought, "I never have seen this man; it is not for me to say what is like and unlike him. Foolish girl that I am, what snares I have wound about my path! What should I care if Francois Faber does despite to my cherished fancies? And yet I *do* care. I have formed an affection for a man whom I know not. He has grown dearer than all else to me, though I have seen but his painted semblance. Around my every idea and hope Bertram Faber is entwined." These and a thousand other thoughts crowded through her brain before she answered.

"Thee knowest I have not seen him with the eye of flesh; thy rebuke is meet." Passionately she continued, "And yet, even then, how could you destroy Bertram Faber's face with thy hateful brush?"

"You are equally unfortunate in your second attack, Miss Brosius. You cannot criticise what you have not seen, much less call in question the right of a artist to guide his brush as fancy chooses." This was spoken with a laughing face, but there was also an infusion of sarcasm in the tone. Leila looked up astonished at this, the first rude speech from the artist's lips. It was as a dash of cold water to her bearing, and made her once more assume the mild, humble mein of her mother's people. Very meekly she replied:

"Friend Faber, thee hast done well to quell my unruly speech."

So divinely meek was this speech, and endorsed as it was by the drooped eyelids, the dimpling of the cheek, as well as the exchange of the spirited pose of the head for one of abashed submission, that Francois deeply regretted his cruel speech, and resuming his most gracious manner, talked in

a brilliant, confiding way of that one subject so dear to her.

The sitting ended; Francois invited them back that day week to have their first view of the portrait. Leila's manner during the week had veered to another point of the compass. *Now* she would be alone, much to Aunt Dorcas's relief. In the quiet of her chamber, she took up Shakspeare, and reveled in that treasure-trove. There she found words to suit her passion, and delighted in all the forms of ardent emotions. There were times in which she was depressed, and bitterly denounced herself for having given reins to her feeling, and cruelly scourged and mortified her love. What an abyss had she fallen into? Why had she allowed herself to think of Bertram, and listen to his praises! Perhaps she would never see him, never, never, never! The agony of this thought was unendurable, and vainly she wished her mother back that she might pillow her head upon her breast, and pour out her soul. She imagined the words in which she would confide all, and in what glowing phrases she would depict the object of her passion. In this last thought she forgot her grief and fears, for she had a thousand ways in which to picture his speech and carriage.

A brighter morning than that on which Leila and Dorcas visited the Faber mansion seldom shone. A flakeless sky, and a breezy air, full of vigor and elasticity, and the vegetation glittering in the sun from the morning's shower, all conspired to render the walk enjoyable. Leila was in brighter spirits than she had been. The exercise had deepened the tint on her cheek, as the air had given radiance to her eyes. Francois met them at the door in spirits equally lively. Evidently he had given especial attention to his dress, and from some cause, a bright flush mounted his cheeks. Gaily he led them to the atelier, and placed them where best they could see his work. He withdrew the covering, and watched the faces of his critics. A gratified blush crimsoned Leila's cheek as she saw the picture before her. "Could she really be as fair to look upon as that canvas?" she mused. Her mirror told no such tale! What would Bertram think of her could he see this? Would Francois copy it and send it to his brother—the brother who had been so lavish in praise of an unseen maiden? It was also a period of supreme enjoyment to the artist as he noted the effect of the portrait upon the two women. He had given

his best efforts to the work, and he felt well repaid for his labor by the evident admiration visible on the faces of his visitors. Leila glanced from one canvas to the other; side by side these pictures stood, and this thought she could not repress: "Shall we ever stand thus together in real life—thou and I?"

After some conversation, the situation grew embarrassing. The business of their visit was over, and it did not seem exactly proper to leave at once, and yet what was there else to be done than bid the young painter adieu; and after an awkward sentence or two, they left the house.

The afternoon following, Leila was startled by the approach of a servant from the Faber mansion, and a feeling that some catastrophe had occurred. He bore a message from his master, asking Leila to call that evening. The messenger went on to say also that Francois was not expected to live much longer, having sustained a fatal injury by falling down a ravine during one of his midnight rambles. He had been found there the next morning insensible, and a doctor from the city at once summoned, who warned the patient that his tenure of life was exceedingly short. A carriage came for Leila before dusk, and she, with Dorcas, were driven rapidly to the house. On their way the driver informed them that his master was slowly sinking, and that Dr. Dracol was of the opinion that the vital spark would soon be extinguished. They were met by the doctor, and ushered into the chamber of death. No sooner were they in the chamber, than Francois asked all to leave the room but Leila, and all but she silently withdrew. Francois was suffering no pain, but was apparently very weak. He motioned her to sit down at a chair by the bedside, and with his face turned from hers, began to speak rapidly, as if conscious that the time for him was short:

"Leila Brosius, I have sent for you to undo mischief and a great wrong I have done you. The doctor says I have but a short time to live, and I want to undo some of my work. Your pure sweet face attracted me from the first, but it is only lately that I knew I loved you supremely. I shall not ask you whether that love is returned, for I could not bear to hear your answer, and yet why should it make any difference? A little while and it will not matter one way or the other. Let me say for myself that I had no idea of the wrong I was doing, and that it brought with it its own

punishment." Turning his head toward the weeping girl, he gave her a piercing look, and asked, "Can you bear a sudden sorrow? You must prepare yourself to receive a dagger into your heart, driven home by the hand of one you thought a friend; I am a murderer, and yet I meant no harm. I was fascinated with the study of psychology, and read and studied all writers on the subject. I was likewise a skilled anatomist, and my nerves were hardened in dissecting rooms. I sought to find out the wonders of those secrets, the passions and the nerves. The first day I saw you, the tempter came to me and suggested the trial on you of some of my theories. I meant you no harm, nor did I ever think that evil would come of it. I thought no more of it than I would of the cleavage of a crystal, or the analysis of a chemical compound. It was only at the last sitting that my eyes were opened, and I sought to undo my sin. I was awakened to the knowledge of it by the discovery of the love I had for you, which was changing my old habits, and had life been granted me, I might have undone it all. I say that the passion for you, and your sweet speech and gentle manners opened my eyes, and I saw the evil sown by me eating into your life. I then resolved to work backward and remove the canker-spot, but this accident has come between me and my purpose. I have no brother," he gasped.

Leila's face grew pale; she trembled from head to foot, and the hot tears ceased to roll from her eyes. He motioned for wine, and with shaking hand she poured out and handed him the glass. After it was swallowed, he continued: "You were so innocent, so guileless, and so different from all others, that I yielded to the tempter and prepared that portrait, sitting up at night to embody in its expression and features the idea of a noble man, one whose thoughts were pure, and whose life was without guile. I wanted to see what effect the presence of such a face would have upon you, because you were, I thought, so susceptible and innocent. I followed up that by constant references to the qualities and manners of the man. Up stairs in my room, you will find the 'syllabus' as it were of his character, the soul with which I endowed a canvas portrait. To make this was far harder than to paint the picture. You will now recall all my little designs and tricks to interest you in a person who had no existence. Believe me, Leila, I had no thought of entangling your

soul. The cursed curiosity of my nature led me into the experiment; the cost of it to you I never counted; I thought to amuse myself, and you as well. Can you, oh, Leila, the purest one of all earth's daughters, can you forgive me?" He waited a moment, looked into her now staring eyes, and then repeated the question, to which she answered:

"Francois Faber, thou didst lie to me, and lead my soul astray."

"This is my punishment—to go down to hell, unforgiven! Was it not enough that I saw my own burning love swallowed up in the very experiment I made? You loved my creation, and not the creator of it. Had I foreseen it, never would the evil one have persuaded me do aught. And yet, Leila, loved one, I swear to you that I never meant you harm. I have digged a pit for another, and fallen therein myself. I did not mean to touch you with even so much as the shadow of pain. I am innocent. Will you not forgive me? For I have loved you truly; and as soon as I saw you in the toils I turned me about to withdraw your lily-white heart from the pit. Oh, how I have repented me of my sin! Leila, I loved you—oh, I loved you with a love that never was known to man! Give me, by your touch, by a spoken word, your forgiveness!"

The agony of this speech, and the anguish of soul, drew Leila's thoughts from herself, and her eyes melted with divine pity. She clasped his hand, and brokenly whispered:

"Francois, I do forgive you; seek One higher than I." Tears fell rapidly from her eyes, and one or two fell upon his hand. He started, and looked at her face, and saw from whence the hot baptism had fallen, and an ecstatic glow filled his eyes, as he drew her towards him, and gently whispered:

"Leila, my darling, I know you have forgiven me. Think of me sometimes. I have given you everything I own; just do what you will with it; do good with it. I know you will. Keep something of mine specially to remind you of one who loved much, and suffered much. Good-by, Leila; good-by, darling." Even as she put her trembling lips to his forehead, and her arm about his neck, to lift him, if possible, to an easier position, his spirit fled, leaving on his face the sunny smile that had so charmed her when in life.

Years have gone by since then, and but yester-

day I saw the placid face of Leila Brosius, with her pure white and pink complexion, going about on an errand of mercy. It was Leila Brosius in spite of the Quaker garb, and a gentle step instead of a springing one; while in her eyes one could see an ineffable peace, begotten of some deep anguish. Her name has not been blazoned about, but the money of Francois Faber, in her hands, has compassed and brightened scenes of squalor, of poverty and despair; an asylum for "Magdalenes" is her special care, and Francois Faber's

name is to be found on the marble slab over the entrance, just under the words, "He loved much; he suffered much." In Leila's room are two pictures, whose history she never tells; and hidden away in a bureau drawer are a volume of Shakespeare, bound beautifully in mother-of-pearl and dead gold, a coral bracelet, a cameo, and a handsome opal.

Where'er her troubled path may be,
The Lord's sweet pity with her go;
The outward, wayward life we see;
The hidden springs we may not know.

THE FASCINATION OF A FASHIONABLE IDEA.

BY LEONIDAS.

It seems to be the tendency of the popular mind to run into extremes with regard to nearly all subjects. The middle way, spite of the classical axiom which declares it to be the safest, is very rarely, or never, the popular way. There is a perennial charm in exaggeration, which fascinates us in the face of our better judgment. The inevitable outcome of this lax practice is a sort of pendulum motion in the currents of thought and opinion—a lack of stability and certainty as to any matter whatever, and a habit of following the fashion of the day in matters of thought and speculation as mechanically as we do with regard to ceremony and costume—just as if fact and truth, like "leather and prunella," were mere conventional things. The Great Muscular Idea, with which certain of our fiction writers and popular lecturers have been so industriously indoctrinating the American people for some dozen years past, offers a fair illustration of the tendency to which we allude. We are taught to look upon muscle, and bone, and nerve, and sinew as the types of all conceivable excellencies in the heroes depicted for our admiration—and, by inference, of course, to regard the absence of these anatomical analogues as evidence of inferiority or insignificance. Now, granted that to be strong is a very good thing, it does not follow that muscular strength is necessarily or even generally conjoined with any other kind of strength whatever.

A generation or so back the popular idea inclined the other way. Then, in the days of our boyhood, it was the slender, delicate, limp, fallow, "intel-

lectual-looking" man, with the bare Byronic throat flanked by the voluminous shirt collar, who was the personification of genius and "all the talents." This sort of idea, moreover, had prevailed for a long time, and it seems to have reached a stereotyped form in the days of Dr. Watts, who in replying to some observations on his diminutive stature, is said to have improvised the well-known verse:

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
And mete the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man.

The world endorsed the sentiment of the worthy doctor's quatrain, and the fictionists and orators of his days, and of days long after, did the same, as any one may see who will take the trouble to look but cursorily over the "circulating" literature of the closing of the last and opening of the present century. The old idea and the new one are, we think, both equally wanting in any solid basis—both are pendulum notions, equally distant from the plumb-line of truth—the new muscular one being just a centripetal swing back again, an inevitable reaction from the old one. That both notions are mischievous there can be no doubt: the old one led many weak minds to asceticism, and others to reckless dissipation; and the new one is productive of consequences just as evil.

We hear complaints from time to time to the effect that our Universities, the great national establishments for the education of the intellect, are in danger of becoming mere training-grounds for the body; and it is said that of late years they

have turned out a far greater number of accomplished athletes than of accomplished scholars—that rowing, running, and leaping are preferred to the classics, and the Tripos is postponed in favor of football, pitching the bar, and other favorite exercises. What truth there is in the libel we do not pretend to say; there is, however, one ugly consequence of the furor for muscularity which marks the rising men among the upper classes, which one must be blind not to recognize, and which grows more repulsive and more formidable every year; and that is, the spread of the love of sport, as it is absurdly called, among all classes of the population. There might be little harm in sport, if sport were what the term implies—innocent amusement and excitement; but in the present day, sport is but another name for gambling, unless it is also another name for cruelty. No trial of strength or endurance can now publicly take place, but immediately there is betting all through the country as to the result, and in cases where the competition is long delayed, it shall happen that hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost and won. What does this mean? It means that, in instances a hundred times more numerous than ever come to light, the bettors have staked and lost money that was not their own, or, being their own, should have been applied in the maintenance of their families. But this is partly a digression; let us return to the question of strength.

What is bodily strength? Is it strength to do, or strength to endure—and what sort of relation is there between the two kinds of strength? We know a blind man, miserably poor, the very twin brother of privation, and nearly seventy years old; he is about five feet three in height, and bent out of shape by the fire which burned out his eyes nearly threescore years ago; for the last forty or more years he has groped through the streets in all seasons at all hours; and for nearly all that time his principal ailments have been fainting from exhaustion. Is he a strong man? No, for he could barely lift a hundred-weight from the ground. Yes, for he has outlived hardships under which the majority of living men would have succumbed. Again: Some forty years ago, the writer sat at the desk in an office in company with two others, W— and D—. W— was an invalid, much below the middle size, of a pale, bloodless countenance, and generally suffering in health. D—, tall and robust, was the picture of

manly health, vigor and cheerfulness; he excelled in feats of strength, and could walk about freely with weights to the amount of a quarter of a ton hung about him. At fifty-five, D— began to break down, aged rapidly in the following three or four years, and died in a state of decrepitude at sixty-one. W— retained his post until he was approaching seventy, then retired and bought an annuity, and still lives to enjoy it, though he cannot be far from fourscore. Which of these was the strong man? *Strong*, you perceive, is a rather vague term when you come to consider the different senses in which it may be used. There is strength to do, and there is strength to endure, and it is not at all evident that the relation between the two strengths is of a very intimate kind; indeed, so far as our experience goes, it points rather to the contrary.

The navy is strong; he is held up by his admirers as the type of muscular strength; so are the puddlers, casters, and platemakers of the Black country; one is amazed at the bodily strength these men will exercise for hours together. But nothing is more certain than that they do not last longer than men of ordinary power, while in general they break down earlier, and are not so strong at threescore as ordinary workers are at the same period of life—which, moreover, few of them, comparatively reach. It would seem to be the case that the human frame can put forth but a definite amount of force in a lifetime, and that the man who draws too frequently or extravagantly on this reserved fund really squanders his life, and like other spendthrifts, must suffer the penalty of exhaustion. The existence of some such law as this is fairly inferable from facts open to us all. We see around us persons who, having husbanded their strength in youth and manhood, lead healthy and comfortable lives in their old age, and live on and on, year after year, and lustre after lustre, while many younger, and to all appearance stronger men, drop and fall and die. What is it, too, that makes women on the average so much longer-lived than men? What, but their calmer and more tranquil modes of life, their relatively passionless existence and freedom from fierce excitement, and both mental and muscular stress?

Then, as to intelligence and general physical power. Is it true, as the muscular missionaries have so long been trying to persuade us, that it is the strong in body who is strong in mind—that

muscular and mental power are correlatives? We do not think it. Robert Hall, the most powerful orator, and one of the most correct thinkers of this century, was never a strong man in the muscular sense; and though he might be called a big man, it is well known that his bulk was his burden, and was due to disease. Heine, the famous German poet, was a little man, puny in person, all his life a weakling, and during his latter years, when he produced some of his finest works, was bedridden and totally helpless. Alexander Pope was notoriously feeble and infirm, and grew almost decrepit in middle life. Keats and Shelley were both men of feeble constitution; so was Nelson; and the same might be said of many others who have done some of the best work in the world, and left their mark on their age. On the other hand, the men of powerful physique, such as Goethe, Johnson, Scott, Wilson, and others, have played as prominent a part and achieved as lasting reputation. So that there is no proof that any kind of relation exists between the intellectual and corporal strengths. Fools and philosophers, as all the world knows, are not distinguishable by stature and brawn and muscle; but both are to

be found, and always have been found, among all varieties of size and constitution and bodily qualities. In one respect we believe it is true that the man of huge and powerful frame shows to greater advantage than he of small and slender proportions—but the advantage is a moral and not a mental one; the large, powerful man (perhaps by a kindly provision of nature) is generally, and that even among the rough and least civilized classes, a being of gentle and forbearing temper, and, as a rule, far more ready to assist and oblige than to take offence—while traits of character the reverse of these are too often observable in persons of feeble frame and puny stature. This is all.

If the above observations are just, then the Great Muscular Notion is after all nothing better than a deceptive exaggeration. Let the comely bodily frame, and all health-giving, manly exercises, receive the admiration and encouragement that are due to them; but do not let it be thought that, wanting muscular development with breadth of chest and length of limb, a man is therefore lacking in any of the essentials either of manliness or capacity.

WINTER'S HOPE.

THE Autumn days are gone—all flown;
The yellow leaves from off the trees
Are shed, with sad and doleful moan
Of whistling wind and mournful breeze.

The cumbered earth bears far and near
Those saddening signs of autumn's death;
And leafless forests, moist and drear,
Oppress us with their chilly breath.

But let us look around once more—
Is there no beam to cheer our sight?
No rift in these dark clouds? Ah! sure,
We are not left without *some* light?

No; 'tis not so! E'en while we gaze,
See, from yon hill the red sun rise,
Illuming with his cheering rays
The earth that all so darkly lies.

And in deserted hedgerow springs
The hawthorne berry, brave and bright;
While perched atop the robin sings
His clear, sweet song with all his might.

Our life will come to autumn hours,
And all may chill and dreary seem,
But even then we'll find some flowers,
And even then some joyous beam.

THE MISSING SHIP.

RIGHT gallantly, that morning hour,
From harbor she sailed forth;
Five hundred sunny hearts on board,
A thousand bales of worth—

A little kingdom on the sea,
A little heaven of hopes,
And whistled merrily the winds,
And seamen at the ropes.

Oh, what a picture gallery
Was in those wooden walls!
Each man was painting out his dream
Of woods and waterfalls.

Of corn-fields bowing to the sun;
Of kine on sweet green sward;
These were to be, across the sea,
And he of all, the lord!

No wonder 'twas, though hard to part
From all beloved of yore,
That such a shout rang from the ship,
And such a shout from shore!

They went. They're gone from mortal ken,
God only knoweth where;
Full many a fathom deep, perchance,
Each with his dream so fair.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Strange Coincidences in Dates.—In an article lately given by us on "Curious Links," we illustrated the advantages conferred so widely upon society and the world by the connections between and the incidents of human life; as if an overruling decree of fate and destiny had settled the whole affair for us, without leaving us the power of setting it aside. It will be found, on further examination, that this idea is especially marked in connection with sovereigns, princes, and great personages generally, more particularly in the years of their birth, accession, deposition, and death. With such as are superstitious these coincidences will have weight.

One singular mode of fishing out the connection (for a fishing it certainly is in many cases) consists in adding up the digits or numerals in a particular date, and comparing this sum with the date itself. Thus, the year 1876 is expressed by four digits (one, eight, seven, six), the sum of which amounts to twenty-two; and the "fishing" would consist in catching any peculiar relation or connection between twenty-two and 1876. The French have taxed their ingenuity greatly in this kind of thing, with results which are less curious if nothing more.

Take, for instance, some of the French sovereigns who flourished several centuries ago. The *crochet-mongers* have discovered, in four cases, at any rate, a numerical connection between the order of succession on the one hand, and on the other the sum of the digits in special dates rendered memorable by noteworthy events in the lives of the respective sovereigns. Louis IX. was born in 1215; the sum of these digits is nine. Charles VII. was born in 1402; the sum of these digits is seven. Louis XII. was born in 1461; the sum of these digits is twelve. Lastly, Louis XIV. was crowned in 1643, a date the digits of which sum up to fourteen. In regard to an intermediate sovereign, Louis XIII., the accumulation of coincidences (so to speak) is very curious. We must first remind the reader that in the old court language of France, "Louis" was spelled "Loys;" that this king's French, Christian and surnames were "Loys de Bourbon," and that those of his queen were "Anne d'Autriche." The figures came out thus: Louis XIII. married Anne of Austria in 1615; the sum of these four digits is thirteen. "Loys de Bourbon" comprises thirteen letters, and so does "Anne d'Autriche." The boy-king and girl-princess were each thirteen years old at the time of the marriage; he was the thirteenth Louis of France, and she the thirteenth Anne of Austria.

Come we now to the nineteenth century, with which mystical Frenchman have been equally busy. Bourbonists, Bonapartists, Orleanists, Republicans—all are cited to supply materials for the same story. The great French Revolution, which brought so many momentous events in its train, began in 1789; the sum of these four digits is twenty-five, which, added to 1789, brings us to 1814, the year when the Emperor Napoleon went captive to Elba, and ceased his European conquests—although there was destined to be one more year

of struggle on the battle-field. When Charles X. was deposed in 1830, a contest arose concerning his successor; some politicians wished for the appointment of another Bourbon, while others preferred Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, as a representative monarch or "citizen king." The Chamber of Deputies decided on the latter by two hundred and twenty-one votes against one hundred and eighty-one. The Bourbonists sustained a defeat; but they solaced themselves by pointing out that by expressing the numbers in words instead of figures, and taking the alphabetical order of the letters in the words, they could prove two hundred and twenty-one to mean "La queue de Robespierre," while one hundred and eighty-one meant "Les Honnêtes Gens." We have not quite succeeded in realizing this bit of reckoning ourselves; but the Bourbonists very much relished the idea of proving their adherents to be "virtuous or honorable persons," while their opponents were merely "the tail of Robespierre."

We have had a little of this sort of thing in England, and possibly a due exercise of ingenuity might convert the little into much. Charles I.'s son, and eventual successor, was born in 1630; the sum of these digits is ten, which brings us to 1640, the year when the short Parliament began to make short work of the kingly power. Again, the sum of the digits in 1640 is eleven, which brings us to 1651, the year when the battle of Worcester drove Charles II. into exile. One more instance: George I. ascended the British throne in 1714, which added to thirteen, the sum of its digits, makes 1727, the date of his death.

But apart from, and in addition to, these numerical conundrums involving the summing up of digits, there are many associations of particular years with certain persons, families and dynasties. The year 1809 was marked by the death of Haydn and the birth of Mendelssohn; the sum of these digits (availing ourselves of one more illustration of this class) is eighteen, which, added to 1809, brings us to 1827, the year marked by the death of another great composer, Beethoven.

The year '88 is associated with a train of events, none of them cheerful in character, concerning the House of Stuart. For instance, in 1388, Robert II., first Stuart king of Scots, became little more than a nominal sovereign in the hands of the nobles, and died two years afterwards; in 1488 James III. of Scotland was murdered; close to the ominous '88, but really in 1587, the beautiful, erring, hapless Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded; in 1688 the last Stuart king of Great Britain, James II. (James VII. of Scotland) was dethroned; and in 1788 Charles Edward Stuart, who had been known forty years previously as the Young Pretender (the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of the romancists and balladists), died in a foreign land, unhonored and almost uncared for. In eleven years another '88 will come; is there another Stuart anywhere to come under a cloud in that year?

In some instances one particular month in the year, and

one particular day of that month, are claimed by the believers in the star of destiny as being associated with one particular personage of note. Destiny or no destiny, it is a fact that the 24th of February was thus associated with the Emperor Charles V., the 2d of December with the late Emperor Napoleon III., the 14th of May with Henri Quatre, and the 13th of October with King Otho of Greece. In the dreadful religious wars of the sixteenth century in France, Huguenots massacred Catholics in Bearn on the 25th of August in one year, and Catholics massacred Huguenots on the 25th of August three years afterwards. The stern Puritan and the gay monarch who had so much to do with the moulding of English history during the seventeenth century, had each his particular association with one special day in the year—Oliver Cromwell with the 3d of September, and Charles II. with the 29th of May.

A crochet has been started (we do not know by whom) to the effect that the number three is peculiarly stamped on the royal dynasties of England; that after three sovereigns of any one dynasty, either a revolution takes place, or a passing of the royal sceptre to a collateral line. It is certainly the case that the House of Blois came in under Stephen, in virtue of his father's marriage with a daughter of William the Conqueror; that Edward II. was dethroned; that Lady Jane Grey, through her relations and adherents, made an attempt to gain the throne; that Cromwell made a gap in the Stuart line; that James II. was driven out; and that the House of Hanover came in on the lapse of issue to the House of Orange and to the Protestant branches of the Stuarts—these are admitted facts; but nevertheless we must confess to have failed in an attempt to reconcile other known events in English history with this number three theory.

Curiosities of Wills.—An English newspaper, the *Newcastle Chronicle*, contributes to the list of curiosities of wills: "Some years ago an English gentleman bequeathed to his two daughters their weight in £1 bank notes. The eldest daughter got £51,200 and the younger £57,344. Here is a singular bequest by a French gentleman. It may truly be styled 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts.' Vaugeois, the famous French grammarian, was in the receipt of several pensions, but so prodigal was he in his liberalities that he not only always remained poor, but was rarely out of debt. His will contains much that is original, but the following is an especially characteristic clause. After disposing of all the little he possessed to meet the claims of his creditors, he adds: 'Still, as it may be found that even after the sale of my library and effects these funds will not suffice to pay my debts, the only means I can think of to meet them is that my body should be sold to the surgeons on the best terms that can be obtained, and the product applied, as far as it will go, towards the liquidation of any sums it may be found I still owe. I have been of very little service to society while I lived, I shall be glad if I can thus become of any use after I am dead.' Whether the creditors accepted this well-intentioned bequest in part satisfaction of their claims is not recorded. The following is an extract from the will of John Hylett Stow, proved in 1781: 'I hereby direct my executors to lay out five guineas in the purchase of a picture of the viper biting the benevolent hand of the person who saved him from per-

ishing in the snow, if the same can be bought for the money; and that they do, in memory of me, present it to —, Esq., a king's counsel, whereby he may have frequent opportunities of contemplating on it, and, by a comparison between that and his own virtue, be able to form a certain judgment which is best and most profitable, a grateful remembrance of past friendship and almost parental regard, or ingratitude and insolence. This I direct to be presented to him in lieu of a legacy of three thousand pounds I had by former will, now revoked and burned, left him.'"

A Quaint Legend of the Rainbow.—According to popular belief in Germany, the extremities of a rainbow always touch streams, whence it draws water by means of two large golden dishes. That is why it rains for three days after the appearance of a rainbow, because the water must fall again on the earth. Whoever arrives at the right moment on the spot where the rainbow is drinking, can take possession of the golden dish, which reflects all the colors of the rainbow; but if nobody is there, the dishes are again drawn up into the clouds. Some say that the rainbow always lets a dish fall. This once happened at Reutlingen, in Suabia. It broke in several pieces, but the finder received a hundred gulden for it. At Tübingen, people used to run to the end of the rainbow, which appeared to be resting over the Neckar or the Steinach, to secure the golden dish. Usually it is considered wrong to sell the dish, which ought to be kept as an heir-loom in the family, for it brings good luck. A shepherd in the Suabian Alps once found such a dish, and he never afterwards lost a sheep. An unfortunate native of Heubach, who sold the treasure at a high price, was struck dumb on the spot. Small round gold coins, marked with a cross or star, are frequently found in Suabia, and the peasants declare that these were manufactured from the rainbow dishes by the Romans when they invaded Germany. In the Black Forest the rainbow uses a golden goblet, which is afterwards dropped. A shoe thrown into a rainbow comes back filled with gold. The Servians have a theory that passing beneath a rainbow changes the sex.

When a double rainbow is seen, Suabian peasants say that the devil would like to imitate the rainbow, but he cannot succeed. The Esthonians called the rainbow "the thunder-god's sickle."

A theory existed in the Middle Ages that the rainbow would cease to appear a certain number of years before the Last Judgment, and Hugo von Trimber, in an old German poem, mentions forty years as the prescribed time.

A Curious Harp.—The harp has in all ages been associated with love, romance and knightly sway, and while kings and queens have been touched by its power as the magician's wand, the peasant and lowly of the earth have found themselves spell-bound by its enchanting influence. Curious indeed is the power of music on animated creation everywhere.

The weird notes and wild desultory strains produced by the power of the wind on the stretched chords of the Æolian harp, are the delight of the sentimental and romantic, and hence this really charming though unscientific music has come to be spoken of in rather a disrespectful manner. Yet

who that has set half dozing on the rustic lounge of some vine-clad summer temple, and listened to the confused sounds of buzzing insects, trilling birds, the soft rustle of the leaves, and the sweet vibrations of the rustic-cased *Æolian* harp fastened within the trellised casement, as the gentle zephyrs played upon its strings, or that has lain and listened to the loud, wild music of its chords during the long watches of some boisterous night, will not say that its music is at once deliciously dreamy and soothing, inspiriting and wonderfully touching? As a musical instrument of very ancient origin, it carries with it certain poetical associations which render it a pleasant addition to the household, the tastes of which are educated to admire and love those things which lead

"From nature up to nature's God."

This instrument, whose music is not awakened by scientific art, but through the agency of natural powers—the "breath of the zephyr," "the voice of the wind," sweeping over strung cords, simply fastened in a case secured to the window, or in some tree or arbor—sends forth sounds, first low and sweet, and soothing as the song of the spirits which are said to sing the lullaby of the gentle babe; or changing anon to deep resonant chords, whose volume rises and swells, and, with trembling reverberations, sweeps over the strings like the wail of some sad soul chanting a requiem or the "Deus misereatur;" or again suddenly changing, as the wild winds lull, quick, staccato notes and lively dancing strains are thrown upon the breeze, and resound with loud and joyous music that the tinkling feet of *Terpsichore* would seem to have inspired.

Such is the music of the *Æolian* harp; and many a house is never without one or more in certain windows, or fastened to tree or rustic building out upon the grounds. The cases for these harps may be either extremely simple or elaborately elegant; but for the dwelling, we would recommend a pretty pine-wood case, adorned with spray-work, cutting a monogram for each side, with tracery of ferns and sprays, and a border of ivy leaves. Or, making a walnut case, decalcomanie designs may be effectively applied; or whitewood with paintings in India ink and sepia, or oil or water color, will be charming; while, for outside use, rustic ornaments are most appropriate, and form lovely objects.

The pictures from Egyptian vases and other ancient designs, as mythological characters, figures from books of travel, taken from relics, etc., ancient Grecian, Chinese, and Japanese art, with borders of curious conventional, vegetables, and animal forms, will form proper embellishments for such cases, which should be made as follows: Measure the breadth of the window, or other position destined for it, and make a pine case to fit it in length, five inches wide, four inches deep, and of quarter-inch stuff. On the extremities of the top, glue two pieces of oak wood, about half an inch and a quarter of an inch thick, for bridges, to which the strings are to be fixed; into one of these fix seven pegs, such as are used for piano strings, into the other fasten the same number of brass pins, and to these fasten one end of the graduated strings, made of catgut, such as are used for guitar and violin strings, and twist the other end round the pegs.

Within the box at each end glue two pieces of beech, or

other such wood, about an inch square and the width of the box, on which to rest the sounding board—a thin board with a hole cut in the centre; place over the top another thin board, supported on four pegs, and about three inches from the sounding board, to procure a free passage of air over the strings.

Where possible, affix the harp in the window having another window opposite to it. When exposed to a current of air, and the strings are attuned in unison with the varying force of the current the melody changes from soft low sounds and diatonic scales to wild but delightful and harmonious notes. Hidden in some grotto or shady nook, the effect of its sweet sounds are peculiarly delightful.

The gourd of the South African bushman is a sort of complicated jewsharp, in which a quill is distended by the string of a bow, and is breathed upon by the player. A gut string is attached at one end to one extremity of the bow, and the other to an oval-shaped piece of bustard quill, which is lashed to the other extremity of the bow. The quill is of an attenuated oval shape, and its quality, as well as the tension of the string, determines its musical tone. The performer holds the bow nearly horizontally, steadying himself by placing his elbows on his knees, his right forefinger into his right ear, and the forefinger of his left hand into his nostrils. He is then ready for duty. He breathes upon the quill, eliciting tones both in expiration and inspiration.

The instrument is the most ingenious to be found in South Africa, and is a great favorite with the people, though monotonous and weak in tone. The string adds resonance to the tones, which are like those of a jewsharp, though inferior to the latter.

It seems that no regular time is attempted, but the variations of tone follow each other much as when a person unskilled in the jewsharp elicits sounds of various pitch by changing the position of his lips and the strength of his breathing.

When the instrument is used by a woman, she holds it differently; grasping the middle and holding the instrument perpendicularly, she blows upon the quill and taps the string with a small stick. When the woman plays, it is called a *joum-joum*.

Interesting Table of the Longevity of Eminent Men, representing the aggregate and average age, in a list of twenty persons, in each of their respective professions:

| | Aggregate Years. | Average Years. |
|---|---------------------|-------------------|
| Natural Philosophers | 1494 | 75 |
| Moral Philosophers | 1417 | 70 |
| Sculptors and Painters | 1412 | 70 |
| Authors on Law and Jurisprudence | 1394 | 69 |
| Medical Authors | 1368 | 68 |
| Authors on Revealed Religion | 1350 | 67 |
| Philologists | 1323 | 66 |
| Musical Composers | 1284 | 64 |
| Novelists and Miscellaneous Authors | 1257 | 62½ |
| Dramatists | 1249 | 62 |
| Authors on Natural Religion | 1245 | 62 |
| Poets | 1144 | 57 |

CURRENT MEMORANDA.

Glimpses at National Events.—As we survey the past, the present, and make reckonings for the future, there is much to give encouragement to the American people.

The great conflict between capital and labor, it is true, goes on, but by the peaceful and political power embodied in the ballot; open rebellion against constitutional authority has been suppressed, and quietude and submission to "the powers that be" are witnessed in all parts of the Union. New factors on the great political chessboard are the chief attractions among politicians. Not that the new order of things is equally welcomed by all, but that place and power so long held within their grasp are likely soon to know many of them no more. The Labor Party, "of the people, and for the people," from insignificant beginnings, already assumes giant proportions, and bids fair to force the two old organizations into the background, if it should not entirely obliterate both. It would seem as if the fiat had already gone out, for Ohio has spoken with no uncertain sound, and from all present indications, other States will go with the swelling tides. *Novo* we see some of the fruits of the strike; *then* we read only of the coming revolution with incredulity.

In national affairs, Congress attracts the attention of the people. Honorable Samuel J. Randall is again Speaker of the House by an overwhelming majority. Of course this result was clearly foreshadowed since the contest assumed anything like tangible shape. It was well, therefore, that his vote was made to mean no uncertain deliverance on the fidelity of the party to the majesty of the law. In point of fitness for the high trust, he is quite the equal of any of his able competitors, and his pledge, given in returning his acknowledgments to the caucus for the honor conferred upon him, that "I will, in administering the high office to which I am called, endeavor to do my full duty to my country," has the flavor of the days when the statesman and not the partisan ruled in the councils of the nation.

It is rarely that a Congress convenes under surroundings so peculiar. Not only does the nation call for important laws to mitigate the financial distress of the people, but it demands of its representatives service for the country instead of for parties, as in times past. It demands statesmanship in lieu of partisanship; the nation's weal in place of individual aggrandizement. It calls for a purification of the ballot-box in order that it may now, henceforth and forever proclaim *the true voice* of the people, and not the mandate of political mountebanks. Policy and expediency must give way to truth and justice. The people, who are the conservators of both civil and religious liberty, will take good care in the future to guard and defend the priceless heritages committed to their keeping. It shall be our province to chronicle the records made by those to whom power has been delegated.

In the West General Miles has won laurels by his skill and daring. Joseph, the Chief of the Nez Percés, is now a prisoner in the hands of our Government, and the trouble with these Indians is brought to a close. The Apache Indians have also surrendered, as shown in the following despatch:

To General Townsend, Washington, D. C.:

The following is just received from General Pope: "Three chiefs and one hundred and eighty-seven Apaches have surrendered at Wingate, and their arms and horses will be taken from them. Others are expected, and probably the whole band of Warm Spring Apaches will soon do likewise. I have ordered them sent, dismounted and disarmed, to their agency, at Canada Almosa, for the present. I will communicate in a few days my opinion as to the best final disposition to be made of them."

P. H. SHERIDAN, Lieutenant-General.

We don't hear in any of the reports a word about the conservative General Howard. It is possible he was protecting General Miles's rear, as he has already shown rare skill in guarding the reserves.

The President has recognized the following named Consular officers for Spain: Juan De Alminara, Consul at Savannah; Luis De Zea Bermudez, Consul at Charleston, and Alberto Goicoechea, Vice Consul at Savannah.

The Smithsonian Institution is in receipt of a telegram from Professor Peters, Clinton, New York, announcing the discovery of a planet of the eleventh magnitude, in one hour and five minutes right ascension, seven degrees fifty-five minutes north declination, and a south motion.

Mrs. Emily Edson Briggs (Olivia) has been appointed by Secretary Schurz a member of the Board of Visitors for the United States Hospital for the Insane. Mrs. Briggs is the first lady who has ever been appointed on this or any other of the advisory boards connected with government institutions.

As in the line of our record, we give the following message from the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting extracts of the appropriations required to complete the service of the fiscal year, ending June 30th, 1878:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, October 15th, 1877.

SIR: Agreeably to the joint resolution of Congress of January 7th, 1846, I have the honor to transmit, for the information of Congress, the estimates of appropriations required for the military establishment for the service of the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1878, as furnished by the Secretary of War, together with special estimates of other deficiencies and reappropriations required by the several executive departments for the current and past fiscal year, as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| War Department..... | \$32,436,764.98 |
| Library of Congress..... | 22,800.00 |
| Court of Claims | 1,206,453.90 |
| Treasury Department..... | 273,891.29 |
| Post-office Department..... | 700,000.00 |
| Navy Department | 2,003,861.27 |
| Judicial | 262,535.22 |
| Total..... | \$36,906,306.66 |

Accompanying these estimates are the following, submitted by the Secretary of War without recommendation: Forts and fortifications, \$2,078,000; rivers and harbors, \$13,220,100. The estimate of \$1,031,453 58 for permanent annual appropriations is also submitted for the information of Congress, but is not recommended.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary of the Treasury.

The President has appointed Thursday, the 29th of November, "as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer." In his proclamation, he says: "In all the blessings which depend on benignant seasons, this has indeed been a memorable year. Over the wide territory of our country, with all its diversity of soil and climate and products, the earth has yielded a bountiful return to the labor of the husbandman. The health of the people has been blighted by no prevalent or wide-spread disease, no great disasters of shipwreck upon our coast, or to our commerce on the seas, have brought loss and hardship to merchants and marines, and clouded the happiness of the community with sympathetic sorrow. In all that concerns our strength and peace and greatness as a nation; in all that touches the permanence and security of our government and the beneficent institutions on which it rests; in all that affects the character and dispositions of our people, and tests our capacity to enjoy and uphold the equal and free condition of society, now permanent and universal throughout the land, the experience of the last year is conspicuously marked by the protecting providence of God, and is full of promise and hope for the coming generations. Under a sense of these infinite obligations to the Great Ruler of times and seasons and events, let us humbly ascribe it to our own faults and frailties if, in any degree, that perfect concord and happiness, peace and justice which such great mercies should diffuse through the hearts and lives of our people, do not altogether and always and everywhere prevail. Let us, with one spirit and with one voice, lift up praise and thanksgiving to God for His manifold goodness to our land and His manifest care for our nation."

Abroad nothing has occurred since our last issue to materially alter the outlook. Russia, it is true, has gained some triumph, but not sufficient to place her prospects much brighter. In France the result of the election shows a victory for the Republicans. The New Chamber will consist of about 320 Republicans and 210 Conservatives. The papers say that both the opposition and the government are disappointed, the former having hoped to return four hundred deputies.

The honors of France have been extended to our ex-President Grant, and at this writing he is the lion in the city of Paris.

The True System of Finance.—The rapid increase of political economists during the last decade should have given to the American people a sound system of finance long ere this, but it is a most lamentable fact that this very increase has rather increased the confusion of ideas upon the subject. If everybody's system proved to be all that is claimed for it—"The True System"—there certainly would be a certain degree of homogeneity or uniformity of ideas in them as an aggregate. Not that it is essential in order to reach a given objective that the same road or means should be taken, but that each should reach the same conclusions on tenable grounds. True, each system may possess a different class of factors, but they converge, instead of diverging upon one common centre. This they have failed to do. Yet in all the obscurity we see practical methods which, if made measures by our present Congress, now in session, would disperse

the remaining clouds now hovering over the industrial interests of the nation.

In the one hundred and one years which have elapsed since the formation of this Government, there have been fourteen disastrous panics, all traceable to one cause—all precipitated upon the country by similar indiscretions. Upon an average there has been a financial panic, followed by bankruptcy and the most disastrous results, every seven years. Possessing a land large enough for all, and full of natural riches, all classes accumulate wealth easily. But every seventh year, society, from the humblest laborer to the strongest merchant, is profoundly shaken by a financial commotion which injures rich and poor alike. There has been a continual state of uncertainty. A man who is comfortable one day, might be penniless the next. Under such circumstances, business ceases to be legitimate trade and becomes an affair of guess-work—of speculation.

What has been the matter? Is there a cure for these evils? These are the questions of the hour, which override all others in importance.

A careful examination of our history will show this. Every disturbance of values, every panic in business affairs, has been the result directly of financial legislation. No money and inefficient money have retarded enterprise, retarded trade, retarded civilization. The people have suffered under the most vicious systems of money which an ignorant or corrupt legislation could invent. A currency was given to the country lacking the first elements of money—which are stability and honesty. Subject to no fixed law, it was contracted at the will of individuals. Every time it was contracted there resulted a convulsion in business—and great houses tumbled like so many bricks set up in a row. Every time it was contracted labor was thrown out of employment and suffered the pangs of enforced idleness—sometimes the awful agonies of starvation. Every panic, every stoppage of business, every period of bankruptcy and idleness may be traced to this one cause—the miserable currency and contraction. There is not a single exception—not one. With every natural advantage, we have been the victims of ignorant law-makers. We are now in the midst of the greatest of all our panics—this is the fourth and worst year. It is time to stop it if we would save a portion of what yet remains.

As there is but one cause, so there is but one remedy. We must have a currency which will not fluctuate in value, and which is not dependent upon the whim of a few individuals for the regulation of the amount.

It is to remedy this evil that we propose a resumption of specie payments by the issue of a greenback which shall be,

1st. Receivable for all dues, public or private.

2d. Interconvertible with the new four per cent. bonds, so that all excess of currency not required for business purposes, may be converted into Government bonds, and any lack of currency may be supplied by a reconversion of the bonds into greenbacks—a measure which must give a currency exactly adequate to the business of the country, and which will be neither contraction nor expansion. Inasmuch as the four per cent. bonds are now equal to gold, this convertible greenback must be equal to gold, as certainly as things equal to the same things must be equal to each other.

Sooner or later this will be found to be the only remedy.

All the wild talk of the so-called "gold resumptionists" and all their baneful theories, will give way to the only method by which prosperity can be restored. The vague notions of the Communist, and fanciful ideas of such men as John Sherman, must equally resolve themselves into nothingness, before the teachings of common sense.

The public mind is being rapidly educated upon this subject. In Congress it becomes the principal question of debate. As the plain, matter-of-fact business men of the country come to examine into it, its importance becomes suddenly manifest to them. This panic has been the most severe, but it will in the end bring about the cure for all the financial ills under which we have labored for these hundred years. Then will come the time when all men will have an opportunity for labor, and when financial earthquakes will be relics of barbarism. "Men do not dream of the prosperity which is yet in store for all orders of the people."

An interesting and original illustration of this financial problem, is given in the *True Citizen*, and we believe it will be appreciated by the readers in this connection.

Every manufacturing establishment or printing-office that is run by steam-power, has a broad-belt which passes around both the driving-wheel of the engine and the main shaft. This belt has no power in itself, but it is the medium by which power is communicated from the engine to the shaft, and from thence to the machinery which is to be operated by it. If the main shaft belting should be removed, all the machinery would stop. If it should be narrowed by cutting off from either edge, the machinery would run slower, and perhaps stop. If the machinery stopped by reason of the belting being made narrower, it might be started again by disconnecting a part of the machinery. If a part of the machinery should be disconnected, then the small belts which are used to convey power from the shaft to each machine would hang idle and useless. Suppose, under these circumstances, some one should come to the factory and inquire why so much of the machinery was idle. He would be told that it was owing to a deficiency of *belting*. But it might be observed that plenty of idle belting was hanging near each idle machine—hence, how can this stoppage be owing to a want of belting? The answer would be, the deficiency is in the *main shaft belting*, which conveys power from the *engine* to the shaft—not in the belting that conveys power *from* the shaft to the machines.

The visitor might say, "I need some belting. I have a number of threshing machines ready to ship, but have no belting to send with them. Will you lend me some of this idle belting, that I may cut it and fit it to my threshing machines? I have ordered a supply of belting from Chicago, and will return you an equal amount, with something additional for the use of it."

The answer would probably be: "I would gladly lend you my belting which is idle, if you would be certain to return it to me instantly, on *call*, in case I should want it, and I should certainly want it instantly, as soon as a sufficient main shaft belt was supplied. But I cannot loan it to you at any price to be taken down, cut up, and sent with threshing machines to the West. I can only lend it absolutely on *call*, and it must not be taken far away. I would lend it to you on *call*, at the rate of two cents a year on each hundred

feet." But this offer is not taken—there are "no loans" of belting.

The legal tender of a country—or what serves the purpose of legal tender—is like the main shaft belting in mechanics.

Bank checks and accounts, drafts, bills of exchange, etc., are like the other kind of belting which conveys power from the shaft to the machine.

If the main shaft belting is deficient, machines must be detached from the main shaft or all will stop. So when legal tender is deficient, money of account (credits in bank), available for transfer by checks, is idle and is freely offered in our commercial centres as low as two per cent. per annum *on call*, and frequently not taken at that. So we frequently see the quotation "money two per cent. in New York on loans," when, if Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis should on the next day order the balances from them to be forwarded by express in greenbacks, or even in currency, they would withdraw so much of the reserve (the financial main-shaft belting), from that city, that its banks would be obliged to decline to loan at any rate of interest, until they could obtain a sufficient supply of Legal Tender to make good their reserve.

The *American Monthly* with this issue completes its Ninth volume. The full Tables of Contents, Lists of Illustrations, and Names of Contributors to the two volumes of 1877, which preface this number, show what we have done during the past year more fully than any brief we could make here. What has been done is now a matter of record, with which contributors, subscribers, readers, and the general public are already familiar. Our labors, notwithstanding the general depression of business, have been appreciated and recognized substantially by steadily-increasing numbers of friends and patrons. In all parts of our great country the *AMERICAN MONTHLY* has been cordially welcomed, giving us assurance that its influence has been to educate and strengthen the home circle in those things which elevate and purify society.

Our patrons and contributors merit a full meed of praise for their heart, mind and hand coöperation with us to make the magazine entertaining and instructive. Our editorial labors have been lightened, and at times made pleasurable, through the many "good words and cheering thoughts" that have come to us from all parts of the Union.

To the press, also, are we grateful for its signals of light, pointing to our sanctum and the merit of our publication.

With the January number we will open our Tenth Volume, with strengthened faith in our mission, and bright promises for our friends. All those features which go to make a magazine entitled to take a front rank among an educated and enlightened people, it shall be our aim to give *POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY* for 1878. Questions which affect government and society will be considered from independent and broad platforms, holding ourselves neutral in nothing, cosmopolitan in all things.

Influence in behalf of our work is solicited from all.

Believing that the general dissemination of our periodical, as a vehicle of thought, is calculated to increase the refining and ennobling forces in society and at HOME, we ask you, dear reader, to help us enlarge our sphere of usefulness.

LITERATURE AND ART.

The Elements of Literary Renown.—There is probably no subject more vaguely understood than the true causes of literary renown. So much has been said and written concerning the elements which must of necessity lie at the foundation of all human achievements, that it is remarkable that the world is still in such a state of ignorance relative to the primal and secondary fountains from and through which the intellectual and moral forces in all ages have sprung. This is true in an eminent sense as applied to art and literary attainments. The germs out of which new and higher orders of life grow in the vegetable kingdom, have been exhaustively treated by naturalists with satisfactory, if not always logical, results; but the true origin and nature of the supplies that have given to the world men and women illustrious through their works, are still clouded with the mists of doubt. While the multitude are measurably content with some one or all of the theories advanced as solutions of the problems bearing upon human greatness, in the fields above referred to, many earnest and faithful thinkers are by no means satisfied. The prevailing idea is that eminent success in any department is indisputable evidence of inherent genius, and that this is beyond the pale of acquisition for those not thus gifted. This opinion or belief is productive of no small amount of evil, as it tends to check laudable ambition, and thus deprive mankind of the fruits of many noble minds. No more erroneous idea could be formed, generally speaking, as to the underlying elements of what is called greatness. While we concede birthrights to such powers for a few, the major portion of those who have illuminated their day and generation have possessed no extraordinary native talent.

It is generally supposed that the possessor of the coveted quality may dispense with those habits which are admitted to be so essential to a man of business. We admit the existence of the quality—a disposition of mind, often hereditary, which qualifies a man for a particular pursuit—but deny its importance, unless accompanied by the less showy but more sterling attributes of industry, energy and perseverance. So important are these characteristics, that even writers eminent for their knowledge of mankind have asserted, that an individual possessed of a determined will can distinguish himself in any pursuit, irrespective of predisposition towards it. Though we are not prepared to go to this length, we conceive that a little genius, when accompanied by these qualities, will go a long way; whereas, a large share of it, unassociated with such important accessories, will be a curse rather than a blessing to its possessor.

If there is one fact more than another which strikes one in studying the lives of great men, in any of the avenues which lead to distinction, it is the life of unceasing toil they lead, coupled with such an attention to details as less gifted men would have scorned. To hear some people talk of a man of genius, one would think that the general had but to grasp his sword and lead his men to victory; or the author to take up his pen, and the work which is to charm thousands flows

readily from it. But in the one case, the years of toil expended in training these soldiers, in mastering the science of manœuvring them, and attending to camp details, are forgotten; and in the other, if we follow the author to his desk, we shall probably find, by the blotted and interlined manuscript, the knitted brow, and frequent reference to books, that the work is not produced in so easy a manner as had been supposed. The case of Sir Walter Scott may be advanced in opposition to this, for some of his books were penned as fast as his quill could "trot" over the page; but then we must remember the years of preparation he had gone through—thirty-four years had passed over his head when he wrote his "Lay," and forty-three when "Waverley" was published—to accomplish such a result, during which he had steeped his soul in archaeological lore, border legends and ballads, and studied character with unwavering minuteness.

We trust that the examples we shall give in the present paper of the toil undergone by those who have won a niche in the Temple of Fame, will show that really good work of every kind is the product of hard, unflinching labor—mere drudgery, often—and that such statements will encourage those who, misled by the too popular estimate of genius, wonder that they do not more easily accomplish their designs.

Sir Walter Scott's rapid method of working has been mentioned as a fact which might be quoted against our theory, but nothing could exceed his care when "getting up" a subject. For example, when writing "Rokeby," he visited Mr. Morritt, and said he wanted "a good robbers' cave, and an old church of the right sort." That gentleman says: "We rode out in quest of these; and he found what he wanted in the ancient slate quarries of Brignoll, and the ruined abbey of Egglestone. I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild-flowers and herbs that, as it happened, grew round and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil, and could not help saying that, as he was not to be upon oath in his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness; but understood him when he replied: "That in Nature herself no two scenes are exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes, would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit, apparently, an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas, whoever trusted to imagination would soon find his own mind circumscribed and contracted to a few favorite images; and the repetition of these would sooner or later produce that very monotony and barrenness which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of any but the patient worshippers of truth." Lockhart was astonished to find, that even during a trip in which he accompanied Sir Walter into Lanarkshire, the latter continued his literary labors. "Wherever we slept, whether in the noble mansion or in the shabbiest of country inns, and whether the work was done after retiring to rest at night, or before an early start in the morning, he very rarely mounted the carriage again without hav-

ing a packet of the well-known aspect ready sealed and corded, and addressed to his printer in Edinburgh."

At a banquet given once at Liverpool to Charles Dickens, he said, that all he could claim in establishing the relations which existed between himself and his readers was constant fidelity to hard work, and remarked, that his literary fellows knew very well how true it is in all art, that what seems the easiest done is oftentimes the most difficult to do, and that the smallest truth may come of the greatest pains. This was exemplified in himself in a remarkable degree, as the following incident, related by Mr. Mundella, M.P., at a public meeting at Sheffield a year after, will show. A distinguished artist once said to him: "When I was painting a portrait of Dickens, it was arranged that I should sit in his room while he was at work. He was a most painstaking, industrious, and methodical man, and nothing would divert him from the regularity of his habits. I was there for hours, and he wrote, as it seemed to me, almost with anguish. I looked in his face, and watched the anxiety and the care. I saw the blotting and the re-writing of his work, and was astonished to find how much he owed to his indomitable perseverance."

To the same effect wrote Mr. Arthur Helps in *Macmillan*: "Those who have seen his manuscripts will recollect what elaborate notes, and comments, and plans (some adopted, many rejected) went to form the basis of his works. To see those manuscripts would cure anybody of the idle and presumptuous notion that men of genius require no forethought or preparation for their greatest efforts, but that these are dashed off by the aid of a mysterious something which is comprehended in the word genius. It was one of Mr. Dickens's theories, and I believe a true one, that men differ hardly in anything so much as their power of attention."

Lord Lytton—himself an indefatigable worker—was of the same opinion. "What men want," he wrote, "is not talent; it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor;" and Lord Chesterfield had observed before him: "The power of applying our attention, steady and undissipated, to a single object, is the sure mark of superior genius."

Take the testimony of two schoolmasters of the highest class. Dr. Arnold of Rugby wrote, as the result of his great experience: "The difference between one boy and another consists not so much in talent as in energy;" and his successor, Dr. Temple, in one of his sermons, says: "Nothing can be a greater mistake than to suppose that genius dispenses with labor. What genius does is to inspire the soul with a power to persevere in the labor that is needed; but the greatest geniuses in every art invariably labor at their art far more than all others, because their genius shows them the value of such patient labor, and aids them to persist in it."

Lord Macaulay's industry was untiring. He would spend hours in the Library of the British Museum hunting up what many would think an unimportant fact, and those who read his well rounded periods little knew with what labor they were produced. His thrilling narrative of the western rebellion was not written in his own study, but in a cottage on the the Somerset marshes, in which he spent weeks, so that no detail to be gained from the spot might be wanting in his description. To this quality, more than any other, he was indebted for his fame.

Jeffrey, the original editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, was an indefatigable worker. If he had not been, it is probable that the *Review* would have died in its infancy. That he had great difficulty in keeping his team in order, appears from the following extract from a letter to Horner, asking for his contribution: "I have some right to dun, too, not merely because I am the master to whom your service is due, but because I have myself sent fifty pages to the press before I ask you for one. Hear now our state, and consider: Brown has been dying with influenza, and is forbidden to write for his chest's sake. Brougham is roaming the streets, or correcting his colonial proofs, and trusting everything to the exertions of last week, and the contributions of the unfledged goslings who gabble under his wings. Elmsley—even the sage and staid Elmsley—has solicited to be set free from his engagements. And Timothy refuses to come under any engagements, with the greatest candor and good-nature in the world."

Byron said that Sheridan had written the best comedy, the best opera, the best farce, and delivered the best speech known. He appeared to his friends as a brilliant wit and writer, producing *bon-mot*, speech, or play without effort. But when Moore published his manuscripts after his death, it was discovered that all was the product of toil and elaboration. The wit he had been conning over in the morning, he would wait patiently to introduce in such a manner that it appeared an inspiration; and his speeches were often written several times over, and committed to memory. Such a sentence as the following would be written many times before he was satisfied with it: "His (Bonaparte) are no ordinary fortifications. His martello towers are thrones; sceptres tipped with crowns are the palisades of his entrenchments, and kings are his sentinels." The dialogues in his plays were elaborated in like manner.

Moore spent nearly eighteen months reading up Greek and Persian works for *Lalla Rookh*, and the result was, that it exhibited such fidelity to Oriental manners, customs, and scenery that its popularity even in the East was extraordinary, and people found it difficult to believe that its scenes were not penned on the spot. The circumstance of this poem, with its gorgeous Oriental scenery and sentiment, being written during the depth of winter, in a secluded dwelling in Derbyshire, is in itself a marvel. Many of Moore's songs were also the product of much labor.

Our own Bayard Taylor, William Cullen Bryant, and other writers of national fame, have won their laurels only after many years of painstaking toil and unwavering perseverance.

Nicholas Minturn. By J. G. HOLLAND. *New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*

Dr. Holland, in this work, has weaved considerable wisdom and very entertaining pictures of humanity under different influences. Nicholas Minturn, the central character and hero, is made to appear as a model of courage and philanthropy. Wealth at his command is regarded more as a trust from a Higher Power to make the world better, than to administer to any selfish want. He figures as a great reformer, and inaugurates a revolution among the poor of New York, by teaching them the doctrine that begging is a sin, and that charity tends to augment pauperism and vice. This idea is

very prettily carried into practice, but the results can hardly be claimed as satisfactory. The complete isolation of self by the hero, is a charming example to the world, but, in several instances, a strain upon credulity—notably, where he encountered, with the pop-corn man, the three who had deceived him, and made them his instruments to establish his reform school. The picture, however, is gracefully drawn, and cannot fail to entertain. Where Nicholas becomes famous in his grand exhibition of both moral and physical heroism at sea, is, to our mind, the best drawn portion of the book. Mr. Benson, as a type of "duty" men, is a very faithful portraiture; and the lesson which this character teaches greatly enhances the value of the book. When we come to divorce religion from business, we may avoid conflicts of conscience with policy; but to allow both to travel as a match team, requires a higher order of Christianity and more honorable system of barter and trade than is generally practiced in the present age. The circumstances preceding and preliminary to Benson's death, are quite natural, save the last act, which fastens the crime of murder upon an injured party. This portion of the most thrilling story seems a little unnatural, as well as an ending rather trying to sensitive nerves.

The part taken by Nicholas's bosom friend, Montgomery Glezen, is captivating, and leads the reader into strange expectations. Miss Larkin, the heroine, Mr. and Mrs. Coates, and daughter, are made to perform their parts very creditably, and lend quite an additional interest to the story. What Mrs. Coates, *she said*, is made, however, a little monotonous by a too frequent repetition. "Talking Tim" is one of the instructive features of the book. Tim's sermon on Mission Schools will compensate perusal.

This book can only be understood and fully appreciated by reading it; and the home circle will be made wiser, and, we think, happier, by its presence. It is 12mo, 418 pages, handsomely printed, and elegantly bound.

Historical Sketches of Plymouth, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania. By HENRY B. WRIGHT, of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers.

The author and publishers, in this volume have given to the public a most valuable book, replete in historical matter, handsomely printed on good paper, and bound in black morocco, heavy boards, and gold-lettered imprint, duodecimo size, and made specially attractive by some twenty odd elegant photographs of pioneer and representative men identified with the history of Plymouth. The title is prefaced with a photograph of the handsome author, followed by a fine view of Plymouth Rock.

We have rarely read a book with deeper interest than this one; it literally carries us back to the memorable events prior and subsequent to the Revolutionary War. The style is so natural, and the spirit of the author so patriotic, that we seemed to see, and hear, and feel the memorable battles and heat of the long struggles of the Colonists. It is gratifying to see graphically pictured the noble spirits engaged in the early settlements of any portion of our great Republic; but to have brought before us in such vivid style the minor and major characters and incidents of the great Pennanite and Yankeeite war for rights of land and home, in what was

at that time the wilds of the Susquehanna, is a most agreeable surprise. No one can read it to the descendants of the first settlers without it must be an invaluable souvenir.

"Theo." A Love Story. By BURNETT, Author of "That Iphigeneia." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers.

Of the many excellent stories "Theo" is one of the very best; one of the most charming love stories in modern fiction. Few characters in modern fiction so warm-hearted, impulsive girl from name. She dares everything for self-sacrifice that, for once at least, she wherewith it deals are no less they are vividly portrayed. Mrs. Theo is happy in her heroines. There are all are "tender and true;" full of sentiment, and at the same time full of sense, is of a high, exalted type—one that The author is a born story-teller, didactic; she writes because she has she has a homily to preach. The of the keenest. Her characters all can begin "Theo," and of choice. The volume is very neatly printed, sale, as the price is low, and it will be sold by booksellers and on all railroad trains to any one, to any place, post-paid. Price of volume, cloth-bound, \$1.75.

The Mother-in-Law; or, Maternal Influence. By EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers.

It would be altogether a waste to scribe the characteristics of Mr. Southworth in this volume, and it were the causes of her popularity. He is the head of sensational writers, author whose writings secure successful circulation. In her "Mother-in-Law" purest sentiments are brought out, the work into tales of intense shades of life are used only as to offset the more winning characteristics. In it great originality of powers, strange and startling incidents, scenes of pathos, and pages that thrill the heart with interest and great ingenuity in the construction of the story, and in the pure moral tone of the pages. It is full of the strongest verve of sensationalism, yet it contains the most fastidious delicacy. It is a decimo volume of five hundred pages, cloth, gilt and black, price \$1.75 by all booksellers, or copies will be addressed, post-paid, on remitting to the publishers.

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.

Personal Equation.—Among the discoveries in the field of Science to which public attention has recently been called, both in Europe and this country, is that of Personal Equation. Its special application, as a matter of utility, has been confined to the domain of Astronomy. One writer designates it as "a phenomenon;" but, to our mind, there is nothing wonderful or mysterious connected with it. In making the common observation of the exact moment when a star travels across the fine vertical wire intersecting the field of view of a telescope, some observers always anticipate the event, and others allow it to pass before they succeed in noting it. This, Francis Galton, F.R.S., in his address as President of the Anthropological Department of the British Association, says, is "by no means the effect of inexperience or maladroitness, but is a persistent characteristic of each individual, however practiced in the art of making observations he may be." The difference between the time of a man's noticing an event and that of its actual occurrence, is called his "personal equation," and it is carefully ascertained for every assistant in every observatory, and is published along with his observations. Hence, the magnitude of one's personal equation indicates a fundamental peculiarity of the constitution of that particular individual. This conclusion is in complete harmony with reason and the general experience of mankind, even when entirely isolated from the sphere of astronomy or the realm of philosophy. Experience, which lies at the root of all science, has from time immemorial gauged or equated individual character.

It is no new idea or discovery that there are quick-witted people and slow-witted people, and, therefore, nothing specially "startling," as one writer has it, in the fact that the pace of mind may be measured by inches and a clock. "As quick as thought," is an expression frequently heard, but *how quick* that is as variable as the pulsations of the human heart. Yet the pulsations are accurately measured, and the conditions of the mind and body equated. Not that health requires to register one invariable and uniform number of pulsations per minute, for all persons alike, but that the temperament, occupation, climate, habits, etc., all considered, a general required average of each individual is demanded as an index of good health.

The same principle applies to the individual motion of the body, and is recognized as "the gait" of this or that one. Intimate acquaintance with any one will soon furnish reliable knowledge of this peculiarity, and this knowledge has been demonstrated so trustworthy as to enable one familiar with it to recognize, at a distance, a person's "foot-fall" after many years of absence. Here *sound*, in lieu of sight, is actually equated. If *time* enter into the composition of all things in the material world, is it not clearly within the range of possibilities to establish every man's and every woman's equation in each distinctive particular which goes to make up character? Nay! more, is it not within the range of human achievements to gauge a man's value to society and the world by his personal equation?

A Valuable Discovery.—Many of the most wonderful and valuable discoveries, both ancient and modern, have been accidental. Notable instances will be readily called to mind by the intelligent reader, not only of the discovery of gold and other mines of great value, but also the germs of such great and useful arts and inventions as printing, steam, electricity and various kinds of mechanism. Among the modern and, indeed, recent discoveries of great value to mankind, one in our country is particularly noteworthy. It is that of the discovery of a mine or vast bed of borax, by which a most useful and necessary article, instead of being an expensive luxury as formerly, is rendered so cheap as to bring it within the means of all classes.

This remarkable discovery was made in Esmeraldo County, Nevada, a short time since, by a young man who was prospecting for gold and silver mines. While thus engaged, traversing mountains, cañons, and valleys on horseback, he saw, in a valley known as Teel's Marsh, what appeared to be a vast bed of white sand, resembling dry sea foam. The appearance was so novel and singular that he dismounted and descended to prospect the object. Upon arriving at the place, he found it to be the bed of a dry lagoon with the appearance of having been dry for centuries. Walking cautiously over the place, he found the surface to be soft and clayey, and often sunk ankle deep. After an examination of the curious clayey deposit, he put several handfuls into his pockets, mounted his horse, and returned across the mountains to his home in Columbus. There he handed the contents of his pockets to an assayer, who, after analysis, pronounced it the richest sample of borax he had ever seen.

The Science of Living.—In the November issue of the MONTHLY want of space compelled us to break off the discussion of the subject which heads this article; our object being to show that the quantity of food is of *secondary* importance, and that the supply of the nutrition essential to meet the demands of nature should command at all times the *first* consideration in our efforts to approximate the cost of living.

Dr. Letheby, in his valuable work on "Food," gives a table showing the amount of carbon and of nitrogen in a large number of articles of diet. From this table we have taken the values of the varieties of food in the given list, and we find that the sum total of the entire regimen amounts to 18,117 grains of carbon and 751 grains of nitrogen daily. According to Dr. Wilson, the dietaries of women should be about one-tenth less than those of men, and of children under ten years about one-half (maximum) those of women. Applying these rations to the aggregate, we find that the husband's daily diet is 4,365 grains of carbon and 180 grains of nitrogen; and the wife's 3,928 grains of carbon and 162 grains of nitrogen, and the remainder constitutes the food of the children.

Now this diet is not enough to support life in the husband and to enable him to work. In other words, we mean to say

that a man that attempts to do even moderately hard work on food containing the proportions we have mentioned, is steadily falling behind in the struggle for existence. And it is mathematically obvious that he cannot improve matters save at the expense of other lives. From the mean of all the researches which have been made by eminent physiologists—and they cover thousands of instances—Dr. Letheby gives the following as the amounts required daily by an adult man for idleness, or ordinary labor, and for active labor:

| | Carbon, grains. | Nitrogen, grains. |
|---------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| Idleness..... | 3816 | 180 |
| Ordinary labor..... | 6688 | 307 |
| Active labor..... | 6823 | 139 |

It may be said that working men cannot be expected to consider chemically everything they eat. Perhaps not, but it is the duty of sanitary authorities, and others charged with their welfare, to do it for them. Half a pound of cheese, a pound of Indian meal, and a quart of milk, together aggregating 5,187 carbon, and 449 nitrogen, costs 14 cents. On this a man could do steady work for one day, and could keep on on the same diet continuously. The same sum would purchase one loaf of bread and a quarter of a pound of butter, on which, as a continuous diet, a man could not subsist. For the guidance of working men who wish to base their living on proper and cheap food, we give herewith Dr. Letheby's table:

| | Grains per pound. | | | Grains per pound. | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|-----------|----------------------|-------------------|-----------|
| | Carbon. | Nitrogen. | | Carbon. | Nitrogen. |
| Split peas..... | 2699 | 248 | Skimmed milk..... | 438 | 43 |
| Indian meal..... | 3016 | 120 | New milk..... | 599 | 44 |
| Barley meal..... | 2563 | 68 | Skim cheese..... | 1947 | 483 |
| Rye meal..... | 2693 | 86 | Bullock's liver..... | 934 | 204 |
| Seconds flour..... | 2700 | 116 | Mutton..... | 1900 | 189 |
| Oatmeal..... | 2831 | 136 | Beef..... | 1854 | 184 |
| Baker's bread..... | 1975 | 88 | Fat pork..... | 4113 | 106 |
| Pearl barley..... | 2600 | 91 | Dry Bacon..... | 5987 | 95 |
| Rice..... | 2732 | 68 | Green bacon..... | 5426 | 76 |
| Potatoes..... | 769 | 22 | White fish..... | 871 | 195 |
| Turnips..... | 263 | 13 | Red herrings..... | 1435 | 217 |
| Green vegetables..... | 420 | 14 | Suet..... | 4710 | — |
| Carrots..... | 508 | 14 | Lard..... | 4819 | — |
| Parsnips..... | 554 | 12 | Salt butter..... | 4565 | — |
| Sugar..... | 2955 | — | Fresh butter..... | 6456 | — |
| Molasses..... | 2395 | — | Cocoa..... | 3034 | 140 |
| Buttermilk..... | 387 | 44 | Beer..... | 274 | 1 |
| Whey..... | 154 | 13 | | | |

It should ever be borne in mind that the character of the nutrition required to supply mental or *brain* power is entirely different from that which supplies *muscular* force and vigor. A larger proportion of phosphorus is needed for the former, such as fish and other similar articles of consumption furnish. The cost of living will consequently vary with the occupation, viewed entirely from a scientific standpoint. If viewed from a social point, employment which calls into play the intellectual powers mainly, necessitate a larger outlay of money to supply the almost inexorable laws of society—the entertainment of friends and visitors with an inviting board. This extra expense cannot be ignored, as it is in a greater or less degree one of the penalties (if one chooses to so call it) attached to social prominence. Superior intelligence and education usually awaken desires in man or woman to reach higher planes in the social world, and having reached them, influence and power naturally follow. We would like to record that such promotion augmented the higher moral forces in the world in the same ratio as the growth of such influence and power, but statistics would not sustain it. Power, too frequently, is but a prelude to corruption. But to the main

question at issue we return, *i.e.* "The Science of Living." The general intelligence of the masses of the American people need only be brought to bear upon this subject in order to form a stable basis upon which to predicate an equitable rate of compensation commensurate with their necessary cost of subsistence. That the labor population, or those who are engaged chiefly in occupations demanding only manual or muscular labor, can live at less expense than those engaged in intellectual pursuits simply in the matter of *TABLE SUPPLIES*, is too self evident to admit of discussion. And when we come to estimate the additional cost of rent, furniture, and clothing, which society demands of the educated classes engaged in intellectual means of livelihood, we are forced to admit that the rate of remuneration should be more. There certainly should be no antagonism between the two classes; both are essential for the good of society, the promotion of the arts and the sciences. One equals the other in the building up and sustaining of States and governments. One represents the warp and the other the woof of that great fabric called society. For ourselves, we do not sustain the low estimate made by the wife of a workingman, as given in the November number. We believe our remarks will warrant no such conclusion. No family of *seven* can live as they should live on the sum of \$7.97. The effort to do so can only result in wrecking the constitution and making it unfit for what should be the great mission of life, happiness—the sequence of usefulness.

Optical Characters of Minerals.—A new method of studying characters of minerals was described by Mr. Sorby, F.R.S., in a paper read before the British Association. The author first described the principles on which this method depended, and that the great difference between the appearance seen with the naked eye and the microscope is due to the object-glass being able to collect divergent rays. In looking with a low magnifying power at a small circular hole seen through a section of a crystal, very different phenomena present themselves, according to its optical characters. If double refraction, only one well-defined circular hole can be seen. If the mineral possess double refraction and only one optic axis, like calcite, two images of the hole are seen. If the section be cut perpendicular to the axis, two circular holes are seen directly superimposed, but at two different foci. If the section be in the plane of cleavage, two widely-divided images are visible, the one due to the ordinary ray being circular, and the other due to the extraordinary ray being distorted and drawn out in two opposite planes at two different foci. When the section is cut parallel to the axis, this image due to the extraordinary ray is still more elongated, but the images are directly superimposed. We thus at once learn that the mineral has double refraction, has an optic axis, and also what is the direction in which the section is cut. In the case of crystals like arragonite, which have two optic axes, there is no ordinary ray, and at the focal points we see the circular hole drawn out in opposite planes into crosses. The character of these crosses depends upon the direction of the section, but the fact of the crosses being seen at once proves that the mineral has two optic axes. Some facts are better observed if, instead of a circular hole, we examine through the crystalline plate a grating with two

systems of lines at right angles to one another. We then obtain what the author calls unifocal or bifocal images, according to the system of crystallization. Crystals with double refraction have only one unifocal image; crystals having one optic axis have one unifocal and bifocal image; whereas crystals having two optic axes give two bifocal images. The definition of unifocal is independent of the position of the lines; whereas in the case of bifocal images the lines are distinctly visible only when they are parallel or perpendicular to a particular axis of the crystal, and, spread out, become obscure and disappear when rotated to a different azimuth. The above-named general characters differ so much in different minerals that they furnish a most valuable means for their identification.

National Academy of Sciences.—The annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was held recently in the Chapel of Columbia College. This society was founded in 1863 and is chartered by Congress. It numbers eighty members, all of whom are men who have made a lasting fame in the various branches of science. At the meeting were Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, President of the Academy; General Henry L. Abbott, United States Army; Professor Alexander Agassiz, Professor Stephen Alexander, of Princeton; President F. A. P. Barnard, of Columbia; General J. G. Barnard, United States Engineer; C. F. Chandler, of Columbia College School of Mines; Theodore Gill, of Washington; Julius E. Hilgard, of the Coast Survey; George W. Hill, of Nyack, Mathematician; Samuel P. Langley, of Pittsburg, Astronomer; Professor James Hall, State Geologist; Professor Loomis, of New Haven, Astronomer; Professor O. C. Marsh, of New Haven, who will be remembered by the Indian Commissioners; Alfred M. Mayer, of the Stevens Institute; Dr. J. S. Luberry, of New York; Raphael Pumpelly and Ogden N. Rood, of New York; J. Lawrence Smith, of Louisville; William P. Trowbridge, of New York; Professor Henry Draper, of New York; Professor Newton, of New Haven. Six papers were read, one by Professor Stephen Alexander on the law of extreme distances in the solar system, in which he alluded to Mars's new Moon in a scientifically humorous way. If an asteroid, he said, with an excess of velocity just equal to the present satellite came that way he did not see any reason why that asteroid might not have been appropriated. So he concluded, and right in the face of Professor Hall, that Mars's new moon is only an asteroid. Professor Gill followed, and read a paper on the morphology of the antlers of cervidæ. Professor Rood read two papers, one on the construction for the study of the contrast of colors, during the reading of which an adjustable chromatic circle was shown, with the colors arranged upon its circumference, and the mode of ascertaining the effects of contrasts was explained in detail. It was also stated that the results obtained by using this circle corresponded to those which had been gained by the experience of painters. Professor Rood's second paper was on the photometric comparisons of light and different colors, by a series of experiments in colored disks, their luminosity being compared with that of black and white disks. The problem was solved by combining these disks with others painted in complementary colors. Professor Mayer read a paper on the new and simple

method of determining the number of vibrations of sonorous bodies, and General Henry L. Abbott read one on the velocity of transmissions of shocks caused by the explosion of gunpowder and nitro-glycerine compounds through the earthy crusts.

Worth Knowing, if True.—An enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Keely writes as follows regarding his latest achievement in the scientific world: "Fifteen pounds pressure on a column of mercury is supposed to represent a *perfect vacuum*, that being the pressure of the atmosphere per square inch. Torricelli, the Italian philosopher, who discovered the principle on which the barometer is constructed, obtained about fourteen and seven-eighths pounds of vacuum, the nearest approach to fifteen pounds ever known. Mr. Keely recently obtained, by means of the vaporic force in his famous motor, a little over *fifteen pounds*, and held it for three-fourths of a minute. He contends that vacuum is *not* fixed at fifteen pounds, but, as developed by his experiments, is subject to variation and increase—as pressure is. He expects to get and seal up a fifteen-pound (or more) vacuum and send it to the Franklin Institute. If he does, he will startle the entire scientific world."

How to Use Light.—Statistics kept by oculists employed in infirmaries for eye diseases have shown that the habits of some persons in facing a window from which the light falls directly in the eye as well as on the work, injure their eyes in the end. The best way is to work with a side light, or, if the work needs a strong illumination, so that it is necessary to have the working table before the window, the lower portion of the latter should be covered with a screen, so as to have a top light alone, which does not shine in the eyes while the head is slightly bent over and downward towards the work.

To Make Composition Ornaments for Picture Frames, etc.—Mix whiting with thin glue to the consistence of putty. Have the mould ready, rub it over with sweet oil and press the composition into it. When a good impression is produced, take it out and lay it aside to dry. If it be desired to fit the ornament to a carved or irregular surface, apply glue and bend it to the place where it is to be attached before it gets dry.

Improvement in Marine Signals.—The Bureau of Navigation will soon put in use on board the naval vessels the new night signal invented by Lieutenant Very, of the navy. This plan is based on the Roman candle system, and colored stars are projected from a pistol from two hundred to three hundred feet into the air, by means of which the commander-in-chief of a fleet can readily communicate with any or all vessels in any crowded harbor, notwithstanding intervening vessels, which is of itself a valuable improvement. By firing single red or green stars, or a combination of them, numbers from one to ten can be made, and all the sentences in the navy signal code be rapidly communicated. The stars projected from the pistol are brilliantly red and green, and can be seen at a distance of from ten to twelve miles, as has been ascertained by practical tests. This invention of a new means of nocturnal communication will, it is believed in high naval circles, be of incalculable service to the navy.

GOSSIP AND NOTE BOOK.

The True Ideal of Matured Life.—The locomotive speed with which everything is done in our country, makes us at times conclude that the American people have no time even to grow old. We see too plainly to doubt the truth of the remark of a foreigner that "No American grows beautifully old." There are of course to be found here and there old age, in the natural order, fully ripened; a few restored to their second youth, in possession of all their powers, and the accumulated wisdom of an active and useful life.

The complete intellectual strength and health retained to the last by Lady Smith, who died at Lowestoft a short time ago, within three months of the great age of one hundred and four, opens out almost a new prospect for the aged.

That a woman who was born while the United States were British colonies, whose girlhood passed away while Warren Hastings was on his trial, who was married before the battle of Arcola, and might well have been married, had she married as early as many English girls do, before Napoleon's name had even been heard of—indeed, he was but four years her senior—should have lived to read the celebration of the centenary of American independence, of the proclamation of the Empress of India at Delhi, and to survive the second French empire by nearly seven years, and should, moreover, have lived to such an age without any loss of interest in public or private events; with the hymns she learned as a girl still fresh in her memory, and with the most vivid interest in the latest despatches of statesmen who were not born till her married and middle life was almost over, suggests at least the possibility of a very different termination to aged lives from that of which we have most frequent experience. Not that it can be said, in Lady Smith's case, that she lived

Till old Experience doth attain
To something of prophetic strain.

She seems to have been a wise and thoughtful, but by no means exceptional, woman in anything but the unimpaired vigor of the faculties at an age when the nerves and the brain have usually gone before the body. But then that is precisely the interest of her case. Had she been a very remarkable woman in early years, everybody would have said that hers was a selected life, a physique of exceptional force, and that the unimpaired vigor of her faculties in age was due to the same exceptional causes which gave her her great brilliancy in youth. But as it is, excepting that the intellectual men of her youthful days found her a very fascinating woman—a not uncommon experience with regard to women who, like Lady Smith, are at once beautiful and amiable—there was no unusual power in her. And hence, of course, the vast age to which she retained her powers unimpaired—unless the defect of vision which came upon her after her hundredth year be so accounted—promises the more for the chance of other average men and women retaining their mental vivacity and interests to something like the same age. It is not much encouragement to ordinary men to know that a man like Lyndhurst retained the power to review the politics of the session with undiminished brilliance till after the age of

eighty, for no man could have become what Lord Lyndhurst became, without possessing an exceptional amount of physical vigor from the first. But if Lady Smith were exceptional at all, it was not shown in any overflow of youthful or mature energy, but only in the peculiar durability of the energy she had; and if durability be due, as it may be due, to some special congenital quality, no one need despair of possessing that quality till the facts show that he is wrong; while if it be not due to any congenital quality, but only to the prudence with which life is regulated, there is still more reason to hope that others may be able to follow Lady Smith's example.

But the interesting question, after all, is not so much what chance have we of living to anything like Lady Smith's age in the possession of equally unimpaired faculties—for every one must feel that such a chance is small—but, rather, what chance have we of retaining anything like Lady Smith's serenity and cheerfulness, if we do but live to her age; for that is a matter more likely to be within our own power, and very closely connected, too, with the other; for had Lady Smith been apt to fret and brood over the isolation of her position, she could hardly have retained her undiminished mental power to the age she did. For the full enjoyment of old age, there must evidently be a somewhat unique moral nature as well as a unique physique, and it is possible enough that it may be deficiencies of that nature, much more than any deficiency of physical energy, which so often cause old men and women to fret or brood themselves into premature apoplexy, or premature exhaustion. A nature evincing the highest degree of intensity and individuality of the affections is obviously not fitted to live on into extreme old age without suffering great wear and tear through very exhausting griefs. A nature that always craves the excitement of action, that is never happy except when wielding practical influence over others, is obviously unfitted to live on to such an age without suffering great wear and tear through impatience bred of enforced inaction. A nature, again, very conservative in its habits, one without high adaptability and elasticity in it, cannot change sufficiently with the times to conform to new modes of life and new modes of thought, without an amount of irritation which would hardly be consistent with unimpaired energy, and certainly not with unimpaired serenity. "To grow old in an age you condemn" is not a condition likely to fit you for a serene evening of life. Perhaps the best temperament for old age is that of such a poet as Sophocles, whom—

From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull nor passion wild,
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole,
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet *Colonus* and his child.

or of such a poet as Goethe—

Who took the suffering human race,
And read each wound, each weakness clear,
And struck his finger on the place,
And said, "Thou ailest here, and here;"
He looked on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power,
And said, "The end is everywhere;
Art still has truth—take refuge there."

The Query Settled.—Dr. Louis, of New Orleans, who is something of a wag, called on a Baptist minister, and propounded a few puzzling questions: "Why is it," he said, "that you are not able to do the miracles that the Apostles did? They were protected against all poisons and all kinds of perils. How is it you are not protected now in the same way?" The colored brother responded promptly: "Don't know about that, Doctor. I s'pect I is. I've taken a mighty sight of strong medicine from you, Doctor, and I is alive yet."

Which was he After?—"He is a man after my own heart, pa!" said Julia, reverting to her Charles Augustus.

"Nonsense!" replied Old Practical; he is a man after the money your uncle left you." And then all was quiet.

Before there was any Tropics.—A negro preacher elaborated a new theory of the exodus, to wit, that the Red Sea got frozen over, and so afforded the Israelites a safe passage; but when Pharaoh, with his heavy iron chariots, attempted it, they broke through and were drowned. A brother rose and asked for an explanation of that point. "I'se been studyin' gography, and de gography say dat be very warm country—where dey have de tropics. And de tropics too hot for frezin'. De pint to be 'splained is, 'bout breaking through de ice." The preacher straightened up and said, "Brudder, glad you axed dat question. It give me 'casion to 'splain it. You see that was great while 'go—in de ole times 'fore dey had any gography—'fore dere was any tropics."

Noise about a Little Thing.—A German Jew was eating a pork-chop in a thunder-storm. On hearing an unusually loud clap, he laid down his knife and fork and observed: "Vell, did anybody efer hear such a fuss about a little biece of bork!"

The Conductor and Driver's Dispute.—In 1850, when England was going mad about the question of "Papal Aggression," the interest of Londoners was centered upon Cardinal Wiseman, who had just been created Archbishop of Westminster. One day a portly gentleman, who much resembled the newly titled ecclesiastic, hailed a West-end 'bus, and got inside, whereupon a controversy in an undertone arose between the driver and the conductor as to the identity of of their passenger, the former treating with contempt the assertion of the latter that it was Dr. Wiseman. In order to settle the point the conductor descended from his perch on the step, and with a touch of his hat, apologetically addressed the stranger: "Beg your pardon, sir; but me and my mate has a bit of dispute about you; are you Cardinal Wiseman?" The old gentleman being a very staunch Protestant, and, withal troubled with a rather short temper, met the conductor's civil inquiry with a storm of oaths, and consigned him to a place where he certainly would not be in danger of catching cold. As soon as the passenger's vocabulary began to fail, the 'bus cad civilly touched his hat: "Thank you, kindly, sir," and then called out in a loud tone to the driver, so that everybody inside the vehicle should hear, "Drive on, Jim; it is the Cardinal!"

An Innocent Thought.—A three year old little girl at Rochester, New York, was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with, "and please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amusement may be imagined when she added: "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma, too."

The Result of Friction.—An insurance adjuster went to see a man whose house had been destroyed by fire. Said *Adjuster*—"How did this thing happen?" *House Owner*—"Don't know; it's a mystery." *Adjuster*—"Well, I know." *House Owner*—"Let's have it; that's just what I'd like to find out." *Adjuster*—"It's friction." *House Owner*—"Friction? friction? What's that?" *Adjuster*—"Why, friction is the result of rubbing a thousand-dollar policy on a six-hundred-dollar house."

Afraid to Reprove.—A clergyman was annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave, for this reason: Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me: 'Sir, you have made a great mistake; that young man was an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service there was good order.

Congratulation Misplaced.—A noted miser who felt obliged to make a present to a lady, entered a crockery store for the purpose of making a purchase. Seeing a statuette broken into a dozen pieces, he asked the price. The salesman said it was worthless, but he could have it for the cost of packing in a box. He sent it to the lady, with his card, congratulating himself that she would imagine that it became ruined while on its way home. He dropped in to see the effect. The tradesman had carefully wrapped each piece in a separate bit of paper.

Another Patient in the Neighborhood.—A good story is told of a physician in one of our suburban towns. After he had continued his calls on a lady patient for some weeks, she expressed her fears that it would be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "Oh, madame," replied the doctor, innocently, "I have another patient in the neighborhood and thus I can kill two birds with one stone."

The Same Thing for the Last Two Years.—San Diego has a young gentleman telegraph operator, who, after repeated calls for a young lady operator in another office, at last got a response, and then, "click, click, click" (*fortissimo*), he telegraphed back to her vehemently, "I have been trying to get you for the last hour!" In a moment the following spicy reply came tripping back to him over the wires from the telegraphic maiden: "That's nothing; there is a young man here who has been trying to do the same thing for the last two years, and he hasn't got me yet."

Shadows Against the Curtain.—The Burlington *Hawkeye* says: A girl up on North Hill, who has never "a feller" in the world, goads the other girls in that neighborhood to madness by lighting up the parlor brilliantly, and then setting her father's hat where its shadow will be boldly marked against the curtain.

A Judicious Elimination.—He was a graduate of Harvard, and he got a position on one of the Philadelphia dailies last week. "Cut that stuff of yours down," said the city editor, as the new man came in with a column where a stick only was required. "Do you desire a judicious elimination of the superfluous phraseology?" mildly returned the Harvard man. "No! Boil it down!" thundered the city ed. The new man is gone now—gone back to Boston. He says there ain't "cultuah" enough in Philadelphia.

Relieved from Embarrassment.—A Scotch clergyman, who was a hard laborer on his glebe, and, when occupied in cultivating it, dressed in a very slovenly manner, was one day engaged in a potato field, when he was surprised at the very rapid approach of his patron in an open carriage, with some ladies whom he was to meet at dinner in the evening. Unable to escape in time, he drew his bonnet over his face, extended his arms, covered with his tattered jacket, and passed himself off as a scarecrow.

The Lawyer and Scotch Divine.—An eminent Scotch divine happened to meet two of his parishioners at the house of a lawyer whom he considered too sharp a practitioner. The lawyer jocularly and ungraciously put the question, "Doctor, these are members of your flock; may I ask, do you look upon them as white or black sheep?" "I don't know," answered the divine, dryly, "whether they are black or white sheep; but I know, if they are here long, they are pretty sure to be fleeced."

Greatness in Confession.—A learned man has said that the hardest words to pronounce in the English language are, "I made a mistake." When Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a battle, and it's my own fault," Goldsmith says, "His confession shows more greatness than his victories."

The Old Story.—"Do you know anything about an old story connected with this building?" asked an antiquary of a woman near an old ruin. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "there used to be another old story to it, but it fell down long ago."

She Thought He Must Be.—At a little gathering the other evening a young man asked a lady whether, if his small brother was a lad, he was not a ladder, and she kindly said she thought he must be, she could see through him so easily. It is pleasant to be a young man.

Providence has Spared the Necessity.—"My dear," said John Henry to his scornful wife, "Providence has spared you the necessity of making any exertions of your own to turn up your nose."

Take which Road you Please.—John Randolph was travelling in a part of Virginia with which he was unacquainted. In the meantime he stopped during the night at an inn at the forks of the road. The innkeeper was a fine old gentleman, and no doubt one of the first families of the Old Dominion. Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored to draw him into conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning, when Mr. Randolph got ready to start, he called for his bill, which, on being presented, was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him, began as follows:

"Which way are you travelling, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir?" said Mr. Randolph, with a look of displeasure.

"I asked," said the landlord, "which way you were travelling?"

"Have I paid my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No."

"Well, I am going just where I please—do you understand?"

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But, to the landlord's surprise, the servant returned to inquire which of the forks of the road to take. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his voice—

"Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me a cent; just take which road you please."

It is said the air turned blue with the curses of Randolph.

The Drawing Brothers.—Four brothers in Illinois have got rich by drawing houses. One is a house mover, one an architect, one an actor, and one had lucky tickets in a real estate lottery.

"Thank You, I Will."—"I'd like you to help me a little," said a tramp, poking his head into a country store. "Why don't you help yourself?" said the proprietor, angrily. "Thank you; I will," said the tramp, as he picked up a bottle of whisky and two loaves of bread, and disappeared.

He Likes Long Rests.—"Isn't that a beautiful piece of music?" said one of Mrs. Clogger's female boarders, as she turned from the piano. "I like it very much," replied Jones; "particularly those long rests that occur all through it."

The Greatest Planet.—Instructor in astronomy: "And now, young gentlemen, which of you can tell me the name of the greatest of the planets—the champion planet, so to speak—of our solar system?" Student: "I can, sir; it's Saturn." Instructor, hesitatingly: "And how's that, pray?" Student: "Why, because he carries the belt."

As Seen when Shadows Fall.—The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of the evening fall behind us, and the world seems but a dim reflection of itself—a broader shadow. We look forward into the lonely night, the soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.

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Mr. W. M. Claflin, Manufacturer, 1006 Arch Street, and Mr. H. J. Jacobs, Chief Clerk in the Architectural Bureau, Washington, were both confirmed consumptives eighteen months ago. We have their testimonials, written this June, that they are entirely well the last year.

Hon. W. D. Kelley thanks us "for renewed health, strength and the hope of years of comfortable life."

We are also permitted to refer to Hon. S. S. Field, United States Supreme Court; Judge Samuel Smith, New York; Hon. Montgomery Blair; Ex-Governor Boreman, West Virginia; T. S. Arthur, and many more.

From Arthur's Home Magazine for July.

"In our magazine for this month will be found an advertisement of what is known as the 'Compound Oxygen Treatment,' for which unusual curative powers are claimed. Two or three years ago we spoke very favorably of this treatment. Since then we have had large opportunity for observing its effects, as well in our own case as in that of others, and can now speak of it with even greater confidence than before. One of the marked effects attendant on this treatment is an increase of healthy action in the whole system, every part of which seems to respond to the influx of a new life. We found this especially so in our own case, and in that of many others with whom we have conversed.

"Nearly five years have passed since we began using this treatment. Up to that period our health had been steadily declining; not in consequence of any organic disease, but from overwork and consequent physical and nervous exhaustion. The very weight of the body had become tiresome to bear, and we regarded our days of earnest literary work as gone forever. But almost from the very beginning of our use of the Compound Oxygen, an improvement began. There was a sense of physical comfort and vitality not felt for years, and this slowly but steadily increased. Literary work was resumed within a few months, the mind acting with a new vigor, and the body free from the old sense of weariness and exhaustion. A better digestion, an almost entire freedom from severe attacks of nervous headache from which we had suffered for twenty years, and from a liability to take cold on the least exposure, were the results of the first year's use of the new treatment; and this benefit has remained permanent. As to literary work in these five years, we can only say that it has been constant and earnest; and if its acceptance with the public may be regarded as any test of its quality, it is far the best work that we have done.

"So much for the results of the Compound Oxygen Treatment in our own case; and we give it for the benefit of any and all, who, in despair of old curative agencies, are looking anxiously for relief in some new direction."

From Hon. Wm. D. Kelley.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, June 6th, 1877.

DR. G. R. STARKEY, Philadelphia.

Dear Sir: Just about four years have elapsed since, overcoming a violent prejudice against any treatment that was offered as a specific for a wide range of apparently unrelated diseases, I yielded to the wishes of my friends, and abandoning other medicine, put myself in your charge.

Gratitude to you and duty to those who may be suffering as I was from chronic catarrh and almost daily effusion of blood in greater or less quantities, but always sufficient to keep one reminded of his mortality, impel me to say to you, and authorize you to give any degree of publicity to my assertion, that the use of your gas at intervals has so far restored my health, that I am not conscious of having discharged any blood for more than a year, and that my cough, the severity of which made me a frequent object of sympathy, has disappeared. In short, my experience under your treatment has convinced me that no future dispensary will be complete that does not embrace the administration by inhalation or otherwise, of your agent or its equivalent, to those who, from their vocation or other cause, are, as I was, unable to assimilate enough of some vital element to maintain their systems in healthful vigor.

Thanking you for renewed health, strength, and the hope of years of comfortable life, I remain

Your grateful friend,

WILLIAM D KELLEY.

The author of the following letter is Chief Clerk of the Architectural Bureau. His letter fails to present adequately his condition when he began treatment. He does not state, as he might, that he had had more than forty hemorrhages; that some had blamed me, and more had considered me a fool, for encouraging him to try once more to recover his health. Up to last February, he had had no occasion to ask a doctor for a prescription.

[COPY.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 7th, 1877.

DR. G. R. STARKEY.

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 6th inst. is received, and in reply, I have pleasure in bearing testimony as to the efficacy of your Oxygen Treatment in my case.

As you will remember, I began the experiment (for so I considered it) in April, two years ago. At that time I was so reduced in strength, by frequent hemorrhages, as to be unable to walk to and from my office without the utmost exertion.

After two months' trial, I discontinued the treatment at your suggestion, being so far recovered as to feel no need of it. My health has been uniformly good from that time to the present.

Very truly yours,

H. G. JACOBS.

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